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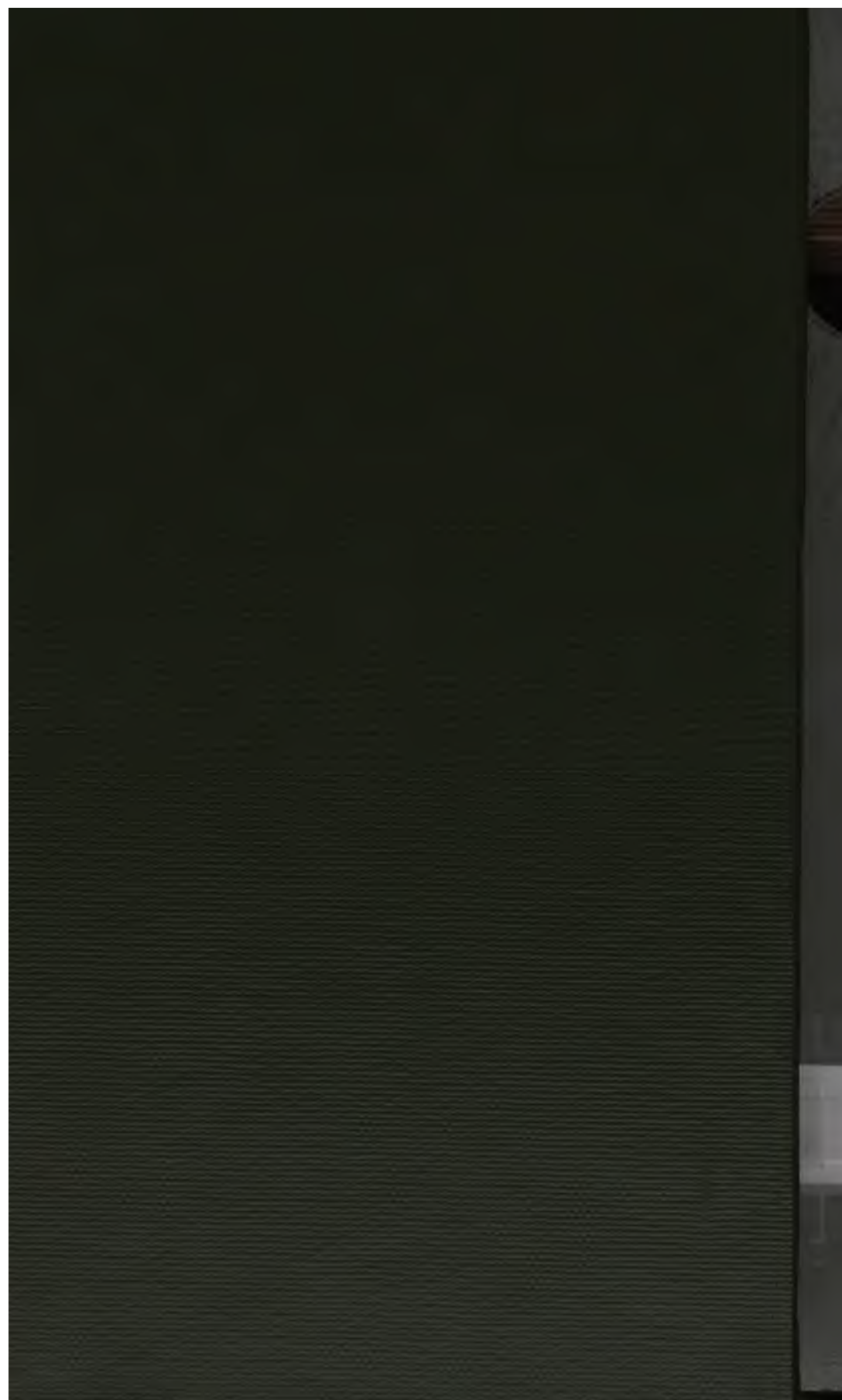
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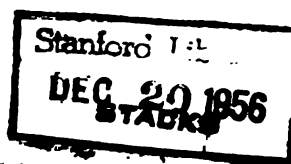




BENTLEY'S
MISCELLANY.

VOL. XXII.

LONDON:
RICHARD BENTLEY,
NEW BURLINGTON STREET.
1847.



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B477

LONDON:

Printed by S. & J. BENTLEY, WILSON, and FLETCHER,
Bangor House, Shoe Lane.

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THE EARL OF DUNDONALD.

FROM A PICTURE BY JAMES RAMBAY.

London: Richard Bentley 1847.

BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

MEMOIR OF THE EARL OF DUNDONALD.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

BY W. C. TAYLOR, LL.D.

TIME and peace have equally tended to lessen that passionate sympathy with deeds of heroism which was general throughout England during the arduous period of continental war. Most of our naval and military heroes have taken their place in history; we read of their exploits as of the deeds performed by English chivalry in the days of the Plantagenets. The trophies of Aboukir are as the glories of Crécy; the victory of Trafalgar as the triumph of Agincourt. Howe, Nelson, and Duncan are as much recorded memories as Talbot, Manny, and Bedford;

But their bones are dust,
And their good swords rust,
And their souls are with the saints, we trust.

The few veterans who survive enjoy during life the honours that are usually awarded by posterity. There are, however, those among them who claim at our hands the reversal of decisions pronounced by a past generation, and the redress of grievances inflicted by party, under the excitement of pride, of prejudice, or of passion. One of the greatest of those appellants, to whom tardy justice has been recently rendered by our gracious sovereign, is the Earl of Dundonald, immortalized in the history of two worlds as the gallant Lord Cochrane. After the lapse of a period nearly equal to that which nature assigns to the average duration of human life, his reputation is exonerated from an unfair stigma, his rank restored, and his position in the roll of British chivalry re-established. Never was there a nearer approach made to the Egyptian judgment of the dead. Our queen has pronounced the verdict of posterity. It remains for us not to vindicate the sound decision, but to state the reasons why it should command not merely the approbation, but the grateful applause of the English people.

Thomas Cochrane, Earl of Dundonald, was born in Scotland, Dec. 14th, 1775. His father, the ninth Earl of Dundonald, had passed the earlier part of his life in the naval service, while his later years were devoted to the pursuit of practical science, in which he made many useful discoveries. At the early age of eleven Lord Cochrane entered as a midshipman under his uncle, Sir Alexander Cochrane, a gallant and enterprising admiral. A tutor was provided for the boy; and thus, while he rapidly acquired a practical knowledge of seamanship, the higher pursuits of science and literature were not neglected. The romantic enthusiasm of his character was manifest at a very early age, and was evinced in many adventures. His age for some time delayed his promotion; but his gallantry in attacking some French privateers and gun-boats, in the bay of Algeziras, was so appreciated by Lord Keith, that he at once appointed him to the command of the *Speedy*, a sloop of eighteen guns.

In February, 1801, he captured the *Caroline*, a French brig; and in April he took several Spanish xebèques; but in the May of that year he achieved his first great exploit, in the attack and capture of the Spanish frigate, *El Jamo*, off Barcelona. The inequality of force was truly alarming; the frigate mounted thirty-two guns, twenty of which were long twelve-pounders, and she had a crew of three hundred and nineteen men. On the other hand, the *Speedy* had only fourteen four-pounders, and her crew amounted only to fifty-two men and two boys. But this small crew was worthy of being commanded by such a captain. No sooner did Cochrane announce his intention of boarding his enemy, than men and boys proclaimed themselves ready to follow him. The surgeon was obliged to take the management of the wheel. The very audacity of the attempt disconcerted the Spaniards; they made a brief, spiritless resistance, and even threw down their arms.

Many similar achievements followed. During the ten months that Cochrane commanded the *Speedy* he captured thirty-three vessels, mounting in all 128 guns, and manned by 533 sailors and marines. Unfortunately, he fell in with a large French squadron commanded by Admiral Linois, and was obliged to strike to such a vastly superior force. But his captivity did not last long; he was liberated on an exchange of prisoners, and promoted to the rank of post-captain in the *La Raison* frigate.

On the renewal of the war after the peace of Amiens, Lord Cochrane was appointed to the *Arab*, and afterwards to the *Pallas*, of thirty-two guns. In her he made several valuable captures, and particularly that of the galleon, *Il Fortuna*, laden with specie to the amount of 150,000 crowns. It is highly honourable to the generosity of the captors that they returned 10,000 crowns to the Spanish captain and crew, as some alleviation of their misfortune.

In 1806 Cochrane made a daring and successful attack on a French squadron in the Garonne, a river of most dangerous and difficult navigation. He sent a detachment in his boats to cut out the corvettes, which were twenty miles up the river, and they succeeded in carrying *La Tapaguese*, a corvette of fourteen long twelve-pounders and ninety-five men, though she lay under the protection of two powerful batteries. Day dawned as they were bringing her off. Another corvette of larger size gave chase to recover the *Tapaguese*; but after an hour's fight she was so roughly handled that she too would have fallen into the hands of the English, but for the rapidity of the tide. During the absence of his boats, three ships of the enemy, mounting in all sixty-four guns, advanced against Lord Cochrane; but, though so large a portion of his crew was absent, he met them half way, and attacked them so vigorously that they were driven on shore, where they lay complete wrecks. His next exploit was the destruction of the Semaphores on the French coast; then followed the storming of a battery; then a battle with a French frigate of vastly superior force, which would have been taken, had not two others been sent to her assistance, and several daring cuttings out of vessels in the teeth of forts and batteries. From the *Pallas* Lord Cochrane was transferred to the *Imperieuse*; and in her, between the 13th of December, 1806, and the 7th of January, 1807, he took and destroyed fifteen ships of the enemy, chiefly laden with wine and provisions.

Unfortunately for his fame, Lord Cochrane wished to add senato-

rial dignity to his professional honours. After a vain attempt in 1805, he was returned for Honiton in 1806, and subsequently became member for the city of Westminster. But he did not abandon the naval service: he rendered essential service to the cause of Spanish independence by a long series of brilliant exploits on the coast of France and Spain. In 1809 he performed his last great achievement in the service of his country,—the destruction of the French shipping in the Basque Roads. Ten ships of the line, and some frigates, lay in these roads, protected by formidable batteries, and a dangerous shoal, which extended between them and the English blockading squadron, commanded by Admiral Gambier. Lord Cochrane formed a bold plan for the destruction of this squadron, and communicated it to the admiral. He was, in consequence, sent to join Lord Gambier, and under him to take command of the attack which he had projected. Fire-ships and explosion-vessels having been prepared, Lord Cochrane, with his gallant crew, led the way, and the boom by which the enemy was protected was broken by the Mediator. The fire-ships immediately rushed through the opening, and were piloted into the midst of the French anchorage, in spite of a furious cannonade and discharge of shells from the batteries. Though some of the ships mistook their course, and others exploded too soon, the greatest alarm was produced in the French fleet. Three ships of the line, and a frigate of fifty-six guns were burned; another ship of the line was so injured that she sunk a few days after; and seven others were driven on shore. The whole loss occasioned to the conquerors was only ten men killed and thirty-five wounded. For this exploit, Lord Cochrane justly received the dignity of knight of the Bath, an honour more rarely accorded than it is now.

Lord Gambier had from the very first opposed this enterprise, and he was much annoyed that the conduct of it was entrusted to Lord Cochrane, a stranger to his squadron. He did not, therefore, second the attack as heartily as he should have done, and he lost the opportunity of capturing or destroying the seven ships that had run ashore. Lord Cochrane, therefore, expressed his determination to oppose the vote of thanks to Lord Gambier when it should be proposed in Parliament. As Cochrane was in opposition, and Gambier a great favourite with the administration, party spirit was mixed with the question, and Gambier demanded a court-martial. After a long investigation he was acquitted; but the verdict of the court was not ratified by the country. Lord Cochrane was regarded with manifest dislike by the ministry, and he reciprocated the unfriendly feeling with interest. Instead of entering into this controversy, we shall content ourselves with quoting the opinion of Napoleon Buonaparte, whom no one can suspect of partiality. "Cochrane," he said, "might and would have taken the whole fleet, and carried it out with him, had his admiral supported him as he ought to have done. For, in consequence of the signal made by L'Allemand to the ships to do the best in their power to save themselves, *saute qui peut*, in fact, they became panic-struck, and cut their cables. The terror of the *brûlots* (fire-ships) was such, that they actually threw their powder overboard, so that they could have offered very little resistance. The French admiral was an *imbécille*, but yours was just as bad. I assure you that if Cochrane had been supported, he would have taken every one of the ships."

Ministerial vengeance found an opportunity to vent itself on Lord Cochrane. He was induced by Mr. Cochrane Johnstone and others to speculate in the funds. He was unfortunate, and lost severely. Some of those with whom he had been associated entered into a conspiracy to raise the price of stocks by diffusing false intelligence; they were detected and brought to trial. Lord Cochrane was included in the indictment, for his intimate connection with the parties gave reasonable grounds for suspicion. The case was tried, June 21st, 1814, before Lord Ellenborough, a man of violent passions and prejudices, who too often displayed on the bench the fiercest feelings of a political partisan. By straining the circumstances of suspicion his charge established an apparent inferential case against Lord Cochrane, he was found guilty, sentenced to a fine of a thousand pounds, imprisonment for twelve months, and exposure in the pillory. To this the ministers added expulsion from the House of Commons, deprivation of his rank in the navy, and erasure from the list of knights of the Bath. The whole country was indignant at this spiteful harshness; Lord Castlereagh, with great reluctance, was forced to assure the House of Commons that the exposure in the pillory would be remitted; and the electors of Westminster marked their sense of the proceedings by again choosing Lord Cochrane as their representative. He paid the fine with a thousand pound note, on which he wrote a spirited and characteristic protest against the harshness with which he had been treated, and this note is preserved among the curiosities of the Bank of England. Disabled from serving his country, Lord Cochrane took an active part in the war of South American independence as admiral of the fleet equipped by the new republic of Chili. Among his many heroic exploits in this capacity there is one so graphically described by Captain Basil Hall, that we must make room for the quotation.

"While the liberating army under General San Martin was removing to Ancon, Lord Cochrane, with part of his squadron, anchored in the outer roads of Callao, the port of Lima. The inner harbour was guarded by an extensive system of batteries, admirably constructed, and bearing the general name of the castle of Callao. The merchant ships, as well as the men of war, consisting at the time of the Esmeralda, a large forty-gun frigate, and two sloops of war, were moored under the guns of the castle, within a semicircle of fourteen gun-boats, and a boom made of spars chained together. Lord Cochrane, having previously reconnoitred these formidable defences in person, undertook, on the 5th of December, 1820, the desperate enterprise of cutting out the Spanish frigate, although she was known to be fully prepared for the attack. His lordship proceeded in fourteen boats, containing 240 men, all volunteers from the different ships of the squadron, in two divisions, one under the immediate orders of Captain Crosbie, the other under Captain Guise, both officers commanding ships of the Chilian squadron.

"At midnight, the boats having forced their way across the boom, Lord Cochrane, who was leading, rowed alongside the first gun-boat, and taking the officer by surprise, proposed to him with a pistol at his head the alternative of 'silence or death'; no reply was made, the boats pushed on unobserved, and Lord Cochrane, mounting the Esmeralda's side, was the first to give the alarm. The sentinel on the gangway levelled his piece and fired; but was instantly cut down by

the coxswain, and his lordship, though wounded in the thigh, at the same moment stepped on the deck. The frigate being boarded with no less gallantry on the opposite side by Captain Guise, who met Lord Cochrane midway on the quarter-deck, also by Captain Crosbie, the after-part of the ship was carried sword in hand. The Spaniards rallied on the fore-castle, where they made a desperate resistance, till overpowered by a fresh body of seamen and marines headed by Lord Cochrane. A gallant stand was made for some time on the main deck; but before one o'clock, the ship was captured, her cables cut, and she was steered triumphantly out of the harbour, under the fire of the whole north face of the castle. The *Hyperion*, an English, and the *Macedonian*, an American frigate, which were at anchor close to the scene of action, got under weigh when the attack commenced; and, in order to prevent their being mistaken by the batteries for the *Esmeralda*, shewed distinguishing signals; but Lord Cochrane, who had foreseen and provided even for this minute circumstance, hoisted the same lights as the American and English frigates, and thus rendered it impossible for the batteries to discriminate between the three ships; the *Esmeralda*, in consequence, was very little injured by the shot from the batteries. The Spaniards had upwards of one hundred and twenty men killed and wounded; the Chilians had only eleven killed and thirty wounded."

This extraordinary achievement put an end to the naval warfare in this part of the world, for though the Spaniards had two frigates and several other ships in the Pacific, they never ventured to appear on a coast where they were likely to meet the dreaded Cochrane. His lordship may be said to have put an end to the war by the capture of Valdivia, the last post which the Spaniards retained in Chili, Feb. 20th, 1820. From the service of Chili, Lord Cochrane passed in to that of Brazil, where the Emperor Pedro recognised his merits by creating him Marquis of Maranhão. On the conclusion of peace between Brazil and Portugal, he tendered his services to aid in the liberation of Greece, which were accepted. Here his career was brief and not very glorious, for he could not obtain the co-operation and support necessary to success. He returned home to England about the close of 1828, and, retiring into strict privacy, devoted himself to the pursuits of practical science and mechanical invention.

Soon after the accession of William IV., the good-hearted sailor-king, who valued the estimable qualities of Lord Cochrane, and keenly felt the injustice with which he had been treated, restored him to his place in the navy; after which his lordship, in the course of promotion, became rear-admiral. By the death of his father he became Earl of Dundonald, but after having tasted the charms of privacy, he appears to have been unwilling again to take an active part in public life. His proud spirit never recovered the unworthy mortification to which he had been unjustly subjected, and he sought restoration to the order of the Bath, not for the sake of the title, but as the most solemn revocation of the ignominy that had been unfairly attached to his name. The case of the brave but ill-used veteran was brought under the personal notice of the sovereign. Queen Victoria thoroughly investigated all the proceedings which had occurred before she was born, and being convinced that injustice had been done, she commanded reparation to be made as graciously as the injury had been inflicted wantonly and harshly.

ONE STRING.

FROM "THE EXPERIENCES OF A DOWAGER."

"PEOPLE that are perpetually harping upon one string" have by prescriptive unfairness borne but an indifferent name in this intolerant world of ours:—in part because every man has his own morsel of catgut, silk, horsehair, or wire (gold, silver, copper, or iron, as may be), which he would like to make discourse, to the silencing of the music of other folks.

Yet to those, at least, who have suffered under the tyranny of omniscient Folly; who have felt their pet subject snatched out of their mouths, ere the argument, even, was propounded; who have beheld their neighbour's favourite story "tattered and torn" and all its point destroyed by some "rash intruder;"—who have listened while the Church question was disposed of, in babble which a charity-child would despise, and the State arranged by some tea-table snapper-up of newspaper-politics, and so loudly, that to protest would bring on a quarrel;—to those who do not love to stand by while their bosom friends are dragged on to the carpet by critics professing false intimacy; who are displeased when their mute but darling companions—chosen books—are glibly demolished or vacantly praised by vulgar tongues;—to those, I say, whom Pretension teazes, till, like Shakspeare's *Maria*, "they can hardly forbear hurling things at him," your one-stringed people, if genuine practitioners, are a relief,—nay, often, an amusement. We (let me become personal, in the heat of my eloquence) can learn something from them. If they ride over us, it is on their own ground; unless the bad chance happens, that our string is *their* string; in which case, may Heaven have mercy on the one whose lungs are the weakest!—*Requiescat!*

Let us take the thing in its simplest—in its most limited form: a reigning vanity. The woman with one good point is infinitely more "pleasant and surprising" than the woman armed at all points. I am not sure, too, whether she is not more attractive, because less *distracting*. The "nippit and clippit foot" of her who has nothing else to show—the enticing, concise curl on the forehead (twirled after the pattern of that pink of quaintness, dear Mrs. Humby!)—the hand that by no chance ever gets permitted a glove—the smile "*à gauche*," as Mr. Chalon would bid us look for it—the graceful folds given to a cachmere, or the skill in fan-artillery, (sometimes a Spanish woman's solitary means of murder), are more riveting, by their simple selves than if confounded or mixed up, or counteracted by a thousand other seductions, airs, and graces, or arts to please. One may be too beautiful, too rich, too witty to produce an impression. A full orchestra stuns many moderately-minded people. "The golden mean" again, is stupid: only to be appreciated by the mediocre. Give me a *fantasia* on one string!

How else should I remember Mr. Peter Wivern? one of the least wise men who ever sat at the feasts of the good men of Gotham?—neither young nor handsome; nor, unluckily for his success, one of the dangerous characters whom no woman can bear the sight of, of whom no woman will cease talking for two days together. He was to be held high Carnival in Gotham—no matter how long

ago—one of those monster fancy balls, at which human ingenuity shines out in all its fullest glory, and, with it, human self-appreciation. There might be seen four *Hamlets* putting the best foot foremost in one and the same quadrille; looking, the while, “daggers” at each other’s inky suits. There might be seen an original and extensive assortment of Mary Stuarts, ranging betwixt sixteen and six-and-fifty, but every one of whom was “surpassingly lovely, and looked the character to the life,” in the complimentary columns of the next day’s *Gotham Oracle*. Not to speak of Nuns, Quakers, Broom-girls in agonies of shame at their own liberal legs, Leicesters in more violent agonies of admiration at their own boisterous lace and feathers; not to speak of the *rouge-red-hot* cheeks and the shining foreheads; the moustaches which would drop off, the rapiers which *would* attack the unmilitary calves behind which they dangled. I have seen nothing since like the sincerity and earnestness, the serious labour, and the hard pleasure of those Gotham Carnivals. We were six weeks in preparing for them, saw nothing of the show when the night came, and said as much for six weeks after. So that three months of life in a dull town were satisfactorily filled by the *avant*, *pendant*, and *après* of the “celebrity.”

I was young, and, in those days, obliging:—a Flying-Post or Providence to persons anxious about wigs; and who fancied I knew as well as M. Planché what shoulder-knot and what shoe-tie should bear company—what garnitures suited the brown—what garlands the fair! And I was used accordingly (blessed Twenty! when a Man “suspects not he is used!”) But let me go east, or let me go west; in search of *Cinderella’s* slippers, or *Belinda’s* locks, or *Perdita’s* flower-basket, or *Lady Macbeth’s* dagger (innocuously blunt), or *Isabella’s* veil; or to help *Autolycus* to his pack, or an Italian bandit to his sugar-loaf hat, or to persuade a would-be *Titian*, that he was hardly Titianesque enough, and would look better in a Deputy Lieutenant’s uniform; did I rise ever so early, and return from my mission ever so late, there was one figure I was sure to encounter: one speech I never failed to hear—Mr. Peter Wivern, with his anxious “*And recollect;—I am to have a spear eight feet long.*”

Now, were I to kiss the book, I could not tell whether the man was tall or short, black or white, young or old, civil or bearish. My impression is that he was a whity-brown sort of personage: but this may arise from the rapid succession of prismatic colours brought before the eyes on the occasion, the effect of which, as all opticians know, is, after a time, utterly to mystify the sense of seeing. Nor am I able to recall whether he was to figure as Croat or Cossack or Circassian, Malay or Moldavian, Hospodar or Heiduck, Italian, Indian, or Infantry-Regimental. I am only clear as to the weapon and its measure. The thing turned up and ran against us everywhere. Mr. Peter Wivern’s sisters told it in confidence to their peculiar friends: wrote it in letters from *Gotham* to *Laputa*. It was anticipated in the *Oracle*; it was preached against in church, by the Reverend Ernest Cole, who was only too glad of such a startling feature to introduce into the “judgment” sermon he always preached when the Gothamites threatened to take a little pleasure. The Mayor had heard of the wonderful thing: though not whether it was to be made of lance-wood, ash, or, what he knew the most about, mahogany and Nicaragua wood. A workman had splintered his thumb

in making it; and the thumb was in serious jeopardy, as Mr. Twitch the surgeon could testify. An errand-boy had poked out another errand-boy's left eye, in carrying it to be gilt, and Mr. Peter Wivern, it was expected, would have to make compensation for the lost organ. We knew that the Gotham Beauty, after many party debates, had allowed herself to be persuaded to try *Joan of Arc*;—that the Gotham Wit had been studying good things for weeks, in order to support the character of *Sir Richard Steele* or *Horace Walpole* (no matter which, the persons being much the same);—that the Tall Man of Gotham was to play *The Devil*; and the Nimble Man *Harlequin*; that the Cotton-King (Railway Kings were not then thought of) had spent a fortune on his own dress as *Aurengzebe*, and that of his wife, as *Zenobia*; and that many staid and stupid souls had determined to go "in their own characters." But whenever, wherever, and however, the subject was discussed; the argument, or the reciprocal flattery, or the regrets for "absent lives and souls" of such an assembly, were sure to be wound up by one and the same close, "*And Mr. Peter Wivern is to have a spear eight feet long.*"

The night came:—the night of a day when people could eat no dinners;—when people were almost too much tired to enjoy themselves;—when people's "*things*" did not come home till the carriage was absolutely at the door"—when people's hackney-coaches never came at all; or got into a string; or got up the last: or broke a panel;—the night when *Queen Eleanor* forgot her bowl, and *Cleopatra* her asp, and *Folly* (strangest of all) his cap and bells;—the night when Jack-in-office was at "his fullest blow," and Committee-men and Stewards, wearers of white ribbons, and bearers of white wands, distinguished themselves by their most strenuous efforts to make every one uncomfortable, and to oppose all possible difficulties to the easy entrance and unrestrained circulation of "the motley crew." But blithe enough, and busy enough, and grand enough I thought it in those days; and the *Jackism* of the Jacks, merely a ceremony the more—so much official discipline and distinction. We were not very late, but the entrance to the *Town Hall* of Gotham was choked up with people, and resonant with angry words, remonstrances, and little screams and squeaks, emitted by fair ones whose evening's pleasure would not have been complete, save they had made themselves interesting some how or other. Before us a life and death struggle was going on. "Read the regulations, sir."—"Show the gentleman the regulations."—"We can't help that, sir."—"It will tear the ladies' veils."—"It has done mischief enough already."—"You must leave it with the porter."—"You can't block up the way all night, sir."—"Take it from him, and let him pass in."—Alas! for the fixed idea! The gentleman was Mr. Peter Wivern: the thing his spear! Shorter than eight feet, it might possibly have passed. It did make a sensation, nevertheless. But for it, you would never have heard of the Gotham Carnival Ball!

On a journey, again, how effective are the one-stringed! A rail-road to Dover in the dark, howsoever commodious, is not exciting. One may think, it is true, of "*Alp and Appenine*"—of the Cathedral of Cologne, or the lake of Como, or may try to imagine the quaintness of Paul Potter's country, or say to one's self, "This day fortnight I shall be on the Stelvio;"—but in the first fog and hurry of going London for the long vacation, with me, at least, such pleasing and anticipations arise but languidly, and it is not till the sea-

misery is over,—not till I breathe the thin, clear air, and hear the loud, strange voices of the Continent, that the blessed refreshment begins ; and the belief in “ more cakes and ale ” to be enjoyed returns.

The ride, too, I am just now calling to mind, occurred on one of those sultriest of late summer nights, when the weight of the atmosphere would of itself be almost enough to stifle hope, and to sicken enterprise in anybody past sixteen. I had been hunted all the day “ by more last words,” and more “ last work,”—by notes to answer, and commissions to decline : and, accordingly, when at last I niched myself in a corner of the railway carriage, I was in that passive state of weariness which says, “ *Well: I don't care what they do with me!* ” and makes connected conversation or thought impossible, and companionship (even the best) undesirable. We were five in the carriage : two gentlemen, two ladies, and myself. They were polished, agreeable people,—so “ *eveill  * ” as to make it evident that *they* had not drunk “ the season ” to the dregs,—cheerfully full of anticipation and foresight, and busy arrangement of all those means and appliances, with which more experienced (not to say sulkier) travellers, journey by journey, increasingly dispense.

“ Where’s the basket, Adela ? ”

“ Don’t know : there’s no room for it beside me here. *Oh, these railways with the narrow gauge!* ”

There went the one string ! The *apropos* amused me. Just the thing for a weary and cross man ! I was sure I had not heard the last of the question, and waited for more. Not in vain. The body, the soul, and the spirit of these four very well-bred and pleasant persons, were wrapt up in “ *Broad versus Narrow.* ” Some slight civility of “ the rail,” (one must say “ the road ” no more,) brought the whole question, with all its justices and injustices, its issues and bearings, down upon me, “ like Kedron in flood.” There was no difficulty,—no doubt,—not an instant’s mistake. Every one on the *other side* had been bribed,—was a born idiot,—or an old woman. Mr. Engineer B—— was the one man in the world ; Messrs. Engineers S—— and L—— were the derision of Europe : ruined, or worse. So much for the cannonade of facts ! But we had also the light-skirmishing of fancies. The young ladies could not sleep.—Narrow gauge ! Their flowers, brought that morning from beyond Exeter, began to droop. Narrow gauge again ! What should they see in Belgium ? Could I tell them ? I mentioned Louvain, with its Town Hall, and the fairy marvels of the line along the valley of the Vesdre ; and I recommended (what Dowager does not recommend ?) the *h  tel* at Aix, and spoke—as even when fatigued one *must* speak—of the superb works at Cologne Cathedral.—“ Yes ; very interesting, no doubt.” They hoped it *would* be finished. How was the stone conveyed ? because time and transit, &c. &c. Broad gauge again ! Then the conveyance of their travelling-carriage came on the *tapis*. “ They did not see their way about it so well on a railway they were not accustomed to.” . . . No matter what subject they got upon. Was it Dickens ? They could not read the “ *Italian Notes* ” on a narrow gauge ! Was it Switzerland ? What had the gentleman from Geneva, the other day, been saying about the *Great Western* ? Was it Italy ?—Venice ? The young ladies would think twice of crossing the lagoon behind a locomotive, unless In short, whether I was sleepy or not I will not undertake to decide, but I have more

than a dim idea that the old idea of getting to Heaven "by the narrow way" was disparaged, on some one of the party speaking of the demise of some other one's uncle or first cousin.

I met the same *quartette* at two subsequent points of my holiday ramble; working hard at the matter, in "Stratford-Atte-Bow" French and Composite German, for the enlightenment of civil and patient neighbours at the *table-d'hôte*. "Mr. —'s speech in Parliament; Mrs. —'s beautiful estate ploughed across by the Kettleby line; praise of Mr. L—'s pamphlet; and withering scorn of Mr. —'s leading article (they knew how many shares had been given him for it)." And this seemed the sole aim and enjoyment of four people, as considerate and refined as one would wish to meet—*off* the rail! They had got up the subject with *such* a vengeance at home, that even sea-sickness, new impressions, and universal Papistry, could not drive it out of them when they reached a foreign land. But I should not recollect them, save as the family of the Gauges!

Not a fortnight after this I fell in with a yet more egregious performer on one string,—quite of a different order,—a zealous young physician, with whom I made half a day's journey betwixt Cleves and Dusseldorf. Every one knows what a sailor's "working his passage" is. This gentleman was prescribing to the value of his "*eck-platz*" in the droning old diligence; and, to those who are "*used* at rattling bones to start," and who would as lief, almost, suffer an operation as hear one described crunch by crunch, drop by drop, slash by slash, (for in those days the ether blessing was not,) his conversation and company were more exciting than agreeable. Ill luck has made me one of those persons who have physical objections to "*talking* the hospitals." I was, moreover, full of Cleves; as winning a resting-place to one weary of faces and tongues, and knocks at the door, and "something to be seen," as can be imagined; with its picturesque old castle, and its still woods, and the thick road-avenues of grand trees, which almost steal into the streets. I should have liked to have discussed the town with an intelligent inhabitant. My Galen, however, could only talk of ailments, operations, interesting colics, and attractive eye cases. I allowed it to leak out that I had been driven out of Amsterdam by fever. "He would prescribe for me. Should I *see* him my tongue?" (He spoke a little English.) A moment's indecision, and I should have been in his clutches past redemption! He had, doubtless, pestles, scales, and a whole druggist's shop in his pocket. Disappointed of one patient, he ferreted out another. By much cross-questioning the *conducteur* of the diligence owned to a little girl whose hearing was sometimes confused. "She should boil a tea for her ears: he would tell her how,"—and out came the pencil, and a leaf was begged from my memorandum-book (your German of my Galen's class never objecting to trade on his companions' resources,) and the prescription was down in a trice; two pipes full of tobacco being claimed by way of fee. Then, all the road, wheresoever the vehicle halted,—and Patience alone mber the pretexts on which such vehicles halt,—out sprung tor, up staircases, down courts (it seemed to me), very nearly ingly as Mr. Peerybingle's dog Boxer; till he had nosed out t, *laid* his remedy, and, I presume, received payment in kind: we advanced, there severally broke out from his pocket two es, a cake, the leg of a cold fowl, and a small bottle of some

elixir, which I shrewdly suspect to have been none other than Dr. Dulcamara's in the opera—a jolly mouthful of wine! He went the round of the passages in the *bei-chaise* (or supplementary carriage); and at the place where we nooned he was actually shaking the contents of sundry little blue papers into the soup of two dyspeptic-looking gentlewomen, who were too apathetic or frightened of the Doctor to say "Nay" to his nimble assiduities. Crossing the bridge at Dusseldorf, I saw him seize a soldier by the ear, whispering into it, I have no doubt, the secret of some particularly "brave and venomous" pill; and I have never ceased wondering, from that day to this, whether, on taking the railway for Elberfeld, he did or did not attempt "to exhibit his mystery," and prove himself worth—not his salt, but his hot water and cinders, by offering to set the legs of the sick locomotives! But for *his* one string—I suppose by rights it should be called a *ligature*—how should I recollect my Doctor of Cleves?

One could fill a book with the curious main-springs which set tourists going, and keep them moving. Mr. G. P. R. James has pleasantly told, in some of his one thousand and one tales, of a French traveller, who crossed the entire Continent to some little dirty town among the *Landes*, "*pour manger la galette*." Good-natured, accomplished, jovial, robust —, will hardly be angry should he meet in print a record of his Italian *fantasia*,—which was to see the people playing at *Pallone*. Think how many a sinew the desire to shoot a bear, engendered by Mr. Lloyd in his delightful book, has strung! So, too, I defy any one to have lived for a week in the house with Audubon, and to have resisted the conclusion forced upon him that this world of ours is, after all, merely a vast egg ("the spacious firmament on high" strung and starred with smaller ones); that, instead of Man being "lord of the fowl," as Alexander Selkirk sings, the feathered race were made not merely to teach, but to subjugate, Man!—that the finest house which a Barry can build, a Robison ventilate, a Pugin or Grüner decorate, a Snell or Gillow furnish, is but a shabby and comfortless dwelling-place after all, as compared with a Nest;—and that your Cornelias, Portias, Lucretias;—your Grecian daughters, and English wives, and Spanish maidens, are poor in the virtues which ennoble, the constancy which endears, the graces which fascinate,—compared with the white tufted Duck, or the great Rice-Bird of the Mississippi!—Our very thoughts took wing to hear him talk. Where *would* be the discoverers, the enthusiasts, were they less earnest, less engrossed, less confident in the appreciation and sympathy of all who come near them? The World is moved by one string!

That a lever of such potency should be always retained within worthy hands, and employed for such worthy purposes, were more than "Fate and Lady Londonderry" can be expected to warrant as possible. While rhapsodizing about the unities in a manner crazy enough to make orderly and formal critics "stare and gasp," how can we forget Mr. Rowland's poets, with their *one-stringed* almanac sent from house to house?—by which the purchase of "Odonto" is shown to be the Christian duty of January; "Kalydor" is the great question of February; "Macassar oil" "takes the winds of March with beauty;" and so on through the zodiac: proving that the business of life is only to be carried on in a perfumer's shop, and that perfumery, — *no offence to MM. Chardin Honbigaut, and the*

confrérie at Paris!—no offence to the fragrant monks of the *Spezeria* of Santa Maria Novella, Florence!—is but to be found at 20, Hatton Garden. How can we overlook the delicious Book of *Aldgate* Moses?—after a study of which, a Mr Carlyle, or Mr. Emerson, (nay, or the hardest and least poetical of the Scottish metaphysicians,) may be excused from doubting whether himself or his—*akems*!—is the reasonable being! To say nothing of those astounding one-stringers, the Hygeists,—the Aqua-therapeuticals (let them vote me “a cup of the liquid element” for having persecuted them with so grand a name!)—the gymnastic professors of the Cord,—the magnetic wielders of the Steel,—no longer compelled to use their tools according to the mandates of Secret Tribunals; but flaunting in the light of common day in the columns of *The Thunderer*, and as large as print can make them, on the panels of the advertising waggon! Yes, let Poor Richard be Poor Richard still, with his “Cheapside talk” of “two strings to his bow!”—Give me your Paganinis: your people who can concentrate themselves! Let me hear the *fantasia* on one string, and let your readers cry to the same “*encore*!”

SHARP.

A TOWN BALLAD.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

I MET you at the Baron's hall,
 'Twas on a festive night,
 You pass'd before my charmed eye
 Like meteor dazzling bright.
 Your feathers light of maraboo,
 Fell o'er your raven locks,
 As dark as Eastern mariners
 You see about the Docks.

Your robe of satin pearly white
 All others did excel;
 You look'd just as you floated by
 Like Venus in her shell.
 Why did I watch that graceful form?
 Why watch those fairy feet?
 Why watch the depth of that dark eye?
 Why?—'Cos it was a treat!

But treat of treats was when I held
 My arm around your waist,
 And through the mazy polka whirl'd,
 And hopp'd, and jump'd, and paced.
 But happiness is rapid-wing'd,
 Ah! how those hours flew,
 And all those candles round the room
 So quickly shorter grew.

Soon, soon the minstrels ceased their
 strains,
 For they had had enough,
 And up their instruments they put,
 The candles went to snuff.
 Then came confusion in the hall,
 'Twas the breaking morn;—
 Ah, a squeeze, a lot of cabs,
 And you, alas! were gone.

The next day was but as a dream,
 Of you alone composed,
 Which shew'd me that my heart was
 gone
 Much further than supposed.
 I wander'd down that quiet lane
 Known as Bartholomew,
 Close by the Bank and Stock Exchange,
 Still musing, love, of you.

When, ah! a voice so musical
 Cried “Oranges pray buy;”
 'Twas yours—I started from my dream,
 You met my frenzied eye.
 I cried, “And are you that sweet maid
 I danced with yesternight,
 At Nathan's half-crown weekly ball?”
 “Yes!” “Ah, yes! why then I'm
 right.”

You placed your fruit upon a post,
 And smiled a winning smile,
 And cramm'd a bag quite full for me
 Of oranges the while;
 A stranger passing gave a look
 At you, my idol queen,
 And though you'd given me but twelve,
 You offered him thirteen.

Beware, young dancing men, beware,
 Take heed how you do fall,
 And never let love trip you up
 At Baron Nathan's ball.

THE FLÂNEUR IN PARIS.

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A TRAVELLER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SECOND LOVE."

French Tragedy and Tragedians.—Claqueurs and Success contractors.—First Representations.—Dramatic literature.

As long as the French *will* consider "tragedy" as a something perfectly apart from "tragic drama," and (setting aside all the conventionalisms of versification and dramatic unities) look upon a tragedy, not as an acted play, but as a poem recited with certain fixed forms of action, and certain established rules of tone in declamation, the French never will produce great tragic actors—that is to say, if *nature combined with art is ever to form the true basis of acting*. In spite of the immense reputation of Talma, in a portion of the justice of which reputation the *Flâneur* begs leave somewhat to doubt, when he witnesses the extravagant *engouements* of the present day, and daily learns to what absurd pitches of misplaced rhapsody the national vanity of the French will lead them, when they are able to "blow the loud trumpet" about "*our*" illustrious tragedian, "*our*" divine tragic actress, "*our*" prima donna, "*our*" great singer, and "*our*" composer,—in the face also of the immense reputation of the so-called great actress of the present day, who has been raised to a most unmerited pedestal of fame, because she can delineate one passion, or one line of passions, (those of anger, rage, and scorn,) with a certain degree of wild energy not devoid of grace, but who has never yet been able to embrace a *whole* conception of any character—who has never yet been able to produce one great and perfect delineation in all its several parts, as in its *ensemble*—who, consequently, cannot merit the name of a great artist, however near she may approach towards being a good actress in *certain limited portions of her art*—in opposition, therefore, to the great blast of brazen clarions blown so loudly by all France, and echoed, some what heedlessly, and without mature judgment, it is to be hoped, in other countries, the *Flâneur* puts his little penny trumpet to his mouth to squeak out, in petty defiance, that France perhaps *never* has, but certainly has not in latter years, produced any great tragedian, or is able to conceive the faintest notion of a truly tragic *artist*, who, like our own Macready—in spite of the drawbacks of his defects in mannerism and conventional declamation—or like such men as Laroche, Anschütz, or Löwe, at the Burg Theater of Vienna, is able to unite nature and truth with the highest efforts of art, and, above all, to work out a wholeness and unity in the most complicated characters of the great poets. Again, be it said deliberately, that, with their present notions of the artificialness, not the *art*, of tragedy, the French will never be able either to comprehend or to engender a great tragedian, or represent the tragic muse otherwise than distorted by a grimace as unnatural as the mask of the Greek actors of old. And yet, strange to say, although their scenic representations, when announced as tragedy, are pitiable to the last degree, if changed only in title, by a little alteration in the play-bill, a small transformation of the printing press in only one word, and denominated "drama" (however deeply tragic the drama be), are often produced

with the greatest perfection. Strange people, so volatile, so changeable, so fond of novelty, that still clings through ages to the distorted meaning of a word!

With this exception, the French are decidedly the world's masters in histrionic art. In no country has its perfection been carried to so great a pitch—a pitch at which acting is no longer acting, and becomes so completely nature itself, that its first effect upon the foreigner, until he grows used to its depth of truth, is one of disappointment that so little art should be visible in it. Scarcely too high a praise can be bestowed on the stage, upon which Bouffé exhibits his wonderful delineations of character—so comic and so pathetic in a breath, exciting by turns smiles and tears, anon both together, and then again a laugh, followed by a spasm of deep feeling—and all so blended in one whole—all so natural, so typical of real life, as to be Shaksperian in their effect. And Bouffé is far from standing alone upon a scene where he is so admirably supported by such consummate painters of nature in all its forms, as Lafont, Rose Cheri, or Dejazet.

Much might be said of the comedy of the comedian, of the drama of stage life, of the *vie des coulisses* in fact, as connected with actors and authors, managers and public, and all the various grades of that strange, eccentric, harlequin-like, gipsy race attached to theatres, and accustomed to a theatrical existence: and certainly there is no spot where this troubled, variegated, and interesting comedy of real life may be witnessed in all its confused and startling scenes to so great an advantage—*qu*: disadvantage?—as in Paris. But the life and manners of the dramatic author and the actor bear such a generic resemblance in all countries, barring the modifications produced by difference of customs, habit of living, climate, and temperament in different countries, that to sketch a portrait of theatrical life in Paris, would be but to present a well known face under another variety of costume.

There are some things, however, peculiar to the organisation of Parisian theatres, and to the theatrical predilections of the Parisian public, which the *Flâneur* may perhaps venture to present to notice: and among these is the system of *claqueurs*, or hired applauders at the theatres—a system carried to an extent, and a nicety of arrangement, which are little dreamt of by the uninitiated, and which certainly, in spite of modern attempts at something of the kind in a neighbouring country, have no parallel in other lands. How far this system may tend to produce an effect diametrically opposite to that intended—how far it may crush and smother the real admiration of the public, by preventing them from expressing their feelings in a manner that assimilates them to the noisy hireling applauders around them—how far it may destroy the theatres by the rapacious exigencies of these tyrants of the stage, these arbiters of success, who, once slaves, are now masters, and demand a bribe, and not a salary—how far it may injure dramatic art, by rendering the actors subservient for the applause they seek or the disapproval they shun, to the will of their approvers or detractors, according as the case may be, or as the latter may be feed—how far it may influence the fortunes of the drama, by rendering dramatic authors negligent of their works, the reception of which depends upon the payment of a certain number of illiterate men—are questions not unworthy of investigation, but which would here lead too far. That the fact of the organisation of these pretended applauders, who themselves act a comedy, of which no one among the public is the dupe,

exists, and is encouraged to exist, is sufficient for the *Flâneur's* purpose, without going to conclusions.

In the present time no new play whatever, be its importance great or small, is ever allowed to appear before the public, to have its cause judged legally and without prejudice. By a modern custom, which has become, or has been thought to have become, a matter of necessity, it is compelled to come into court, to be tried, accompanied by a crowd of counsel, nominated officially, and paid to support the cause, be it good or bad—counsel who carry all their eloquence in their hands, not in their mouths—in gestures, not in words—who calculate their power, not by strength of lungs, but by callosity of palms.

In spite of whatever may have been said to the contrary, it is evident that this institution, so degrading to real talent, has been the invention of modern times, of this age of money, when all is bought and sold—reputation, honour, enthusiasm, admiration, genius. The price of all is known and calculated: the value is not so clear. Who's the dupe—author or public? The clear gain is on the side of the vendor of fame. The utmost that can be said of the custom is, that it has the warrant of antiquity, that it has been imitated from those times of Roman degradation, when inconsolable families hired mourners to follow their deceased relations to the grave, with a due *quantum* of sobs and tears—when red eyes had their price, disbevelled hair its stipulated payment, and torn garments were remunerated by *tarif*. It is not quite sure whether in those days the last degree of inconsolable despair might not have been bought for its due price, and a frantic mourner be purchased to fling himself into the grave and be buried with the "dear departed." Perhaps the origin of mercenary applauders might thus be traced to this antique custom of mercenary lamenters: and the supposition is not altogether so unlikely, since, from what cause does not appear, the *claqueurs* have long borne, in Parisian slang, the appellation of "*Romains*." These modern Romans certainly undertake "a dramatic success" after the same fashion as their prototypes did a family affliction, and, like them, are paid according to the quality and quantity of feelings supplied. There is a certain price put down for simple applause—another for applause, accompanied by laughter—a third, for applause mingled with genuine tears—one for admiration—another for enthusiasm—a good round sum for spasms, hysterics, and fainting fits. The author has but to pay: his dainty dish will be served up to him according to its nature, and the figure at which it is numbered in the bill of fare. This is no joke: it is pure and simple earnest. The *moucheur*, the blower of noses, and flourisher of pocket handkerchiefs at a new play professes a trade, as well established as that of a baker or a grocer: the *sanglotteur*, or sobber, studies his rôle beforehand, as a part of his profession: a female in the first boxes undertakes a fainting fit or convulsions *ad libitum*; and if she can sport a hat and feathers, an embroidered pocket handkerchief, and a gold smelling bottle, her price rises rapidly; and she is paid in proportion to the sympathy her elegance, and the weakness of her nerves at the tragic scene, excite.

The *claqueur*, at the origin of the institution, was a volunteer, ill paid, or paid only by the recompense of admission to see the play, in return for the applause bestowed: he was usually a friend of the hair-dresser, or the dresser of the theatre. But the trade thrived and prospered, and became a trade. The *claqueur* at last disdained his vulgar

name, and became an *entrepreneur de succès dramatiques*, who monopolised the whole direction of the applause to himself, and had a troop of subordinates under his orders.

By what gradation the system rose to the perfect state of organisation under which it now exists, it would be a curious history to trace.

Did managers and authors recognise the merit of their auxiliaries? or did the *claqueur* impose himself upon author and manager as indispensable? Where was the cause of the great progress in the trade? whence the effect? However that may be, the fact is, that the complete organisation of this arrangement has been proved by the most curious documents, laid before the legal tribunals in Paris, in cases of actions being brought, on the one side or the other, by the engaging parties, for non-fulfilment of *contract*. Not long ago, a regularly drawn up document of this kind was published in the newspaper "Law-Court Reports," by which it appeared that a "success-contractor," as he styled himself, had entered into an engagement with the manager of one of the first theatres in Paris to supply him with a certain quantity of successes for a certain quantity of pieces, in return for certain ceded prerogatives, privileges, and advantages. These advantages consisted chiefly in a certain number of tickets given to him *every night* for his own disposal and profit, the *whole pit* upon first representations, together with so many boxes and stalls, and other little pickings too numerous to mention. On his own part, the dramatic success-contractor agreed to provide a certain number of men, "decently dressed," to applaud, and to be present himself, in order to direct the when, where, and how of the applause to be bestowed, to attend all the rehearsals of new pieces, and to arrange with the author the points where the applause was to be introduced, and, finally, to come to the manager's room when required, to consult with him as to what actors, or more generally what *actresses*, were to be more especially applauded and supported. And this extraordinary contract, so degrading to art, honour, and truth, was a legal document!

The Parisian "success-contractor" is now a gentleman, who dresses very fine, keeps his cabriolet, and in his moments of leisure, when not occupied by his essentially literary occupations, lounges, with cigar in mouth, along the Boulevards, where he will catch hold of the arm of any dramatic author who may be one of his "clients," and talk over with him the progress or presumed effect of his new piece, of which he esteems himself a very important *collaborateur*, inasmuch as its worth, he conceives, is due at least a half, if not three quarters, to himself. Upon occasions of rehearsals of some great piece, however, he never leaves the theatre; he then pulls out his note-book and marks down with care the strong and weak points, the scenes that are to be brought out, the situations to be strongly marked, the passages to be encored, and the exits and entrances to be peculiarly favored. He scruples not to give his advice, and his proposals for changes to author and manager, and is affronted when he is not listened to. When the great general rehearsal comes, he summons his troops, gets into an upper box, draws out his opera glass and his note-book, and, with all the airs of a great General, arranges his plan of battle for the next day. He generally disposes a square battalion in the centre of the pit, a dozen more of sharpshooters at each flank, a *moucheur* or two, particularly well dressed, in the stalls, a *sanglotteur* in the *balcon*, a few choice *ts* in the gallery, and an "interrupter" in the upper boxes. The

interrupter is a variety of the *claqueur*, lately introduced: he is intended to represent some very naïf individual, who, led away by the emotions of the drama, is supposed to take it all for natural, and apostrophise the wicked actor on the stage. The "interrupter" is generally turned out of his box: but his performance of his little part is almost invariably crowned with a great success—for the piece. Upon the occasion of a first representation, the "success-contractor" is in all his glory as general-in-chief. He then occupies the centre of his forces in the pit. He waves his hands, covered with white kid gloves, over his head, as if he were no more nor less than Monsieur Jullien, in order to give the signal for the attack. The signal is given in three movements—"Make ready!" "Present!" "Fire!" and the fire of paid enthusiasm bursts out, obedient to his signal—enough to deafen half the theatre, and fully to disturb the nerves of the other half. The "success-contractor" never applauds, himself: he only glances with eagle eye over his columns, to see that "every man does his duty:" and at a nod of his head the fire ceases; the artillery of hardened hands is stopped; and preparation is made for another discharge. Woe betide the unhappy neophyte who should dare applaud, for pure gratification, before the order is given, or venture to prolong his exercise after the retreat is blown! He has dared to have a feeling of his own: he is a condemned man! And when the battle is won or lost—and it is generally considered won the first night, however it may be lost afterwards—the "success-contractor" goes behind the scenes, to congratulate, or receive the congratulations of the author and manager. Besides, he has there other "clients," upon whom he must bestow a word or two. These clients are among the actors and actresses, all of whom, more or less, pay their tribute to the "chief," who is the arbiter of their destiny—some being *abonné* to him for so much applause for a month, others for a whole year, some again only for a certain rôle, and others for that night only, but all of whom are more or less discontented because he has treated every rival far too well. And this is glory! this is fame! this is art! this is literary merit! This odious system of forced applause does not always save or damn a piece, it is true, according as the "success-contractor" wills. Merit will be appreciated by the public, and dulness put down: but the system exists to the extent above described; and that is significant enough to display the venality of the land and of the age.

There is another matter connected with the Parisian drama, which may be thought worthy of a slight notice *en passant*: this is the *rage* of the Parisians for "first representations." It is not the new piece that attracts from its novelty—not the change, that allures these lovers of variety: it is the *first* night of a new piece alone that excites this frenzy of desire to be present. And this rage for first representations is not confined to dramatic or operatic works of a greater degree of importance: it is exhibited upon the occasion of every little *vaudeville*, or clap-trap melodrama. Whence this mania arises is not very clear: but the *Flâneur*, although aware that he must, by this time, be laying himself open to the accusation of prejudice and obstinacy upon this point, is again inclined to attribute its primary cause to that vanity and conceit, which likes to say, "*I came, I saw, I decided.*" The presence of the "*I*," to judge the merit of the new work (for every little abortive piece, the offspring perhaps of no less than three fathers, is a work, an *ouvrage*, now-a-days), the *fiat* of "*I*," which is to approve or

to condemn, are considered essentially necessary in the cause of true art. Although, however the "I" feeling may have predominated in first generating this epidemic fondness for first representations, yet other influences may now have arisen to foster the fashion. The fact that men of note in the literary world are sure to be seen *gratis* on this occasion attracts a certain portion of the audience; the mere fact of a probable crowd, and another opportunity of showing off new dresses, serves as an inducement to the female critics on this solemn occasion—yes, solemn is the word—a first representation is a *solemnité*—(*vid.* the French newspapers upon the first production of any trumpery farce).

The scene of a first representation—the scene, that is, in the theatre, and not upon the stage—is certainly an amusing one to witness to a foreigner who has been initiated into all its mysteries.

Of the disposal and plan of war of the author's auxiliary troops, the *claqueurs*, under the command of the General "Success-Contractor," we have already spoken. The chief forces of the enemy, the newspaper critics, upon whose *dictum* the fate of the piece is more or less supposed to depend, are placed for the greater part in the orchestra stalls; and against this part of the hostile troops the manoeuvres of the author's battalions are directed. A pit-ful of hands without heads is opposed to an orchestra-ful of heads without hands: and the enemy is not so easy to be subdued. One of his strongest weapons is the ill humour with which he sets to work upon his criticism. So many hundred new pieces, of all descriptions and grades, pass before his eye during the year, that he arrives at the theatre half dying of a surfeit. Can any one be surprised at the acidity which is sometimes spit out upon his criticisms?

The theatre is crammed full; and really, in spite of the ridicule attached to so big a word upon so little an occasion, its aspect would be quite *solemn*, were it not for the *toilettes* of the *belles curieuses* in the boxes. And in these regions the solemnity is disturbed by an eternal flutter, due not only to a smart dress, but to the curiosity attendant upon the recognition of the so-called celebrities of the day, among the journalists, *hommes de lettres*, and other *soi-disant* great men, scattered about the theatre. There is Jules Janin! Does he laugh? Has he applauded? No: he has never moved a muscle or a nerve. The piece is damned. Look at Theophile Gautier, whose hair has grown longer and more genius-like than ever. What a sneer he puts on! And yonder stands Alexandre Dumas, like a negro Adonis, a Lovelace-baboon, a Shakspeare from the Cannibal Islands. He has just laughed in the midst of a pathetic scene. And there is Frederic Soulié, looking as diabolical as the essence of one of his own novels,—and Alphonse Karr not less Asmodean,—and George Sand staring upon vacancy, with her large lustrous eyes, in utter indifference,—and Balzac has positively gone to sleep, like the fat, jovial, sarcastic old monk he so well represents. Oh! the piece is damned!—Such are the murmurs that hover round the boxes and the *balcon*. But the piece is not always damned because the great spirits of pen, ink, and paper, have signed its death-warrant. In spite of the knock-down blows it often receives upon a first representation, it sometimes lifts up its head again, and lives, and thrives. If it could be killed by anything, it would be by the smothering influence of those bursts of misplaced admiration, and overacted transports of enthusiasm, which,

when not met with hisses, are annihilated as effectually with killing disdain, which crush the well-intentioned applause of friends, and which are often more fatal than the open attacks of the enemy. A new piece is an awful battle for an author, and it is really a wonder he gains it so often. The interest of this fight, in which so many envies, jealousies, rivalries, heartburnings, intrigues, cabals, manœuvres, backbitings, interested motives,—in short, all the seven deadly sins—and no end of other little moral peccadillos besides—are concerned, may be taken also as some reason for the crowds of spectators it is always sure to attract. And the *Flâneur* recommends the sight of all these agitations to those who wish to see in Paris a scene truly Parisian.

So much has been already said in so many ways of the state of dramatic literature in France, that there can be but little which may be added here, however fruitful and seductive the theme. The days of the extravagant freaks of the romantic school, the days of charming incest, innocent adultery, and amiable assassination, are somewhat gone by. Toledo daggers, poison-cups, and frantic, demoniac seducers,—in short, the "*mort et damnation—damnation et mort!*" school has somewhat gone out of fashion. It was followed by another style of drama, not less dull—the dulness of which arose not from the dark pool of blood in which it waded and besmeared itself—but from its reactionary plainness of plot. This was the drama of political moralities, in which every dialogue had the air of being a series of social sermons, or a string of leading articles in an opposition daily print. But this school was of a too solid, brown-bread description—and that very seldom of a good, sterling, healthy kind—to be devoured with pleasure by appetites accustomed to daintier and more highly seasoned food. The tumult of theatrical excitement has now somewhat "dwindled to a calm;" but yet, the French drama, even as it now is, must be tasted by English novices with caution, lest it should turn their unwary stomachs before they least expect it. The witticisms, even, in some of the pieces of the pet chaste writers of the day, have often more than a tendency to scoff at things holy, or, at least, at matters which we have been accustomed to hold sacred: and if a novice be not prepared with good moral skates to skate over the *slippery* subjects, often produced with complacency, he may find, on a sudden, his ice of prudery give way beneath his feet, and himself plunged into a pool, from which his delicacy will not escape without being woefully bespattered. It is curious, however, to observe the exquisite tact with which wit can be made to gild over pruriency, and delicacy of handling paint over, with the most pleasing colours, indelicacy of idea. To give the unmentionable old serpent his due, the French can never be denied a degree of smartness, cleverness, sparkling invention, and even tact, which is unapproached, and, it would seem, unapproachable in other countries. To the French are due almost all the most popular pieces which have kept a hold upon the various stages of Europe in latter years. To say the least, the English, German, Italian, Russian, Spanish, and even newly-born Hungarian drama—not to run through a geographical list of all the countries of Europe—almost of the world—if it has not, each in its turn, subsisted wholly upon French power of invention and arrangement, has, at all events, bolstered itself out to a most respectable, comfortable, and satisfactory size of well-being by borrowing from French talent. *Suum cuique.*

THE SERVICES OF THE PENINSULAR ARMY.

BY ONE WHO SERVED WITH IT.

THE Peninsular army has been the *Alma Mater* of all those who have been most distinguished in our military history since the conclusion of the great European struggle. To give the names of those of its *alumni* who have gained "*honours*," or to record their more matured services, would be to write the biography of one half of the most prominent public officers in the last quarter of a century, of every department, and in every part of the British empire.

The practical mind of its great Chief transfused itself, by the confidence and unbounded respect which he inspired, into all whom he commanded, and produced not only a readiness for action, but a heartiness of co-operation, which, whilst it ensured success, prepared for its continuance, by educating a multitude of officers of every rank in those highest qualities for public business—order, industry, self-dependence and decision. Its soldiers have risen to form, and drill, and command regiments; its officers have triumphantly led our armies; they have governed our colonies; they have worthily represented their Sovereign abroad, and have been found foremost among her most active and confidential ministers at home.

Long years of experience enables us now to say, that no officer, reared and trained in the school of the Peninsula, has ever been found wanting; and, remarkable circumstance, we cannot just now omit to add to our boastings, that, without any fuss, *nemine contradicente*, and, without disturbing every vicarage from the Solway to the Land's End, we have furnished a *University Chancellor* into the bargain.

Never was there, after a short noviciate, a more perfect military body than the Peninsular army; the "*lucidus ordo*" had been breathed into its minutest parts: its patience was never taxed by over-strained strictness in the rules of *dress* or *parade*, nor its strength wasted by one unnecessary duty. The question with the Duke appeared to be less how it looked, than how it worked. It is said, that he once remarked of a most gallant but rather hard-going Irish regiment, whose appearance not usually so smart as some of the more rigid disciplinarians around him desired, "They are ragged rascals, to be sure; but then, how the fellows fight!" When, however, parade was the business of the day, there was as strict an enforcement of all regulated details, as in any other point of discipline.

Impatience under any very stringent observance of the regulations as to *dress* has always appeared to me to be one of the characteristics of the British officer. Men, who could not be persuaded to neglect any other point of duty, will, on every possible occasion, transgress in this; and certainly the best officers, the most distinguished and energetic in the field, have ever been in command (according to my experience) the least importunate or troublesome in quarters, and the most indulgent everywhere in mere matters of form and routine.

During the occupation of the northern provinces of France, the late Lord Hill, then commanding the British contingent under the Duke, fixed his head-quarters at a comfortable chateau in the village

of Manières, a short distance from Cambrai. He was there, of course, established with all the comforts, to which his fortune and high military position entitled him; but they were also such as in every respect best suited the hospitable, genuine English taste of a liberal country gentleman. Duty sometimes, and his hospitality, allowed me the satisfaction of seeing this truly eminent soldier "at home" at this period. On the first occasion, in which he sent for me, I waited upon him in the morning, and found him and the officers of his staff in uniform. I was invited to dinner, and I returned at the appointed hour well tightened in and buttoned up, as in duty bound, in my regimentals. It was a broiling hot day in summer, and I think that I should have been more in trim for the enjoyment of a good dinner (very agreeable to me at all times) if I had been let into the secret of the house. When I was ushered to Lord Hill's drawing-room, I found there, to my surprise, no red coat but my own. All semblance of the presence of the general of an army was banished, and the Shropshire squire and his family were attired as if awaiting the announcement of their dinner at Hardwicke. His own right English form was there in blue coat, white waistcoat, nankeen "shorts," and white silk stockings; and the same seemed to be the regulation uniform of the establishment from ante-room to *salon*. The "gentlemen who live at home at ease" can hardly estimate at their full value such quiet days, "*en bourgeois*," in the midst of a large garrison and its *fanfare militaire*. They will better understand and appreciate the unaffected kindness and conversation of so distinguished an host; an admirable *cuisine*; champagne *bien frappée* and Lafitte *de la première qualité*, and plenty of them. Lord Hill's repasts (and I had afterwards many of them) were things not to be forgotten: even poor Dan M—— pronounced them perfect; and was used to add, as the climax of praise, that his lordship was one of the very few men who, when they saw a good dinner, possessed the science—how to eat it!

There probably never was an individual more calculated to command British troops than this most amiable and successful general; nor one who, in his course from the lowest to the highest military commission which a subject can hold, attached to himself so respectful and universal an esteem.

One of the leading talents of a master-mind is the nice perception of the qualities and capabilities of others: and it is no slight proof (if proofs were wanting) of the correct judgment of the Duke of Wellington, that from the beginning of their association to the close of the life of his old friend and lieutenant, Lord Hill was always selected by him for the most prominent responsibilities. His equal temper, calm and firm demeanour, great good-nature, sound sense, and perfect impartiality, gained the hearty affection of all who had the good fortune to serve under his immediate orders; while his thorough mastery of his profession, ever evinced in separate command, earned for him the confidence of all: and *that* may be said of Lord Hill, which the Duke of York, in his beautiful order issued to the army on the death of Sir John Moore, declared to be the most honourable characteristic of that excellent man, that "his whole life was spent among the troops."

Lord Hill's personal staff, too, were worthy of their chief; obliging, social, talented, and excellent officers—"trumps all!" free from those airs *de petit-maitre*, which I have often observed that staff-spurs on the heels too often drive up to heads made lighter by them than the fea-

thers, which adorn them. Lord Hill's staff were of another mould: they were solid men, as good as their names: the excellent Egerton, Mackworth, Noel Hill, and Horace Churchill. Alas! poor Horace! kind, gallant, merry-hearted Horace!

Churchill was the very *beau idéal* of an aid-de-camp; rapid, and willing, and courageous as the Arab which he rode, and with equal look of "blood and beauty." The great-grandson of Walpole, and of the race of the great Marlborough, he was fitted for every occasion and every exploit, which required the ready wit and the stout heart, which were his by inheritance. The celebrated *coup de main* of Arroyo de Molinos was, I am credibly informed, chiefly from his suggestion. His career was eventful and glorious. When the peace of Paris pronounced in Europe the soldier's occupation gone, he flew to the East, and rose to the high rank of quartermaster-general of the Queen's troops in India. He fell at Meanee.

In regard to dress, too, it was not possible to be more lax than were the most distinguished corps of the French army when in campaign. On special occasions only they were made to appear *en grande tenue*. In the five months, which I passed among them in 1809, I saw them but twice in parade uniform; of which the one principal occasion was the *jour de fête* of the Emperor, the 15th of August. The change from their daily appearance was *then* great indeed, especially in the infantry. Their well-fitting blue coat, red collar and cuffs, with broad white lapels buttoned back and cut away, so as to disclose the lower part of a neat waistcoat of white kerseymere, the star of the Legion of Honour pretty plentifully distributed about (and which I remember to have looked upon with no slight curiosity and veneration), the tight blue pantaloons and neat black gaiter, the broad-topped, leather-bound shako, with its brightly-burnished eagle in front, and over all the red and white feather (for in the uniform the tricolor was carefully preserved) constituted a peculiarly clean and soldier-like attire.

In this dress, however, they were little, or indeed not at all, known to our army. When they went to "business" all their finery was stowed away; they then presented an aspect as little calculated to enchant a drill-serjeant in St. James's Park, as to satisfy the exquisite taste of our late royal *arbiter elegantiarum*, King George the Fourth, who shewed such paternal care and distinguished generalship in the "fit" of his troops.

When Marshal Soult was appointed Major-General (in fact, commander-in-chief,) of King Joseph's armies, he came to Talavera, and there reviewed the corps of Mortier, the fifth, and his own, the second, under Count Heudelet. I was of course very anxious to see together, peaceably and at my ease, so large a body of this renowned force; but having, for reasons which will appear presently, refused to give my parole, I was a close prisoner to the town. There was great difficulty, therefore, and perhaps some risk, in gratifying this very natural curiosity. Soult had not evinced the disposition, which had been so general with the other authorities, to shew kindness to the British prisoners. His character in those days, even amongst his own men, was that of a rude and stern severity; and to the members of an army which had so lately disturbed his possession of Oporto, and crushed his ambitious hope to be "Nicolas the first" of Portugal, he was not likely to be more indulgent.

I had formed an acquaintance, I may say a friendship, with an

officer who then commanded one of the regiments of the garrison of Talavera, a Colonel A——, who had been aid-de-camp to General Rochambeau, and with him had been taken at St. Domingo. He had married while a prisoner at Chesterfield, and now sought to avail himself of every occasion to return to his wife's compatriots the kindness which he had received in somewhat similar circumstances in England. I had, also, for the comfort-sake of being less attractive of the notice of the private soldiers, *frenchified* the aspect of my outward man as much as I could. They were inclined occasionally, especially when charged with their liberal rations of "*agu'ardiente*," to insult "*Messieurs les Goddams*," as they were pleased to call us: though it is but justice to them to add, that there was less bad feeling than bad wit in these attentions. I had also, in polite imitation of their hirsute physiognomies, nourished and encouraged a most luxuriant growth on chin and lip, and thus 'bearded like a pard,' and duly ruffianized, I thought that I might pass for one of the motley crowd of *employés*, that follow and infest a French army. I resolved at any rate to make the attempt, and trusted (in case of discovery) to my friend the colonel's interest with the Marshal, and to the necessity for my own services to free me from any very severe penalty for thus breaking bounds. Perhaps I calculated also still more upon the chances of altogether escaping observation; for I had no great reliance upon the tender mercies of his grace of Dalmatia, to which I would not have very willingly committed myself. I mounted, therefore, a spare charger of my friend, which he had kindly offered to me, and sallying through the gates to the *Prado*, not only went on without interruption, but, being carried by a well-known horse, bearing also his master's trappings and military housings, I was more than once startled, as I passed sentinels of his regiment, by the clang of their "carried arms." I was thus pretty well assured that I had entirely succeeded for the nonce in masking my John Bullism.

When I reached the ground, the corps were in column, and nothing could be less imposing than their appearance, or to my eye (accustomed to the precision and neatness of English inspections) more unsoldier-like. The noise and confusion were excessive; officers and soldiers were indiscriminately chatting and laughing together; and the buxom cantinières, dressed according to the uniforms of the respective regiments, were, while supplying liquors and jokes, the only smart-looking objects visible. I had expected to see the troops in their proper costume, and a little cleaned up for the occasion; but there they were, as usual, enveloped in the well-known loose grey great-coat, which descended nearly to their ankles; over which they wore their heavy belts and clumsy accoutrements. Their large trowsers were made of, and their broad-topped shakos were covered with, every varied material which the owner (in his march of plunder) could pick up, from the finest velvet torn from the altar or the priests' embroidered vestments taken from some rifled sacristy, to the stuff of a curtain, a piece of carpet, or a canvas sack. Never saw I such vast heterogeneous masses of motley. Parts only of the two corps were on the ground; but there were said to be present about fifteen thousand infantry alone. The artillery, especially of Mortier's corps, and the cavalry, formed the best part of the exhibition; the former was superb, and I was much struck with the fat and round forms of their small and hardy horses, so superior in condition to our own boasted chargers, of whom a whole

regiment had been just sent to the rear of our army, in consequence of sore backs and pinched up flanks, after the exertion of only a three months' campaign.

The marshals soon made their appearance, mounted on English horses, and followed by a numerous staff. There was no deficiency among them of embroidery, stars, and *aiguillettes*. Soult wore the full-dress coat of his high military rank, and was almost covered with gold. His coarse and heavy form and sinister countenance served but to confirm the disagreeable impressions, which report, and more especially the atrocious cruelties which he was then said to have sanctioned, and of which we had so lately witnessed the horrible traces, in Portugal, had created in my mind against him. Mortier, on the contrary, possessed a magnificent person and noble countenance; and withal, a good name for courtesy and humanity, which he well deserved. He was in the dress of a colonel-general of artillery; both wore the *grand cordon* of the Legion of Honour, besides other decorations.

They were received with carried arms, but certainly not with "attention," as we say, that is with silence—which assuredly seemed to no part of the French discipline. Every tongue went on as uproariously as ever. Even while the columns in open order quickly marched passed in review, the universal conversation continued; much, I dare say, to their own amusement, and certainly, as it seemed to me, entirely with their general's approbation. In spite of all this their movements were sufficiently correct, and very rapid. Their manœuvres were generally performed at about our quick-time; some, however, were done at full speed, and in admirable order; in all other respects their appearance and demeanour under arms were slovenly and unsatisfactory. But "*nimum ne crede colori*,"—for this was a principal body of the force, which, leaving the neighbourhood of Talavera from that review, encountered, a very short time afterwards, the Spanish General Arezaga with 50,000 men on the plains of Ocaña, overthrew both his cavalry and infantry, took 50 pieces of cannon, and demolished the largest army which the Spaniards had yet been able to bring into the field.

Such were the men, nay, in many cases these were the *very* men, who had, with unparalleled good fortune, vanquished again and again the best dressed, best drilled armies of the north; and who, "*Les Enfants gâtés de Victoire*," only lately on the field, on which I then beheld them, had been reminded by fellows as brave, and soon to become almost as ragged as themselves, that they were mortals too, and not the irresistible demigods, for which they took themselves.

We found, in truth, that it *was* no easy matter to preserve a smart exterior, or a very correct wardrobe through Peninsular campaigning: the conjoined action of light, heat, and moisture will, as speedily as philosophically, decompose more refractory substances than felt, leather, and broad-cloth; whilst "summer day's suns," *there*,

"Shining on, shining on, with such sameness of splendour,"

had a very *summary* way of transmuting colours, and made strange havoc upon green jackets, scarlet coats, and cocked-hats. It was droll, indeed, and somewhat edifying, to watch the shifts among us to be spruce and well-favoured; and to observe, especially, the hearty goodwill with which men, who had but lately stood by the side of the "*Dandy King*," in the bow-window at White's, "the admired of all admirers," shewing the age and body of the time, *their* forms and

fashions, still struggled on, even against fate, in their high ambition (like Bon Pere Adam) to make *decent* the human form divine.

Coats, which that scientific artist, Mr. Allen, had turned out perfect from the then classic region of Bond Street, carried hearts on the elbows, or had (*me pudet*) received a *good turn* from the regimental tailor. Burghardt's trowsers had nearly veiled their original hues under curiously Vandyked patches and straps of brown tan; Cordovan Hoby's Hessians had dwindled down to Wellingtons; and the superb cocked-hat had hidden its faded and embrowned felt under a lustrous cover of black velvet: whilst the shako, which rivalled in beauty the recent invention of an illustrious field-marshal, was carried by its lighter proxy a pasteboard cap of the same shape, but covered with black oil-silk. A dash of puppyism is, after all and everywhere, a good quality in a soldier, whose character, like iced punch, should have its coolness and spirit nicely and happily blended with more pungent ingredients; and it may be permitted to me, who can boast of long and attached acquaintance with both articles, to declare *selon moi*, that, when they are of the right sort, there is nothing like them.

I would not be understood to undervalue the mysteries of the parade or drill: I delight as much as may be in the smart soldier, and the sharp drill-serjeant; but from the commanding officer, whose whole military philosophy consists in the tormenting process of converting into a machine, well polished up and screwed together, one of our matchless regiments, may heaven deliver us! I am no advocate for "ragged rascals," but only venture to shew, that even they, being of the right metal, and well commanded (for "there's the rub") will earn their pay and "*medals*" too, *when they can get them*. I had once the lot to serve under a commanding officer, whose intellect was so offuscated by "pipe-clay," that he would, in the blazing summer of Portugal, parade his men after their dinner in the afternoon; heats pouring down upon their devoted heads rays of 125° Fah., and insist upon their semi-suffocation by tight stocks, and coats closely buttoned to the throat. In such guise and circumstance would he drill and manœuvre with pitiless pertinacity in utter defiance of probable fevers, dysenteries, or *coups de soleil*. This gentleman was in all other respects a most amiable man; but he had within him the leaven of *over much zeal*, a species of monomania, which now and then will seize upon the heads of regiments and brigades; for which I have never heard of a remedy, and which do not, unluckily, furnish cases for commissions "*de lunatico inquirendo*."

SHE SANG SO VERY SWEETLY.

SHE sang so very sweetly, that I wist
It had been heaven-music sung by seraphim,
Wafted here earthwards in angelic hymn.
Half doubting mine own sense, for it did seem
Of heaven some foretaste given in a dream.
In ecstasy her upturn'd face I kiss'd,
And to mine own her lips I prest,
From which the breath of song had scarcely flown,
And whisp'ring her "My life! my love! my own!"
I drew her closer still unto my breast.

A TRAY OF FOSSILS.

BY ROBERT POSTANS.

LOITERING one hot summer's day beneath the cliffs, near one of those sequestered old fishing-villages which dot the margin of the Sussex coast, it so happened that I stumbled on a sandy nook close by the wayside. Seated therein, upon a mossy bank, was a withered old man, whose looks betokened one that had been palsied. Every action of his trembling limbs was a pattern of infirmity, with which he purchased charity from the casual pedestrian. "Noting his penury," I questioned him, and found it was his custom to sit there hour after hour, day after day, like a perpetual sentinel on the watch against the incessant assaults of want.

Before him, on the earth, was placed an iron tray which, like himself, was nearly devoured by the rusty tooth of time. Its contents appeared as heterogeneous as those of the witches' cauldron in *Macbeth*. There were dogfish, bones of gigantic lizards, sea urchins, corals, and ammonites, "teeth of the salt-sea ravaging shark," thunderbolts, crabs, mares'-tails, and mollusca; fragments of rock, with odd-shaped bones embedded therein, marvellous-looking skeletons of antediluvian monsters, mixed higgledy-piggledy in a setting of blue clay, which, like "baboons' blood," served to make the medley "slab and good." In short, it was a tray of fossils, and the collection exhibited at a glance a fair specimen of the discovered geology of the neighbourhood.

It was amusing to note the value which the old man had fixed to the different articles. Lumps of glittering rock might be had for a penny. Several vertebræ of an ichthyosaur strung upon a seaweed, were marked sixpence. Long metallic substances, which the old man assured me were "real thunderbolts," were considered cheap at a groat a-piece, and as for mares' tails, crabs, and sharks' teeth, they were sold at sixpence a dozen.

In perfect good faith, therefore, the simple folk in the neighbourhood looked upon the old man's sandy nook, and the contents of his rusty tray, as a roadside shop and merchandize, in which he had the cunning to exchange the "stones" of a past age for the "bread" of the present, as a means of getting food; and, doubtless, that was the old man's sole intention.

But somehow I can never view these primitive museums with indifference. I always linger about them, however humble they may be, and try to decipher the mysteries of nature's hieroglyphics. The subject, however, is generally beyond my grasp, and I am content to fall into a half dreamy mood of mind, in which I enjoy that luxury of wandering thought, too often dignified with the name of reflection.

In this happy state I am sure to ramble in meditation, "fancy free," over the fields, lakes, valleys, and mountains of the pre-human world; and should friends laugh or foes jeer at me for indulging in these excursive flights, I console myself with the knowledge that the electric spark will not pass through all substances alike—and the holds in mind as well as matter—in both it requires a kindred feel a profound emotion.

True to my habit, I soon began to indulge in these rambling fancies; and, to give my mind unfettered scope, I relieved it of all cares about my body by depositing myself upon a shelf of rock which jutted out of a neighbouring cliff. In a short time, whether it was owing to the low, monotonous sounds of the gently-falling waves upon the sea-beach, or the lassitude arising from the heat of the day, or to my usual habit of napping whenever I attempt to reflect, I cannot pretend to say, but so it was, I fell into a doze. Still, however, though my judgment was asleep, my imagination continued busy, for the old man and his tray of fossils remained before my mind's eye, and occupied my thoughts.

Thus, no sooner had the human world, with its corroding influences, faded away from my vision, before the gentle but irresistible power of sleep, than the pre-human world passed before me, in some of the most wondrous phases of its history. Even the old man was not exempt from this singular change. It seemed that he had assumed a glorious form, and a bright intelligence, like a halo, encircled him about. Some time elapsed before I could withdraw my gaze from the rare beauty of his person, but when I did I found his occupation in his new character was much the same as before his transformation. He was still busy about his tray of fossils; but being influenced by a superior wisdom, he was able to arrange the confused mass of plants and animals in their proper order of creation.

It was astonishing how prolific, under his scrutinizing energy, the contents of the iron tray became. They might be compared to an epitome of our planet's history; for it seemed to me, under the magic influence of my dream, that the fossil shells were again peopled with their slimy tenants, and the petrified starfish, softening into their original substance, extended their prickly arms as though awakening out of a sleep of ages, and gasped themselves into existence. Pliant lizards crawled and swam, dogfish, nautili, and sea-urchins, gambolled about instinct with life, and from each glittering bit of rock there issued forth the estranged and divided ashes of divers marvellous-looking animals, each taking its proper shape and form.

I beheld, methought, a resurrection and revivification of myriads of wonderful things, which, after having been buried for ages, and mortified into a thousand shapes, assumed each one again its own, and returned into its numerical self. Plants and trees, ferns and tender grasses, after many pilgrimages and transformations, united as if by magic, and made a leafy wilderness. The wrecks of the ancient world, mineral, vegetable, and animal, as they lay involved in each chaotic mass of rock, the wizard power of the old man separated, and, out of the united multitude, formed each into its distinct species.

My amazement was extreme when he had finished his task. I saw that out of the confused mass of rubbish on the iron tray, not a grain could be found which had not passed through the wonderful laboratory of life. The law of the great system forbade the waste of an atom. The entombed skeletons, which teemed in myriads, proclaimed aloud that death had also been busy in the world for countless ages.

But now "a change came o'er the spirit of my dream." Away,

away, o'er countless ages flies the unshackled mind. Methought that time had rolled back thousands of centuries. And I beheld a land of vast extent, clothed in a dark and sombre foliage. Clumps of ferns shot up in the air like tall spires, and groves of stately palms, crowned with tufts of feathery foliage, like the crest of a warrior's plume, nodded tremulously to the passing breeze. A fiery sun brandished his flaming sceptre high over head, and spread a blaze of heated light on the scorched and rugged ground on which I stood, and sent forth from each crag and hollow every variety of shadow. A range of mountains, like a vast curtain, was drawn around the extreme distance, and a yellow sluggish river, like a huge serpent, was lazily worming itself through the smoking plains. The atmosphere was oppressive and stifling, and was loaded with hazy gaseous vapours, which added to the mysterious terrors of the place.

For a time I gazed on the scene before me, and wondered who were the beings that dwelt in that strange land. At length, urged by an irresistible curiosity, I moved on towards the river, when, on nearing its sedgy banks, an unspeakable horror crept over me. I saw at some distance, gradually shaping itself more and more distinctly, grim monster forms, like colossal water dragons, crawling about in the early stratum of the world. How they coiled themselves in the oozing matter, and bathed themselves in the meteorous vapours! Basking in the sun, on the bank of the river, one huge monster lay distended "belching raw gobbets from his horrid maw," as he chewed the cud of some revolting meal. At the sight of these animals I became panic-stricken and was about to fly, but swarms of gigantic reptiles issued from the forests, and I stood riveted to the soil by fear. In vain I looked about for help, everywhere I saw the same fierce-looking dragon forms—the land teemed with them—the waters teemed with them—even flying lizards shared with birds the dominion of the air; above, below, and round about I was surrounded by "creeping things," that fought and chased each other with ungoverned fury, and filled the earth with violence. It seemed to be the age of reptiles, and, though I looked about for man, I found no evidence that he had set his foot upon that wondrous soil.

As in a dream of a moment ages may appear to pass, so it appeared to me that the whole land, with its dragon formed inhabitants, its tropical plants and trees, smoking plains, and sluggish river, faded away as in a mist. And the sun arose and drank up the mist, and then I saw that an ocean was before me.

Again, "a change came o'er the spirit of my dream," and lo! the ocean was gone, and in its place dry land again appeared, hill and dale, grove and fertile plain in pleasing variety, was before me. And I wondered who were the inhabitants of that fair land, for the sun was less fierce, the grass was greener, and the air less oppressive than before. After awhile, I discovered that another race of monsters had supplied the place of the great water-dragons of the previous age. Troops of mastodons and elephants of enormous bulk were quietly browsing in the plains. The hippopotamus, the tapir, and rhinoceros were wallowing in the deep pools and marshes; and in the forest, the yell of the hyena, the growl of the bear, and the roar of the lion and the tiger, smote the ear. It seemed to be the age of the great mammalia, and again I looked for some vestige of man, but he was not there.

Another epoch passed away, and the face of another country appeared before me. The labouring planet had given birth to new wonders. Mighty forces had broken up the continents into islands. The bottom of ancient seas had become dry land, and what before had been dry land had sunk beneath the waves. The scene before me was cheering and filled the heart with gladness. There was a softened grandeur in the distant mountains, and stately oaks, ash, and beech-trees covered the land with verdure. A crystal clearness was in the running streams as they wandered through the velvet turf of the rich alluvial plains, while the blandness of the temperature, the purity of the atmosphere, and the fragrance of the air, filled the earth with "dew and sweetness." The dragon-forms of a former age had disappeared, and the mastodon and the other huge four-footed beasts had also been swept away. And again I wondered who were the inhabitants of that fair land. And, presently, I beheld herds of deer and swine, oxen and horses, roaming about, and I felt glad, for their forms were familiar to my eyes; and, thinking that the country before me was adapted for the abode of MAN, I looked again, and behold HE was there!

What further visions would have appeared unto me I cannot say, had not my dream abruptly ended. This sudden termination was caused by the cold damp air of the night wind, as it swept over the sea, the chill of which woke me up!

NINIAN LINDSAY.

Oh! tell me of the cottage where your mother used to dwell,
Where the graceful silver birch grew by the sparkling well;
And the sound of village bells, soft and mournful from afar,
Used to make you feel quite sad, as you watch'd the evening star,
Dear Ninian Lindsay!

Remember, too, the Persian cat, so sleek and soft she lay,
Basking in the summer sun, when many a warm bright ray
Came streaming through the casement, where the jasmine twined around;
And lit up the ancient porch, and mossy covered ground,
Dear Ninian Lindsay!

And don't forget the village church, to which you asked to go,
When the earth was gay with flowers, and when whitened o'er with snow;
How you loved the ivied spire, peeping out from midst the wood,
And how grand the lichen-covered trees, that round about it stood,
Dear Ninian Lindsay!

Ah! whisper of the evening walks, adown that winding lane,
Where the nightingale so sweetly to the wild rose would complain;
And you listen'd to a tale, more soft, and far more dear,
Than the bird of night could murmur in your delighted ear,
Dear Ninian Lindsay!

You spake, too, of a grassy mound, beneath the churchyard yew,
Where sleeps your little baby, with its lovely eyes of blue;
And once you named another grave, where your best treasure lay—
And that for months you pray'd to God, to take you every day,
Dear Ninian Lindsay!

There are many furrows on your cheeks, and tears in your dim eyes;
I'll never make you weep again, or wake sad memories;
Unnumber'd blessings rest on thee, on thy time-honour'd head—
And remember they are happy now—the loved—the lost—the dead,
Dear Ninian Lindsay!

C. A. M. W.

STEAM-BOAT VOYAGE TO BARBADOS.

BY SIR ROBERT SCHOMBURGH.

A BRIGHT morning saw us, on the 2nd of November, 1845, on board our wooden house. How can I describe the bustle of our departure! Although it was Sunday, boats were plying in all directions towards the West India steamer, the Clyde, then lying in Southampton Water.

The Clyde is one of the finest vessels which the company possess. Her length is two hundred and thirteen feet, and her breadth thirty-four feet and a half; her engines are four hundred and twenty horse power, and she is a vessel of eighteen hundred and forty-one tons. I understood the number of passengers on board exceeded eighty.

According to the regulations established on board, breakfast was served at half-past eight o'clock, luncheon followed at twelve o'clock, and dinner at four o'clock: tea and coffee at seven o'clock. It may be fairly calculated, that a person blessed with a good appetite dedicated at least four hours every day to the enjoyment of the table. The following bill of fare will give some idea of our *table-d'hôte* on board the floating hotel on the 3rd of November.

Soup and <i>bouilli</i> .		
Gravy soup.		
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Turbot.		Cod fish.
Roast beef.	Roast pork.	Roast mutton.
Corned beef.	Stewed veal.	Boiled mutton.
	Oyster <i>pâtés</i> .	
Roast fowls.	Tongues.	Partridge pies.
Boiled Rabbits.		Hashed mutton.
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Cabinet pudding.		Rice pudding.
	Apple tarts.	
	Plum tarts.	
Tartlets.		Puffs.
Dessert.		

The bill of fare the day we reached Barbados will prove that, despite of disasters, we could not say that we suffered from starvation. November 24th.

Soup of <i>bouilli</i> .		
Mutton broth.		
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Roast mutton.		Boiled mutton.
	Roast turkey.	
Harricoed mutton.		Minced mutton.
	Stewed geese.	
Ragout of chickens.	Boiled fowls.	Chicken pie.
	Stewed fowls.	
	Tongues.	
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Grilled pudding.		Rice pudding.
	Fruit tarts.	
Puffs.	Tartlets.	Yam sandwiches.
Dessert.		

But it is time to finish this gourmandizing account; it will prove, however, that we had no right to complain of a meagre table.

On arriving on deck on the morning of the 4th, my experienced eye told me that a change had taken place in the weather. Our captain

appeared to have similar apprehensions; the topmasts were lowered, the benches on the deck secured with lashings, and all other objects that were not fixtures, fastened with ropes. The wind veered to the south-south-east, and commenced to blow in gusts. The sea had hitherto not affected me, but I now began to feel its ill effects; and as, towards evening, the breeze changed into a south-western gale, few of the passengers escaped sea-sickness.

The morning (5th of November) did not show any change, on the contrary the gale increased; a few were bold enough to venture to breakfast and dinner; but the crashing of broken plates, glasses, and saucers, which, from time to time, resounded through the vessel, plainly proved that personal comfort at meals was not to be expected.

But how shall I describe that dreadful night which followed this stormy day! About ten o'clock the gale appeared to have reached its height. It was fearful. The rustling of the ropes, as the wind struck through the rigging, the swinging of the blocks, as they were driven to and fro by the merciless wind, were sounds which broke only occasionally through the almost continuous roar of the waves. Now the gale waxed faint, and the heavy working of the engines, the shrill sound of the creaking noise of beams and rafters, the effect produced by the escaping of the smoke from the safety-valves, and the trembling of the whole wooden fabric, were the only audible sounds. A tremendous crash, which threatened total destruction to our vessel, caused me to leave my couch and hasten on deck; it was only one of those mountain waves, which, with its mighty strength, dashed against the vessel's broadside. The aspect, when arriving on deck, was sublime, but awful; wave upon wave, towering and curling as they approached, rushed to the onset, dashing against the steamer. The sea, of a dull leaden colour, added to the dimness which appeared to surround our vessel, until the doubtful light of the moon, as she broke through the dark masses of opaque clouds, driven mercilessly through the sky by the furious wind, illuminated occasionally the fearful scene. What was the white, indistinct object, my eye just caught in that mass of clouds and towering sea? It was not the foam of lashed waves?—and was not that bright spot, resembling a lonely star, a light! "Ship, ahoy!" resounded from the fore-castle. No answer; all was hushed in silence, and the object of our wonder vanished in the darkness of the tossing billows and flitting clouds. The flying Dutchman came across my mind. If ever the imagination sketched itself a picture of the phantom-ship, that picture seemed realized during this night's storm. And if I had doubted my eyes, the ship's log proves, that in that awful hour a vessel crossed our bows. Who can think without a shudder on the consequences, if a coalition had taken place? The gale continued during the three following days, and its effects proved most disastrous to our live stock; nine pigs, several sheep, besides a number of the feathered tribe, perished, and were thrown overboard. Our milch cows suffered seriously, and we had to content ourselves with black coffee and tea *sans lait*.

I forced myself from my couch the next morning, though I felt but little inclination to leave it; for the weather had not abated. The storm still whistled through the rigging, and the waves towered high above our ship, which, in spite of its gigantic size, was driven as if it were a blade of grass, from wave to wave.

Curiosity, more than inclination, led me to the dinner-table. This I found was thinly attended, but I was really astonished to observe two ladies amongst the few who were present. I envied them; but even their presence could not induce me to stay longer than to throw a glance at the well-furnished tables.

The wind lulled in the course of Saturday, but the sea still ran as high as if Boreas had been agitating it; and thus it lasted until Sunday. Several strange faces now made their appearance, who had kept hitherto in the hold of the vessel during the boisterous weather. The late storm formed a happy topic to make acquaintances; notes were compared; and as the rules of etiquette are here more lenient than in the precincts of Belgrave-square, such an occasional conversation led to a nearer acquaintance.

Land was at length reported to be seen at the mast-head. It is Porto Santo. On the morning of the 11th of November, thick and rainy, we are already within ten leagues of it, before it was observed. In fine weather it may be seen fifteen or twenty leagues off, and appears then in two or three elevations, called hummocks by the sailors. We saw the highland only occasionally; it appears the mountains are on both ends of the island, being divided by a central valley or plain. Porto Santo is destitute of wood, and presents but little appearance of cultivation. It has only one spring of fresh water on the northern side, which is conveyed by a *levada*, or aqueduct, to the town.

In course of the day, a report became current, that the captain intended to land his passengers destined for Madeira, at whatever hour of the night he might arrive in the roadstead! It is well known that the landing, with a heavy surge setting in is at all times attended with danger. Many of the invalid passengers were not provided with residences, and therefore if put ashore during night, they would have had to wander the streets, homeless and exposed to the chill of the night.

These were points certainly of sufficient importance to rouse the passengers to opposition, and Mr. S. protested in strong terms against such an arrangement. In this he was joined by all the passengers unanimously. After the hardships and unfavourable weather we had endured, we fancied the pleasure we should experience in placing our feet on *terra firma*.

I soon released my friends from their apprehensions; Captain S. had been attentive to me from my first arrival on board—the *entrée* to his cabin was permitted me—a great honour on board of our wooden fabric, where the captain reigns supreme; and early in the evening he, unsolicited, communicated to me, that however anxious he might feel to lose not a minute at Madeira, being already three days behind his usual time of arrival, in consequence of the strong contrary gales we had met, he should consider it an act approaching to inhumanity to land his poor invalids during night time.

I hastened to communicate the pleasing news, that the passengers would not be landed before eight o'clock in the morning; it soon spread over the whole vessel, and good feeling was restored. Whether we should have time to go on shore, remained a question, the decision of which we left to circumstances.

The weather remained in fretful humour—now bright clear moonshine threw its pale light on the rugged outlines of the small islands, called the Desertas, against which the agitated waves broke with great fury, and to

this succeeded darkness rendered visible by the white foam of the surf on the beach.

Our packet was progressing steadily; during a favourable moment, when the moon shone bright "The Chao," one of the three *Desertas*, was lying apparently close on our starboard side.

All of us came to the resolution of rising very early, in order to be ready for seizing the favourable moment, if such should offer to us, of paying a visit to Madeira the next morning.

Nov. 12.—The report of a cannon awoke me during the night. My watch shewed me it was only half-past two o'clock. I hastened nevertheless on the deck. A splendid moon transformed night almost to day. We were close to Funchal; its white houses were rendered distinctly visible by the moon's reflected rays. The reports of the gun which was to serve as a signal from our packet, was however not repeated from the shore, and the steamer stood off again. It was a beautiful night—the moon sinking rapidly at the western horizon, did not lessen the brilliancy of the southern constellations, and Sirius looked like a little moon itself.

I returned to my birth, and attempted to compose myself to sleep again; but found it impossible—many others seemed to share my fate; at least the walking up and down on the spar-deck, spoke of restless spirits. I arose and dressed, and, though only four o'clock in the morning, went up to join the other passengers. The moon had set, the stars shone however with greater brightness.

We were standing again for Funchal roads, then perhaps five miles distant from us. Disappointed in his expectation of seeing his signal answered, the captain, on nearing the shore, ordered a blue light to be burnt, and a rocket to be sent into the air. The effect was very pretty, but they did not produce the desired result. All remained hushed in silence, excepting the hum of those who stood around us. Madeira appeared a blackish line, the mountains being capped with clouds. A solitary light shewed itself occasionally like the twinkling of a star. I watched the eastern horizon; a glance in that direction, and the apparently reduced size of the stars, announced the rising of the sun.

Madeira resembled one dark mass of mountains, rising in the centre to its highest summit. A thick black cloud hovered over it, and formed a strong contrast with the eastern glare. We now began to discern the houses on the beach, and the character of the mountains. It was too dark to distinguish single objects; now the edge of that dark cloud which enveloped the mountain-peak, received a golden tinge, it might have been the reflection from those eastern light clouds, the heralds of the rising sun, which at this moment showed its orb above the watery horizon. As if by magic, the objects before enveloped in uncertain lights on the horizon part of the mountain-side, rose now in strong outlines. I observed two fiery balls, just above that dark cloud which still held the summit of the mountain fast in bondage. A minute more, and a fairy building, carried on the top of the cloud, rose into sight! Between two white towers appeared a large portal crowned with a cross; it was Nossa Senhora do Monte, glistening like a fairy dream through the mist which enveloped the other objects.

How splendid those partial illuminations, which from time to time brought an abyss, frowning in its dark colours, or a Lilliputian building, surrounded with vines, on the hill-side in our view! The naked eye

was not yet able to discern the buildings on shore, but with the aid of a glass we could observe that all was bustle.

The speed of the engine had been hitherto retarded. Now that daylight illuminated the top of the mountains, though apparent darkness still reigned in the valleys, the steam was put on again, and the "Clyde" resembled some race-horse put to its mettle.

The deck was crowded with passengers. The sun might have been five degrees above the horizon, when I beheld a spectacle, the beauty of which has deeply impressed itself on my memory. I saw a high summit to the westward of Funchal, rising in the clouds, enveloped in the colours of the rainbow. The dark abysses on one side, the fairy white buildings which appeared to us so small when viewed at that distance, so greatly enhanced the beauty of the aspect, that my eyes appeared riveted to the scene.

The bay of Funchal stretches from east to west, and is formed by two cliffs; on its western point it is bounded by the Pico, and Punta da Cruz; on the east, by Cape Garajão, which is known to English sailors as the "Brazenhead." It forms the eastern horn of the bay; and as vessels from Europe generally approach from this side, it is an object of great attraction to sailors. The town stretches along the bay, and is about a mile in extent. It has an aspect so different from that of English towns, that at the first glance it speaks of foreign land.

One of the most remarkable objects is the Loo-rock, on the western side of the bay. The huge black mass appears to have been separated from the mainland. It is now crowned with a fort which occupies the whole space of its summit; beyond its precincts are steep cliffs, washed by the ocean. A crane which stood boldly out in relief, induces me to believe, that the garrison is obliged to hoist ammunition and provisions direct from the boats into the fort. Whether the garrison, and their occasional visitors, have an easier mode of reaching the eagle's nest, I know not. A number of black cannons, pointed towards the harbour and town, spoke as if the motto of the fort was that of the Scotch thistle.

We were now close in to the town, and I was conjecturing the reason why we were not yet surrounded by shore boats. A last, a single boat, a flag at its stern, was pushed off from shore, and approached us; it was the health officer's or the pratique boat: still no other boat came near us; it was vexatious. A notification stuck up in a prominent part of the vessel, informed us that we should remain until half-past eight o'clock in the roads, and we had consequently come to the determination of making the best use of that time. Our spy-glasses were anxiously directed towards the shore. The non-arrival of the officer of customs prevented any communication with it. At last we saw that formidable personage approaching. This was the signal for the shore boats to follow his train, and scarcely was he a hundred yards from the shore, when a crowd of small boats followed him, each of them eager to be the first alongside. These boats have a very peculiar appearance; the sterns are gaudily coloured, and over the bow is a high projecting horn, bent somewhat backwards. There was now a fair scrambling among the passengers, who was to be the first in the boat, and a busy scene followed, to reach the ladder in order to descend to the boats. That bustle was much increased by the crying of the boatmen, whom, from their gestures and high-raised voices, a stranger would consider to be at daggers

drawing. We had just descended and secured a boat, two ladies being in our company, and our boatmen on the point of stretching out to reach the shore in the shortest possible time, when the voice of that important personage, the custom-house officer, resounded from the companion-ladder, that if any boatmen dared to reach the shore before him, the boat would be put under arrest. Curses loud and deep followed this announcement, but our boatmen were obliged to submit to the command, and they were lying on their oars until the mustachioed *senhor* had passed us. He executed his threat towards one of the boats, which less obedient to his commands had preceded him. The surf was by no means very heavy; nevertheless the landing was rendered difficult in consequence of the steepness of the shore, which does not slope gently, but is almost perpendicular, and is a shingle beach, consisting of rolled pebbles. Some management is therefore necessary. The stern of the boat is first put towards the shore, and the moment watched when the surf is not too heavy; the boatmen now jump in the water, and the next heavy surge carries the boat high up on the bank, the men assisting in dragging it out of the reach of the next wave, and the passengers jump ashore. Seldom does any one escape a severe ducking, the waves sometimes break right over the stern, and give an unwelcome bath to those there seated.

Arrived on the beach, we observed a number of oxen, yoked to a board which was no doubt to serve in lieu of a sleigh. They stood close to the shore-boats which were hauled up on the beach. The owners of these singular conveyances, were in expectation of being hired to convey the luggage of the passengers to their residences. Provided with a pole which had a sharp point of iron at its end, and which was the substitute for a whip; they surrounded us, and offered their services in a most clamorous voice. Beyond were a number of men with palanqueens, and hammocks, interspersed with riders on prancing steeds; each one loud in praise of the steed he rode, as the quickest and surest in the island; and which was offered at a moderate price for hire. My companion, who, from his bearing and mustachio, presented a military appearance, was raised at once five steps in the military scale, by being addressed as general. The horses though not high, possess a fine action and good exterior. I was informed they were of Arabic breed.

A number of little urchins offered their services as ciceroni; the most of them spoke broken English. We selected one to conduct us to the convent. We found the streets steep and very narrow; being paved with rounded pebbles of the size of a fowl's egg; they are hurtful to the feet on walking over them.

The mountainous nature of the island, where a plain of any extent is unknown, renders the use of carriages impracticable, and the streets are consequently only calculated for passengers and horsemen. Their steepness contributed to their cleanliness; every shower produces its rills which sweep off all rubbish. This, however, is deposited by the water near the edge of the beach, whence human hands at least do not remove it, and the odour along the shore is consequently anything but fragrant. The houses are seldom above one story in height, and being white-washed, they convey the idea of cleanliness. They are not roofed, but end generally in a *gazabo* or *belvedere*, which rises above the building, and affords a fine prospect of the harbour, and beyond it to the offing. These turrets or *torrinhas* are first resorted to in the morning, to see if

any vessel has arrived in the offing during night. The arrival of a ship forms an era in the monotonous routine of every day life. Beggars of all ages, and both sexes, followed us in numbers, increasing like a snow ball with every step we advanced, and begging us for the love of God and the holy virgin to relieve their necessities. The population appeared certainly a ragged set, though, it is true, here and there we meet the fidalgo in tropical attire, and with a firm step.

We passed the cathedral; it lays some claim to architecture. The high altar was richly adorned with numerous festoons of flowers, no doubt remaining from All Saints'-day. Garlands of various descriptions surrounded the side-altars. The building has no ceiling, and the beams which form the roof are visible, which interfere much with the impression, the interior would otherwise convey, when seen from the nave of the church.

A large building, its architecture bespeaking its southern structure, to which a pretty garden was attached, raised our admiration in consequence of its neatness, and the numerous arbours of grape-vines and orange-trees. It is certainly splendid to see those beautiful orange-trees laden with their golden fruit, forming a contrast with the dark green leaves, and snow-white blossoms. In Madeira, as in the garden of Eden, blossoms white as snow, and fruits of golden hue, adorn the same tree. We arrived too late in the year to enjoy the luscious Madeira muscatel grape. Here, however, a few appeared to be preserved for special purposes, perhaps for the celebration of a *fête* in the family. They were wrapped in white muslin coatings, and we could only judge of their size by the bulk, the muslin rendered them forbidden fruit to the sparrows and other rapacious birds, who love to indulge in the nectar.

The nunnery of Santa Clara is at the western end of the town. We entered through a gateway into the court, which was almost filled with crippled and maimed; a crazy flight of steps led us into the building, and the audience-room, where we were told, one of the nuns would come to us, to the double grating. We were, however, led into the adjoining room, where we found some of our friends already occupied in buying flowers. This nunnery is famed for the elegance of the flowers which the nuns make out of feathers. Some are made with so much neatness, and are such close imitations of nature that without close inspection, they might deceive even a botanist.

We found two nuns behind the grating; the flowers were given through the wicket, and placed by one of the servants for our selection on a wooden table. Their prices are marked, and there is no bargaining. If the labour be considered, and that all they get, is for their benefit and charitable works, the prices will not be found extravagant.

The number of passengers, who, equally as anxious as ourselves to possess a *pensée* from the fairy isle, thronged the room, rendered assistance necessary, and two more nuns appeared. No veils hide their faces; three of the four which we now saw, would no doubt have proved more interesting, had their features been covered with triple veils, at least imagination might have fancied beauty under these bulwarks of convent propriety: but the sweet face of the fourth, so pale, and still so handsome; that beautiful figure which even the convent dress could not deprive of its symmetry, would have attracted all eyes, whether behind the walls of the cloister, under the avenue of orange-trees, or in the gay Parisian saloon.

The chapel which is attached to the nunnery is not without interest; it is lined with a kind of glazed porcelain; a double grating separates the nuns from the congregation. It was adorned with numerous garlands, and on every shrine were some bouquets of natural flowers, composed of roses and geraniums. We returned towards the lower part of the town, and crossed the Terreiro da Sé (the bishop's square), a fine open place, with four parallel lines of trees. They consisted of chestnut-trees and oaks; the offsprings of a southern clime were intermixed with the children of our northern forests, the image of strength and decision.

The market-place presented a fair aspect, the fruits of the tropics lay aside of those from Europe. Oranges and apples, guavas and pears, bananas and peaches, chestnuts and walnuts, were eagerly offered for sale. The finest European vegetables, cabbages, cauliflowers, potatoes, free of the epidemic disease, huge pumpkins, and the more delicate vegetable marrow, were lying in the market-hall, awaiting purchasers.

I hastened to Mr. Stoddart's house, her Britannic majesty's consul, so well known for the hospitality and kindness with which every visitor is received. I had the pleasure of making Mr. Stoddart's acquaintance in Europe. The name of "the consul" appears to belong to him *par excellence*. I merely mentioned this word to my cicerone who immediately started off and conducted me to my destination. His house is large and handsome; the rooms are of a height and size seldom found even in palaces in England, and their great height contributes consequently to an agreeable freshness.

The residence of the governor is by no means handsome; it is a long building which some ten years since had the honour of being white-washed, and stands now much in need of a renewal of that operation. It must, however, command a fine view of the harbour and the offing. The citadel, called the Peak-castle, a square, darkish fort, lies on a hill to the north of the town.

While at Mr. Stoddart's house, as I was looking on the square in front of a huge building, I believe it is a college "out of use," for the grass was growing on its pavement, the sound of gay guitars, the tinkling of triangles and the burden of a Portuguese song, in chorus, struck my ear. The sound approached near, and I saw a procession before me. At the head walked an elderly man, still robust in appearance, a long stick in his hand, carrying a brown bag on his head; a tall young woman leading a matron, both with sticks in their hands, but the younger only, carrying a burden similar to the old man; six men with guitars, three abreast, and two boys with triangles followed; and singing a Portuguese song, several men likewise with burdens on their head, closed the procession, all having long brown sticks in their hands. I was still wondering what it might signify, when my kind friend Mr. Stoddart entered and informed me that it was a *mudança*, or a change of residence. The long walking-sticks signified no doubt that they changed their former residence for a more mountainous district.

At no time did I feel the disadvantage of being allowed so short a time to remain on land, more than on the present occasion. How I should have been delighted to visit those mountains, those cliffs, and waterfalls! The delicious climate only during certain seasons given to sudden fluctuations, renders Madeira an eligible spot for invalids. The fruits of the northern and southern hemispheres are cultivated alike with success; and the kind hospitality of the European residents, render a

sojourn there most delightful. The water is of excellent quality and abundant; on the coast, fish is plentiful, and to use Coleridge's words "the myrtle, the geranium, the rose, and the violet grow on the right hand, and on the left is the boon prodigality of primitive nature."

The corral or curral of Madeira, which lies a few miles north westward from Funchal, is said to be one of the grandest scenes of the world. Captain Owen describes it as an immense valley, completely surrounded by hills, whose sides are literally perpendicular, in no part being less than a thousand feet high. Around part of these cliffs is a narrow road, leading to the garden-houses and country plantations, cut out of the rock, about ten or twelve feet wide. On riding along the curral, it seems like an unfathomable abyss, filled only by clouds and vapours rolling in constant motion over each other.

I have alluded to the church of Nossa Senhora do Monte, looking so beautifully, when the glances of the sun illumined its cupolas, surrounded with fleecy clouds, hovering on the side of the mountain. Coleridge says it is the neatest church in the island, and being situated on a terrace, just half up the mountain's breast, commands one of the most enchanting views in the world.

I scarcely need observe that the famed Madeira wine is cultivated here, and forms the great commercial importance of the place, but if the enormous quantity be considered which annually is imported into England alone, it will become evident, that not half the wine which is sold under the name of Madeira, is genuine.

The population of Madeira was considered in 1826 to amount to 102,000 inhabitants; the number of English at present residing in the island amounts to more than two hundred.

It became, however, time to bid adieu to this fairy isle, keeping the captain's words full in mind, I did not lose sight of the admiralty agent, and as I observed that at the end of our breakfast, he buckled on his sword, I thought it high time to get a conveyance to our "Clyde," which puffing away at the distance of a mile from shore, was still lying off and on, surrounded by a whole fleet of small craft, now following her, now avoiding the leviathan when she bore down upon them.

I found it difficult to get on board; boats with oranges, onions, and other vegetables, and pears; others loaded with canaries, bullfinches, and artificial flowers, thronged around the companion-ladder, so that I found myself ultimately obliged to use the oar to force a way through the boats which were beleaguering the vessel.

The admiralty agent soon followed me; and he had scarcely put his foot on deck, when the captain ordered the steam to be increased, and the head of the vessel to be directed to the offing.

This was the last moment for our beleaguers to dispose of their fruits and birds; and the price fell more than two hundred per cent. in the market. Canaries which were not to be sold a short time previously for less than five shillings, were now offered for two shillings, the cage included. Baskets with fruits, for which four shillings was demanded, were bought for one shilling. The cheapest bargains were made while the steamer was getting under way, and the purchased articles were hauled up by ropes.

The headlands which, while still in the roads, were hidden by the high cliffs from the bay of Funchal, hove now in sight. The small bay of Camera do Lobos with its little church lies about five miles to

the westward of Funchal. It is interesting as being the spot where the Portuguese discoverers first made their landing in 1420. To the west of the town the cliffs begin to rise rapidly, and form Cape Gira, the loftiest headland of the island; its height being estimated at one thousand six hundred feet. I admired a cascade, which, at the height of four to five hundred feet, precipitated itself into the ocean.

We remained on deck until all vestiges of the land, even the summit of the high Pico, had sunk into the ocean.

We soon after fell again into our old routine; the weather was fine and the wind favourable, and we hoped to meet the trade wind in a few days. This wind blows generally from the east, varying seldom more than two or three points to the northward or southward.

We saw the first flying-fish on Sunday, the 16th. These were the harbingers of a tropical climate; and many of the gentlemen now began to dress in West Indian attire, white jackets and pantaloons, the neck *à la* Byron.

We passed to-day (the 18th) the tropic of cancer; the general ceremony on that event, which has been transferred from the line to the tropics, for those who do not cross the equator, had become obsolete—at least Captain S. did not permit the diversion, much to our vexation. We, who had received the ducking out of full buckets on former occasions, felt almost sorry that so many should cross the threshold of the tropics without being initiated.

We could not pride ourselves upon a prosperous voyage; it commenced to rain on the 16th, and the wind turned against us, and so it lasted until the 19th.

The life on board becomes monotonous; some pass their time in playing cards, whilst the Spaniards are gambling and smoking; and I am sure the greater part in listlessness. The privilege was accorded to me one day to pay a visit to the ladies' saloon, which can only be granted, if six votes or two-thirds of the number of lady passengers are given for the admission of a gentleman who has neither wife, mother, nor sister among the fair ones. I did not inquire whether cousins are included, otherwise Scotch relationships might be of some avail. I found the greater part lounging on the sofas, having a book in their hand, but whether they really read it, or held it only for form sake, I will not say. A lady confessed to me the other day that, to her feelings, nothing was more repugnant than to be shut up with a number of her own sex. They could not play cards to prevent *ennui*, and avoiding Charybdis they generally fell into the Scylla of slander.

Sunday, the 23d of November.—We had divine service this morning at the usual hour.

The afternoon was beautiful; the great blue arch of heaven spread above us so serene and so calm, as if it could never be stormy there. The vast awning, white as snow, and imparting an idea of coolness, is stretched fore and aft, and in easy attitude, some reclining, others stretched on cushions, the passengers inhale the pure breeze. The mighty paddle-wheels have the only busy look on board; the crew in their clean white dress, lie in groups on the fore-deck, some reading, some talking over "old yarns." And now the sun approaches the western horizon. How different is this sublime scene under the tropics, from what we are accustomed to in our own northern climates! Those beautiful clouds, which rise above the western horizon, after the sun

vanishes where water and sky appear to unite, are so fantastic in their shape, that one watches them every time with renewed pleasure. We thought to-day we saw a fleet of ships suddenly appearing, as if it were by magic, on the western horizon; first one, and in the next moment ten, nay twenty. The illusion was so perfect that many glasses were directed towards it, and the fore-castle was filled with passengers, to witness this peculiar spectacle. Lofty chains of mountains rose behind the fleet, here and there broken, and the setting sun throwing his parting rays on their precipices.

And how shall I describe the scene which followed, when night had broken in upon us, the canopy of heaven clustered with stars, scarcely a breath of wind stirring, the sea perfectly calm, and each star reflecting its image in the glassy mirror! I have spent many a night on the ocean, in calm and storms, but such a sublime scene I never witnessed before. Our vessel propelled by mighty steam, ploughed her way through the glossy mass, the snow-white foam of the disturbed ocean bubbling against her bow; each star to the third magnitude might be seen reflected. Those which threw their image at some distance from our course, where not even a ripple moved the surface of the ocean, appeared steady and fixed; but far otherwise was it near our floating-house; here it appeared they had met in merry gambols, or as if they were under the influence of Oberon's magic horn!

Their common aim, to bathe in the foam of our advancing vessel, and to join in kisses when diving out of it. Our course was west,—Venus, then an evening star, shone with the lustre of a little moon. The lovely goddess, more than any other star, joined in the merry dance, and appeared to arise every moment anew out of the froth of the sea.

The peculiar effect was produced by the rapid motion of our steamer through a perfect calm sea, which caused the optical illusion, as if the reflected image of the star were drawn towards the vessel, re-appearing the next moment. All of us acknowledged that we had never witnessed a more beautiful scene, and the more excitable of our fair passengers were in ecstasy.

This night was a worthy pendant to the splendid sunrise, when off Madeira. The following day was to bring me to my destination.

Monday, the 24th of November. The calm still prevailed when we came this morning on deck. The high land of Barbados was discerned about ten o'clock, and from this moment our vessel exhibited a scene of commotion. Our gangway was almost filled with boxes, portmanteaus, and chests of all descriptions, with here and there a sprinkling of ladies' band-boxes.

At the time of luncheon, we were still too far distant to recognize objects; but we approached rapidly, and all glasses were put in requisition. The church of St. John, built on a rock, which rises nearly one thousand feet above the sea, became a prominent object, and served us as a guide towards our port. At three o'clock we were only a few miles from it, and the ships at anchor in Carlisle Bay were visible.

And now we are surrounded with shore boats and gigs, anxious faces look for familiar features. Is Mr. So-and-so,—is Miss A. B. on board? resounds from all parts. Some tawny-looking beauty pushes a card in your hand, recommending the Clarence Hotel, and its corpulent owner, Miss Betsey Austin. Captain Marryat has rendered her immortal in his "Peter Simple." A deep courtesy of a damsel, not fair

but well-grown, is rather meant to disengage your attention from Miss Austin's emissary, and she profits of its interval to recommend Miss Lee's City Hotel. The owners of these establishments are sisters, but it is whispered there is not much love between them, and they consider each other as rivals. Miss Lee's hotel is more fashionable than the Clarence, and, consequently, it is more resorted to. Unfortunately, those who wish to honour Miss Lee's, have to pass on their way the Clarence, not without a shake of the head, and some pithy remark of the corpulent owner, who cannot forget the palmy days of former years, when she was the sought-after, from the young midshipman to the decorated admiral; and, I need not say, she does not bear sisterly love to the owner of the City hotel.

I saw a friendly hand extended to me, and my friend Colonel A. offered me a welcome in Barbados. He was anxious to conduct me to the governor, Sir Charles Grey; and, as a well-manned gig awaited us, I left a few minutes afterwards our floating hotel, and landed at Carlisle bay.

The governor's residence is about a mile from town, and is built on rising ground. His excellency received me very kindly, and after I had told him the nature of the business which led me to Barbados, he promised me his kind co-operation, as far as he could to forward the object of my mission. I had previously arranged with my colleague that we would take up our residence at the City hotel, until we had made the necessary arrangements for occupying the temporary residence which the kindness of a friend had assigned to us.

At my arrival at the City hotel, I found confusion and clamour paramount. The greater number of our fellow-passengers had come ashore to enjoy the land before the steamer continued her voyage.

Here was some unlucky wight bargaining with an unreasonable black boy for fare for bringing him ashore, and who was telling him of dollars and bits, while our fellow passenger knew only of pounds, shillings, and pence. A brown lassey, dressed in virgin white, as if it wanted a strong contrast to set off her dark complexion, with a kind of head-dress resembling a turban, a pair of large golden drops in her ears, and a smile on her face, offers a selection of neat fancywork, made of the seeds of a mimosa, which appears to be very abundant in Barbados. Baskets, necklaces, girdles, reticules, are worked with it in a tasty manner. Madeira and Fayal have their flowers and feathers; Bermuda and the Bahamas their shellwork; but to Barbados belongs the fancywork, made of the seeds of the mimosa virgata; and so highly, it appears, is the value which the manufacturer puts upon it, that the purchaser in no instance congratulates himself upon his cheap bargain!

The spacious rooms were filled with fellow-passengers, some regaling themselves with ice-cream and lemonade, others enjoying more substantial refreshments. My friend and myself had invited some of our fellow passengers to dine with us; and we passed thus some happy hours longer together, perhaps, never to meet again in this world!

The boom of the gun from the steamer announced that the hour of departure had arrived; and a few moments after, Mr. H. and myself were left alone in the spacious rooms of the City hotel.

BRIAN O'LINN ;

OR, LUCK IS EVERYTHING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WILD SPORTS OF THE WEST."

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY LEECH.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"CROAKER.—Our pockets are low, and money we must have."
The Good-natured Man.

"Ah ! turn your eyes,
 Where the poor houseless shivering female lies.
 She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
 Has wept at tales of innocence distress ;
 Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
 Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn :
 How lost to all ! her friends, her virtue fled."
The Deserted Village.

ALTHOUGH the gentle reader may consider it a greater liberty than we are by authorial latitude and prescriptive right warranted in taking, we must bring him back to the worst circle of acquaintances that, as we opine, he had ever been introduced to, and request him to favour us for an hour with his company at the Fortune of War.

We left the captain adding an important *postscriptum* to his despatch, and the Pet communicating, as a good husband should, to Mrs. Huggins at the bar-fire, the Early One's discovery, with a detail of Mary Hargrave's treachery—while deep was the indignation which that virtuous and exemplary lady exhibited, when the fighting man had concluded this narrative of woman's falsehood.

"Vell, Ben, I declares it's my reg'lar opinion that honesty's wanished from the world. Here, in the mornin', ve vere robbed of three flimsies by that circumwentin' willain they calls the Bouncer ; and then, in the arternoon, Poll fights a cross, and throws us over vith an ungratitude that makes von ashamed to be called a voman. Vat's to be done now ? The Captain's matter, I s'pose, vill scarce come off ?"

"I thinks it must, and vill," returned the Pet. "But, as it's a thing wot requires unkimmon risk and leariness, I'm determined to see my vay clear, Sal, before I runs the chance of scragging. Whish ! the Captain calls. If I assists—vy, as it's a new adventure altogether, ve must make another bargain. I'm vide awake, my tulip—and, as we're warned out by the landlord, and the license is safe to go, if I can git ye a snug sitting down in the country, vy, as we're purty vell known in town, that would be the ticket."

Known, indeed, they were extensively. There was not a prison in the metropolis, criminal or debtor, in which a probation had not been undergone by Mr. Huggins ; and, touching the dietary and discipline of the House of Correction, the Pet's lady could have given thentific information to the curious in gaol statistics.

: Wildman, having in brief and ship-shape style apprized his

patron of the increasing difficulties attendant on the delicate affair which had occasioned his present visit to the Modern Babylon, and pointed out the imperative demand for an increased and immediate supply of the circulating medium, reposed after his labour; and, as he discussed, at the same time, a replenished tumbler of his favourite beverage—namely, two-water grog—he held communion with himself on the state of affairs generally.

"Ropes-end me!" he exclaimed, "if things don't look so squally, that I have half a mind to up helm, and quit the chase at once. I have made the land safe enough already; and, with a snug harbour under my lee, why should I stand out to sea again? Whether I do the present trick or not, Mr. Hunsgate's in my power; but it would be my interest to get him deeper in it still. Were this younker done for—damme!—I could then make any terms I pleased with the schipper at the Priory. I hate this Irishman in my heart—and I know that he gives me a sincere return; for we feel to one another like cat and terrier." He rose to light his pipe; and, glancing at the shattered mirror which ornamented the space above the mantel-piece, the halo round his eye, which still remained discoloured, recalled the rencounter at the Gloucester Coffee House vindictively to his recollection.

"No!" and he swore a fearful oath; "I'll never start tack or sheet until I'm fairly alongside, and repay the cleanest knock-down man ever got from a stripling he despised, by a home-thrust that will square yards between us, and for ever. But here comes a pal I think I can rely on; and, now that the girl has played us false, I must try it strong upon the fighting man, and see if he won't go halves in the adventure."

The colloquy which passed between a ruffian sailor and a black-guard cockney will be better omitted. Both were unscrupulous scoundrels, and both were artful ones. Wildman, from revengeful feelings, had already determined on the murder of the young Irishman—and stronger motives confirmed him in the resolution. Seafaring men are generally superstitious; and the Captain was particularly so. The effects produced by accident he blindly ascribed to fate; and Miriam's threatening prophecies, so far from deterring him from intended violence, confirmed him in his purpose. He had brought himself to believe that Brian and he were predestined to exercise an evil influence over the fortunes of each other, and that it was decreed, either that the youth must perish by his hand or agency, or that himself must fall in turn a victim. With these convictions, under a state of eternal excitement from strong liquors, and with a conscience deadened to every better impulse by former and repeated crimes, Hans Wildman sternly resolved that no personal or moral consideration should divert him from the commission of the murderous deed which he had come expressly to London to execute.

In Mr. Huggins the sailor fancied he had fallen on a safe and uncompromising ally; and, had he known more of the secret history of the Fortune of War, and its worthy landlord, he would have entertained no doubt whatever on the subject. The Pet, in character and circumstances, was equally a broken man. Riot and robbery were nightly committed in his house; and, low as the neighbourhood was, the Fortune had been represented by the parish authorities as a nuisance which called loudly for abatement. He was

over head and ears in debt to the brewer and the spirit-merchant ; and on the next quarter-day he must surrender his infamous hostelry to its proprietor. All this was generally known ; but, other causes for his disquietude as yet were hidden from the world. A figurative proverb of the Germans says that "a skeleton may be found in every house." Now, in downright reality, the assertion was applicable to the Fortune of War ; for the bones of a wretched mariner, who had been robbed and poisoned two months before, were blanching in the beer-cellar ; and, so lightly had the body been covered with earth, that the offensive stench arising from the grave of the murdered man rendered the place almost intolerable ; and, were a stranger permitted to enter a vault, half cellar and half charnel-house—a discovery must be inevitable. Mr. Huggins was quite aware that he must disappear, as a matter of prudence, before a disclosure of the secrets of his prison-house was made. Thus, criminally and financially his circumstances were desperate alike ; but, the Captain being in profound ignorance of his true position, the fighting man played his game with ability and success. He impressed upon Wildman the utter impossibility of his being able to effect the intended murder without a certainty of detection, if unassisted. The devoted victim could not be lured to any place like the Fortune, or, under any pretext, brought within the reach of quiet operations, by which safety to those concerned might be secured. The trick must be done openly and out of hand ; and all engaged must be prepared to quit the metropolis, and be off at a moment's notice.

The mariner admitted the truth of Mr. Huggins's judicious remarks ; but the very difficulty in effecting the felony appeared to have made him more obstinate in attempting it. To the Pet, whom he pressed to take an active part in the murder, Wildman doubled the present consideration, and gave flattering assurances of future advantages—but it was in vain ; and he of Leg Lane steadily refused to aid and co-operate.

"Now you sees, Captain," observed Mr. Huggins, "as ye're a man as has cut yer wisdom-teeth, wouldn't I be precious soft to venture my neck for a paltry hundred, and do a scraggin job for a gent I knows nothin' of whativir. Here I sits snug and warm in the "Fortune," with a rib that would hornament a palace, and a safe bisniss of seventy pound a week. Sal and I are puttin' aside the tin fast—and in a kipple of years, vy we'll give up the public-line, retire to our own willa, and keep a one-horse chay. I pays my vay as I goes,—owes nothing to nobody ; and holds my head as high as any witlar in Lunnun. Now and then there will be a shindy in the house, but I manages to keep every thing dark ; and if I wanted to change my house for one in another parish, who would I go to for a karakter?—Vy, to the beaks themselves—and I would be safe to git one, too, at the next police-office."

Mr. Huggins paused to refresh himself ; and Mr. Huggins, touching character, had spoken nothing but the truth,—for of characters there is an extensive variety. "On their own merits modest men are dumb ;" and the Pet had not been particular in detailing all that might have been said by the public authorities, who no doubt would, as a matter of common justice, have borne proper testimony to the merits of an exemplary citizen.

"And will nothing induce you to bear a hand?" exclaimed the disappointed mariner.

"Vy, nothing you could propose short of von thing," returned the Pet.

"And, what's that?" inquired the Captain eagerly.

"I must know who my employer is—whether he's a gent, out and out—and vill he be likely to behave as sich?"

Hans Wildman started. It was a stunning proposition, and he remained silent for a moment.

"Would you not trust me, Ben, to see that promises should be kept, and all be honour bright, and on the square?"

"Vy, ye see, Captain," returned the fighting man, "there is cases and times when a third party is invaluabe. It's comfortable to a cracksmen, after he has made a smash, to have a faithful pal to convert the swag into the coriander-seed, and leave him leisure to enjoy himself in safety. But in doing-outs—sich as pisening and throat-slitting—I nivr would enter on heavy business of the sort without seeing my vay clear, and knowing the cove I was a vorkin' for. And now ye can decide, Captain, whether you're man enough to do the trick yerself, or would be the better of my advice and assistance."

Without hesitation the mariner complied. Mr. Huggins felt himself assured that no cross on the Captain's part was intended; the parties interchanged a pledge of mutual fidelity—and an instant consultation took place, touching the best method of action to be adopted in the present posture of affairs.

The most dangerous feature in the matter, according to the Pet, was Mary Hargrave's "throw over," as he called it; and from the Early One's report, her intentions rendered an immediate attempt on Brian necessary—as, were the girl at large another day, there was no doubt, from her own declaration, that she would split upon all concerned, and the scheme, like a bubble railroad, would bring trouble upon its projectors. Her absence was alarming. Might she not have waited for to-morrow, but under some sudden impulse already denounced them to the authorities? It was past four o'clock. If in half-an-hour she did not appear, Captain Wildman must disappear—if she returned, not a hint must escape that the slightest doubt was entertained of her fidelity. For the present, Mrs. Huggins could make all safe with her for twenty or thirty hours, by administering half as many drops of a very useful composing draught; and Pol, once put aside, the allies would have time to look about them. To prepare for her reception, Mrs. Huggins dropped into the bottom of a tumbler a small quantity of colourless liquid, and the glass was placed carelessly on the table of the sanctum, in a way best calculated to disarm the suspicions of the most cautious. This was but just effected, and the landlady had scarcely quitted the secret apartment, when, in the outer room, she encountered the devoted victim.

"Vy, bless us, Pol, how long you have been away! The Captain is cross as cat's hair. He's wery fond o' ye, and fancies ye have been sweethearting. Go in—you'll find master and he together."

Totally unsuspecting that aught was known or aught intended, and exhausted by a long walk and mental anxiety, the lost girl tapped at the door and was admitted instantly. The host seemed kind and perfectly at his ease,—the Captain played the gallant,—and

both, with apparent earnestness, inquired into the causes that had delayed her.

"I am wearied to death, and thirsty," she replied. "Give me something to drink."

"Vel, Pol, if ve can't cure the von complaint, vy, ve have a handy remedy for the t'other."

And, with a complacent smile he kindly fabricated a glass of brandy and water, and greedily the wearied girl drained it to the bottom. A meaning look passed between the confederated ruffians—and Mary Hargrave, by the reflection of the broken mirror, caught the expression of the felon glance. Horror-stricken, she flung the glass into the hearth, and exclaimed—

"Gracious God! I am poisoned!"

"Pisened!" returned Mr. Huggins. "If brandy at thirty-four a gallon, and the best of vater vill pisen a voman—vy, I von't dispute it. Come, come, Poll, you're overkim a little with your valk, and may be have been lushing—so ye had better take a snooze up stairs; Mrs. H. vill do the civil to ye; and I'll fetch her—Captain, ye'll jist keep her from fallin' on the floor;"—and the Pet hurried off to bring his lady to complete the work she had so skilfully commenced.

Whatever the deleterious drug was which had been administered to the deluded girl, its effect was instantaneous. In a few seconds, sight, and speech, and hearing were extinguished—and when the fighting man and his villanous companion entered the room, a senseless body, the pulsations of whose heart could scarcely be detected, was upheld in the arms of Captain Wildman.

"I'm blowed," exclaimed the mariner, "if the girl a'n't overdosed—she's dead as a split haddock."

"Not she," returned the hostess; "about this time to-morrow evening she'll be vide awake, and only a little bothered for a week or two to come. Carry her up stairs to the closet beside the Captain's—and I'll make her snug and comfortable a'tervards, although she has behaved unlike a gentlevoman to von whom you know, Ben, was better to her than a bad stepmother."

The desperate circumstances of the fighting man, and the prospect which opened unexpectedly of obtaining, by a participation in crime, an ascendancy over a man of wealth, who for life must be at his mercy, stimulated Mr. Huggins to devise every means and use every personal exertion to effect the felonious object which should place Mr. Hunsgate in his power; and the lady hostess, well aware that the days were numbered, during which she should "spiggot wield," and grace the bar of the Fortune, and, moreover, having a strong dislike to the light dietry and "thin potations," which, from a delicate consideration for the health of its inmates, renders the "table d'hôte" of the Milbank Penitentiary at the same time *recherché* and salubrious—she, influenced by these considerations, gave her hearty adhesion to the cause in which the gallant Captain and the lord of her affections were then anxiously engaged.

The mariner was merely a man of action—for "treasons, stratagems, and murders," he had a ready hand, but "a most dull wit." He could execute, but others must devise; and the plan of operations was consequently left to the Pet and the "fair lady, his bedfellow," to determine. In the common business of life, the intellect of the

fighting man was thick as "Tewkesbury mustard;" but in all things villanous, his resources were ready and his perceptions clear. Promptly his resolution was taken:—an effort must be made to entice Brian to a convenient place, where, under the impression that he was to meet Mary Hargrave, the two ruffians could take him at advantage, and the deed of blood could thus be easily and safely accomplished.

Strange as it may sound to those who are but superficially acquainted with the metropolis and its vicinity, there are in the immediate environs of London, as many unfrequented lanes and secluded places where an act of violence may be committed within the hearing of St. Paul's clock, as any which could be found one hundred miles from the capital. With every bye-path and lurking spot, Mr. Huggins was thoroughly familiar. His former profession—that of a resurrectionist—had made him acquainted with the easiest and most secret ways of approaching the various cemeteries which encompass the immense *enceinte* of the city; and the frequent interruptions which body-snatching was exposed to, not only in the raising, but in the removal of those whose mortal remains, as their mourning relations believed, had been committed to kindred clay for ever, familiarized him with every pit and hollow that could afford a temporary concealment. One outlet he considered as the most favourable for the attempt—and the only question that arose was, by what means could the devoted victim be brought to it. Had Mary Hargrave not proved unfaithful, no difficulty would have existed; and, on the unconscious wretch, stretched, morally dead, upon a pallet upstairs, deep imprecations were vented by those who had so foully drugged her. Woman's, they say, is ready wit; and Mrs. Huggins proved herself the ablest in the multitude of counsellors.

Apprized by the Early One that an evening meeting was arranged between Brian and the lost girl, in the Park, she suggested, that, under a plausible pretext, in legal parlance, the venue should be changed, and a more convenient locality substituted for the place appointed. By a letter, the scene of meeting might be altered. But by whom was that letter to be indited? The short reckonings which were rigidly observed at the Fortune of War, were kept by certain hieroglyphics on a board, which none but Mrs. H. could have interpreted. After a brief and imperfect education, the Leg Lane Pet had devoted his "bunch of fives" to what he considered a more manly and profitable purpose, than that of handling the grey goose-quill. In clerkly accomplishments, Hans Wildman was the best of the three; and yet the Captain's most elaborate effort would have been termed by Tony Lumpkin, "a d——d crabbed piece of penmanship." To get hold of a bird so shy, "charm she never so wisely," the charmer might be found wanting. Mary Hargrave had played the lady in her attempt upon the young Irishman—the semblance of better days and better breeding must be preserved; and how was it to be effected? Again Mrs. Huggins came to the rescue.

"I have it," she exclaimed. "Where the devil is that gallows bird when he's wanted?"

"I guess the Early One's not far off—and he'll be found in the costermonger's in Bull Alley," returned the fighting man.

"Send, for him, Ben," rejoined the lady; "and if Julia Davis is pretty sober, I'll make all right as a trivet."

Mr. Huggins comprehended all that was intended in a second; and Master Dickey, as he had foretold, was forthwith "diskivered" in a back attic in Bull Alley, brought directly to the presence, and instantly dispatched by the lady hostess, to request that Mrs. Davis would step over to the Fortune of War, where her company was particularly desired. Mrs. Davis was at home—and Mrs. Davis was unusually sober—the invitation was accepted; and the lady being conducted by the hostess to the chamber of state, was formally introduced to Captain Wildman.

Were it necessary to swell the measure of man's delinquency, the case of Julia Davis might be added to the crowded list—well-born, well-educated, and well-gifted—she fell a victim to a titled ruffian—was flung heartlessly on the world at twenty-two, and in ten years more, had reached the lowest step of profligacy's ladder. *Alas facilis descensus est!*

The letter which the wretched and degraded being indited, was very artfully constructed, from the information given by the Early One, of the conversation he had overheard that morning in the Park. It purported to come from Mary Hargrave, and apprized Brian that the intended meeting at the Serpentine could not be kept, in consequence of mischievous disclosures made by the ruffian boy. Certain persons, whom he might readily guess at, had become acquainted with the hour and place appointed, and consequently, both must, of necessity, be changed. Much that would deeply interest him had come to the writer's knowledge since they had separated; and it was most desirable that he should be acquainted with it immediately. She deplored the unlucky accident which had made the Early One master of secret matters which had caused her, the writer, much embarrassment. She had, as she believed, in a great measure successfully deceived those who for the present should remain in ignorance of what was passing; and she had persuaded them, that her apparent treachery to them was merely part of the deep game she was playing, to obtain Brian's thorough confidence, and lead him the more certainly into the pitfall which was prepared for his destruction. She then named a place of meeting; gave him ample directions how to find it; urged on him the necessity of being punctual to time; and assured him, from the precautions she had taken, that no danger or discovery could attend the evening interview. She concluded by reiterating the warning against strangers she had so strongly urged upon him in the Park; and expressed her ardent hopes and belief that the designs of his enemies would be defeated, and a triumphant issue would crown the whole.

"What think you of this singular ally?" said the young Irishman, as he reperused the letter.

"Why, that she's a pearl above price, worth not only a Jew's eye—but the entire carcase of any Israelite that ever wore a beard. You will go, of course," I added.

"Most certainly; and, from the clearness of the girl's directions, I shall find no difficulty in finding our trysting place, I fancy."

"Well, the sooner you are off, the better; and while you are listening to Mary's important revelations, I shall indulge in agreeable meditations touching my presentation to a new-found relative to-morrow, accompanied, no doubt, by a glowing eulogy, on the Elliots generally, from that little saffron-faced scoundrel, who never, as I

would depose upon corporal oath if required, spoke kindly of man, woman, or child, since he was able to lisp a sentence out."

Never were a principal and privy councillor more egregiously duped. Brian fell into the snare without harbouring a suspicion, and I encouraged him to rush upon the road to ruin. He rang the bell; sent for a cab; took his pistols from the mantel-piece; and in five minutes the unconscious youth was hurrying to a spot, that to him was to be the place of execution.

On the return of the trusty messenger who had conveyed the fabricated letter to Craven Street, he gratified his employers with the intelligence that he had regularly delivered it, and that the gentleman to whom it was addressed was at home. So far "the work went bravely on;" and now nothing remained but to prepare for action, and, at the place selected for his murder, anticipate the arrival of the intended victim.

The selection of weapons to effect the deed of death was the next matter considered; and here the sound judgment of the Pet proved him, in safe assassination, a very superior artist to the Captain, notwithstanding the practical experience of the latter. The use of fire-arms, which the mariner proposed, was indignantly repudiated by the fighting man. Pistols made a noise; and, to do the trick neatly, quietness was indispensable. From a private depository, Mr. Huggins produced a couple of those murderous implements, by a misnomer termed "life-preservers," and a spring-backed knife. With a foreign dirk, Wildman was already provided; and thus for crushing a skull, or to "cut men's throats i' the dark," the ruffians had the most approved tools for effecting either. Again, "to screw their courage to the sticking point," the brandy-bottle was resorted to; and after Huggins had carefully concealed his person and half his face in a wrap-rascal made for the especial purpose, and Wildman had muffled himself closely in his pea-coat, the scoundrels left the Fortune of War, and through by-streets and dark lanes, hastened to the scene of the intended homicide.

Between two of the great roads leading out of the metropolis, some hundred acres of enclosed fields, which as yet have been but partially invaded by the builder, extend themselves, and fill up the space that intervenes between rising streets and suburban villas, which reach alongside these thoroughfares for miles beyond the city. Pathways, interrupted by frequent styles, afford to pedestrians a shorter means of gaining either of these great thoroughfares from the other, than by the connecting cross-roads by which carriages traverse the distance that lies between them. Of these lanes, some are tolerably frequented by foot-passengers, while others, even in mid-day, are seldom used; and when evening draws on, from their alarming loneliness, are cautiously avoided. This locality was once a sort of classic ground in the estimation of the O'Flahertys and the O'Triggers. Here an affair of honour was almost an everyday transaction. But times have changed. The fields in question may be traversed now for a twelvemonth, without the double pop apprising the passer-by that a couple of gentlemen are fighting in peace and quietness—as Sir Lucius says—in the next enclosure. They have been totally deserted by the duelist; but it has been only to obtain for them a more detestable notoriety.

SHOTS FROM AN OLD SIX-POUNDER

BY PORTFIRE.

"My aide-de-camp knows all, and has no objection to tell it."
MARQUIS OF —'s Letter.

THE ARTILLERY BARRACKS.

"LONDON GAZETTE, Tuesday, December — 18—, Royal Regiment of Artillery, Gentleman-cadet Peter Portfire to be second lieutenant *vice* Fudge, promoted." How I gloated over the above passage! Author never saw himself in print with more pleasure—and with reason—I *was* a commissioned officer!

True this was but a step; but that step was as great as from the sublime to the ridiculous. I was my own master, had my own apartment in the officers' barracks, and my own servant. I could do as I pleased. The soldiers saluted me—the sentries carried arms to me—my former companions envied me—while officers, whom hitherto I had myself saluted, and admired only at an humble distance, now condescended to chat familiarly with me, and even take my arm. In a word, *I was* a commissioned officer!

But not altogether idle, therefore. Like property, I had my duties. There were guards to mount—parades to attend—feld-days to swelter through—and the convalescent to visit. Then came the laboratory and repository course, which, like Aaron's rod, swallowed up all the rest, and, for a time, wholly engrossed me.

The laboratory and repository course form one of the most valuable portions of an artillery officer's education. In the latter he sees how heavy ordnance, of all descriptions and calibre, are mounted, dismantled, transported, and worked *in situ*; how batteries are constructed, natural facilities improved, rivers bridged, *revêtements* scaled, with other contingencies he must be prepared to meet and grapple with. Nor is what he learns in the laboratory less useful. He is not only initiated there in the manufacture of all kinds of combustibles, from a ball-cartridge to a signal-rocket, but is required to manufacture one specimen of each *at least*, with his own hands. During the war hundreds of boys were employed in making ball-cartridges in the laboratory. It was most amusing to see them. The overseers caned them all round regularly every half hour on Caleb Quotem's plan, whether they deserved it or not.

The repository is an admirable idea well worked out. Better ground could scarcely have been selected, or its capabilities better employed. Hill, dale, water, *plateau*, defile, and slope, have all been turned to the best account, and most felicitously appropriated to such works as they are best calculated to illustrate. The military critic, however, will object to the trees and shrubbery, which, by obscuring the features of the ground, unquestionably lessen its efficiency as a school.* In the summer of 1813, George IV., then Prince Regent, visited this beautiful spot, on which occasion the works were all manned, and the place crowded with company.

* Great praise is due to General Congreve, and his son, the late Sir William, who succeeded his father as superintendent, for their labours in the repository.

When the prince, mounted on a superb white charger, attended by the Duke of Cumberland and a brilliant staff, emerged on the plateau overlooking the lake, the *coup-d'œil* was enchanting! Every height bristled with batteries and nodding plumes; the twinkling of steel through the foliage bespoke the ravines and thickets similarly tenanted; beauty, equally armed for conquest, crowded every vantage point; while parties pushing across the lake on rafts, stormed the *revêtement* on the island, amid the cheers of the spectators. As a mixture of the military and romantic the scene was unique.

General Congreve being ill, the office of attending the Prince round the works devolved on his factotum Stephenson, an uneducated man, who was quite overwhelmed by "the greatness" which had been "thrust upon him." His *expositions* were most ludicrous.—"And this here, please your royal highness, is an *epaulement*, and them's *chevaux-de-frîeze*."

Poor Stephenson; he did his best, but the Prince had great difficulty in preserving his gravity.

But in the regiment, as at the academy, much valuable time was consumed in what was superfluous. *We were drilled too much as infantry—and infantry apart.* But I am speaking of the age of pipe-clay and pigtails, when hairpowder was of more importance than gunpowder, and the precise length of an officer's feather became a subject of the cruellest anxiety.

As a quarter, I found Woolwich pleasant enough. The gaieties of London were within our reach; nor were we without resources and gaieties within ourselves. The barracks boasted an excellent library and reading-room—an inestimable advantage—especially the former, where there were so many young officers, who thus passed many hours in reading which would otherwise have been frittered away at the billiard-table, or lost, and worse than lost, in occupations of a still less venial description, as will be seen when I come to speak of Dublin, where the want of a good library might have engendered habits that, in all probability, would have proved my ruin. That it did not do so, I *entirely* attribute to the habit of reading I had previously acquired at Woolwich. I see libraries for the non-commissioned officers and privates are now being generally established. Credit me, they are quite as much wanted for the officers!

Our balls were brilliant and *bien achalandées*, no want of belles where beaux were drugs, and plain women at a premium. The *élite* of Blackheath and Greenwich mustered in great force on these occasions. Mrs. Martyr brought all her daughters—the noble army of *martyrs*, as Barlow called them, for they were fine girls. I have seen as many as four hundred people at one of our birthday balls on the 4th of June. We danced country dances then; and going down fifty couple was no joke, let me tell you, with the thermometer at eighty.

Once a week we had a promenade in the mess-room which was not more stupid than such things generally are. Sometimes, too, we got up a morning concert—a sort of pie-bald affair—half amateur—half professional—at which the present Countess of Essex and Mrs. Salmon assisted, and old Colonel Quist, the last of the pigtails, led. This fine old fellow was said to be a natural son of the King of Sweden. Strange stories were extant of his amours, and the Paphian bowers he was said to have constructed with myrtles and geraniums

within the penetralia of his quarters, to receive his goddesses in. But the colonel piqued himself on making salads as well as love, and if he was as deliberate in the latter as he was in the former, he must have put the patience of his dulcineas to the test.

Caroline of Brunswick, that

“Widow, though a wife,”

then lived at Blackheath. This ill-fated princess frequently drove over in an open barouche to our evening parades, attended by the ladies of her household, when she chatted freely with those officers whose rank entitled them to approach the royal equipage. The eccentric but benevolent Lord Eardley, too, passed a good deal of his time among us. He delighted in gossiping about the barracks and doing kind things. We made him an honorary member of our reading-room and mess; in return, he presented us with a magnificent silver snuff-box, and his portrait, which latter hung in the anti-room. His lordship often invited his messmates to share in the splendid hospitalities of Belvidere, over which the beautiful but ill-fated Lady Hamilton then shed the halo of her fascinations.

Of course, our microcosm contained some originals. Among these Barlow was, in every sense of the word, the *greatest*. No one could pass a day at the barracks without observing Barlow, and no one could pass an hour in his company without being delighted with him. He stood six feet four, was long-legged and corpulent; and resembled, to use his own expression, “a piece of sucked barley-sugar.” He generally held high ‘change about noon, at the east end of the barracks, where his good-humored, but somewhat boyish countenance, might be seen towering above the crowd of youngsters he delighted to convulse with his quaint stories, and still quainter sayings; which, it must be confessed, were not always so *recherché* as his appetite, for, like Quin too, in this respect, he was a great epicure, and liked to eat good things as well as say them. Notwithstanding his enormous bulk, Barlow was the lightest and most graceful of dancers, which, combined with his vivacity and extreme good-humour, made him as great a favourite with the fair as he was among his own sex. Barlow was an excellent officer. The troop to which he belonged was attached to the rear-guard during the disastrous retreat to Corunna, in which he rendered good service. D— was another original. Barlow christened him *The Juvenile Dr. Johnson*; and in truth, he was nearly as surly, saturnine, and disputatious. Like Johnson, too, in the earlier part of his career, D— was not averse to conviviality, and committed some excesses. But D— was a remarkable man. He was too acute not to see the folly of such a course, and had too much strength of mind not to emancipate himself from it. But in his ardour to reform, he allowed his enthusiasm to overpower his judgment, and, rushing into the opposite extreme, added the sanctity of an ascetic to abstemiousness. D— had no sooner adopted fixed principles, than he adhered to them with the inflexibility of a martyr, and, in fact, *became* a martyr to his principles. In Malta and the Ionian Isles, our government deemed it politic not only to guarantee the inhabitants the free exercise of their religion, but to direct the British authorities, and British garrisons, to assist at the ceremonials of the Greek and Roman churches in those islands. D—, who commanded Fort St. Angelo,

received an order to fire a salute when the bell of the con-cathedral at Valletta announced the elevation of the Host; but conceiving a compliance with this would be contrary to the principles he professed, he respectfully, but firmly, refused to obey the order. A court-martial was the result; when, in spite of a most masterly defence, D—— was dismissed the service. The principal plea in D——'s defence was, that an officer was bound only to obey a lawful order; and that no order to assist in an idolatrous ceremony could be lawful—*ergo*, he was justified in disobeying it. The Archbishop of Tuam, and other influential persons, took up D——'s case on his return to England. Through their assistance, he was enabled to take holy orders, and now holds, or did hold, a living in J——. I must not omit to mention that Captain A——, on whom the duty of firing the salute devolved, also refused obedience, and was in like manner dismissed.

Are ghosts ever actuated by

“The ruling passion strong,”

after death? If so, I must not forget to mention Downman. So insatiable was Downman's thirst for notoriety that, rather than remain unnoticed, he would have emulated Erostratus, and fired the Bank; and so intrepid was Downman's assurance, and so great his adroitness, that, one to ten, he would have turned the arson to his advantage. I have seen Downman at the Blackheath ball dressed like the waiter at the Blue Boar with the exception of his regimental jacket, taking snuff from a huge tin box as big as a warming-pan, and dancing more grotesquely than an Ojibbeway Indian. His looks and conversation were, if possible, still more *outré* and absurd. You begin by laughing at the oddity of his movements, and the badness of his puns, and end by giving him your card, and requesting the pleasure of his company to dinner.

Downman was the son of the celebrated artist of that name. He inherited his father's talents, and painted horses nearly as well. A fall from his gig in the Channel Islands put an end to his eccentricities—a sad *mis-carriage*, as he himself would have called it.

M—— was the Pylades of this Orestes, and almost as fond of notoriety, which he sometimes condescended to seek through *media* quite as eccentric. In winter, M—— drove a sledge; in summer, he played the big drum to the admiration of all the pretty *soubrettes*, and smart little milliners, who frequented our Sunday parades. Generally, however, M——'s ambition took a higher flight, when he wooed distinction in a spirit more in accordance with his appearance and pretensions: for, like Cassio, he had

“— a person and a smooth dispose,
Framed to make woman false.”

Not that I mean to insinuate he ever did so. I merely speak of M—— as the Brummell of the ball—the Skeffington of our circle. Though not handsome, M—— had a pleasing expression, particularly when he smiled! while his figure combined the strength of a Hercules with the elegance of an Apollo. In dress his taste was peculiar but *recherché*. M—— had seen much service. He long continued to suffer from the effects of the Walcheren fever, which shook his iron constitution *severely*.

FEODORA ;
OR, THE FATAL WEDDING.*
BY SIR ALEXANDER DUFF GORDON.

To the northwest of the island of Seeland is joined on by a narrow, bleak, and sandy strip of land, a fruitful, pleasant peninsula, covered with villages, which forms a sort of province (*olsherred*) by itself. Beyond the one small town of this district a wild and desolate part of the peninsula projects into the stormy Kattegat. The shifting sand there stifles all vegetation, and is heaped up in hills which are the sport of every storm that sweeps from the sea with terrible power over the land, and are, therefore, constantly changing their positions. Once, when travelling, I passed an hour in this district, which has left upon my mind a picture of the wildest destruction—it was an hour which I shall never forget, and which was not without its danger. I was riding alone through this sandy desert, when a sudden storm of wind and rain gathered from the northward, and swept over the ocean. The sea roared, the clouds chased one another wildly, the sky became inky black and threatening, the sand began to rise in thicker clouds, and soon darkened the air with its whirling eddies. The road was presently obliterated; my horse sank deeper at every step in the shifting sand; the heavens, the earth, and the sea were confusedly mingled, and every object was enveloped in a cloud of dust and sand. Not a trace of life or vegetation was to be seen; the storm howled in the air, the waves furiously lashed the cliffs, the thunder rolled in the distance, and the dull red flash of the lightning seemed scarce able to pierce the murky clouds of dust. All the elements seemed to have been hurled together in the wildest confusion. The danger, however, was soon over; a torrent of rain suddenly laid the clouds of sand, and I was able to find my way safely, but wet to the skin, to the small town I have before mentioned.

In former times, a village called Rörwig stood in this melancholy district, about a mile from the coast; but the shifting sand has now covered all trace of the village, and its inhabitants, who were for the most part sailors and fishermen, have built for themselves hovels close to the sea shore. The sole vestige of the former village is the strongly built church, which stands surrounded by the shifting desert: this church was the scene of the following mysterious occurrence.

During the earlier part of the last century, the worthy old pastor of the place was sitting in his lonely room, wholly occupied with devotional thoughts. The time was close upon midnight. The manse was situated at the end of the village, and the simple inhabitants were such strangers to mutual distrust, that locks and bolts were unknown; every man's door shut only with a latch. The lamp burned dimly, the solemn stillness of the night was only broken by the distant roar of the surf, and the moon was tipping the waves with silver. The pastor suddenly heard the house-door open, and heavy footsteps mount the stairs: he expected to receive a summons to minister Christian consolation to some dying man, when two strangers, wrapped in white cloaks, came

* From the German of Steffens.

hurriedly into the room; one of them drew near with a polite bow, and said,

"Sir, you must follow us immediately,—you are wanted to celebrate a marriage,—the bridal pair is now waiting in the distant church. This sum," he added, shewing to the old pastor a well-filled purse, "will compensate you for the trouble and alarm which this unexpected summons may cause you."

The old pastor stared in silent terror at the strangers, who seemed to have something fearful and unearthly in their appearance. The stranger repeated his demand in a pressing and even imperious tone. When the old pastor had somewhat recovered himself, he began gently to represent to the stranger, that his office did not permit him to perform such a sacred ceremony without some knowledge of the persons to be married, or without the previous forms prescribed by law. Hereupon the other stranger came forward in a menacing manner.

"Reverend sir, you have the choice of following us, and receiving the proffered reward, or of remaining here and having a bullet sent through your brains." So saying, he presented a pistol at the pastor's head, and awaited an answer. The old pastor grew deadly pale, but, overcome with terror, he silently rose, quickly dressed himself, and said, "I am ready."

The strangers, I must add, had spoken Danish, but with an accent which betrayed them to be foreigners. These mysterious strangers stole silently in the stillness of the night through the village, followed by the pastor. It was autumn, and the night was pitchy dark, for the moon had already set. When they quitted the village, the old pastor saw, to his consternation and amazement, that the church was brilliantly lighted up. His companions, wrapt in their white cloaks, continued to walk silently and quickly across the flat, sandy waste, while he, occupied with his meditations, managed with difficulty to follow them. On reaching the church, the strangers bandaged his eyes. The well-known side-door opened with a creaking sound, and he found himself pushed into the midst of a dense mass of men. All around him throughout the church, he heard a confused murmur, and in his immediate neighbourhood the conversation was carried on in a language of which he was ignorant, but which he guessed to be Russian. While he was thus standing, bewildered and alarmed, with people pressing upon him on all sides, and with his eyes still bound, he suddenly found himself seized by a hand, which drew him forcibly through the opposing throng. At length it appeared as if the crowd was pushed on one side; the bandage was removed from his eyes; he recognized one of his former companions, and found himself standing before the altar. A row of large wax-lights, in massive silver candle-sticks, were burning before it: the church itself was so brilliantly lighted, that even the most minute and distant objects could be distinguished; and if before, the noise of the people had in it something appalling, while he stood blindfold in the midst of the dense mass, the awful silence of the great multitude now filled his soul with double terror. Although the aisles and the benches were crowded, the passage up the centre of the church was completely empty, and at the further end of it the pastor saw a newly-made grave. The stone, which was to cover it, leaned against a seat. The pastor saw only men around him, but thought that at a distance he could distinguish a female figure. The deathlike silence lasted for a few minutes, during which no one even stirred.

At length one of the men, whose splendid dress distinguished him from the rest, and marked his high rank, rose and walked quickly along the empty passage ; the crowd gazed at him, and the clank of his steps resounded through the church. This man was of the middle size, broad-shouldered, and of powerful build ; his carriage was imperious and daring, his complexion olive-brown, his hair black as a raven's wing, his countenance stern, the lips firmly compressed as if with anger ; an aquiline nose added to the commanding expression of his face,—long, dark, and bushy eyebrows overhung his small flashing eyes, which burned and glowered wildly. He was dressed in green, with heavy gold embroidery, and a star glittered in his breast. The bride, who now knelt down beside him, was splendidly and carefully dressed. An azure velvet robe, trimmed with silver, fitted close to her form, and fell in large folds over her limbs. She wore in her fair hair a diadem glittering with jewels. Her face, notwithstanding the change wrought in her features by terror, bore traces of beauty and grace ; her cheeks were not only ghastly pale, but rigid. Not a muscle moved, her pallid lips looked inanimate, her eyes were dull, and her arms hung straight down by the side of her body, which seemed to be collapsed. Thus she knelt, a picture of death, and it seemed as if some horrible anguish had destroyed in her all consciousness, and kept the principle of life in a state of torpor.

And now, for the first time, the pastor discovered a hateful old hag in a grotesque and tawdry dress, her head covered with a crimson turban, who stood behind, and peered with a grim and sarcastic look over the kneeling bride. Behind the bridegroom was a gigantic man, with a forbidding countenance, who kept his eyes solemnly and firmly fixed on the ground before him.

The pastor, paralysed with terror, remained for some time silent, until a savage glance from the bridegroom warned him to commence. A fresh subject of agitation arose in the mind of the pastor,—namely, the uncertainty as to whether the bride could understand his language. That she did not, seemed to him by no means improbable. Nevertheless, he plucked up courage, and asked the bridegroom the names of the bride and bridegroom. The latter answered in a rough voice,—“ Neander and Feodora.”

The pastor now began to read aloud the marriage service ; his voice faltered, and he made such blunders, that he frequently had to repeat his words ; and yet the couple before him did not seem to remark his embarrassment, which confirmed him in his suspicions that they were ignorant of the language in which he was addressing him, and when he asked, “ Neander, wilt thou have this woman to be thy lawful wife ? ” he had some doubts whether the bridegroom, from ignorance of the language, would answer properly. But, to his astonishment, the man answered “ Yes,” in a tone so awfully loud, that the church rang with it. Deep sighs escaped from the assembled multitude and accompanied this awful “ yes ; ” while a silent shudder shot for a moment like lightning across the ghastly features of the bride. The pastor then turned to the bride, speaking louder, as if to waken her from her death-like trance, and said, “ Wilt thou take this man to be thy lawful husband ? ” The inanimate bride woke from her lethargy, a deep and terrible anguish animated her ghastly cheeks, the pallid lips quivered, a sudden and transient spark lightened out of her eyes, her breast heaved, a gush of tears quenched the fire of her eyes, and she

answered "Yes!" with a scream of anguish like that of one dying, which appeared to find an echo in the involuntary groans which burst from the breasts of all present. She then sank back into the arms of the hateful old hag, and an awful silence lasted for several minutes. The pastor then saw the pallid bride, kneeling as before, in a state of unconsciousness, and he finished reading the service. The bridegroom then rose, and led the fainting bride to the seat she had previously occupied; the old hag and the gigantic fierce-looking man followed her. The pastor's two companions now appeared again, bandaged his eyes, forced their way with some difficulty through the throng, and after being pushed without the door, the old pastor heard it bolted from within, and found himself alone.

He stood for some time uncertain whether this terrible scene, with all its fearful and unhallowed accompaniments, were not a dream which had oppressed him. But, after tearing the bandage from his eyes, seeing the brilliantly lighted church, and hearing the hollow murmuring of the throng within, he was compelled to believe in the reality of this strange event. In order to learn how it would end, he concealed himself behind a projection outside the church, on the opposite side, and while in his hiding-place, he heard the noise within grow louder and louder. It appeared to him as if some violent contention were going on, and he thought he could distinguish the loud voice of the bridegroom, commanding silence. Then a long pause ensued. A shot was fired—a woman's scream was heard. Then there was another pause; then a scuffling of feet, and a sound of pickaxes and mattocks, which lasted a quarter of an hour. The lights were extinguished, the noise recommenced, and the whole throng poured out of the church, and directed its course in confusion towards the sea.

The old pastor now left his hiding-place, and hastened back to his village. He awakened his neighbours and friends, and, still suffering from the effects of terror, he related to them the incredible marvels which he had witnessed. But those who heard the words of their simple old pastor were so quietly disposed, and so used to the regular recurrence of the common-place events of their every-day life, that the terror which seized them was of a quite different nature. They naturally concluded that some unhappy accident had deprived their worthy old pastor of his senses, and it was with considerable difficulty, and after a lapse of some time, that some few, more to humour his fancy than anything else, were persuaded by him to provide themselves with crowbars and shovels, and to follow him to the church.

Meanwhile the night had passed away and the sun began to appear, and when the pastor and his followers ascended the hill on which stood the church, they saw an armed vessel, under a press of canvas, sailing away from the shore towards the north. So unusual an apparition in this remote district made the pastor's followers begin to waver; but they were more inclined to believe his story, when they found the side doors of the church burst open. Full of anxiety, they now rushed into the church. The pastor now pointed out the grave which he had seen yawning before him. It was evident to all present, that the stone had been forcibly removed, and then replaced. The crowbar was inserted, and when the grave was opened, they discovered a new and richly-ornamented coffin. The old pastor descended with almost youthful impatience into the vault, followed by several others. The lid of the coffin was removed, and the old pastor found his worst suspicions con-

firmed. In the coffin lay the murdered bride. Her splendid diadem had been taken away. A bullet had penetrated her breast in the region of the heart. The traces of deep horror had vanished from her countenance, a heavenly peace beamed from her beautiful face, and she lay there like an angel. The old pastor fell sobbing beside the coffin, and prayed for the soul of the murdered woman, while silent wonder and horror seized upon the bystanders.

The pastor felt himself bound to announce the event without delay, and in all its circumstantial details, to the Bishop of Seeland, as his immediate chief, taking the precaution, however, to bind his friends by oath to keep their secret, until he heard from Copenhagen. The grave was again covered, and no one ventured to speak a word on the subject. On a sudden a man of high rank came from Copenhagen, made minute inquiries into all that had happened, examined the grave, praised them all for their discreet silence, and expressly commanded that the event should be kept a profound secret, threatening those who dared to speak on the subject with severe punishment.

After the pastor's death, a written account of this event was found inserted in the parish register. Some believed that the occurrence was in some way connected with the rapid and violent changes of successors to the throne which took place in Russia after the deaths of Peter the First and of Catherine. But it is difficult, if not impossible, now to clear up the mystery which hangs over this horrible drama.

THE CATARACT FLOWER.

[The blue, or fringed Gentian, grows in great profusion in the neighbourhood of Niagara. The flower which suggested the following lines was plucked by the writer from the brink of the Great Horse-Shoe Fall, in September, 1845.]

It flourish'd amidst foam and surge
Upon Niagara's awful verge,
And where the sun-lit rainbows drew
Their circles* round its crest of blue,
Rocked by convulsion, nursed by storm,
Day after day its graceful form,
Increased in beauty, grew in power,
Like virtue in its trial-hour,
Which, calm amid the world's unrest,
Seems fairest when 'tis most distressed.
But, bending o'er the dread ravine
The Gentian's bell no more is seen;
I pluck'd it, on its leaves to send
A lesson to my gentle friend,
To tell, through Admiration's eye,
Such humble form might ne'er espy,
While gazing on the wild, vexed river,
Whose smoke of torment riseth ever;

That 'mid life's turmoil, strife, and
gloom,
Some gentle virtue yet may bloom,
Above Care's breakers lift its form,
And flourish heedless of the storm:
Pride, Passion, Pomp, and Power may
sweep
Wreck'd vessels down the raging steep,
Shatter'd by some fierce passion-throe,
Ere, desperate, o'er the brink they go,
While nourish'd by the very wave
Which hurls them reckless to their
grave,
Meek Charity shall smile, and Faith
Upon the troubled waters shine;
And Hope, triumphant over Death,
Like the bright Iris 'mid thy wreath,
Niagara! build its arch divine!

* At the falls of Niagara, perfectly circular rainbows are often seen.

A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY THROUGH NORMANDY.

BY ODARD.

THE abbatial church of St. George de Bocheville crowns an eminence on the right bank of the Seine, ascending from Jumièges towards Rouen. It is finely relieved off a rich background of forest. This church was built by Ralph de Tancarville in 1050. The certainty of its date constitutes it a landmark of the Norman style, of which it is one of the best types extant. The western front is particularly striking: as you approach this part it presents a magnificent portal, consisting of a large semicircular sweep, on which are displayed a series of those severe grand mouldings, with which the Norman architects relieved the bareness of the stone without distracting the eye,—the chevron, the embattled, the cable. Above the portal is a row of round arched windows, and above them another row, corresponding in shape and position; as we carry our eyes upwards along this series of circular arches, we acknowledge a mysterious sympathy with that form, the emblem of strength and eternity, to which the ancient Chaldeans attached such a profound import, and which they held to pervade all space. Our soul is elevated as we gaze; and, raising our eyes still higher, they encounter the round arch of the eternal heavens, where we are lost in infinitude.

You enter, and here again you are accosted by the product of a faultless taste; the roof, the arches, the piers, all blend together in a wonderful uniformity. From east to west there is not a single object to divert the eye from the greatness of the whole, no screen, no encumbrance of any kind; all these circumstances conspire to increase the idea of size, and give a grandeur to the effect. Some hardly bold reliefs, presenting here and there a scriptural design, take away the boldness of the capitals. Rude though these productions be, they are yet full of spirit. It must be admitted that the Normans were no proficients in the chisel; their execution of sculptural relief is most imperfect, but it is a scornful imperfection—they are proudly bad! The artist's mind, filled with the sublime forms of his art, and expanded by familiarity with the masses he was called to contemplate in his everyday work, was rendered incapable of contraction to mere ornamental detail.

All that remains of the great establishment of St. George de Bocheville, beside the church, is a side-wall of the conventual building, which now forms the gable of a mill.

Throughout the whole of Normandy, and, as I have already said, in the neighbourhood of Rouen especially, many monasteries and convents had been erected. These were founded principally in the eleventh century, when, under the prudent rule of its great dukes, the province had been restored to tranquillity. The Norman warrior, with the spirit of a hero, had the fine conscience of a child, and in this "season of calm weather" the errors of the past revived in the form of remorse, shedding trouble on his soul. It seemed as if the turbulence prevailing once without had been transferred within, leaving the external world all serene—the inward distraction was felt the keener from the *outward calm*. The contrite warrior turned

to the church ; by her counsel rose in expiation the cathedral and monastery with rich endowments, and over the late troubled surface of the province spread the abodes of holiness and peace. Of these penitential monuments Jumièges and St. George de Bocherville were the most remarkable ; few could compare with them in architectural beauty, and none for the number and holiness of the inmates they contained.

There are some persons with whom the institutions of the Middle Ages, the monastic especially, have always been a favourite subject of abuse ; the unwarranted assertions, the gross misstatements, of such second-hand writers as Robertson and Jortin, have been received without inquiry by many, and the whole system of these establishments has come to be regarded as one of unmixed evil. And yet these institutions filled a place and effected a purpose no other conceivable establishments could have done, whether we consider them with reference to our own times, or the ages in which they flourished. Without such a shelter as the monasteries afforded, what would have become of the arts and sciences ? what of those priceless documents that contained the treasures of Greek and Roman inspiration ? Without such an asylum, how much of classic lore would have survived the convulsion which accompanied the breaking up of the elements of the older world ? what lessons would now be taught on the banks of the Isis and the Cam ? Then let us reflect for a moment what they did for their own times. They were a kind of Hampton Court, where the poor great people of those days found a ready asylum. They performed the office of hotels and hospitals, for the traveller and the sick ever found welcome and care within their walls ; and, more than all, they stood between the government of those times and the embarrassing questions of education and poor laws. They were the national schools and poorhouses ; here were the opulent classes educated ; hither the less affluent neighbours sent their children to learn reading and useful arts, which were taught free of expense ; and, as long as the secular arm refrained from their possessions, there was always food and shelter for the poor.

The factories, which I have already mentioned as encircling Rouen on all sides, preponderate in the direction of Elbœuf. Throughout the livelong year in this, the Leeds of France, twelve thousand souls keep weary watch over the rattling spinning-jennies. Colbert first set them going. Two years after his death they were checked by the revocation of the edict of Nantes ; but in 1814, delivered from the rivalry of Belgium, they took new life, and began to move with triple energy.

From Elbœuf to Lisieux you pass through a finely undulated and darkly wooded country, bearing a strong resemblance in its general features to the southern counties of England. Lisieux having been the capital of the Lexovians, a Gaulish tribe, abounds in ruins of that people ; it also offers very many interesting specimens of domestic timber architecture. Its church, which witnessed the spousal of Henry II. with Eleanor of Guienne, was built by Cauchon, Bishop of Evreux, in expiation of the share he bore in the condemnation of Joan of Arc, of whom he was one of the judges. To Lisieux Thomas à Becket retired during his exile, and it had the honour of giv-

ing birth to the brave Le Hennuyer, who kept his native town unstained by blood on the awful night of St. Bartholomew.

Lisieux is now a manufacturing town. Horse-collar housings form a large item in its productions, the demand for this article being very considerable in the neighbourhood. In all seasons, hot, or cold, or wet, this constitutes an indispensable part of the harness. The little Norman ponies of the district are almost buried from their ears to the saddle in deep blue or red-coloured rugs, with a pile of great depth, and their vivid eyes look out at you in the queerest manner from these mountains of worsted.

From Lisieux the road lies through rich meadows, intersected with ridges of limestone, to Caen.

What struck me most on entering was the the spire of St. Pierre ; it is always quoted as the best specimen of a Gothic spire that was ever raised. Its shape is octagonal, and rises to a sharp point at the height of two hundred and twenty-seven feet from the ground. It is pierced throughout with open starwork, which gives it a peculiarly light and airy appearance.

The exterior of the apse which rests on the river is the pride of the votaries of the Renaissance. It is covered with a profusion of images, very graceful, and beautifully sculptured certainly, but so multiplied and crowded together, that the effect produced is less pleasure than bewilderment. Anything that creates an impression which does not blend with the general design of the structure, as is the case with this minute church decoration, is a mistake. It has a tendency to divert the thoughts from the religious purpose of the edifice. When the Norman architect in the pure period of the art had recourse to decoration, it always had a meaning which referred to, or at least harmonised with, the entire edifice as a sacred building. Then if we look at some of the interior decoration, it is still more discordant with the main design. For instance, the piece of sculpture appearing on the capital of one of the pillars of the nave, representing scenes from the "Romaunt of the Rose," "Sir Launcelot of the Lake," and the "Lay of Aristotle." Tristan de Léonois, the hero of the Romaunt, is crossing the sea to his ladylove on his sword, converted for the occasion into a pontoon bridge. The handle rests on one shore, the point enters the window of a castle standing on the other ; from its summit the ladylove's head, considerably larger than the castle, smiles on the valour of her lover. Close behind the castle, in a chariot drawn by two handsome thorough-bred dragons, Sir Launcelot is driving to the Queen Genevieve, and the remainder of this part of the capital is occupied with that curious relief, which appears also at the cathedral of Rouen, namely, Aristotle on his hands and knees, carrying a lady on his back, Alexander's mistress according to some, his own according to others.

I had taken a sketch of this quaint specimen of ecclesiastical embellishment, and was turning to depart, when my attention was arrested by a figure in the deepest mourning, who, telling her beads in the wildest manner, passed along the several stations of the aisle. As she came opposite each pictured representation of some passage in the Saviour's suffering walk to Calvary, she fell upon her knees, wrung her hands, and prayed in agony. Once she threw back her table veil to gaze on the crucifixion, and I caught a glimpse of her face. Oh, what a history of anguish was there revealed ! I saw it

all at once. Some one very guilty and very dear is gone from her for ever! She pours forth those intercessions that her priest tells her it is not yet too late to offer, but that suffering countenance betrays some terrible doubts that the day of hope is past!—I could not continue to intrude upon such grief, though I question whether it was not far too profound to care for being witnessed. I withdrew towards the southern portal, which opened upon the busy marketplace, and here I encountered a figure whose joyous aspect presented an affecting contrast to the mournful being who knelt and wept in the opposite aisle, daughters of the same race, dwellers under the same sky, denizens of the same land, numbering the like years, yet did they differ in presence, as the sudden blush of an eastern sunrise, from the sad misty dawn of one of our winter mornings. You would have thought this last visitant some angelic messenger sent to her suffering sister with gifts of hope. Her countenance was radiant with health, her form instinct with the exuberant vitality of youth's first freshness; every gesture showed its elastic vigour. On her fair forehead sat contentment like a star. She had stolen for a moment from the bustling throng, and hastened to offer the homage of her heart to the God who had been so good to her. She removed the little basket of vegetables from her arm, laid it on the step of the choir beside her, and then crossing her hands meekly on her bosom, she knelt down and poured out the gratitude of her heart to the Being who had strewn her life's path with flowers. I could have gazed for ever at that gracious form, those soft uplifted eyes, and that beautiful young face, whose happy expression had now changed to one of sweet solemnity.

"It was a sight to make an old man young."

In a few minutes she arose, resumed her little basket, descended the aisle again, and pausing as she passed the *bénitier* to dip her hand in the holy water, she opened the door and went out of the cathedral.

I longed to have had with me some unbeliever in a future world, if so wretched a person does in truth exist. Could he have looked upon those two girls and resisted the conviction of an immortality? Could he hesitate to admit the belief of an atoning future where such terrible inequalities in human condition shall be balanced? Could he refuse to echo the poet's thought—

"There's something in this world amiss
Will be unriddled by and by."

By far the most interesting objects that Caen can offer are the two churches of St. Etienne, and St. Trinité, with their adjoining buildings. Unquestioned products of the eleventh century, remaining in excellent preservation, unimpaired by any additions of a later period, they present fine studies of the Norman style. The roof of St. Etienne which is clearly of the same date as the rest of the church, establishes a point which has had some doubt thrown upon it, namely, that the Normans understood perfectly the art of stone vaulting. These churches are rife too with the most interesting associations. They owe their origin to the following circumstance. William the Conqueror, in marrying his cousin Matilda, had violated the canon laws of consanguinity, and brought upon him the censure of the pope. In the case of a less powerful prince, the marriage would have been

dissolved, but with William his holiness dared not proceed to extremities. Conceiving it necessary, however, to give some mark of his displeasure, he required the cousins to found each a religious establishment in expiation of their offence.

In obedience, accordingly, to the papal injunction, William erected the church and convent of St. Etienne, as his share of the purgation, while the abbey and church of St. Trinité represented the penitence of Matilda. They were also called respectively the *abbaye aux hommes* and *abbaye aux dames*. For admission into either, noble birth was an essential qualification.

The Conqueror was buried at St. Etienne. I have before alluded to the melancholy circumstances attending his death-bed at St. Gervais, let me here touch for a moment on those attending his funeral, as related by his chronicler, Ordericus Vitalis.

William, as already said, had married a distant cousin, and to build a church was the penance enjoined by the pope. In expiation of an innocent act a most guilty one was perpetrated. It so happened that the site selected for the church had long been the place of residence of a poor man named Asselin. By virtue of a whole life given to its cultivation, the soil around had been transformed from sterility into a comely garden. Amidst the trees which Asselin had planted, he and his wife had waxed old together, and his children had grown to maturity. But what of all that! what to the stern Conqueror were those old associations of local attachments, the comforts, the rights of a peasant! The cottage was demolished the trees felled, the garden broken up, and Asselin driven forth upon the world. Then came the great architects, and the noble Norman church replaced the peasant's home. Many came to view its grandeur, and pray beneath its lofty aisles. By all, save one, were Asselin and his wrongs forgotten—that one was Asselin's son. He chose his hour of retribution well! When the chevalier who bore the remains of the Conqueror from St. Gervais to Caen had arrived at the latter place, he communicated to the clergy of St. Etienne the king's last request to be laid within their church's walls. They hastened to execute his wishes, and perform the funeral rites over the body of their founder. The procession was formed and they advanced to the church, Asselin's son having joined the crowd as they entered. They advance to the sanctuary where the grave is opened; the solemn music commences; and they lower the remains of the mighty as the priest utters the primeval sentence. Suddenly Asselin's son advanced from the crowd and stood between the bier and the grave. Raising his hands to heaven, he exclaimed, "I invoke the name of Rollo! This grave, this ground, is mine. My childhood's home was here. The Conqueror desolated it, driving my father in his old age on the world. Till you have righted the peasant, you shall not bury the king. I invoke the name of Rollo!" The "*clamour de Haro*" was still in full force; Asselin knew it was the poor man's only hope, and daring though the act, for Asselin was unarmed, unfriended, and alone, he felt that he was safe, that under the shelter of the great name he had invoked he and his rights were secure. The astonished attendants drew back with their burden, the priest suspended the service, and before he ventured to resume the funeral rites, Asselin received the full value of his land. But heaven seemed not yet appeased, as the coffin was lowered into the vault it struck against a stone, and falling from the bearers' hands,

the Conqueror's daughter, Cecile, was in the nurse's arms, alike unconscious of their holy destiny; the same day saw them both consecrated to the service of heaven. Cecile became the second abbess, and unswervingly kept the vow that another had made for her: within these convent walls she lived and died. Robert Curthose, brother to Henry II., was extremely attached to his sister Cecile, and paid her frequent visits here. On the last occasion of their meeting, he presented her with the great standard of the Saracens, taken with his own hands at the siege of Ascalon. This proud trophy, which hung for a long time in the church, has now disappeared. In the crypt beneath the choir was Cecile buried, her predecessor and many of the succeeding abbesses were laid there also. A fitter burying place can scarcely be imagined for these holy women. Six-and-twenty delicate pillars of exquisite proportions support a vaulted roof of stone; through the lancet windows struggle in some gleams of dim religious light; and, save the foot of the occasional stranger, no sound ever violates the sanctity of its deep silence and repose. An English tourist, whose name in pity I suppress, with rude profane mockery suggests that this beautiful and solemn sepulchre was no burying place at all, but the lady abbess's wine-cellar!—fit jest for one who has included the whole community of *religieuses* in terms of condemnation as gross as they are untrue.

Honour to those pure, devoted, self-denying women, who, through so many centuries, did such honour to religion by showing how great were the sacrifices she could command. The middle ages witnessed such offerings every day; those noble oblations made by weak and gentle beings, who were at once the victims and the priests. Spurning the allurements of the world came the maiden and the matron, with their several treasures of youth and beauty and love, for the least favoured and lornest of all could yet offer her indefeasible birthright as a woman,—the deep affections of her heart. With these they approached the altar of the church, and bravely laid them there. To the worth of such offerings it adds but little to say that the wealthy gave, as so much dross, their lands and gold. Such were the Benedictine ladies, the ancient inmates of the Holy Trinity. They were of the noblest and wealthiest families in the land. Honour to them in their "martyr's cell;" but loftier honour still to those who are its inmates now; who, unsheltered by the martyr's cell, bear through the glittering scenes of life the constancy of the "martyr's heart." I mean the Sisters of Charity. They turn from the gay and lighthearted, they are not found where mirth keeps holiday;—in the chamber of poverty, by the couch of pain and sickness, among the stricken and the suffering of earth, here are bestowed those profound sympathies of which the world is not worthy. Others may pluck life's roses to bind the brow or strew the couch with softness; it is theirs to extract the thorn which alone is the portion of too many, or to sooth the wound it gives, by sympathy and consolation. They feel that those to whom life's flowers are denied should suffer as little as may be of life's pain, or at least not suffer it unshared. As you mark them move unheeding through the delights of this beautiful world, oh deem them not armed by insensibility, but sustained by a sense of how much of suffering that world contains which it may be their privilege to lighten or remove. Though vulnerable in all the susceptibility of woman's youth or woman's tender-

ness, they are shielded by this feeling of what it may be theirs to do; and so they walk bravely through life, facing joy and temptation in their strongholds, and come out unscathed through the faith that makes their weakness strength. And, trust me, they have their reward. 'Tis true that the years roll on, and each one bears away alike untasted and unenjoyed, from earth its delights, and from life its unreturning poetry; but as they pass they unfold a secret that the self-indulgent may never learn, or at least may never realise; that the true delight of earth, the real poetry of life, have their roots in sacrifice and self-denial; springing from such a stem they are flowers that never fade, but bear their amaranth blossoms to another world untouched by the winter of the grave.

The order of the Sisters of Charity owes its origin to the wise benevolence of Vincent de Paul. Captured by a pirate when a boy, he was sold at Tunis as a slave, and subjected to the most rigorous treatment; but, far from being soured to his kind by ill-usage, a youth of suffering was succeeded by an after-life devoted to the good of man. Having effected his escape from Lyons he entered upon a career of benevolence and charity unexampled in the history of the world. Fully equalling our own Howard in his self-devotion, his untiring zeal, his single-heartedness, he far exceeded him in the wisdom of the means which he employed to accomplish his ends. The good effected by Howard in his life was immense, but by that life it was, comparatively speaking, circumscribed: the grave closed upon all but his undying example. But the charity of Vincent received a kind of immortality, by means of the numerous foundations that resulted from his energies and eloquence: that eloquence was irresistible, that energy infectious. With no help but virtue by his side, and the blessing of heaven above him, this poor apostle of the Gascon Landes founded no less than thirty-five charitable institutions in Paris alone, not to mention numerous others in different parts of France. De Retz was his pupil, and that intractable nature paid at least the homage to his tutor's worth of fostering and protecting when in power all the institutions he had been the instrument of establishing. Death itself failed to arrest his benevolence. Among those who stood around his grave was the Princess de Conti; she reminded the bystanders that he was not allowed time to carry out his plan of an hospital for the orphans of poor artisans. "Will you," urged this amiable lady, "will you allow him one regret beyond the grave?" The appeal proved irresistible, and the foundation of the asylum was resolved on at his tomb.

But of all his institutions, the noblest was that of the Sisters of Charity. For the relief of suffering humanity he had conceived a grand design. 'Twas not in man to realize it; woman alone could carry out his scheme, and woman devoted body and soul to the task. He rightly judged that the faith and spirit of self-sacrifice, which could encounter the gloom and austerity of the cloister, would be proof against the temptations of the world, while the untiring energies and the deep sympathies, that in the objectless life of the convent either lay dormant, or, too often, eat inwardly to the heart, becoming ministers of misery, might be turned to glorious account on the paths of pain and sorrow. He proceeded to communicate his plan, with the intention of carrying it into immediate execution, and the alacrity with which he was responded to shewed how wisely he

had selected the instruments of his purpose. He addressed the aspirants thus :—" You will have no monasteries but the houses of the poor,—no cloisters but the streets of towns, and the rooms of hospitals,—no enclosure but obedience,—no veil but a holy modesty. My intention is that you should tend the suffering and infirm, as a mother watches over an only son." The rules which he laid down for the regulation of his new institution were so wisely framed, that at this day the order is in a flourishing condition. In addition to the personal qualifications required, the family of the "sister" must have borne an irreproachable character for centuries ; and, in order that none might undertake the office in ignorance of its duties, a probation of five years was required. Moreover, as they were not suffered to dedicate themselves for more than one year, and were annually required to renew their vows, a sufficient provision was afforded that no backslider or lukewarm person should be engaged in so righteous a cause. Such was this institution of Vincent de Paul. It extorted admiration even from the uncompromising Graham. After contemplating this noble establishment, this order of women, whose ordinary employment and daily duties are those heavenly virtues to which the rest of the world only occasionally rise, the severe puritan could not help confessing that he was softened towards the "fierce superstition of the triple crown."* After his death Vincent was transferred to the calendar, and the title of saint conferred upon him. We feel that this canonization adds no glory to such a memory.

The principal care of the "sisters" of the Holy Trinity are the inmates of the hospital, into which the old conventual buildings have been transformed. They are six hundred in number ; and every thing that excellent arrangement and the greatest care can effect has been done for their comfort. The sisters are indefatigable in their attendance, and day and night are perpetually engaged in ministering to the sufferers.

Nothing can be more graceful than the sister's costume. A loose white robe, reaching from the throat to the feet, is confined at the waist by a cord girdle. The broad sleeves hang down in graceful drapery. The wimple, which descends to the shoulders behind, meets on the forehead a band of snowy muslin, carried thence round under the chin. A crucifix reposes on the devoted heart, where it is supported by a necklace of heavy beads. This completes the attire. At every step the ample foldings of their robe undulate in outlines of everchanging beauty as their form moves beneath. Now a gracious figure pauses in the perspective of a long staircase, looking in its framework of columns on either side like the image of purity in a niche. The next moment it is gone on its mission of philanthropy. Again, as you descend the cloister, a white form issues from a postern-door, and as it lingers a moment in the aisle the snowy draperies arrange themselves in unconscious grace. You have but a moment to wonder whether the *tableau* is of earth or heaven, when it is again in motion, and the arches above seem to bend in reverence to the Sister of Charity as she moves along.

* Graham's "Sabbath."

CAPTAIN SPIKE;

OR,

THE ISLETS OF THE GULF.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PILOT," "RED ROVER," ETC.

The night has been unruly : where we lay,
 Our chimneys were blown down ; and, as they say,
 Lamentings heard i' the air ; strange screams of death ;
 And prophesying, with accents terrible,
 Of dire combustion, and confused events,
 New hatched to the woful time.

Macbeth.

CHAPTER IX.

It is seldom that man is required to make an exertion as desperate and appalling, in all its circumstances, as that on which Harry Mulford was now bent. The night was starlight, it was true, and it was possible to see objects near by with tolerable distinctness ; still, it was midnight, and the gloom of that hour rested on the face of the sea, lending its solemn mystery and obscurity to the other trying features of the undertaking. Then there was the uncertainty whether it was the boat at all, of which he was in pursuit ; and, if the boat, it might drift away from him as fast as he could follow it. Nevertheless, the perfect conviction that, without some early succour, the party on the wreck, including Rose Budd, must inevitably perish, stimulated him to proceed, and a passing feeling of doubt touching the prudence of his course, that came over the young mate when he was a few yards from the wreck, vanished under a vivid renewal of this last conviction. On he swam, therefore, riveting his eye on the "thoughtful star" that guided his course, and keeping his mind as tranquil as possible, in order that the exertions of his body might be the easier.

Mulford was an excellent swimmer. The want of food was a serious obstacle to his making one of his best efforts ; but, as yet he was not very sensible of any great loss of strength. Understanding fully the necessity of swimming easily if he would swim long, he did not throw out all his energy at first, but made the movements of his limbs as regular, continued, and skilful as possible. No strength was thrown away ; and his progress was in proportion to the prudence of this manner of proceeding. For some twenty minutes he held on his course in this way, when he began to experience a little of that weariness which is apt to accompany an unremitted use of the same set of muscles in a monotonous and undeviating mode. Accustomed to all the resources of his art, he turned on his back, for the double purpose of relieving his arms for a minute, and of getting a glimpse of the wreck, if possible, in order to ascertain the distance he had overcome. Swim long in this new manner, however, he could not with prudence, as the star was necessary in order to keep the direct line of his course. It may be necessary to explain to some of our readers that, though the surface of the ocean may be like glass, as sometimes really happens, it

is never absolutely free from the long, undulating motion that is known by the name of a "ground swell." This swell, on the present occasion, was not very heavy, but it was sufficient to place our young mate at moments between two dark mounds of water, that limited his view in either direction to some eighty or a hundred yards; then it raised him on the summit of a rounded wave, that enabled him to see far as his eye could reach under that obscure light. Profiting by this advantage, Mulford now looked behind him in quest of the wreck, but uselessly. It might have been in the trough while he was thus on the summit of the waves, or it might be that it floated so low as to be totally lost to the view of one whose head was scarcely above the surface of the water. For a single instant the young man felt a chill at his heart as he fancied that the wreck had already sunk; but it passed away when he recalled the slow progress by which the air escaped, and he saw the certainty that the catastrophe, however inevitable, could not yet have really arrived. He waited for another swell to lift him on its summit, when, by "treading water" he raised his head and shoulders fairly above the surface of the sea, and strained his eyes in another vain effort to catch a glimpse of the wreck. He could not see it. In point of fact, the mate had swam much further than he had supposed, and was already so distant as to render any such attempt hopeless. He was fully a third of a mile distant from the point of his departure.

Disappointed, and in a slight degree disheartened, Mulford turned, and swam in the direction of the sinking star. He now looked anxiously for the boat. It was time that it came more plainly into view, and a new source of anxiety beset him, as he could discover no signs of its vicinity. Certain that he was on the course, after making a due allowance for the direction of the wind, the stout-hearted young man swam on. He next determined not to annoy himself by fruitless searches, or vain regrets, but to swim steadily for a certain time, a period long enough to carry him a material distance, ere he again looked for the object of his search.

For twenty minutes longer did that courageous and active youth struggle with the waste of waters, amid the obscurity and solitude of midnight. He now believed himself near a mile from the wreck, and the star which had so long served him for a beacon was getting near to the horizon. He took a new observation of another of the heavenly bodies nigh it, to serve him in its stead when it should disappear altogether, and then he raised himself in the water, and looked about again for the boat. The search was in vain. No boat was very near him of a certainty, and the dreadful apprehension began to possess his mind of perishing uselessly in that waste of gloomy waters. While thus gazing about him, turning his eyes in every quarter, hoping intently to catch some glimpse of the much-desired object in the gloom, he saw two dark, pointed objects, that resembled small stakes, in the water within twenty feet of him. Mulford knew them at a glance, and a cold shudder passed through his frame as he recognized them. They were, out of all question, the fins of an enormous shark; an animal that could not measure less than eighteen or twenty feet in length.

It is scarcely necessary to say that when our young mate discovered the proximity of this dangerous animal, situated as he was, he

gave himself up for lost. He possessed his knife, however, and had heard of the manner in which even sharks were overcome, and that, too, in their own element, by the skilful and resolute. At first he was resolved to make one desperate effort for life before he submitted to a fate as horrible as that which now menaced him; but the movements of his dangerous neighbour induced him to wait. It did not approach any nearer, but continued swimming back and fro on the surface of the water, according to the known habits of the fish, as if watching his own movements. There being no time to be wasted, our young mate turned on his face, and began again to swim in the direction of the setting star, though nearly chilled by despair. For ten minutes longer did he struggle on, beginning to feel exhaustion, however, and always accompanied by those two dark, sharp, and gliding fins. There was no difficulty in knowing the position of the animal, and Mulford's eyes were oftener on those fins than on the beacon before him. Strange as it may appear, he actually became accustomed to the vicinity of this formidable creature, and soon felt his presence a sort of relief against the dreadful solitude of his situation. He had been told by seamen of instances, and had once witnessed a case himself, in which a shark had attended a swimming man for a long distance, either forbearing to do him harm, from repletion, or influenced by that awe which Nature has instilled into all of the inferior, for the highest animal of the creation. He began to think that he was thus favoured, and really regarded the shark as a friendly neighbour rather than as a voracious foe. In this manner did the two proceed nearly another third of a mile, the fins sometimes in sight ahead, gliding hither and thither, and sometimes out of view behind the swimmer, leaving him in dreadful doubts as to the movements of the fish, when Mulford suddenly felt something hard hit his foot. Believing it to be the shark dipping for his prey, a slight exclamation escaped him. At the next instant both feet hit the unknown substance again, and he stood erect, the water no higher than his waist! Quick, and comprehending everything connected with the sea, the young man at once understood that he was on a part of the reef where the water was so shallow as to admit of his wading.

Mulford felt that he had been providentially rescued from death. His strength had been about to fail him, when he was thus led, unknown to himself, to a spot where his life might yet be possibly prolonged for a few more hours, or days. He had leisure to look about him, and to reflect on what was next to be done. Almost unwittingly, he turned in quest of his terrible companion, in whose voracious mouth he had actually believed himself about to be immolated a few seconds before. There the two horn-like fins still were, gliding about above the water, and indicating the smallest movement of their formidable owner. The mate observed that they went a short distance ahead of him, describing nearly a semicircle, and then returned, doing the same thing in his rear, repeating the movements incessantly, keeping always on his right. This convinced him that shoaler water existed on his left hand, and he waded in that direction until he reached a small spot of naked rock.

For a time, at least, he was safe! The fragment of coral, on which the mate now stood, was irregular in shape, but might have contained a hundred feet square in superficial measurement, and was so little

raised above the level of the water as not to be visible, even by daylight, at the distance of a hundred yards. Mulford found it was perfectly dry, however; an important discovery to him, as, by a close calculation he had made of the tides since quitting the Dry Tortugas, he knew it must be near high water. Could he have even this small portion of bare rock secure, it made him, for the moment, rich as the most extensive landholder living. A considerable quantity of seaweed had lodged on the rock, and as most of this was also quite dry, it convinced the young sailor that the place was usually bare. But, though most of this seaweed was dry, there were portions of the more recent accessions there that still lay in, or quite near to the water, which formed exceptions. In handling these weeds, in order to ascertain the facts, Mulford caught a small shell-fish, and, finding it fresh, and easy to open, he swallowed it with the eagerness of a famishing man. Never had food proved half so grateful to him as that single swallow of a very palatable testaceous animal. By feeling further, he found several others of the same family, and made quite as large a meal as, under the circumstances, was probably good for him. Then, grateful for his escape, but overcome by fatigue, he hastily arranged a bed of seaweed, drew a portion of the plant over his body, to keep him warm, and fell into a deep sleep, that lasted for hours.

Mulford did not regain his consciousness until the rays of the rising sun fell upon his eyelids, and the genial warmth of the great luminary shed its benign influence over his frame. At first his mind was confused, and it required a few seconds to bring a perfect recollection of the past, and a true understanding of his real situation. They came, however, and the young man moved to the highest part of his little domain, and cast an anxious, hurried look around in quest of the wreck. A knowledge of the course in which he had swam, aided by the position of the sun, told him on what part of the naked waste to look for the object he sought. God had not yet forsaken them! There was the wreck; or, it might be more exact to say, there were those whom the remaining buoyancy of the wreck still upheld from sinking into the depths of the gulf. In point of fact, but a very little of the bottom of the vessel actually remained above water, some two or three yards square at most, and that little was what seamen term nearly awash. Two or three hours must bury that small portion of the still naked wood beneath the surface of the sea, though sufficient buoyancy might possibly remain for the entire day still to keep the living from death.

There the wreck was, however, yet floating; and, though not visible to Mulford, with a small portion of it above water. He saw the four persons only; and, what was more, they saw him. This was evident by Jack Tier's waving his hat like a man cheering. When Mulford returned this signal, the shawl of Rose was tossed into the air, in a way to leave no doubt that he was seen and known. The explanation of this early recognition and discovery of the young mate was very simple. Tier was not asleep when Harry left the wreck, though, seeing the importance of the step the other was taking, he had feigned to be so. When Rose awoke, missed her lover, and was told what had happened, her heart was kept from sinking by his encouraging tale and hopes. An hour of agony had succeeded, nevertheless, when light returned, and no Mulford was to be seen. The despair that

burst upon the heart of our heroine was followed by the joy of discovering him on the rock.

It is scarcely necessary to say how much the parties were relieved on ascertaining their respective positions. Faint as were the hopes of each of eventual delivery, the two or three minutes that succeeded seemed to be minutes of perfect happiness. After this rush of unlooked for joy, Mulford continued his intelligent examination of surrounding objects.

The wreck was fully half a mile from the rock of the mate, but much nearer to the reef than it had been the previous night. "Could it but ground on the rocks," thought the young man, "it would be a most blessed event." The thing was possible, though the first half hour of his observations told him that its drift was in the direction of the open passage so often named, rather than toward the nearest rocks. Still, that drift brought Rose each minute nearer and nearer to himself again. In looking round, however, the young man saw the boat. It was a quarter of a mile distant, with open water between them, apparently grounded on a rock, for it was more within the reef than he was himself. He must have passed it in the dark, and the boat had been left to obey the wind and currents, and to drift to the spot where it then lay.

Mulford shouted aloud when he saw the boat, and at once determined to swim in quest of it, as soon as he had collected a little refreshment from among the sea-weed. On taking a look at his rock by daylight, he saw that its size was quadrupled to the eye by the falling of the tide, and that water was lying in several of the cavities of its uneven surface. At first he supposed this to be sea-water, left by the flood; but, reflecting a moment, he remembered the rain, and hoped it might be possible that one little cavity, containing two or three gallons of the fluid, would turn out to be fresh. Kneeling beside it, he applied his lips in feverish haste, and drank the sweetest draught that had ever passed his lips. Slaking his thirst, which had begun again to be painfully severe, he arose with a heart overflowing with gratitude—could he only get Rose to that narrow and barren rock, it would seem to be an earthly paradise. Mulford next made his scanty, but, all things considered, sufficient meal, drank moderately afterward, and then turned his attention and energies toward the boat, which, though now aground and fast, might soon float on the rising tide, and drift once more beyond his reach. It was his first intention to swim directly for his object, but, just as about to enter the water, he saw with horror the fins of at least a dozen sharks, who were prowling about in the deeper water of the reef, and almost encircling his hold. To throw himself in the midst of such enemies would be madness, and he stopped to reflect, and again to look about him. For the first time that morning, he took a survey of the entire horizon, to see if anything were in sight; for, hitherto, his thoughts had been too much occupied with Rose and her companions, to remember anything else. To the northward and westward he distinctly saw the upper sails of a large ship, that was standing on a wind to the northward and eastward. As there was no port to which a vessel of that character would be likely to be bound in the quarter of the Gulf to which such a course would lead, Mulford at once inferred it was the sloop-of-war, which, after

ving examined the islets, at the Dry Tortugas, and finding them

deserted, was beating up, either to go into Key West, or to pass to the southward of the reef again, by the passage through which she had come as lately as the previous day. This was highly encouraging; and could he only get to the boat, and remove the party from the wreck before it sunk, there was now every prospect of a final escape.

To the southward, also, the mate fancied he saw a sail. It was probably a much smaller vessel than the ship in the north-west, and at a greater distance. It might, however, be the lofty sails of some large craft, standing along the reef, going westward, bound to New Orleans, or to that new and important port, Point Isabel; or it might be some wrecker, or other craft, edging away into the passage. As it was, it appeared only as a speck in the horizon, and was too far off to offer much prospect of succour.

Thus acquainted with the state of things around him, Mulford gave his attention seriously to his duties. He was chiefly afraid that the returning tide might lift the boat from the rock on which it had grounded, and that it would float beyond his reach. Then there was the frightful and ever-increasing peril of the wreck, and the dreadful fate that so inevitably menaced those it held, were not relief prompt. This thought goaded him nearly to desperation, and he felt at moments almost ready to plunge into the midst of the sharks, and fight his way to his object.

But reflection shewed him a less hazardous way of making an effort to reach the boat. The sharks' fins described a semicircle only, as had been the case of his single attendant during the night, and he thought that the shallowness of the water prevented their going further than they did, in a south-easterly direction, which was that of the boat. He well knew that a shark required sufficient water to sink beneath its prey, ere it made its swoop, and that it uniformly turned on its back, and struck upward whenever it gave one of its voracious bites. This was owing to the greater length of its upper than of its lower jaw, and Mulford had heard it was a physical necessity of its formation. Right or wrong, he determined to act on this theory, and began at once to wade along the part of the reef that his enemies seemed unwilling to approach.

Had our young mate a weapon of any sort larger than his knife, he would have felt greater confidence in his success. As it was, however, he drew that knife, and was prepared to sell his life dearly should a foe assail him. No sooner was his step heard in the water, than the whole group of sharks were set in violent motion, glancing past, and frequently quite near him, as if aware their intended prey was about to escape. Had the water deepened much, Harry would have returned at once, for a conflict with such numbers would have been hopeless; but it did not; on the contrary, it shoaled again, after a very short distance at which it had been waist deep; and Mulford found himself wading over a long, broad surface of rock, and that directly toward the boat, through water that seldom rose above his knees, and which, occasionally, scarcely covered his feet. There was no absolutely naked rock near him, but there seemed to be acres of that which might be almost said to be awash. Amid the greedy throng that endeavoured to accompany him, the mate even fancied he recognised the enormous fins of his old companion, who sailed to and fro in the crowd in a stately manner, as if merely a curious looker on of his own move-

ments. It was the smaller, and probably the younger sharks, that betrayed the greatest hardihood and voracity. One or two of these made fierce swoops towards Harry, as if bent on having him at every hazard ; but they invariably glided off when they found their customary mode of attack resisted by the shoalness of the water.

Our young mate got ahead but slowly, being obliged to pay a cautious attention to the movements of his escort. Sometimes he was compelled to wade up to his arms in order to cross narrow places, that he might get on portions of the rock that were nearly bare ; and once he was actually compelled to swim eight or ten yards. Nevertheless, he did get on, and after an hour of this sort of work, he found himself within a hundred yards of the boat, which lay grounded near a low piece of naked rock, but separated from it by a channel of deep water, into which all the sharks rushed in a body, as if expressly to cut off his escape. Mulford now paused to take breath, and to consider what ought to be done. On the spot where he stood he was quite safe, though ankle deep in the sea, the shallow water extending to a considerable distance on all sides of him, with the single exception of the channel in his front. He stood on the very verge of that channel, and could see in the pellucid element before him, that it was deep enough to float a vessel of some size.

To venture into the midst of twenty sharks required desperation, and Harry was not yet reduced to that. He had been so busy in making his way to the point where he stood as to have no leisure to look for the wreck ; but he now turned his eyes in quest of that all interesting object. He saw the shawl fluttering in the breeze, and that was all he could see. Tier had contrived to keep it flying as a signal where he was to be found, but the hull of the schooner had sunk so low in the water that they who were seated on its keel were not visible even at the short distance which now separated them from Mulford. Encouraged by this signal, and animated by the revived hope of still saving his companions, Harry turned toward the channel, half inclined to face every danger rather than to wait any longer. At that moment the fins were all gliding along the channel from him, and in the same direction. Some object drew the sharks away in a body, and the young mate let himself easily into the water, and swam as noiselessly as he could towards the boat.

It was a fearful trial, but Mulford felt that every thing depended on his success. Stimulated by his motive, and strengthened by the food and water taken an hour before, never had he shewn so much skill and power in the water. In an incredibly short period he was half way across the channel, still swimming strong and unharmed. A few strokes more sent him so near the boat that hope took full possession of his soul, and he shouted in exultation. That indiscreet but natural cry, uttered so near the surface of the sea, turned every shark upon him, as the pack springs at the fox in view. Mulford was conscious of the folly of his cry the instant it escaped him, and involuntarily he turned his head to note the effect on his enemies. Every fin was gliding towards him,—a dark array of swift and furious foes. Ten thousand bayonets, levelled in their line, could not have been one half as terrible, and the efforts of the young man became nearly frantic. But strong as he was, and ready in the element, what is the movement of a man in the water compared to that of a vigorous and

voracious fish? Mulford could see those fins coming on like a tempest, and he had just given up all hope, and was feeling his flesh creep with terror, when his foot hit the rock. Giving himself an onward plunge, he threw his body upward toward the boat, and into so much shoaler water, at least a dozen feet by that single effort. Recovering his legs as soon as possible, he turned to look behind him. The water seemed alive with fins, each pair gliding back and forth, as the bulldog bounds in front of the ox's muzzle. Just then a light-coloured object glanced past the young man, so near as almost to touch him. It was a shark that had actually turned on its back to seize its prey, and was only prevented from succeeding by being driven from the line of its course by hitting the slimy rock, over which it was compelled to make its plunge. The momentum with which it came on, added to the inclination of the rock, forced the head and half of the body of this terrible assailant into the air, giving the intended victim an opportunity of seeing from what a fate he had escaped. Mulford avoided this fish without much trouble, however, and the next instant he threw himself into the boat, on the bottom of which he lay panting with the violence of his exertions, and unable to move under the reaction which now came over his system.

The mate lay in the bottom of the boat, exhausted and unable to rise, for several minutes; during that space he devoutly returned thanks to God for his escape, and bethought him of the course he was next to pursue, in order to effect the rescue of his companions. The boat was larger than common. It was also well equipped,—a mast and sail lying along with the oars, on its thwarts. The rock placed Harry to windward of the wreck, and by the time he felt sufficiently revived to rise and look about him, his plan of proceeding was fully arranged in his own mind. Among other things that he saw, as he still lay in the bottom of the boat, was a breaker, which he knew contained fresh water, and a bread-bag. These were provisions which it was customary for the men to make, when employed on boat duty; and the articles had been left where he now saw them, in the hurry of the movements, as the brig quitted the islets.

Harry rose the instant he felt his strength returning. Striking the breaker with his foot, and feeling the basket with a hand, he ascertained that the one held its water, and the other its bread. This was immense relief, for by this time the sufferings of the party on the wreck must be returning with redoubled force. The mate then stepped the mast, and fitted the sprit to the sail, knowing that the latter would be seen fluttering in the wind by those on the wreck, and carry joy to their hearts. After this considerate act, he began to examine into the position of the boat. It was still aground, having been left by the tide, but the water had already risen several inches, and by placing himself on a gunwale, so as to bring the boat on its bilge, and pushing with an oar, he soon got it into deep water. It only remained to haul aft the sheet, and right the helm, to be standing through the channel, at a rate that promised a speedy deliverance to his friends and most of all to Rose.

Mulford glanced past the rocks and shoals, attended by the whole company of the sharks. They moved before, behind, and on each side of him, as if unwilling to abandon their prey, even after he had got beyond the limits of their power to do him harm. It was not an

easy thing to manage the boat in that narrow and crooked channel, with no other guide for the courses than the eye, and it required so much of the mate's vigilance to keep clear of the sharp angles of the rocks, that he could not once cast his eyes aside, to look for the fluttering shawl which now composed the standing signal of the wreck. At length the boat shot through the last passage of the reef, and issued into open water. Mulford knew that he must come out a half a mile at least to leeward of this object, and, without even raising his head, he flattened in the sheet, put his helm down, and luffed close to the wind. Then, and then only, did he venture to look around him.

Our mate felt his heart leap toward his mouth, as he observed the present state of the wreck. It was dead to windward of him, in the first place, and it seemed to be entirely submerged. He saw the shawl fluttering as before; for Tier had fastened one corner to a button-hole of his own jacket, and another to the dress of Biddy, leaving the part which might be called the fly, to rise at moments almost perpendicularly in the air, in a way to render it visible at some distance. He saw also the heads and the bodies of those on the schooner's bottom, but to him they appeared to be standing in, or on, the water. The distance may have contributed a little to this appearance, but no doubt remained that so much air had escaped from the hold of the vessel as to permit it to sink altogether beneath the surface of the sea. It was time, indeed, to proceed to the relief of the sufferers.

Notwithstanding the boat sailed particularly fast, and worked beautifully, it could not equal the impatience of Mulford to get on. Passing away to the north-east a sufficient distance, as he thought, to weather on the wreck, the young man tacked at last, and had the happiness to see that every foot he proceeded was now in a direct line towards Rose. It was only while tacking he perceived that all the fins had disappeared. He felt no doubt that they had deserted him, in order to push for the wreck, which offered a so much larger, and a so much more attainable prey. This increased his feverish desire to get on, the boat seeming to drag, in his eyes, at the very moment it was leaving a wake full of eddies and little whirlpools. The wind was steady, but it seemed to Mulford that the boat was set to leeward of her course by a current, though this could hardly have been the case, as the wreck, the sole mark of his progress, would have had at least as great a drift as the boat. At length Mulford—to him it appeared to be an age, in truth it was after a run of about twenty minutes—came near the goal he so earnestly sought, and got an accurate view of the state of the wreck, and of those on it. The hull of the schooner had, in truth, sunk entirely beneath the surface of the sea, and the party it sustained stood already knee deep in the water. This was sufficiently appalling, but the presence of the sharks, who were crowding around the spot, rendered the whole scene frightful. To the young mate it seemed as if he must still be too late to save Rose from a fate more terrible than drowning, for his boat fell so far to leeward as to compel him to tack once more. As he swept past the wreck, he called out to encourage his friends, begging them to be of good heart for five minutes longer, when he should be able to reach them. Rose held out her arms entreatingly, and the screams of Mrs. Budd and Biddy, which were extorted by

the closer and closer approach of the sharks, proclaimed the imminency of the danger they ran, and the importance of not losing a moment of time.

Mulford took his distance with a seaman's eye, and the boat went about like a top. The latter fell off, and the sail filled on the other tack. Then the young mariner saw, with a joy no description can pourtray, that he looked to windward of the fluttering shawl, toward which his little craft was already flying. He afterwards believed that shawl alone prevented the voracious party of fish from assailing those on the wreck, for, though there might not yet be sufficient depth of water to allow of their customary mode of attack, creatures of their voracity did not always wait for such conveniences. But the boat was soon in the midst of the fins, scattering them in all directions, and Mulford let go his sheet, put his helm down, and sprang forward to catch the extended arms of Rose.

It might have been accident, or it might have been the result of skill and interest in our heroine, but certain it is, that the bows of the boat came on the wreck precisely at the place where Rose stood, and her hand was the first object that the young man touched.

"Take my aunt first," cried Rose, resisting Mulford's efforts to lift her into the boat; "she is dreadfully alarmed, and can stand with difficulty."

Although two of Rose's activity and lightness might have been drawn into the boat, while the process was going on in behalf of the widow, Mulford lost no time in discussion, but did as he was desired. First directing Tier to hold on to the painter, he applied his strength to the arms of Mrs. Budd, and, assisted by Rose and Biddy, got her safely into the boat, over its bows. Rose now waited not for assistance, but followed her aunt with a haste that proved fear lent her strength in despite her long fast. Biddy came next, though clumsily, and not without trouble, and Jack Tier followed the instant he was permitted so to do. Of course, the boat, no longer held by its painter, drifted away from the spot, and the hull of the schooner, relieved from the weight of four human beings, rose so near the surface again as to bring a small line of its keel out of water. No better evidence could have been given of the trifling power which sustained it, and of the timely nature of the succour brought by Mulford. Had the boat remained near the schooner, it would have been found half an hour later that the hull had sunk slowly out of sight, finding its way, doubtless, inch by inch towards the bottom of the gulf.

By this time the sun was well up, and the warmth of the hour, season, and latitude, was shed on the sufferers. There was an old sail in the boat, and in this the party dried their limbs and feet, which were getting to be numb by their long immersion. Then the mate produced the bag and opened it, in quest of bread. A small portion was given to each, and, on looking farther, the mate discovered a piece of boiled ship's beef had been secreted in this receptacle. Of this also he gave each a moderate slice, taking a larger portion for himself, as requiring less precaution. The suffering of the party from hunger was far less than that they endured from thirst. Neither had been endured long enough seriously to enfeeble them, or to render a full meal very dangerous, but the thirst had been much the hardest to be borne. Of this fact Biddy soon gave audible evidence.

"The mate is good," she said, "and the bread tastes swate and refreshing; but wather is a blessed thing. Can you no give us one dhrap of the wather that falls from heaven, Mr. Mulford; for this wather of the saa is of no use but to drown Christians in?"

In an instant the mate had opened a breaker, and filled the tin-pot which is almost always to be found in a boat. Biddy said no more; but her eyes pleaded so eloquently, that Rose begged the faithful creature might have the first drink. One eager swallow went down, and then a cry of disappointment succeeded. The water was salt, and had been put in the breaker for ballast. The other breaker was tried with the same success.

"It is terrible to be without one drop of water," murmured Rose, "and this food makes it more necessary than ever."

"Patience, patience, dearest Rose—patience for ten minutes, and you shall all drink," answered the mate, filling the sail, and keeping the boat away while speaking. "There is water, God be praised! on the rock to which I first swam, and we will secure it before another day's sun help to make it evaporate."

This announcement quieted the longings of those who endured a thirst which disappointment rendered doubly hard to bear; and away the boat glided toward the rock. As he now flew over the distance, lessened more than one-half by the drift of the wreck, Mulford recalled the scene through which he had so painfully passed the previous night. As often happens, he shuddered at the recollection of things which, at the moment, a desperate resolution had enabled him to encounter with firmness. Still, he thought nothing less than the ardent desire to save Rose could have carried him through the trial with the success which attended his struggles. The dear being at his side asked a few explanations of what had passed; and she bowed her head and wept, equally with pain and delight, as imagination pictured to her the situation of her betrothed amid that waste of water, with his fearful companions, and all in the hours of deep night.

But that was over now. There was the rock—the blessed rock on which Mulford had so accidentally struck, close before them, — and presently they were all on it. The mate took the pot, and ran to the little reservoir, returning with a sweet draught for each of the party.

"A blessed, blessed thing, is wather!" exclaimed Biddy, this time finding the relief she sought, "and a thousand blessings on *you*, Mr. Mulford, who have niver done us anything but good."

Rose looked a still higher eulogy on the young man, and even Mrs. Budd had something commendatory and grateful to say. Jack Tier was silent, but he had all his eyes about him, as he now proved.

"We've all on us been so much taken up with our own affairs," remarked the steward's assistant, "that we've taken but little notice of the neighbourhood. If that is n't the brig, Mr. Mulford, running through this very passage, with stunsails set alow and aloft, I don't know the Molly Swash when I see her!"

"The brig!" exclaimed the mate, recollecting the vessels he had seen at the break-of-day, for the first time in hours. "Can it be possible that the craft I made out to the southward is the brig?"

"Look, and judge for yourself, sir. There she comes, like a race-horse; and if she holds her present course, she must pass somewhere within a mile or so of us, if we stay where we are."

Mulford did look, as did all with him. There was the Swash, sure enough, coming down before the wind, and under a cloud of canvas. She might be still a league, or a league and a half distant, but, at the rate at which she was travelling, that distance would soon be past. She was running through the passage, no doubt, with a view to proceed to the Dry Tortugas to look after the schooner, Spike having the hope that he had dodged his pursuers on the coast of Cuba. The mate now looked for the ship in the north-western board, believing, as he did, that she was the sloop-of-war. That vessel had gone about, and was standing to the southward, on a taut bowline. She was still a long way off, three or four leagues at least, but the change she had made in her position since last seen proved that she was a great sailer. Then she was more than hull down; whereas now she was near enough to let the outline of a long, straight fabric be discovered beneath her canvas.

"It is hardly possible that Spike should not see the vessel here in the northern board," Mulford observed to Tier, who had been examining the ship with him. "The lookout is usually good on board the Swash, and, just now, should certainly be as good as common. Spike is no dawdler with serious business before him."

"He's a willian!" muttered Jack Tier.

The mate regarded his companion with some surprise. Jack was a very insignificant-looking personage in common, and one would scarcely pause to give him a second look, unless it might be to laugh at his rotundity and little waddling legs. But now the mate fancied he was swelling with feelings that actually imparted somewhat more than usual stature and dignity to his appearance. His face was full of indignation, and there was something about the eye that to Mulford was inexplicable. As Rose, however, had related to him the scene that took place on the islet at the moment when Spike was departing, the mate supposed that Jack still felt a portion of the resentment that such a collision would be apt to create. From the expression of Jack's countenance at that instant, it struck him Spike might not be exactly safe should accident put it in the power of the former to do him an injury.

It was now necessary to decide on the course that ought to be pursued. The bag contained sufficient food to last the party several days, and a gallon of water still remained in the cavity of the rock. This last was collected, and put in one of the breakers, which was emptied of the salt water in order to receive it. As water, however, was the great necessity in that latitude, Mulford did not deem it prudent to set sail with so small a supply, and he accordingly commenced a search on some of the adjacent rocks, Jack Tier accompanying him. They succeeded in doubling their stock of water, and found several shellfish, that the females found exceedingly grateful and refreshing. On the score of hunger and thirst, indeed, no one was now suffering. By judiciously sipping a little water at a time, and retaining it in the mouth before swallowing, the latter painful feeling had been gotten rid of; and, as for food, there was even more than was actually needed, and that of a very good quality. It is probable that standing in the water for hours, as Rose, and her aunt, and Bidley, had been obliged to do, had contributed to lessen the pain endured from thirst, though they had all suffered a good deal from that cause, especially while the sun shone.

Mulford and Tier were half an hour in obtaining the water. By the end of that period the brigantine was so near as to render her hull distinctly visible. It was high time to decide on their future course. The sail had been brailed when the boat reached the rock, and the boat itself lay on the side of the latter opposite to the brig, and where no part of it could be seen by those on board the Swash, with the exception of the mast. Under the circumstances, therefore, Mulford thought it wisest to remain where they were, and let the vessel pass, before they attempted to proceed toward Key West, their intended place of refuge. In order to do this, however, it was necessary to cause the whole party to lie down in such a way as to be hid by the inequalities in the rock, as it was now very evident the brig would pass within half a mile of them. Hitherto it was not probable that they had been seen, and, by using due caution, the chances of Spike's overlooking them altogether amounted nearly to certainty.

The necessary arrangements were soon made, the boat's masts unstepped, the party placed behind their covers, and the females comfortably bestowed in a spare sail, where they might get a little undisturbed sleep after the dreadful night or morning they had passed. Even Jack Tier lay down to catch his nap, as the most useful manner of bestowing himself for a couple of hours; the time Mulford had mentioned as the period of their stay where they were.

As for the mate, vigilance was his portion, and he took his position, hid like all the rest, where he could watch the movements of his old craft. In about twenty minutes the brig was quite near; so near that Mulford not only saw the people on board her, who showed themselves in the rigging, but fancied he could recognize their persons. As yet nothing had occurred in the way of change; but, just as the Swash got abreast of the rock she began to take in her studding-sails, and that hurriedly, as is apt to occur on board a vessel in sudden emergencies. Our young man was a little alarmed at first, believing that they might have been discovered; but he was soon induced to think that the crew of the brigantine had just then begun to suspect the character of the ship to the northward. That vessel had been drawing near all this time, and was now only some three leagues distant. Owing to the manner in which she headed, or bows on, it was not a very easy matter to tell the character of this stranger, though the symmetry and squareness of his yards rendered it nearly certain he was a cruiser. Though Spike could not expect to meet his old acquaintance here, after the chase he had so lately led her down on the opposite coast, he might and would have his misgivings, and Mulford thought it was his intention to haul up close round the northern angle of the reef, and maintain his advantage of the wind over the stranger. If this were actually done it might expose the boat to view, for the brig would pass within a quarter of a mile of it, and on the side of the rock on which it lay. It was too late, however, to attempt a change, since the appearance of human beings in such a place would be certain to draw the brig's glasses on them, and the glasses must at once let Spike know who they were. It remained, therefore, only to await the result as patiently as possible.

A very few minutes removed all doubt. The brig hauled as close round the reef as she dared to venture, and in a very short time the boat lay exposed to view to all on board her. The vessel was now so

near that Mulford plainly saw the boatswain get upon the coach-house, or little hurricane-house deck, where Spike stood examining the ship with his glass, and point out the boat where it lay at the side of the rock. In an instant the glass was levelled at the spot, and the movements on board the brig immediately betrayed to Mulford that the boat was recognized. Sail was shortened on board the Swash, and men were seen preparing to lower her stern boat, while everything indicated that the vessel was about to be hove-to. There was no time now to be lost, but the young man immediately gave the alarm.

No sooner did the party arise and shew themselves than the crew of the Swash gave three cheers. By the aid of the glass Spike doubtless recognized their persons, and the fact was announced to the men, by way of stimulating their exertions. This gave an additional spur to the movements of those on the rock, who hastened into their own boat, and made sail as soon as possible.

It was far easier to do all that has been described than to determine on the future course. Capture was certain if the fugitives ventured into the open water, and their only hope was to remain on the reef. If channels for the passage of the boat could be found, escape was highly probable, as the schooner's boat could sail much faster than the brig's boat could row, fast as Mulford knew the last to be. But the experience of the morning had told the mate that the rock rose too near the surface in many places for the boat, small as it was, to pass over it; and he must trust a great deal to chance. Away he went, however, standing along a narrow channel, through which the wind just permitted him to lay, with the sail occasionally shaking.

By this time the Swash had her boat in the water, manned with four powerful oars, Spike steering it in his own person. Our young mate placed Tier in the bows to point out the deepest water, and kept his sail a rap full, in order to get ahead as fast as possible. Ahead he did get, but it was on a course that soon brought him out in the open water of the main passage through the reef, leaving Spike materially astern. The latter now rose in his boat, and made a signal with his hat, which the boatswain perfectly understood. The latter caused the brig to wear short round on her heel, and boarded his foretack in chase, hauling up in the passage as soon as he could again round the reef. Mulford soon saw that it would never do for him to venture far from the rocks, the brig going two feet to his one, though not looking quite as high as he did in the boat. But the Swash had her guns, and it was probable they would be used, rather than he should escape. When distant two hundred yards from the reef, therefore, he tacked. The new course brought the fugitives nearly at right angles to that steered by Spike, who stood directly on, as if conscious that, sooner or later, such a rencontre must occur. It would seem that the tide was setting through the passage, for when the boat of Mulford again reached the reef, it was considerably to windward of the channel out of which she had issued, and opposite to another which offered very opportunely for her entrance. Into this new channel, then, the mate somewhat blindly ran, feeling the necessity of getting out of gun-shot of the brig at every hazard. She at least could not follow him among the rocks, let Spike in his boat proceed as he might.

According to appearances, Spike was not likely to be very successful. He was obliged to diverge from his course, in order to go into

the main passage at the very point where Mulford had just before done the same thing, and pull along the reef to windward, in order to get into the new channel, into which the boat he was pursuing had just entered. This brought him not only astern again, but a long bit astern, inasmuch as he was compelled to make the circuit described. On he went, however, as eager in the chase as the hound with his game in view.

Mulford's boat seemed to fly, and glided ahead at least three feet to that of Spike's two. The direction of the channel it was in brought it pretty close to the wind, but the water was quite smooth, and our mate managed to keep the sail full, and his little craft at the same time quite near the weatherly side of the rocks. In the course of ten minutes the fugitives were fully a mile from the brig, which was unable to follow them, but kept standing off and on, in the main passage, waiting the result. At one time Mulford thought the channel would bring him out into open water again, on the northern side of the reef, and more than a mile to the eastward of the point where the ship-channel in which the *Swash* was plying commenced; but an accidental circumstance prevented his standing in far enough to ascertain the fact. That circumstance was as follows.

In running a mile and a half over the reef, in the manner described, Mulford had left the boat of Spike quite half a mile astern. He was now out of gun-shot from the brig, or at least beyond the range of her grape, the only missile he feared, and so far to windward that he kept his eye on every opening to the southward, which he fancied might allow of his making a stretch deeper into the mazes of the reef, among which he believed it easiest for him to escape, and to weary the oarsmen of his pursuers. Two or three of these openings offered as he glided along, but it struck him that they all looked so high that the boat would not lay through them—an opinion in which he was right. At length he came abreast of one that seemed straight and clear of obstacles as far as he could see, and through which he might run with a flowing sheet. Down went his helm, and about went his boat, running away to the southward as fast as ever.

Had Spike followed, doubled the same shoal, and kept away again in the same channel as had been done by the boat he chased, all his hopes of success must have vanished at once. This he did not attempt, therefore; but, sheering into one of the openings which the mate had rejected, he cut off quite half a mile in his distance. This was easy enough for him to accomplish, as a row-boat would pull even easier, near to the wind, than with the wind broad on its bow. In consequence of this short cut, therefore, Spike was actually crossing out into Mulford's new channel, just as the latter had handsomely cleared the mouth of the opening through which he effected his purpose.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the two boats must have been for a few minutes quite near to each other; so near, indeed, did the fugitives now pass to their pursuers, that it would have been easy for them to have conversed, had they been so disposed. Not a word was spoken, however, but Mulford went by, leaving Spike about a hundred yards astern. This was a trying moment to the latter, and the devil tempted him to seek his revenge. He had not come unarmed on his enterprise, but three or four loaded muskets lay in the stern-

sheets of his yawl. He looked at his men, and saw that they could not hold out much longer to pull as they had been pulling. Then he looked at Mulford's boat, and saw it gliding away from him at a rate that would shortly place it another half mile in advance. He seized a musket, and raised it to his shoulder, nay, was in the act of taking aim at his mate, when Rose, who watched his movements, threw herself before Harry, and if she did not actually save his life, at least prevented Spike's attempt on it for that occasion. In the course of the next ten minutes the fugitives had again so far gained on their pursuers, that the latter began to see that their efforts were useless. Spike muttered a few bitter curses, and told his men to lay on their oars.

"It's well for the runaway," he added, "that the gal put herself between us, else would his grog have been stopped for ever. I've long suspected this; but had I been sure of it, the gulf stream would have had the keeping of his body, the first dark night we were in it together. Lay on your oars, men, lay on your oars; I'm afraid the villian will get through our fingers, a'ter all."

The men obeyed, and then, for the first time, did they turn their heads, to look at those they had been so vehemently pursuing. The other boat was quite half a mile from them, and it had again tacked. This last occurrence induced Spike to pull slowly ahead, in quest of another short passage to cut the fugitives off; but no such opening offered.

"There he goes about again, by George!" exclaimed Spike. "Give way, lads—give way, an easy stroke; for if he is embayed, he can't escape us!"

Sure enough, poor Mulford *was* embayed, and could see no outlet by which to pass ahead. He tacked his boat two or three times, and he wore round as often; but on every side shoals or rocks, that actually rose above the surface of the water, impeded his course. The fact was not to be concealed; after all his efforts, and so many promises of success, not only was his further progress ahead cut off, but equally so was retreat. The passage was not wide enough to admit the hope of getting by his pursuers, and the young man came to the conclusion that his better course was to submit with dignity to his fate. For himself he had no hope—he knew Spike's character too well for that; but he did not apprehend any great immediate danger to his companions. Spike had a coarse brutal admiration for Rose; but her expected fortune, which was believed to be of more amount than was actually the case, was a sort of pledge that he would not willingly put himself in a situation that would prevent the possibility of enjoying it. Strange, hurried, and somewhat confused thoughts passed through Harry Mulford's mind as he brailled his sail, and waited for his captors to approach and take possession of his boat and himself. This was done quietly, and with very few words on the part of Spike.

Mulford would have liked the appearance of things better had his old commander cursed him, and betrayed other signs of the fury that was boiling in his very soul. On the contrary, never had Stephen Spike seemed more calm, or under better self-command. He smiled, and saluted Mrs. Budd, just as if nothing unpleasant had occurred, and alluded to the sharpness of the chase with facetiousness and seeming good humour. The females were deceived by this manner,

and hoped, after all, that the worst that would happen would be a return to their old position on board the Swash. This was being so much better off than their horrible situation on the wreck, that the change was not frightful to them.

"What has become of the schooner, Mr. Mulford?" asked Spike, as the boats began to pass down the channel to return to the brig—two of the Swash's men taking their seats in that which had been captured, along with their commander, while the other two got a tow from the use of the sail. "I see you have the boat here that we used alongside of her, and suppose you know something of the craft itself."

"She capsized with us in a squall," answered the mate, "and we only left the wreck this morning."

"Capsized!—hum—that was a hard fate, to be sure, and denotes bad seamanship. Now, I've sailed in all sorts of craft these forty years, or five-and-thirty at least, and never capsized anything in my life. Stand by there for'ard, to hold on by that rock."

A solitary cap of the coral rose above the water two or three feet, close to the channel, and was the rock to which Spike alluded. It was only some fifty feet in diameter, and of an oval form, rising quite above the ordinary tides, as was apparent by its appearance. It is scarcely necessary to say it had no other fresh water than that which occasionally fell on its surface, which surface being quite smooth, retained very little of the rain it received. The boat was soon alongside of this rock, where it was held broadside-to by the two seamen.

"Mr. Mulford, do me the favour to step up here," said Spike, leading the way on to the rock himself. "I have a word to say to you before we get on board the old Molly once more."

Mulford silently complied, fully expecting that Spike intended to blow his brains out, and willing the bloody deed should be done in a way to be as little shocking to Rose as circumstances would allow. But Spike manifested no such intention. A more refined cruelty was uppermost in his mind; and his revenge was calculated, and took care to fortify itself with some of the quibbles and artifices of the law. He might not be exactly right in his legal reservations, but he did not the less rely on their virtue.

"Hark'e, Mr. Mulford," said Spike, sharply, as soon as both were on the rock, "you have run from my brig, thereby shewing your distaste for her; and I've no disposition to keep a man who wishes to quit me. Here you are, sir, on *terram firm*, as the scholars call it; and here you have my full permission to remain. I wish you a good morning, sir; and will not fail to report, when we get in, that you left the brig of your own pleasure."

"You will not have the cruelty to abandon me on this naked rock, Captain Spike, and that without a morsel of food or a drop of water."

"Wather is a blessed thing," exclaimed Biddy. "Do not think of lavin' the gentleman widout wather."

"You left *me*, sir, without food or water, and you can fit out your own rock; yes, d—e, sir, you left me *under fire*, and that is a thing no true-hearted man would have thought of. Stand by to make sail, boys, and if he offer to enter the boat, pitch him out with the boat-hooks."

Spike was getting angry, and he entered the boat again, without perceiving that Rose had left it. Light of foot and resolute of spirit, the beautiful girl, handsomer than ever perhaps by her excited feelings and dishevelled hair, had sprung on the rock, as Spike stepped into the boat forward; and when the latter turned round, after loosening the sail, he found he was drifting away from the very being who was the object of all his efforts. Mulford, believing that Rose was to be abandoned as well as himself, received the noble girl in his arms, though ready to implore Spike, on his knees, to return and at least take her off. But Spike wanted no solicitation on that point. He returned of his own accord, and had just reached the rock again, when the report of a gun drew all eyes toward the brig.

The Swash had again run out of the passage, and was beating up, close to the reef as she dared to go, with a signal flying. All the seamen at once understood the cause of this hint. The strange sail was getting too near, and everybody could see that it was the sloop-of-war. Spike looked at Rose, a moment, in doubt. But Mulford raised his beloved in his arms, and carried her to the side of the rock, stepping on board the boat.

Spike watched the movements of the young man with jealous vigilance, and no sooner was Rose placed on her seat, than he motioned significantly to the mate to leave the boat.

"I cannot and will not voluntarily, Captain Spike," answered Harry, calmly. "It would be committing a sort of suicide."

A sign brought two of the men to the captain's assistance. While the latter held Rose in her place, the sailors shoved Harry on the rock again. Had Mulford been disposed to resist, these two men could not very easily have ejected him from the boat, if they could have done it at all, but he knew there were others in reserve, and feared that blood might be shed in the irritated state of Spike, in the presence of Rose. While, therefore, he would not be accessory to his own destruction, he would not engage in what he knew would prove not only a most harassing, but a bootless resistance. The consequence was that the boats proceeded, leaving him alone on the rock.

It was perhaps fortunate for Rose that she fainted. Her condition occupied her aunt and Biddy, and Spike was enabled to reach his brig without any further interruption. Rose was taken on board still nearly insensible, while her two female companions were so much confused and distressed, that neither could have given a reasonably clear account of what had just occurred. Not so with Jack Tier, however. That singular being noted all that passed, seated in the eyes of the boat, away from the confusion that prevailed in its stern-sheets, and apparently undisturbed by it.

As the party was sailing back toward the brig, the light-house boat towing the Swash's yawl, Jack took as good an observation of the channels of that part of the reef as his low position would allow. He tried to form in his mind a sort of chart of the spot, for, from the instant Mulford was thus deserted, the little fellow had formed a stern resolution to attempt his rescue. How that was to be done, however, was more than he yet knew; and when they reached the brig's side, Tier may be said to have been filled with good intentions, rather than with any very available knowledge to enable him to put them in execution.

As respects the two vessels, the arrival of Spike on board his own was not a moment too soon. The Poughkeepsie—for the stranger to the northward was now ascertained to be that sloop-of-war—was within long gun shot by this time, and near enough to make certain, by means of her glasses, of the character of the craft with which she was closing. Luckily for the brig she lay in the channel so often mentioned, and through which both she and her present pursuer had so lately come, on their way to the northward. This brought her to windward, as the wind then stood, with a clear passage before her. Not a moment was lost. No sooner were the females sent below, than sail was made on the brig, and she began to beat through the passage, making long legs and short ones. She was chased, as a matter of course, and that hard, the difference in sailing between the two crafts not being sufficiently great to render the brigantine's escape by any means certain while absolutely within the range of those terrible missiles that were used by the man-of-war's men.

But Spike soon determined not to leave a point so delicate as that of his own and his vessel's security to be decided by a mere superiority in the way of heels. The Florida Reef, with all its dangers, windings, and rocks, was as well known to him as the entrances to the port of New York. In addition to its larger channels, of which there are three or four, through which ships of size can pass, it had many others that would admit only vessels of a lighter draught of water. The brig was not flying light, it is true, but she was merely in good ballast trim, and passages would be available to her, into which the Poughkeepsie would not dare to venture. One of these lesser channels was favourably placed to further the escape of Spike, and he shoved the brig into it after the struggle had lasted less than an hour. This passage offered a shorter cut to the south side of the reef than the main channel, and the sloop-of-war, doubtless perceiving the uselessness of pursuit under such circumstances, wore round on her heel, and came down through the main channel again, just entering the open water, near the spot where the schooner had sunk, as the sun was setting.

PANDORA;
THE GIFT OF THE GODS.

BY T. H. SEALY,

AUTHOR OF "THE PORCELAIN TOWER," ETC.

"Marry, this is *niching mallecho*,—it means mischief."—*Hamlet*.

THE tale of Pandora is very antique:—
It was told by an old Taliessin,—a
Greek,—

Who bore the black rod, if we go by
report,

To marshal the gods in Olympus's court.
But though bookworms may sneeze,
(without colds,) if they please,

And ill-tempered critics look cross for a
week,

With a fig for such men, we shall tell it
again,

For the sake of the ladies, who seldom
with ease,

Like our nightingale Barrett, read He-
siod in Greek.

And we wish to point out, beyond ques-
tion or doubt,

And to leave the conviction well
marked on the mind,

Since first young Pandora came down
to deceive,

And since the first morning beheld the
first Eve,

(Who taught Epimetheus and Adam to
grieve,)

What dear little plagues they have
been to mankind.

Do you know then, sweet ladies, "Pro-
metheus was son

Of Iapetus, mortal, and Clymene, one
Of the nymphs of the sea: there were

several brothers,
But in cunning and fraud he surpassed

all the others.
He laughed at the gods, and of Jove

had no fear."
—That much we have versified out of

Lempriere.

So Jove cast about to discover some plan
To admonish and punish this insolent

man.
He pondered on tortures of various

kinds,
Such as turning him out to the force of

the winds,
Or riddling him through with his

bullets of thunder;
Or letting him drift on a tempest-tost

ocean,
To live amid waves in continual com-
motion;

Or tearing his limbs very slowly asun-
der.

He thought upon ice, and he thought
upon fire:

—They were not sufficient to satiate his
He thought upon poison, and scorpions'

stings:
But he did not account them severe

enough things.
Of Sisyphus' stone, and of Ixion's wheel:

But all were too mild, by a very great
deal.

Of slaying he thought, and anointing
him, then,

With vinegar, capsicums, mustard, Ca-
yenne.

He thought with hot wires of running
him through,

Of mashing up each of his joints with a
screw,—

Half drawing his teeth, and then mak-
ing him chew.

Of beating his limbs to a formless mass;
Of scraping his eyes out with pieces of

glass,
And filling the sockets with boiling brass.

More fierce were his torments than any
designed

By Chinese, or Japanese, Russians,
or Tartars:

But none were sufficiently fell for his
mind,

And he had not at hand the Book of
Martyrs.

Whilst Jove was in doubt, it so fell out
That Juno enter'd the hall:

And a bright thought came like a flash
of flame,

And beamed through the monarch's
celestial frame.

Quoth he, "I have settled it all!
What d' you think of it, love?—what

d' you think of it, gods?
Prometheus shall find us too much by

some odds:
Since he challenges thus the Olympians

to strife,
Eureka! eureka!—I'll send him a

wife!!!"

Great cheers at the word
Were immediately heard

From the benches on which sat the gods
who were married;

And, though all the goddesses
Look'd Iliads and Odysseys,

By loud acclamation the question was
carried.

Then Vulcan had command to frame,
Of sand and flint, a lovely dame:
And forthwith set to work to mint
A lovely girl, from sand and flint.
Of these, the sand (thus poets fable)
Makes women's fancies so unstable:
The flint (such fibs we disregard)
Renders their little hearts so hard.
The ingredients melted, form a mass
Whence mortals make *transparent glass*:
But Vulcan, from what *he* threw,
With far more various power and skill,
Could form a lovely girl at will,
Whom nobody could see through.

Yet though a god of artful hand,
Beneath the rose, we must confess,
What every simplest soul would guess,
To accomplish all the work he plann'd
He needed more than flint and sand.
And were the German here to tell
About the "casting" of this *belle*,
Oh, who can doubt he would declare
That lovely flowers, and spices rare,
And dews ambrosial had their share
In *this* one, as in *all* the fair.

That for the eyes were diamonds used,
That sapphires for the veins were fused,
And rubies melted for the blood,
Which, by a charm, retained their flood.
That threads of garnet formed her curls,
That her white teeth were carven pearls;
Whilst rosiest shells, from ocean's vales,
Were shaped and temper'd for her nails.

Old Bowlegs having done his best
In carrying out great Jove's behest,
Employed a Titan to transport
This model to the Olympian court.
The monarch own'd, in accents bland,
The smith had well perform'd his
part,
Had turn'd the lady out of hand
With workmanlike and curious art.
Then from his poke his purse he drew,
Put several smiles upon his face,
And paid, as earthly princes do,
A fourth in cash,—the rest in grace.

Immediate the immortals flew
Together, to the "private view,"
Which oftenest means, in things like
these,
A double crowd, and crush, and squeeze.
The gods declared the work was rare,
And even Juno own'd it "fair"
A touch from "Jove's authentic fire"
Set all the interior clock-work going:
The radiance of the eyes grew higher,
The lungs set slowly to respire,
The limbs to move, without a wire;
The liquid rubies 'gan a flowing.
Then rivalry on high began
In adding gifts to this new dame,
'Twixt god and goddess, with kind
aim

To make her mischievous to man.
And first her beauty,—*that* the care
Engaged at once of beauty's queen,
Who,—to secure a lovely mien
By whomsoever judged or seen,—
(Since morbid fancies oft declare
That fair is foul, and foul is fair,)
Gave her a zone whose strange disguise
Changed neither feature, form, nor
cheek,
Yet made her seem to others' eyes
Just what those others' eyes would
seek.

The Graces next endow'd with grace
Her perfect form and matchless face;
And gave her winning powers as rare,
In motion, attitudes, and air.
Aglaia taught her many a wile,
And how to look discreet or simple.
Thalia lesson'd her to smile;
Euphrosyne bestow'd a dimple.
Minerva shew'd her how to frame
Devices rare with silk and needle;
And Mercury, be it said or sung,
With eloquence prepared her tongue,
Such as befits a lovely dame,—

To wit,—to humbug, lie, and wheedle.
The Muses taught her verse, romance,
And how to draw, and how to dance:
Apollo's self, with voice and string,
Instructed her to play and sing.
A wondrous gift the Delian brought,
A lute himself of pearl had wrought,
Whose frame and substance, even when
mute,
Pass'd all the powers of earthly lute.
The pearl was pearl from Venus' star,
To which the ocean holds no par.
And this Apollo's skill had shaped
In simplest forms, save six or seven
Fair leaves and flowers, in which were
aped

The ambrosial flowers and leaves of
heaven.
This lute, when mute, was fair to see;
But when its silvery cords might be
Struck by that enchanted girl,
Straightway through its frame would fly
A melody that address'd the eye,
For ruby red, and emerald green,
And amethystine hues were seen
Palpitating through the pearl.
Every liquid note she drew
Had its own harmonious hue,
Swift or slow, or soft or deep,
Tuned to the delicate fingers' sweep.
And yet the music which met the sight,
To that on the ear that fell so light,
Was but as the scent of a flask from the
Rhine,
Compared with a gulp of the nectarous
wine;
Or but as a glimpse at two sweet lips,
When match'd with deliberate pressure
and sips!

When the gods had thus acted their
several parts,
And deck'd her with beauty and con-
quering arts,
To second great Jove's most malevolent
drift,

They call'd her "PANDORA," which
means "EVERY GIFT."

But, bent to wreak Prometheus ill,
Jupiter added one gift still.

This was a magical sort of box,
With thirty keys, and forty locks,
And fifty bolts, and sixty bars,
Wrought of metal and rarest spars.
Over all the sides were set

Curious filagree and fret:
Emerald leaves, and agate roots,
Sapphire flowers, and topaz fruits:
Birds, and little brilliant things;

The subtle hues

Of prismatic dews

Being petrified to form their wings.
Glow-worms carved of luminous stone,
(Such as since hath not been known,)
Even in the depths of night,
Shot through all a lustrous light.
In the midst were diamond panels,
Wrought around with cusps and chan-
nells;

Whilst hieroglyphics fill'd the middle,
(Which human skill could ne'er un-
riddle,)

Nor told the secret of the casket,
But made the mind inclined to ask it.
Strong provocatives were these,—
So were the bolts, and bars, and keys,—
So were the jewels with which it was
dress'd,—

To make one wish to open the chest.

This being given, the immortals on high
Kiss'd her, caress'd her, and wish'd her
"Good bye:"

And Venus order'd her dove-drawn car,
And handed her in with her box of spar:
Then sat by her side and hastily caught
The ribbons of lunar rainbow wrought;
Through her fingers their delicate tex-
ture drew;

"Gee up, my doves!" and away they
flew.

All words must disparage that beautiful
carriage

In which from the court of Olympus
they came.

'Twas form'd of the half of a bivalve
shell,

More pearly, more curly, than words can
tell;

Shaped in luxurious sink and swell,
Studded with chrysolites carven well,
And lined with a soft and innocuous
flame.

And the wheels look'd like roses of some
hard material,

Nicely contrived for a way so aerial.

And, whilst the birds were gently guided,
As down their airy path they glided,
On either side the clouds divided,
And into magical landscapes roll'd,
Valleys of purple and hills of gold.
Venus, in a little while,

Set on earth her *protégée*;
Kiss'd her with a gentle smile,

Pointed out to her the way,
Gave the birds a feed of spice,
And flew back heavenward in a trice.
Yet, lest Pandora miss the road,
Or lose the box his spite bestow'd,
Jove, from Olympus' sugar'd crown,
Sent that sly knave, Cyllenius, down,
To lead the little mortal fairy
Through glades so green and meads so
airy,

To that cool grove, besprent with flowers,
Wherein Prometheus led a life
Retired and calm, and pass'd his hours
In chiselling out a marble wife.

Within this verdant haunt they came,
And there they met that keen Pro-
metheus,

Who, in a German *blouse* array'd,
Sat at his luncheon in the shade,
And with a plate of fruits and game
Was finding for his knife and teeth
use.

Seeing the maid, he rose and bow'd;
Declared her presence made him proud;
Took two clean trenchers from a shelf;
Observed the day though hot was
pleasant;

And begg'd both Mercury and herself
To take a little fruit or pheasant:
Gave him a pine, and her a peach,
And took a glass of wine with each.
Not doubting once to overreach,
By proved and practised parts of speech,
The wit of any mortal man,
The god of knavery soon began;
And was not sluggish to devise
Some dozens of deliberate lies,
In which so much an air appear'd
Of pure and scrupulous sincerity,
You might have thought his lips were
smear'd

With an essential of verity.

He said his visit to that grove
Was not to lunch off wine and fruits,

But at the imperial will of Jove,

Who, sorry for their old disputes,

No longer cherish'd sense of ire

For that small larceny of the fire;

So sent, as token right and fit

To prove the torch of friendship lit,

The choicest gift he could,—to wit,—

A fair, accomplish'd, sweet young

lady,

Whose gentle presence in that shady
Retreat, might ease the load of trouble
That's always halv'd when props are
double.

He named, besides, the comical box
 With thirty keys and forty locks,
 And hinted that it must contain
 Some chiefest thing, from being
 plann'd
 By so much artifice of brain,
 And wrought with so much skill of
 hand,
 So ran the smooth celestial knave
 Thus glibly on, as glides a comet,
 As though his mouth the Delphian cave,
 And oracles were breathing from it.
 And all the while he sigh'd and look'd
 Quite envious of the artist's bliss,
 As though, to be so nicely book'd,
 He'd change the immortal state for
 this.
 But sly Prometheus smelt a rat,
 And thought, "I see what you'd be at,
 But know a trick worth two of that."
 He saw that Mercury was a cheat
 By the first glance at his phrenology;
 So bow'd, and humm'd, and haw'd,
 look'd sweet,
 And made a delicate apology;
 Declared the lady did him honour,
 And should be proud to wait upon her,
 (Or any one half so divine,)
 At once to Hymen's neighbouring
 shrine,—
 "Only," says he, "(though looking at
 you,
 The recollection makes me woe!)
 A prior engagement to this statue
 Must keep me still *in statu quo*."
 "However," he added, with very kind
 look,
 As he saw the sweet girl disappointed
 and hurt,
 "I've an unengaged brother just over
 the brook,
 Who I'm sure will be conscious of so
 much desert.
 And I'll write you a note, if you'll wait
 just a minute,
 Of recommendation, extolling you in it
 In such sort of terms as we well may
 expect
 To second the conquest your eyes will
 effect."
 "We have met," mused Cyllenius,
 "with one of those folks
 Who can understand fudge, and are
 proof to a hoax."
 So, finding himself beaten out of the
 field,
 He stopp'd till the note was directed
 and sealed,
 And beckoning Pandora, whose hopes
 and whose fears,
 Chagrin and "crush'd feelings," had
 bathed her in tears,
 He led her along for a furlong or so,
 Till they met *Epi-metheus*, the brother
 of *Pro*—

Said Mercury, "Humph! *This* looks
 like a sumph,
 And by no means so widely awake as
 his brother:
 Our plans are defeated as touching the
 marriage,
 But regarding the box I fear no such
 miscarriage;
 It will make little odds to the king of
 the gods
 Whether 'tis open'd by one or the
 other."
 So he tried on the same identical game
 That he did with the first, as was just
 now rehearsed;
 But with art more occult, and with
 better result,
 For the end of it all, we may briefly
 declare,
 Was that poor Epimetheus was caught
 in the snare,
 And vow'd that at night he should hear
 all the clocks, [box.
 Till Pandora was his, and her magical
 It is likely, however, though Mercury
 was clever,
 He'd not have succeeded so rapidly
 quite,
 Had he not, as abettor, Prometheus's
 letter,
 Which spoke of Cyllenius in accents of
 praise,
 For an honest young god, as gods went
 in those days,
 And commended an union, as being
 "all right."
 And young Epimetheus, as proper and
 fit,
 Look'd up to his brother for wisdom
 and wit,
 And held as oracular all that he writ.
 Pandora was pleased at the change in
 their plan,
 For she held Epimetheus the nicer
 young man;
 So they settled it soon that the party
 should hie,
 In the broad light of noon, to a temple
 hard by,
 That in honour of Hymen was reared
 in a cove
 Of rocks that arose in the midst of the
 grove,
 Where, with ring for a token, the vows
 should be spoken,
 Which bind up the knot which must
 never be broken,
 And, after the forms that effect an
 espousal,
 The sun should go down upon mirth
 and carousal;
 And opening the box that was given by
 Jove,
 Should finish the day, as it best might
 behave.

Young ladies prefer, when they hear
about marriages,

Not alone to be told of what parties
were wed,

But what was the number of brides-
maids and carriages,

Who was the clergyman, who was the
clerk,

And many things equally worthy re-
mark,

Yet which I in great measure must
leave unsaid.

For the fact is, you see, between you
and me,

Those editors are such plaguy chaps,
If I make my song but a little too long,
They'll leave it out; and I stand in
doubt

Whether they will not now perhaps.
'Twill be the first time they've rejected
my rhyme,

Not feeling the merits that therein
lurk;

This shews very plainly they don't
read Burke,

Nor know what is beautiful, what is
sublime.

Hymen himself was to act as the priest,
And afterwards join in the marriage
feast:

The ring might have cost them a diffi-
cult search

But he, lest his votaries be left in the
lurch,

Kept a jeweller's shop at the back of
his church.

The bridal troop went on with glee:

The bride did not falter

When she came to the altar;

All things were settled as all things
should be,

And so Miss Pandora became Mrs. E.

Pass we on, without delay,

To the unclosing of the cabinet;

See what gifts were stow'd away,

As by the power of fairy Mab in it.

The key went click in the first of the
locks;

Notes came thick from a musical box:

Click went the keys in the second and
third;

Tones more soft and sweet were heard.

Every lock the wards undid,

Mellow music peal'd;

Till one alone retained the lid

Which kept the prize conceal'd.

Epimetheus' heart beat quick

Ere he tried the final click:

Soon the final click he tried,

And the casket's lid flew wide.

Papai! he quick and shut the box!

Fasten its bars, and bolts, and locks:

Press on the lid as hard as you can:

Thou art in for a scrape, thou mortal
man!

Out of it fly, like clouds of bees,

Ten thousand thousand devils at least,

Very well pleased to be so released

From place that admitted but limited
ease.

Jove, good lack! knows how to pack,
And none but himself could whistle
them back.

But such a troop, of our race abhorrent,
Will play some tricks upon man I war-
rant.

First, and worst, of that fell crew,

Little iniquitous Cupid flew:

Though the urchin was but small,

He was the potentest imp of all.

Jealousy, like tiger vex'd,

With his green-eyed troop, was next:

Then came Envy, Hatred, Malice,

Arm'd with steel and poison'd chalice.

Slander, then, a tusk'd hag,

Mumbling falsehoods, fell and foul;

Doubt, like badger in a bag;

Superstition, like an owl;

Murder, prone to "burke" and "scrag,"

Cunning, hid in frock and cowl;

Falsehood, with a tongue turn'd in-
wards;

Wishes ever tending sinwards;

War, and Death, and Doctors' Com-
mons,—

All these gifts to man were woman's.

Epimetheus rubb'd his eyes;

Straight a nursery appears:

Infants' groans and infants' cries

Fall on Epimetheus' ears.

Antique nurses, grim and gruff,

Savouring strong of gin and snuff,

Pap-boats, cradles, corals, cribs,

Long clothes, short clothes, caps, and
bibs,

With much more than I should write

Even by scribbling half the night,

Fell on Epimetheus' sight,

So that he was struck with awe,

When the dread array he saw,

And turn'd quite white, and dropp'd
his jaw.

Then the sly Prometheus came

Just to mock his foolish brother;

Seem'd to seek a laugh to smother;

Told him he was much to blame;

Called him "daft," and called him
"flat;"

Wonder'd what he *could* be at;

Never, when that note was written,

Fancied that he *could* be bitten,

Thinking he'd have ponder'd twice

Before taking *his* advice;

And was not so "green" a "cove"

As to trust good words from Jove.

And poor Epimetheus look'd
Somewhat like a fish that 's hook'd,
Or a culprit that is caught
Doing other than he ought.

But gentle Pandora then blush'd like
Aurora,
And seeing how matters were going
amiss,
Like a sweet little beauty, in love and
in duty,
She flew to her husband and gave
him a kiss ;
And swore by the sky above her and
above him,
Twice as long as for ever and ever to
love him,
And hoped she might win him from
sorrow to bliss :
Declared she would study to make his
abode
As blest as a nest where two turtle-
doves rest,
And ever endeavour to render the load
Of existence as light as a little cheese
mite,
Or something still smaller that baffles
the sight ;
Was exceedingly grieved
They had been so deceived
By the box with the locks, and could
not have believed
That that naughty old Zeus could be so
full of spite,
Or she 'd ne'er have accepted the things
he bestow'd.

And she kiss'd him again, and she clung
all about him,
Declaring the world would be nothing
without him ;
And she won him completely by this
pretty mode.

So his heart grew as firm as an oak's or
a rock's is,
And he thus made reply to Prome-
theus's speech :
" I don't care a fig if I 'd fifty such
boxes,
To have such a sweet little treasure
with each !
You may laugh at me, brother ; but I,
for my part,
Pity you very truly, poor wretch that
thou art,
Who hast none of the balm, but thy
share of the smart."

And Prometheus could not, in his heart,
but admit
That in this case the biter for once had
been bit,
And folly had proved itself wiser than
wit.

So he went to his nook, with a very
cross look,
And knock'd off the nose of his wife
in a rage ;
With mallet and chisel the mischief was
done,
Ere the aptest accountant could reckon
up *one*,
But to rivet it on again cost him an
age.

Epimetheus thenceforth, with his excel-
lent wife,
Led a very serene and agreeable life :
His days seem'd to glide along flowery
levels,
(I would but hint this in a way that
is cursory,)

For her smile made amends for the
legion of devils,
Her kiss made amends for the nurses
and nursery.

So sing we the land of the dear little
sex,
Who, though they are wont to plague
and perplex,
To peril and vex, bringing troubles by
pecks,
Cares for our bosoms and yokes for our
necks,
Yet afford so much honey to mix with
the gall,
That the bitter can scarcely be tasted at
all ;
And they deck out this state which
existence we call,
In colours as bright as an Indian shawl ;
And though there be some who talk,
with airs,
Of female faults and female snares,
And loads of trouble and worlds of cares,
These for the most part are but bears,
Who ought, as my dutiful muse declares,
Sans cérémonie, to be kick'd down stairs :
And all of such it is right to ban ;
So I recommend each honest man
To remember that life is only a span,
And rule his deeds by a properer plan,
Which has been in vogue since the
world began,—
To wit, to get married as fast as he
can.





Emma, Marchioness of Hamilton

Engraved by J. Smith

EMMA, MARCHIONESS OF HAMILTON.

Engraved by J. Smith

MEMOIR OF MRS. MATHEWS.

BY HORACE TWISS, ESQ.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

FIFTY years ago, an authentic memoir of any dramatic artist, particularly if that artist happened to be a woman, and (as in the present case) a pretty woman, would have been one of the most acceptable papers that a periodical editor could have laid before his readers. In those days the theatre was one of the great lights of the age. It had been so from the time of Queen Anne, and so it continued till the war of the French Revolution, when new modes of thinking began to prevail, and new subjects to occupy those literary and intellectual circles, of which, in London, at least, the theatres had so long been the centre. The whole surface of society was then ploughed up; and has ever since worn an aspect, which, whatever may be said to its advantage in other particulars, is certainly a good deal less romantic and picturesque than of yore. The drama has thus been deprived of much of its attraction. The new excitements of real life have been found to absorb and merge the old interests of the mimic world: and even those, who still depend for amusement upon works of fiction and subjects of art, are content to find their pleasure in the numerous novels, tales, travels, biographies, magazines, and other entertaining publications, which can be enjoyed by a reader at his—or her—own fire-side, without the derangement of the usual dinner-hour, or the trouble of the *toilette*, or the expense of an admission to the theatre. Add to this the frequency of private parties, among many and numerous classes who formerly never dreamt of anything in the nature of “polka,” “quadrille,” or “*soirée musicale*,” and you have a tolerable notion of the reasons why the days of the drama are palmy days no longer. After such a change in the pursuits and tastes of the public, this little memoir will be unheeded by the numerous readers who would once have welcomed it for the pure love of the stage: but there still are some who will like to look over it “for auld lang syne,” and others who will take the sort of interest in it which attaches to a drawing from a street in Pompeii, as an authentic memorial of what occupied a bygone generation.

The clever, amiable, agreeable, and attractive woman, who early in her life became the wife of the celebrated comedian, Charles Mathews, was the daughter of Mr. Jackson, a gentleman who had directed his attention to the stage, and had studied as a pupil of Foote, once famous as an actor and a mimic, and still in high esteem as a comic writer. Mr. Jackson fell in love with a lady, some of whose relatives had been also connected with the theatrical profession, but whose surviving friends, unwilling to maintain that connexion, opposed themselves to her union with the young actor. She had herself been brought up by a maiden aunt, whose counsel was given in the most special manner against this young niece's encouragement of Mr. Jackson's addresses: and as that counsel was not effectual to prevent the marriage of the lovers, the old lady took the usual revenge on her disobedient kinswoman, by bestowing her property upon somebody else. Mr. Jackson did not live long enough to gain her good opinion by making money for himself. After a short professional probation, he died, leaving his

widow, and Anne, their infant daughter, in circumstances far from affluent. The widow attracted the attention of a younger brother of the well-known singer, actor, and composer, Michael Kelly; and became, for the second time, a wife. Her new husband, however, was not of a turn of mind well fitted to improve the circumstances of his family; pecuniary embarrassments multiplied upon him, and he found himself under the necessity of quitting England, where his wife and children remained in great difficulties. Happily for them, his brother Michael was at that time a prominent and influential person in the musical department of Drury Lane Theatre; and this kind uncle formed the project of training little Anne, the eldest of the children, to take a situation upon its boards, where she might earn a livelihood for herself, and contribute to the comforts of her mother and sisters. Little Anne, however, wanted nerve, sadly; and this became so apparent, that it was presently judged more prudent to educate her as a singer for concerts and oratorios. But, after a while, Kelly recurred to his original fancy of bringing her upon the stage,—where he considered that his own influence was likely to forward her interest and establish her position, better and earlier than would be possible if she adhered to the musical profession exclusively of the drama. So he took her one day to Mr. Kemble. She was remarkably small of her age; and when Mr. Kemble, who was fond of children, lifted her on his knee to give her a kiss, she struggled away from him in an agony of terror. Kelly explained that she was his niece, and that his object was to get her an engagement. "What!" said Mr. Kemble, "that *very* little creature! what could such a sprite as she is do upon the stage? Why, we should be obliged to put her behind a magnifying-glass to make her visible at all! However," concluded he to the child, "if you will promise to grow a little, and leave off being frightened at me, you shall have an engagement, even if we have to provide a pair of stilts on purpose for you."

She soon fulfilled her undertaking to grow taller, and was then permitted to appear as the representative of children in such pieces as "The Smugglers," "The Prize," "The Shipwreck," and "The Adopted Child." But her timidity had not worn off; and the first time she had to rehearse a song, her fears were so overpowering, that, when the symphony began, she fainted away, and fell insensible upon the stage. By degrees, however, her taste, and the correctness of her ear, wrought such an improvement in her performances, that she began to feel some little reliance upon her own powers; and before she grew to womanhood, it was judged by her friends that she would be able, with the aid of *false soles in her shoes*, to personate womanly characters. Accordingly, she took her degree as an adult, and accepted an engagement in the York company.

The York and Bath theatres were, at that time, the two great nurseries of the stage; so that a performer who got an engagement in either of those establishments had already made an important step in the profession. But, in Miss Jackson's case, it was a step of no little pain to herself, and anxiety to her family; for it involved the necessity of her parting from her mother, and transferring herself to the guardianship of a stranger, yet a kind one, old Mr. Tate Wilkinson, then the York manager. In the winter of 1800, her mother, with many tears, committed her, for the northward journey, to the care of a respectable gentleman travelling to York, who deposited her safely with the

worthy Wilkinson. But the veteran manager, when he saw his fair recruit, was a little puzzled how he should employ a young lady in whom womanhood and childhood were "almost at odds which was which." However, he had engaged her, and must turn her to some account; so he assigned to her a couple of very interesting characters, Amantis, in "The Child of Nature," and Rosina, in the afterpiece of that name. And now it turned out, that what her friends had feared would be her disadvantages, became the means of her success; the timidity and freshness of her manner proving more attractive than disciplined talents might have been, before an audience familiar to satiety with what was conventional and artificial.

She continued in the York company till 1830, when she became the wife of Mr. Mathews, under the remarkable circumstances which are fully detailed in his published memoirs, and of which the substance is as follows:—

Mr. Mathews's first wife was a Miss Strong, the daughter of a physician at Exeter, who, at his death, left her with no provision but fair abilities and a tolerable education. In 1801 she exhibited symptoms of a decline. She had before that time conceived an affectionate regard for Miss Jackson, and one evening, toward the close of her life, she sent her husband to request that Miss Jackson would visit her on the following day. When Miss Jackson arrived, Mrs. Mathews, propped up in bed, maintained an agreeable conversation till her husband came in, who uttered an exclamation of surprise and pleasure at finding her thus able to sit up and talk to her friend. She told him her present cheerfulness was the result of considerations, which she had brought him and Miss Jackson together for the purpose of communicating to them in each other's presence. She avowed her conviction that no human skill could save her; and she pathetically lamented that she must leave her husband,—the more, as he might possibly marry some woman who would less appreciate him than she had done, and make him unhappy, perhaps absolutely wretched. She next adverted to her own affection for Miss Jackson, and to that young lady's unprotected state; and then, taking her hand, and that of Mr. Mathews, and pressing both to her own feverish lips in a solemn manner, she adjured them to take compassion upon her anxiety, and give her their pledge, that, after her death, they would become man and wife. Their agitation was extreme. Mr. Mathews reproved his wife with some impetuosity for placing him in such a dilemma; and Miss Jackson, throwing herself upon her knees, besought the pardon of the dying woman for her refusal to comply, and represented the impossibility of her affiancing herself to a man for whom she entertained no feeling warmer than that of friendship. She then quitted her chamber, followed by Mr. Mathews, who besought her not to harbour a suspicion that he had been privy to his wife's intention, which he attributed to something like a delirium, produced by her feverish state.—In the following May Mrs. Mathews's illness was terminated by death.

For some time after that event there was a certain degree of distance between the widower and Miss Jackson, the natural consequence of the scene which has been described. By degrees, however, their mutual coldness wore off; and a feeling of regard was growing up between them, when an incident, or coincidence, occurred, still more remarkable than the dying woman's appeal. It is thus related in Mrs. Mathews's memoirs of her husband:—

"Mr. Mathews's account of his impressions was as follows:—He had gone to rest, after a very late night's performance at the theatre, finding himself too fatigued to sit up till his usual hour to read; but after he was in bed, he discovered, as will happen when persons attempt to sleep before their accustomed time, that to close his eyes was an impossibility. He had no light, nor the means of getting one, all the family being in bed; but the night was not absolutely dark, it was only too dark for the purpose of reading—indeed every object was visible. Still he endeavoured to go to sleep, but his eyes refused to close, and in this state of restlessness he remained; when suddenly a slight rustling, as if of a hasty approach of something, induced him to turn his head to that side of the bed whence the noise seemed to proceed; and there he clearly beheld the figure of his late wife, 'in her habit as she lived,' who, smiling sweetly upon him, put forth her hand as if to take his, as she bent forward. This was all he could relate; for in shrinking from the contact with the figure he beheld, he threw himself out of bed upon the floor, where (the fall having alarmed his landlord) he was found in one of those dreadful fits to which I have alluded. On his recovery from it, he related the cause of the accident, and the whole of the following day he remained extremely ill, and unable to quit his room."—(Memoirs of Charles Mathews, vol. i. pp. 341, 342.)

Whether this were a dream, or an illusion produced by what is called nightmare, of itself it would not be a surprising occurrence. What alone makes it remarkable is, that, at the exact hour at which Mr. Mathews was thus affected, a vision of the same kind occurred to Miss Jackson. "The same sleepless effect," says she, "the same cause of terror, had occasioned me to seize the bell-rope, in order to summon the people of the house, which giving way at the moment, I fell with it in my hand, upon the ground. My impressions of this visitation (as I persisted it was) were exactly similar to those of Mr. Mathews. The parties with whom we resided at the time were perfect strangers to each other, and living widely apart; and they recounted severally to those about them the extraordinary dream, for such I must call it, though my entire belief will never be shaken that I was as perfectly awake as at this moment. These persons repeated the story to many, before they were requested to meet and compare accounts; there could consequently be no doubt of the facts, and the circumstance became a matter of much general interest among all those who knew us."—Memoirs, vol. i. pp. 342, 343.

After such a sympathy between the widower and the charming friend of the departed wife, we cannot be surprised that the wife's request, at first so passionately rejected, was at length fulfilled, and that Miss Jackson (on the 28th of March, 1803) became the wife of Mr. Mathews. But the marriage-ceremony, like the passages which led to it, had something extraordinary, though not at all serious. Miss Jackson, to avoid the air of a bride, walked to the church, in a black silk spencer. The colour (if philosophers will allow us to call black a colour) was somewhat startling to the bridegroom, who, with the bride's-maid, was waiting for her there: but her explanation satisfied him that so far all was well. They were now expecting Mr. Denman, an actor in the York company, who was to perform the part of father, that is, to do the office of giving away the bride. The clergyman was standing at the altar, and all things were in readiness, when the principal entrance-door opened, and a sedan-chair was brought in,

and carried by two grave-looking chairmen, up the aisle, straight to the foot of the altar. All were in dismay, and wholly unable to account for this strange apparition, until, the head of the sedan being thrown back and the door of it set open, Mr. Denman, with cloth shoes and flannelled ankles, was lifted from the vehicle by the chairmen. He had been seized with a severe attack of gout; but, unwilling to disappoint his friend, had resolved to attend at all risks. His crutches, which had, as it were, been looking out of the side windows of the sedan as it proceeded up the aisle, were carefully placed under his arms, and there he stood, resting upon them, with a countenance of affected gaiety, and as if unconscious of pain, his ample person dressed in a light-coloured coat of a mixture then in fashion, called "pepper-and-salt."—*Memoirs*, i. p. 363.

The merriment of all parties was increased when they found, from the stern look of the clergyman, that he took the lame man and the bridesmaid for the parties whom, unsuitable as they seemed for such a union, it was to be his office to couple together. At length, however, all was cleared up, and the wedding was completed without any further annoyance, except from the curiosity of a crowd, gathered round the church-doors, to see the two young performers in their new characters, without paying for admission.

Mrs. Mathews was engaged with her husband by Mr. Colman, for the Haymarket season of this year, 1803, when the experiment was successfully made of forming a company of country actors, without any mixture of London leaders. On her arrival, she was very kindly received by her husband's family in private; and not less kindly in public by the Haymarket audience, before whom, she made her first appearance as Emma, in the farce of "Peeping Tom." Her figure, so small at its first approach to womanhood, had now grown to a height rather above than below the female average, and its contour, though slender, was round and graceful. Her countenance, voice, and manner, all were attractive; and she soon became a favourite with the frequenters of the theatre. Ophelia in "Hamlet," Fanny in "The Clandestine Marriage," Leonora in "The Padlock," Gillian in "The Quaker," Virginia in "Paul and Virginia," were among the principal characters in which she won the approbation of the public. Nor was her success confined to the little sphere of the Haymarket Theatre. In 1805, she was engaged with her husband for five years, at Drury Lane,* where she continued to play, with undiminished favour, till the close of the season of 1810.

Meanwhile, in 1808, she had shared the earliest successes of Mr. Mathews in that remarkable kind of entertainment with which, in different forms, he continued, till the end of his life, to delight the audiences both of town and country, under the title of "Mathews at Home." His first experiment was in Yorkshire, where he broke ground with his "Mail Coach Adventures," a series of characteristic sketches, stories, and songs, mostly suggested by himself, but skilfully wrought together by Mr. James Smith, one of the two witty brothers who produced the "Rejected Addresses." Mr. Mathews did not like to start quite alone upon so novel an undertaking, and Mrs. Mathews therefore was called in to take a part both of the dialogue and of the music. Her aid proved the more valuable, by reason of the

* She made her first appearance there as *Fanny* in the "Clandestine Marriage."

popularity which she had enjoyed with the Yorkshire audiences during her engagement with Mr. Wilkinson.

Still, however, the diffidence which had attended her first efforts, continued in some degree to oppress her. The salary she received was, of course, a strong motive for struggling against this uncomfortable sensation; but she struggled in vain: and her husband, though then little able to sacrifice any part of their joint income, resolved to withdraw her, at the end of the five years' term, from a profession which was so uncongenial to her feelings as distinctly to affect her health. Accordingly, with the close of the Haymarket season of 1810, she terminated her professional career, as the heroine in "*Killing no Murder*."

Some time after this retirement, a singing master, in high fashion, made her an offer of 500*l*, if she would place herself under his tuition as a concert singer, and share with him, for a certain term of years, the profits of her vocal talent. But her husband's affection for her determined him to decline this tempting proposal, and several offers of theatrical engagements.

Meanwhile she had another interest to occupy her heart,—her young son, Charles James, the only offspring of her marriage, who had come into the world just nine months after she became a wife, and was now exhibiting, in his early years, the promise of those talents and amiable manners which have since recommended him, both in public and in private. To this object of interest she continued unceasingly to devote herself, and his warm affection for her repaid all the care she bestowed upon him.

For many years, during Mr. Mathews's long career of success, she was a happy wife and mother, enjoying the comforts and even luxuries of life, and exercising a generous and graceful hospitality to the old friends of herself and her husband, and to many distinguished persons of all ranks and professions. But as Mr. Mathews advanced in years, and felt his strength diminish, he became anxious to secure an income from some other source than his professional exertions. This feeling unhappily induced him to incur considerable liabilities, in joint-stock concerns which turned out unsuccessfully, and involved him in difficulties. He found himself obliged to give up his villa near the foot of Highgate Hill, and to retrench in all directions. His spirits suffered; his health gave way; and at the commencement of his fifty-ninth year, he died at Plymouth, though attended by the best medical advisers, and, better than all, by his wife and his son.

After the loss of her husband, Mrs. Mathews undertook his biography, which she executed in such a manner as to make it one of the most amusing and popular works of modern times. About three years ago, she published many of her own reminiscences of the stage in a very agreeable volume, called, "*Anecdotes of Actors*," and she has kept up her communion with literature and the drama by a variety of articles upon theatrical and other subjects, which have appeared from time to time in this Miscellany.

During the twelve years which have elapsed since her husband's death, she has lived in retirement; occasionally, though but rarely, allowing herself to reappear among some of her intimate friends; to whom she is endeared no less by present feelings, than by the recollections and associations of the past.

HOW MR. STRAGGLES WENT CHEAP TO ASCOT.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

MR. STRAGGLES sat by himself, on a high stool, in his lonely chambers, which were up at the top of the house, thinking on things in general, and looking over his garden.

His garden was not very extensive, being of necessity confined to his window-sill; but it was sufficiently varied. He had one root of mignonette restrained within bounds by a light fence of matches and that vegetable string, whatever it is, by which the early vagaries of lettuces are curbed: a pot of nasturtions, the leaves whereof turned yellow successively and then dropped away; some delicate creepers producing small yellow flowers, which in the fulness of a generous imagination he termed canary-birds: and two scarlet runners, which he would watch, and wonder, as they grew, whether they would ever form a bean-stalk similar to that renowned one of the nursery chronicles that Jack ascended with such ultimate profit to his family.

Mr. Straggles's garden would have been in a better condition, had his disposition been less impatient or inquiring. But a desire to become acquainted with the beautiful workings of nature led him so frequently to poke up the seeds with a steel pen—to see how they were getting on—that their growth was much affected by these investigations. And as they were replaced in a careless manner, topsy-turvy, or half uncovered, or much too deep, their health was considerably deranged. Nor was the soil favourable to their growth. Many years ago it had been mould, but was now composed of little chips of mortar, washings of the house-tops, fragments of glass and crockery, bits of stick, and sweepings of the floor. Life, however, goes on under marvellous disadvantages; and somehow or other the seeds struggled into stalks and leaves, which climbed and fluttered, and caught the blacks, and died, around what the old authors would have called "Mr. Straggles his windows."

No one knew precisely what profession Mr. Straggles followed. He had chambers, and people called on him, and he was seen flitting about Westminster Hall, and Mark Lane, and the General Post-office. He knew a great many respectable persons, and a great many who were not. He had a small property of his own; was never known to be in debt; wore fancy shirts; loved cheap steam-boats; and took walks to Dulwich; generally wore shoes; liked theatres; dined at Hancock's, in Rupert-street; was rather feeble-fibred than strong-minded; and in stature somewhat approaching the style popularly known as "gangling." He always looked as if he wanted training up a ladder, or hop-pole. If you pressed him into a corner by asking point-blank what he was, he would confess to being an "agent"—which meant he could get your coals, wine, second-hand books, cigars, bottled ale, musical boxes, fish-sauce, or misfit Lehocq's boots, in any quantity and upon the most advantageous terms.

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Straggles, addressing the scarlet runner as he gave it a little water from the *carafe* on his wash-hand stand. "Ah! you may well look dried up. I am. Pheugh!"

And Mr. Straggles threw open his waistcoat, and displayed all the huntsmen on his shirt, with their red coats and blue horses, to the best advantage. Having done which he finished the contents of the water-bottle himself, and directly afterwards appeared to grow an inch higher.

"Paper!" shouted a boy at the door, as he accompanied the last syllable with a loud knock. Mr. Straggles had yesterday's "Times" every morning; and having taken it in, he began to read the news.

"Bless me!" he said to himself, as his eye fell upon a string of advertisements of things presumed to be indispensable for the races, from guinea hampers and paletots to Gents' sporting handkerchiefs, and "nobby" pattern'd shawls. "Bless me! it's Ascot, and I meant to go to-morrow. How are the funds?"

Mr. Straggles looked in his desk, and there was a little purse apparently made to just fit the top of his thumb. He found, on examining its contents, that he had a sovereign less than he thought he had. And the man who owed him five pounds was always out of town, when he called.

"Well," he thought, after a little philosophical reflection, "go I must; but I won't do it expensively. No, no. I'll go cheap. None of your fast coaches there and back for thirty shillings. I won't spend more than ten; and when I'm on the course, who'll know how I went."

And in this resolve he immediately caught a boy in the street, whom he dispatched on a message to his laundress to let her know that he should want his white trowsers on Wednesday night; and he went himself after the two pairs of kid gloves that he had left to be cleaned the week before at the bonnet-shop where the young lady was with the nice hair, whom Mr. Straggles had promised to escort some fine evening to Cremorne gardens—when he got an order.

Thursday morning arrived—as Thursday morning always will do if you only wait patiently for it—and Mr. Straggles rose with the lark that hopped about a bit of turf outside the second floor window of the opposite house—for second floors are partial to larks, in various ways—and betook himself to the Golden Cross. It was early in the morning. The young men were setting out the shop-windows; omnibus loads of inward-bound suburban clerks loitered up the Strand; coffee-room windows were open to let out the fumes of the night before; wet morning papers fluttered round the coach-offices, and the man with the cheap cutlery commenced cutting his gloves to pieces. How Mr. Straggles pitied everybody who remained in town!

"Cab, sir! Here y'are, sir!" said a driver.

"Nonsense," replied Mr. Straggles, pleasantly bantering in the lightness of his heart. "How can I be there, when I'm here?"

"Better ride, sir. It's pourin' of rain, where you're going."

But Mr. Straggles walked on.

"I say, sir," cried the driver after him; "mind your legs don't bolt away from you. You'll never keep up with them at that rate."

Which pleasant humour so delighted a boy who was playing on the bones to an old fruit woman as she set out her stall for the day, that he preceded Mr. Straggles with a Nubian melody, occasionally warning the passengers of the important person he preceded by telling

them to get out of the way. And in this manner Mr. Straggles reached the Golden Cross, having thus far avoided all expenditure.

"South Western Railway, sir?" enquired the book-keeper. "Omnibus gone about five minutes, sir. I should recommend a cab, or you'll lose the train."

There was no other way: it was two shillings gone, but what was to be done. Mr. Straggles performed the difficult feat of getting into a restless Hansom, and told the driver to overtake the omnibus. But the driver could not, all he could do. He dropped his whip, and got hemmed in by coal-waggons at Millbank, and blockaded by numbers going into the new Houses of Parliament, right across Abingdon Street, so that when he reached Vauxhall bridge there was no trace of the Bus. And then came two pikes, which, with their natural voracity, swallowed large sums of halfpence: so that when he got to Nine Elms, he had anything but a cup-day temper.

Careless people would at once have taken a seat to Woking, but Mr. Straggles was cautious to a fault. "No," he reasoned: "the vehicles at Woking will make a harvest and combine. I know their ways. I will stop at Weybridge, where there will be no rush, and make a quiet bargain." So he took a second-class return ticket to Weybridge, and saved something besides.

Off went the train: gasping among the nursery grounds, and screaming across Battersea Fields; rattling over the Wandle and rushing through the wilds of Wimbledon, as if Jerry Abershaw had been again at its heels; squeaking past forlorn Kingston-upon-Railway; scaring the goslings on Ditton marsh, and racketing through the cutting of St. George's Hills, until it pulled up at Weybridge, and Mr. Straggles got out.

Here he found nothing but a four-wheeled chaise which went to Chertsey, where, the driver told him, "there was lots of things to the races."

"Oh!" said Mr. Straggles: "and what's your fare?"

"Take you to Chessy for three shillings, sir. Perhaps somebody else is going: then it'll come cheaper."

Mr. Straggles cast his eyes towards the station, and thought he saw a passenger who look'd as if he was going to "Chessy," as the driver called it. He did not know why; but in his anxiety he caught at men of straws. The passenger came up: looked to the right and to the left: then at the four-wheeled chaise: gave a whistle of indecision: shook his head in answer to the hail: and walked off across the common as if he had seven leagued boots on. Hope left Mr. Straggles's bosom, carrying with her the three shillings from his pocket.

"Never mind," thought Mr. Straggles; "I was going to the Hay-market on Saturday, and now I won't: so it will not make any difference in the long run." Then he added aloud to the driver:—

"Now on to Chertsey with your sacred load."

The man had not read Shakspeare—he had not got to Chertsey yet—but the speech seemed to imply a wish to start, and off they went, Mr. Straggles singing "The Standard Bearer," to German words of his own, until it verged into "*Robert, toi que j'aime*;" in which ballad, when he came to "*Grace!*" he shouted it out so lustily, that the old horse actually jumped forward, and the man thought his companion a little touched. But Mr. Straggles's joyous-

ness was more hysterical than real, as his expenditure increased. He was singing to drown reflection, in that noisily absent manner which Mr. Punch affects after he has thrown his infant out of the window—the mask worn by a hollow heart, as was once beautifully observed. And so they went on, until they arrived at their destination.

Chertsey is a mild market town, which once boasted a powerful abbey, nobody knows where; where Henry the Sixth was buried, nobody knows how; and finally annihilated, nobody knows when; for it escaped at the time of the dissolution of the religious houses, nobody knows why. Its natives are friendly tranquil persons. If the Wandering Jew paid periodical visits thereto every quarter of a century, he would find the inhabitants precisely in the same places, doing what they did five and twenty years ago; unmoved by external excitements, and unaltered by popular progress. But at Ascot time the heart of Chertsey commences to throb faintly. The inhabitants see people they do not know about the streets, and run out of their shops to look at them. Horses, whose existence was never suspected, emerge into active life; and long departed coaches, pertaining to the good old times of drawling locomotion, are pulled from their mausoleums, and mopped and greased, and once more put upon the road.

"Where's that trap going to?" enquired Mr. Straggles, as he saw a coach waiting at one of the inns.

"Ask-it," answered the man.

Mr. Straggles put on a severe expression at what he considered the man's impertinence, for he did not at first perceive his meaning. But when he found that it was going to Ascot, and that there was just one place left, which he could have for ten shillings, he closed at once, and climbed on to the roof, behind.

"In for a penny in for a pound," he thought. "Thank goodness this is the last expense."

The man touched his hat, and begged a trifle for himself. Mr. Straggles gave him a shilling, and told him to keep sixpence. But he had not got it; so Mr. Straggles, perceiving a pretty girl inside who was looking at him, said, "Ah, well; never mind, keep it all," with dashing liberality. When the man had driven off, Mr. Straggles found he had left his gloves in the chaise; so he had just fifteen seconds to jump down and buy some more. In his hurry of trying on, he split one pair into ribbons, which he had to pay for; and getting up quickly into the coach, he blacked the others, against some dreadful composition put on to make it look new for the day; and by this time he was getting perfectly reckless, so much so, that he began to sing "The Standard Bearer" again, and after some bottled ale at the Wheatsheaf at Virginia Water, volunteered it aloud for the delight of his fellow-passengers.

"I think we must have a sweepstakes," said a traveller in a cut-away coat on the box. "Are you all agreeable, gents?"

Oh, yes,—certainly: they were all agreeable: and Mr. Straggles could not say he was not. It was to be half-a-crown a chance, which he paid, and drew a horse he never heard of. Never mind: outsiders did win sometimes.

"I'll take your fares, if you please," said the coachman, as they crept up the hill beyond Blacknest. "It will save trouble on the course."

Again Mr. Straggles' hand was in his pocket, and the song of "The Standard Bearer" died as faintly away as did the voice of its bleeding hero. But the arrival on the course, for a time, chased away his despair.

"We shall keep here," said the coachman, as he at last drew up in the ranks below the distance; "and we'll meet after the last race if you please,—you'll hear a horn. Now just leave the horses alone—will you?"

This was said to half a dozen men who were violently unharnessing the horses, to take them, by force, to all sorts of stables. Then Mr. Straggles got down, with some others, to support the coachman: and directly he put his feet on the ground, two men seized him, and insisted upon brushing him almost into a state of electricity, until he had bribed them to desist, after which he was permitted to go at large.

How Mr. Straggles walked up and down within the rails, and assumed refined attitudes as he eyed the ladies in the front rank of carriages: how he bought an "Oxley's c'rect card," and read it with an air of great depth and interest: how he met some friends who had lunch, and gave him some, luring him into more sweepstakes, all of which he lost: how he was also attracted by some wonderful eyes, that had driven him mad at an evening party the week before, to go into the Grand Stand; and how the same bright eyes complained of the heat, and accepted ices and expensive accompaniments; and how Mr. Straggles not only determined upon not going to the Haymarket thereupon, but also gave up a notion he had of a new paletot and a week at Boulogne,—all these things might have happened had he gone any other way to the races, and therefore need not be particularly chronicled.

At length the last race was run, and Mr. Straggles sought the trysting-place. But however easily to be found out it had been when the coach first came on the course it was now a matter almost of impossibility: for there were hundreds of coaches like it all along the densely crowded ranks right down to the corner. And the same number of horns were blowing in every direction—the sound being to the ears what the will-o'-the-wisp is to the eyes, leading the wanderer here and there only to laugh at him as it rose in another place. He got almost frantic. Like Leonora, he ran up and down the lines, wringing his hands, and asking after his particular vehicle, but none could give the information. The clouds of dust around the course shewed how quickly the company were departing. He dived under drags, and got behind horse's heels—stood on strange wheels and clambered across unknown front seats—mounted wrong roofs in his agony and was thought to be one of the swell-mob in consequence—until the last coach went off and again carried hope away on its seat, together with half of his ten shillings, and the return of his day-ticket.

"Now then, who's for Slough?" shouted a man who was driving a curiously fragile car with one horse—one of those vehicles formerly denominated "flying bedsteads," in the days when we went Greenwicking by the Kent Road, "Take yer to the rail, sir?"

This was addressed to Mr. Straggles, and he immediately hailed the driver regardless of consequences. He was not off yet though. The man would ply all along the booths and taverns, and got invited

to have a drink at all of them : so that it was actually getting dusk when he started. Then the horse would not go beyond a slow trot ! and one of the wheels was obliged to be watched every minute for fear it should catch fire : until the bell for the last up train was ringing when they crossed the old high-road at Slough and neared the station.

"There's the train !" cried Mr. Straggles, "I can see the smoke. Drive on ! drive on ! what's to pay ?"

"Ten bob," answered the man, pithily.

"Ten what !" screamed Mr. Straggles : "Ten ! what for ! Pooh ; stuff !"

"Can't let you get down, master, if you don't. That's my rights," said the man with great coolness.

"I'll pull you up," said Mr. Straggles : "there's your money. And mind ; you shall hear of this again, you damned infernal scamp. Where's your number ?"

"That's werry unlucky," answered the man. "Lor' ! where can it be. I'm sure I don't know—do you ?"

The train had stopped at the station, and the doors were closed. With the recklessness of desperation, Mr. Straggles vaulted over the rails of the platform, and just as it was moving on, rushed into the only carriage that appeared available : and closing the door after him was, in another second, rattling off towards London, and then, completely exhausted in mind and body, he sank down into a corner, and fell asleep.

He was roused by the lantern of the guard glaring in his eyes, as his ticket was demanded at Paddington. Of course he had none to give : and they fetched the superintendent. In vain he assured them that he had got in at Slough, acknowledging that the doors of the station were closed. He looked, in his dishevelled state, such a suspicious character that the policemen entered the carriage, to accompany him to the terminus, when he was immediately marched between two guards to the secretary's office.

"I cannot help it, sir," said the functionary, after a rapid and feverish attempt of Mr. Straggles to explain his case. "The bye-laws of the company order that any person found without a ticket must pay —"

Mr. Straggles groaned.

"Must pay full fare from the most distant station."

"And that is — ?" gasped our luckless friend.

"Let me see. First class, single journey, from Exeter. Two pounds, four and sixpence."

Mr. Straggles heard no more. The lights whirled around him : the noise as of a thousand engines letting off their steam at once sounded in his ears, and he fell into the arms of the nearest policeman.

* * * *

He recovered from a brain fever, a poorer, but a wiser man. And he made two great resolves : first, never to go to the races again, if he could help it : and secondly, if at any time his feeble-mind yielded to the temptation, not to try any cheap methods, however tempting they might appear ; since cutting short the expenses, like short cuts in general, was certain to end only in trouble and wearing and tearing disappointment.



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Engraved from

Painted by

BEATRICE CENCI.

London: Richard Bentley, 1847.

...shall find in one of the most magnificent of Rome's palaces
will be always certain—no matter at what hour of the day you
—to find a number of persons grouped around and intently
at one object. There hangs the portrait of Beatrice Cenci,
the most perfect productions of Guido's pencil—a picture
and unattractive in its drapery, colour, and accessories; but
such a look of wild sorrow in the eyes, such feminine sweetness
mouth, and such an expression of hopeless misery and despair,
the spectator's gaze is riveted, and the remembrance of that
face lingers in the mind, awakening a powerful and harrowing
it.

ough is known of the history of the beautiful and ill-fated Bea-
o cause us to receive eagerly any further information respect-
r; and, excited by a repeated study of the picture, I sought in
libraries in Rome for some authentic account of her life, but
at the publication of her history is prohibited, and, although
outline of it is universally known, no satisfactory and authentic
ulars have, I believe, ever been published. Still I did not
on the search, and at length visiting with a friend one of those
ficent private libraries which enrich this city of treasures, we
discovered a manuscript of which the following is a free trans-
; it is said to have been written by the confessor of Beatrice
shortly after her execution; and from a careful examination of
S., I think it bears satisfactory and intrinsic marks of authen-
in which opinion I am confirmed by that of several Italian
rs of eminence to whom I have shewn it. In translating the
have not adhered verbally to the original, which is too stiff for
English reader, but have endeavoured to soften the style, whilst I
carefully preserved the details of the narrative. J. W.

chief of the Treasury of Rome, under Pius V., was a certain
gnor Cenci, who, during a long period of office, amassed
ous wealth. At his death he left the greater part of this to his
ancesco, who had some time previously married a lady of large

his own destruction ensued, speedily followed by the almost total annihilation of his family and name.

In his conduct to his own family he was most tyrannical, treating them, even from infancy, with unparalleled cruelty. He sent three of his sons, Giacomo, Cristoforo, and Rocco, to Salamanca, assigning as the cause of this act that he wished them to pursue their studies in greater retirement than they could in Rome; but when once there, he positively refused to allow them any supplies of money, or to provide for them the means of procuring either food or clothing. They returned in despair to Rome, but soon found that misery and starvation at Salamanca were more endurable than the daily persecutions of their own home. Here they were allowed only the smallest portion of food that would sustain life, and the scantiest clothing that would cover their bodies.

Unable to endure this miserable existence, they sent petitions to Clement VIII., the reigning pope, urging the hardship of their case, the unnatural and undeserved cruelty of their father, and their despair of any amendment in their condition without his intervention. Their entreaties were disregarded; the pope, perhaps, from his own position as father of his people, was a rigid advocate for upholding the rights and authority of a parent; he refused to listen to their petition, and dismissed them abruptly from his presence as rebels against that power to which all children should unhesitatingly submit.

Another petition from the same family reached Clement not long after the rejection of the former one, and to this he listened more favourably. It was from the eldest of Count Cenci's daughters; she had long suffered equally with the rest of his children from his barbarous treatment, and, feeling that any life was preferable to that she led in her father's house, she addressed a letter to the pope, in which she stated that her father was in the continual habit of beating her, shutting her up in cold damp cells with scarcely any food or clothing, and, what was still more repulsive and distressing to her as a woman, that he compelled her, with his other children and his wife, to live in the same house and associate with his mistresses and vile companions. She proceeded to state that she cared not what became of her if she could only escape from this terrible life, and earnestly besought his Holiness either to place her in some convent, or to give her in marriage to anyone whom he should select. The poor girl's prayer was heard; a husband, in the person of Signor Carlo Gabrielli, a gentleman from Gubbio, was chosen for her, and a sum of one thousand crowns allotted for her dower. Francesco knew that he had no course left him but to submit without a murmur to the decree of the pope; he was determined, however, that, since one daughter had thus escaped from his tyranny, he would only treat the remaining one with the greater severity, and guard her under stricter *surveillance*. Beatrice, the heroine of our story, was immediately separated from the rest of the family, and confined in a solitary apartment in a remote part of the palace. Francesco at first brought her all her meals with his own hand, frequently leaving her food unchanged for days, and whenever he heard the slightest murmur of complaint, severely punished her with stripes and blows.

It was about this period that an event occurred which would have softened any heart less obdurate than that of Francesco Cenci. Cristoforo and Rocco, two of his sons whom he had before sent to

Salamanca, were assassinated in the neighbourhood of Rome, from what cause, or at whose instigation, was never discovered. When the news of this sad occurrence reached the palace, Count Cenci expressed the utmost joy and gratitude to God for the removal of such a burthen, declared that their funeral should be conducted in the meanest possible way, that no torchbearer should light them to their last home, no money from his coffers purchase masses for the repose of their souls; adding, further, that he himself could never enjoy any true peace or rest until he knew that his wife, and every child he had, were rotting in their graves; then, he declared, his joy would indeed surpass all bounds, and that in its excess he would make a bonfire of his palace and all he possessed in honour of the blessed event.

Amidst all his fiendish exultation he never relaxed his harsh treatment of Beatrice, but increased it daily; to add to the horror of the poor girl's existence, he conceived a criminal passion for her, persecuting her at all hours and all seasons, terrifying her at one time with threats and blows, at another insulting her with disgusting protestations.

Beatrice bore all wonderfully for a long time, but her health and strength began at last to give way, and she feared that her mind was failing with her body. She used every effort to divert her father from his horrible designs; but threats of heaven's vengeance, tears, and prayers, were alike unheeded by him. She tried, too, the same plan which had succeeded in her sister's case; and, with much difficulty, she found an opportunity and materials to write secretly a memorial to the pope, stating the immediate cause of her suffering, and praying for help. This she gave to a messenger whom she thought she could trust; she waited sadly and anxiously for an answer or some sign of assistance, but none ever came. Long afterwards, when this petition was searched for in the Record Office, where such papers were preserved, it could not be found; and it is supposed that it was intercepted by Cenci himself, and never reached the hands of Clement. Beatrice's trials increased from the day she sent it, until she was reduced to such a state of madness and desperation that she determined to free herself by any possible means.

To her stepmother, who had been a fellow-sufferer in many of the trials and cruelties Cenci imposed on his family, Beatrice poured out her bursting heart; her face buried in her mother's bosom, her voice almost inarticulate with choking sobs, she related the last monstrous designs of her cruel father; how she had tried to make him forego his fearful purpose, how all had been useless; she declared that there were limits even to the duty that a child owes to its parent, and that there now remained but one thing to be done, to slay that father who had endeavoured not only to destroy her body, but eternally ruin her soul. Lucrezia, whose love for her husband had been long alienated by neglect and ill-treatment, at once consented to the proposal of Beatrice, reminding her, however, that they alone could never accomplish such a deed; that their object was not revenge for the past, but self-preservation for the future; and she ended by urging her to call into their counsel a certain Monsignor Guerra.

She could hardly have selected any more suitable coadjutor than Signor Guerra. He was an intimate and long-attached friend of the Cenci family, one who had known Beatrice and her brothers from

their childhood; himself handsome in person, and accomplished in his manners, he had early attached himself to Beatrice, and, in the absence of Francesco Cenci, had contrived always to be with her, and devote himself to her as much as possible. He had long watched Cenci's conduct, and cordially hated and despised him for his cruelty. Signor Guerra readily promised his help and counsel, and undertook to open the matter to Giacomo, the eldest son, whose sanction and aid they were most anxious to secure. There was little difficulty in inducing Giacomo to join them, as Cenci had treated him with greater harshness, if possible, than his other sons, partly because he was his first-born, but more because he had married, and had thus removed from his father's palace, and from his more ready vengeance and punishment. After devising various plans, none seemed to them so feasible as to employ some of the hired assassins, who were so readily procured in Rome and its neighbourhood.

Francesco had already informed his family that he meant to retire with them to a country-house of the Colonnas, on the confines of the Neapolitan territories, called Rocca di Petrella, and had appointed a day for their journey. Guerra and Giacomo, on hearing this, immediately selected two men on whom they thought they could rely to accomplish Cenci's murder. One was a vassal of Cenci's, called Martino, who was strongly attached to the younger branches of the family, and who undertook the enterprize principally from his love to them; the other, Olimpio, a retainer of the Colonnas, who had received some injury or affront from Count Cenci, and who was eager to gratify his own revenge, as well as earn the promised reward. These men, invested with full powers from the family, formed a band of ten or twelve from among their comrades, and at once set out for the neighborhood of Petrella, intending to wait in a wood through which the road passed. Their project was to attack the Cenci family when they were journeying through this lonely spot, which they would do towards nightfall, take them all, if possible alive and carry Cenci himself off to the mountains. As soon as they had secured him, they proposed to release the rest of the family, order them to return at once to Rome, and bring back, to an appointed place, a large sum of money as a ransom for the count, whose life was to be forfeited if the money was not paid by a certain day. They agreed that if this could be accomplished, it would most effectually attain their object; there would remain then nothing for the family to do but to delay a little at Rome, arrive at the place of ransom a day too late, and find only the dead body of Francesco. Nothing seemed more feasible, or more likely to leave the authors of the plot undiscovered, than this arrangement; but fate was against it. Unforeseen business obliged Cenci to defer his journey for some time, and, the banditti after waiting several days in vain, fearing that the plot was discovered and that they had better at once consult their own safety, departed to some more profitable and less dangerous field of action.

Since this plan had now totally failed, Beatrice, Lucrezia, and Guerra, formed another. They agreed to defer the destruction of Cenci until they reached Petrella, where they hoped it could be accomplished more securely than in Rome. Guerra succeeded once more in finding Martino and Olimpio, and arranged with them that as soon as the family was settled at Petrella, they should repair thither;

that Beatrice would admit them within the castle, and that they should then put the count to death in whatever manner they best could. Their reward was to be a thousand crowns, one-third to be paid to them in Rome by Signor Guerra, one-third by Beatrice at Petrella, and the remaining portion to be delivered to them when the deed was accomplished. They fixed at first upon the festival of the Nativity of the Virgin as the most suitable day to attempt the murder; but Beatrice consented to postpone it till the following day at the earnest solicitations of her mother, who was very superstitious, and said that she could not bear to sanction the desecration of a day set apart for religious duties, by the commission of a murder, and thus burthen her soul with a double crime.

Accordingly, on the following day, the 9th of September, A. D. 1598, Martino and Olimpio were privately introduced into the castle, and, about the middle of the night, conducted by Beatrice and Lucrezia to the bedroom of Francesco, who slept soundly, opium having been administered to him in his food. Beatrice placed a light on the table, and, pointing out to the assassins the bed on which her father lay, retired with her mother into the adjoining apartment. Thither they were almost immediately followed by the two men, who declared that they dared not proceed further; that it would be a shame for two men to murder a sleeping, and therefore helpless, old man; and that they shrank with horror from committing so shocking a crime.

Beatrice hearing this burst forth in indignant reproaches: "Are ye," she exclaimed, "the men whose lives are passed in rapine and murder? have ye not the courage to attack an old man who lies asleep and powerless? were he awake ye would fly from him in terror. Is this the way in which you earn your reward?—is it thus ye fulfil the solemn compact to which ye have pledged yourselves? But come, since your dastardly cowardice forces me, I will take your place—I, weak and a woman though I be, will do the deed which ye, who boast yourselves men, shrink from; away! I will slay my father!"

The assassins hesitated for a moment, but feeling the cutting reproach conveyed both in her words and manner, resolved to drown all compunction, and hurried back to the bedchamber. Lucrezia and Beatrice held the lamp in the adjoining room, so that the men could see where Cenci lay without introducing light enough to disturb his slumbers. Martino then placed a large nail, or iron bolt, upon the right eye of their victim, which Olimpio, with one blow of a hammer, drove straight into the brain. Thus was the soul of this wicked man freed from his body, and despatched to another world, there to receive the punishment due for the actions committed in this. The deed being now accomplished, Beatrice gave to Martino and Olimpio a heavy purse of gold, to be divided between them, and to Martino himself a valuable cloak trimmed with gold lace, and then dismissed them.

The mother and daughter being now left alone went into Francesco's room, drew forth the nail from his head, and, wrapping the dead body carefully in a sheet, carried it to a small pavilion built at the end of a terrace-walk which overlooked an orchard. From this height they cast it down on an old gnarled elder-tree, in order that when the body should be found the next morning it might appear that,

whilst walking on the terrace, the foot of the count had slipped, and that he had fallen head-foremost on one of the short stunted branches of the tree, which, piercing through his eye to the brain, had caused his death. Beatrice then most imprudently gave the sheets in which they had carried the dead body to a woman of Petrella to wash, assigning some trivial reason for the blood with which they were stained.

The report of Francesco's death was not spread through the castle until the next morning; the moment Lucrezia and Beatrice heard it, they feigned astonishment at the event, rushed through the house tearing their hair, uttering cries and lamentations, and bewailing with many tears Cenci's untimely death. In a day or two the funeral took place, and, immediately after it, the family returned to Rome, feeling that they had at length accomplished what they had so long and ardently desired, and that they had removed their tyrant without, as it seemed to them, having in any way compromised their own safety.

As soon as the death of Count Cenci was announced at Naples, the sudden manner in which it had taken place gave rise to strong suspicions that he had been murdered. The Neapolitan government immediately despatched certain officers to Petrella, with orders to have the body exhumed and carefully examined; and strict inquiries were instituted in the neighbourhood and castle as to the cause of the Count's unexpected death.

The result of this investigation was that all the inhabitants of Petrella were placed under arrest, bound, and sent to Naples, where they underwent a most strict examination. The only suspicious circumstances which could be elicited, were from the confession made by the washerwoman who had received the bloody sheets from Beatrice. This woman at once declared that the morning after the murder she had washed the sheets for the daughter of Count Cenci, that they had been saturated with blood, and that the reason assigned for the stains upon them was an insufficient and impossible one. The people of Petrella were now released, and a courier despatched to the court at Rome with full information of the state of Count Cenci's body when exhumed, the testimony of the washerwoman, and the very strong suspicions which had been aroused that the count's own family were implicated in the apparent murder. Some months passed over whilst these grave charges were being privately investigated, and during this time the youngest of Cenci's sons died, so that there now only remained Giacomo and Bernardo.

Through the private information of a friend, Monsignor Guerra became acquainted with all that was going on; in consequence of which he began to adopt measures to secure his own safety. He had great fears that Olimpio and Martino might fall into the hands of the police, be put to the torture, and betray all who had been concerned in the murder. Guerra thought the only sure way to silence them was to have them assassinated, for which purpose he hired ruffians, who lay long in wait for them, but succeeded only in despatching Olimpio. Martino was, as Guerra feared, a few days afterwards taken prisoner by the Neapolitan soldiers, and to them he confessed everything relating to the Cenci's death. Information of this important evidence was at once forwarded to Rome, on the receipt of which Giacomo and Bernardo were confined in the prison of Corte Savella, and Lu-

crezia and Beatrice detained in the Cenci palace guarded by a strong force of police, to await the arrival of Martino who had set out from Naples to give his testimony against them in person. On his arrival he was at once conducted to Corte Savella, to be confronted with the prisoners, who were all collected there to meet him. When he saw the firmness with which all, but especially Beatrice, denied any knowledge of, or participation in, the murder, and heard her declare that she had never before seen the embroidered cloak which she had given to Martino, and which was found on him, he was so struck and awed by her presence of mind and indignant eloquence, that he now strenuously recanted all that he had confessed to the soldiers, and determined rather to die on the rack than betray the Cenci family further. The judge, finding that the case against them was incomplete, yet reluctant to have recourse to the torture until all other means had failed, remanded the prisoners, and sent them all to the castle of St. Angelo, where they remained for some months.

During this time, one of the brigands employed by Guerra was seized by the soldiers and executed; but previous to his death, he confessed his crimes, and amongst them the murder of Olimpio, the cause of it, and the name of the person by whom he had been hired. This brought proof of participation in the murder home to Signor Guerra, who had long been suspected, but against whom they had hitherto been unable to bring any real evidence.

The moment Guerra heard of the seizure of the brigand, he determined to attempt his escape at all hazards, rather than await the chances of a trial. This was no easy matter, as his great personal beauty, as well as his station in society, had made his face familiar to every one in Rome. He saw that his only chance of eluding the officers of justice was to assume some disguise. Walking in a lonely and uninhabited part of Rome, he by good fortune met a charcoal-seller whom he persuaded by a large bribe to give him his tattered clothes, and to purchase for him two mules laden with charcoal. Guerra, having now changed his dress, shaved off his beard, and blackened his face and hands, mounted one of the mules; leading the other after him by a rope, he assumed the awkward gait of a peasant, and, with his mouth stuffed with bread, and his hands filled with onions, he rode through the streets selling his charcoal to the poor people at the very time that the police had received orders for his arrest, and were making diligent inquiries for him. Having disposed of all his charcoal, he rode through one of the gates of Rome, and, though he met in the Campagna the police who were in search of him, yet he fortunately escaped without attracting their observation.

The flight of Signor Guerra, coupled with the confessions of Olimpio's murderer, tended so much to strengthen the suspicions against the Cencis, that the judge resolved to put them all to the torture in the hope of compelling them to confess their guilt. For this purpose, they were transferred from the castle of St. Angelo to Corte Savella. The courage and fortitude of Giacomo and Bernardo soon failed, and they at once confessed; Lucretia, who was old and weakened by intense suffering and long imprisonment, soon followed their example. Beatrice alone remained firm. Strong in body as in mind, she could not be induced, either by persuasion, threats, or

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even the torture itself, to acknowledge her guilt. She resolutely protested her innocence, and, with much ability and self-possession, cross-examined the judge and the witnesses who appeared against her. The simple courage of Beatrice, and the conflicting testimony of the witnesses, puzzled and confused the crown prosecutor.

Monsignor Ulysses Moscata feeling himself totally unable to come to any decision, referred all the papers to the pope himself; Clement diligently read through the minutes of the evidence, and studied the trial from its commencement. Clement VIII., suspecting that the unwillingness of Moscata to believe Beatrice guilty might have been increased by her extreme beauty, ordered that the conducting of the prosecution should be removed from his hands, that the tortures of Beatrice should be greatly increased, and that when bound with the cord, she should be brought suddenly into the presence of her mother and brothers.

The moment Beatrice appeared before her family, they unanimously exclaimed that any further denial was useless, that the crime was proved beyond a doubt, and that nothing now remained but to supplicate forgiveness of their sins from God, and employ the short time allowed them in preparing for another world.

"What!" exclaimed Beatrice, "will you brand our once noble house with an evil name?—will you, by your own weakness and cowardice, doom yourselves to the scaffold like common criminals? Ye are wrong; but since you have willed it, be it even so!" Then turning to her guards she said, "Unbind me, and let the accusation be read over to me again, that I may confess what I have done, and deny whatever I may be falsely accused of."

Beatrice having been now convicted from her own mouth, together with Lucrezia and her brothers, they were released from the torture, and, as they had not seen each other for five months, were permitted to spend the remainder of the day together. On the following day Giacomo and Bernardo were removed to the prison of Tordinona, Lucrezia and Beatrice remaining at Corte Savella.

No further proofs of guilt being now necessary, the Pope proceeded to pass sentence upon them; and awarded as their punishment that they should be dragged through the streets, tied to the tails of horses, until life should be extinct. As soon as this decree was made known almost all the cardinals and princes of Rome met together, and signed a petition, which they forwarded to the pope, praying him not to put into execution so severe a sentence, but to mitigate the punishment. The answer however of Clement was unpropitious: "I am here," he said, "not to extend mercy, but to uphold justice. Why should I have pity on those who showed none to their old father, when they inhumanly murdered him?"

At length however, wearied by the reiterated prayers of the noblest and most powerful families in Rome, Clement granted the Cenci a reprieve of twenty-five days, in order that they might bring forward any circumstances which might palliate their crime, and induce him to alter his sentence to a milder punishment.

During this time many of the principal advocates of Rome occupied themselves in collecting proofs of the cruel treatment of Francesco to his wretched family, which, having occasioned their crime, in some degree excuse their guilt. At the termination of the fixed time they appeared before the pope. Signor Niccolo degli

Angeli opened the pleadings; but, before he had proceeded far, the pope, interrupting him, exclaimed,

"Are there, then, to be found in Rome, not only those who voluntarily destroy their own father by the cowardly blow of the assassin, but those, too, who devote their time and talents to pervert justice, and to ward off punishment from the guilty? I could not have believed that such things could be."

At these words all the advocates sat down in terror, except Farinaccio, who alone remained firm.

"Most holy father," he said, "we are here assembled, not to defend murder, but to save the innocent; and if it should please your Holiness to hear us yet a little further, you will then understand what is our object."

The pope having given his consent that the defence should proceed, Farinaccio resumed his speech, which lasted for four hours, during all which time Clement* listened attentively, made notes of the most important evidence, and, when Farinaccio had ended, took away all the papers connected with the cause, and, with the assistance of Cardinal Marcello, passed the whole night in studying them. The next morning the pope gave some hope that at least the two brothers might escape the threatened punishment. He said that, in minutely examining the case, he had been led to balance the terrible wrongs and provocation the family had received from their father against the crime which they had committed. Unfortunately tidings reached Rome a few days afterwards that the Signora Castanza Santa Croce, a lady sixty years of age, had been stabbed to death by her son Paolo, because she would not promise to name him in her will as heir to all her property. The assassin immediately made his escape. This dreadful outrage inflamed Clement's mind so much, that he at once abandoned all idea of mercy towards the Cencis, and determined to inflict upon them instant punishment, as an example to all parricides. Clement, who had the day before gone to the Quirinal Palace, on the Monte Cavallo, to assist at the consecration of Cardinal Dicotrami, Bishop of Olmutz in Silesia, immediately sent for Monsignor Ferrante Taverna, governor of Rome, told him that he had given up all idea of mitigating the punishment of the Cencis, that he now delivered them into his hands, and held him accountable for their immediate execution. The governor, without a moment's delay, called an assembly of the congregation, and, assisted by all the criminal judges, he passed sentence of death on all the members of the house of Cenci, directing that their execution should take place in public, on the bridge of St. Angelo, on Saturday, September 11th, A.D. 1599. As soon as the sentence was made known, the nobles of Rome used all their influence with the pope to allow Beatrice and Lucrezia to be executed in private, and Bernardo, on account of his youth,† and the impossibility of his being a party to the crime, to be pardoned. Amongst the most active in this endeavour were Cardinal Sforza and Farinaccio the lawyer. The pope was inexorable, insisting that all the executions should take place in public, and with difficulty yielding to the entreaties of Farinaccio (whose

* Clement the Eighth was the son of Sylvester Aldobrandini, one of the most celebrated lawyers of his day, and had, when a young man, devoted much time and attention to the study of law.—*Transl.*

† Bernardo was at this time only fifteen years old.—*Transl.*

influence over him was great) to remit the punishment of Bernardo.

About twelve o'clock on the night before the execution the *Confortatori* were sent to the prisons of Corte Savella and Tordinona to announce to the captives their doom. On entering the cell of Beatrice they found her lying fast asleep upon her miserable bed: a smile played around her lips, and, so sweet and peaceful was her aspect, that one might have thought her dreaming of the bright and happy hours of youth and innocence, when hope had pictured to her mind long years of coming happiness with him she loved. Alas! the heavy steps of the *Confortatori* sounded in her ears, and she was too soon awakened to the reality of her fate. The priest approached her bed, and in a solemn voice exclaimed,

"Arise, unhappy woman! thy hours are numbered. Let thy last earthly confession be made, and with a penitent heart prepare to answer for thy crimes before that God to whom our inmost thoughts and most secret actions are open as the day.

Beatrice started up in her bed, terrified at these awful and solemn words, and, with a piercing shriek, cried out,

"My God! my God! must I then die, so young, so unprepared? must I perish thus ignominiously?"

Her excitement and want of self-command were but momentary; she immediately became calm, and proceeded with Lucrezia to the chapel, where they fell on their knees, and passed much time absorbed in prayer. Beatrice requested as a favour that a lawyer might be allowed to attend her, that she might make a disposition of her property; and she sent a petition to the pope that he would not permit the validity of her will to be disputed. To this the pope at once sent a favourable answer, and, a lawyer being in attendance, he drew up her last testament. She bequeathed a large sum of money to the *Compagnia dei Confortatori*, requesting that they would offer up six hundred masses for the benefit of her soul, one-half to be said before, the remainder after her interment. To Madame Bastiana, who had attended her during her imprisonment, she left a considerable sum, and smaller legacies to Andrea, Ludovico, Ascanio, and Carlo, guards of the prison, who had shewn her much consideration and kindness. She bequeathed, also, a small sum to Costanza, who had waited on Lucrezia, and concluded by requesting that she might be buried in the church of St. Pietro in Montorio; then, having signed her will, it was witnessed by Marco Antonio Cavallo, Orazio Onfalda, Antonio Coppoli, and Ruggiero Raggi, a member of the *Confortatori*, Giovanni Battista Manni, the sacristan of the chapel, Santi Varinini, the chaplain, and Pierino, his servant. The Signora Lucrezia, following the example of her daughter, made some additions to a will which had been drawn up several years previously, and requested to be buried in the church of St. Gregorio. Giacomo and Bernardo also made a final disposition of their property, adding that they were ready to die with Christian firmness and resignation, that they thoroughly repented having been parties to so heinous a crime, and that they as freely forgave all those who had ever injured them, as they humbly hoped that God, through Christ, would pardon them. Beatrice and Lucrezia at Corte Savella, and Giacomo and Bernardo at Tordinona, passed almost the whole of the night on their knees before the altar, offering up prayers, and singing psalms. At eight o'clock they

made their last confession to the priest, heard mass, and received the sacrament.

The hour having arrived that had been appointed for the execution, Beatrice warned her stepmother that their lives were drawing to a close, and solemnly exhorted her to put her whole trust in God, and meet her fate with courage and firmness. In the meantime the Signor Tranquillo, subfiscal of Rome, arrived at the prison of Tordinona, to announce to Bernardo that his Holiness, the Pope, had been graciously pleased to grant him his pardon; adding, at the same time, that, although his life was spared, he must join the procession with the rest of his family, and remain seated upon the scaffold until they should all, one after the other, be beheaded. During the reading of the pardon there were present Don Giovanni Aldobrandini, Messer Aurelio de' Migliori, M. Camillo Morelli, of the company of the *Confortatori*, Messer Francesco Vai, Migliore Guidotti, besides the sacristan and the chaplain.

The morning was now far advanced, and all the preparations were completed. A large scaffold had been erected in the Piazza del Ponte, opposite to the castle of St. Angelo; the block, the axe, and the executioner, were each in his appointed place, and the cars waited at the doors of the prisons to bear the captives to their doom. When Giacomo and Bernardo had come forth, and were mounting to their places, one of the prisoners in Tordinona, being curious to see criminals of such noble blood, climbed up to the window of his cell, and, in so doing accidentally displaced with his foot a large flower-jar full of earth, which fell with great force on one of the torchbearers, who was in advance of the crucifix, and killed him on the spot. Giacomo was dressed in a monk's robe of grey serge. On quitting his prison he prostrated himself before the crucifix, and having uttered a prayer, he kissed the wounds in the hands, feet, and sides of the image of our Saviour before he mounted the car. Bernardo, following the example of his brother, took his place beside him, and the procession quickly formed itself in order. A number of torchbearers of the Compagnia della Misericordia led the way;* after them was borne the crucifix, followed by more torchbearers; then came the car on which sat the prisoners, surrounded by members of the Compagnia dei Confortatori. The rear was brought up by the crowd.

* The Compagnia della Misericordia was one of the earliest institutions of priestly charity, dating its origin from the time of the great plague, A. D. 1348. During the ravages of this fearful scourge, a few individuals, actuated by religious zeal, and fearless of consequences, formed themselves into a society to administer comfort to the sick and dying. The survivors of these brave men afterwards assumed the monastic dress, and, under the title of the Brothers of Mercy, undertook for life those sacred duties which had been hitherto performed during a temporary emergency. Their chapel in Florence is situated close to the Cathedral, and is built over the gulf into which the plague-stricken corpses were cast. Men of high and low degree, the prince and the peasant, are included in this society. A black dress, with two small holes cut for the eyes, covers them from head to foot, completely concealing them from the recognition of passers by. Their duty is to attend upon all who require their aid; six of the brethren are constantly in attendance in the chapel, and medical help is always at hand. It is their duty also to visit the prisons, and prepare the condemned for death. If among those sentenced to death there should be one of their Order, they have the privilege of demanding his pardon and release. This is only granted once in the year, and for one criminal alone. The members of the Order are very numerous, they are not necessarily known or acquainted, but can discover themselves to each other by certain mysterious signs and words only understood by the initiated.—*Transl.*

Leaving Tordinona, they turned into the Via dell' Orso; taking the Strada Appolinare to the left, and crossing the Piazza Navona and Piazza Pantaleone, they entered the Campo dei Fiori; then crossing over the Piazza del Duca, they stopped before the prison of Corte Savella. Beatrice and Lucrezia appeared a few minutes after the procession halted before the gates of their prison, conducted by the *Confortatori*. They knelt down before the crucifix, and continued praying for some time; then, getting into a car provided for them, they joined the procession, which pursued its course to the bridge of Ponte San Angelo.

Lucrezia wore a long dress of black cotton, fitting loosely, with large sleeves, and the waist fastened with a thick rope. On her feet she had black velvet slippers, cut low on the instep, with large black roses made according to the fashion of the times, and a long veil fell from her head, almost to her waist, concealing her breast and shoulders. The veil Beatrice wore was of dark-grey silk, not so long as that of her stepmother; a handkerchief of cloth of silver covered her neck, a petticoat of violet-coloured cloth, with high shoes of white velvet, ornamented with crimson sandals and rosettes, completed her attire. The arms of both were pinioned, but their hands were left free, so that they were able to carry a crucifix, to which they unceasingly bent in prayer, and a handkerchief to shade their eyes in some measure from the glaring sun. The Signora Lucrezia, weakened and overcome by mental and bodily suffering, and her long confinement, shed floods of tears during the whole procession. Not so Beatrice: she allowed no tear to escape from her eyes, no sigh from her breast, but, like the martyrs of other days, she continued to pour forth prayers to her Saviour; her beautiful countenance lightened with an expression of noble courage and resignation, shewing to all that she was resolved to die as became a Roman. Giacomo had even greater sufferings to bear than the rest of his family, since he was undergoing the torture from the moment he mounted the car till he arrived at the foot of the scaffold.* He bore up, however, with great fortitude, and, though enduring terrible agony, he allowed no visible evidence of his suffering to escape him. The crowd of carriages of all descriptions, and of people on horseback and on foot, was so great, that it was with much difficulty the guards could clear a way for the procession to reach the scaffold.

On their arrival, Beatrice, Lucrezia, and Giacomo were conducted into the Chapel of Justice, and Bernardo was ordered to ascend the scaffold. The poor boy, hardly daring to trust the reality of his pardon, thought from this order that he was to be the first to suffer, and had scarcely reached the summit of the scaffold when he fell down in a swoon. It was with great difficulty that he was restored to consciousness by the *Confortatori*; when, having been again assured of his pardon, he seated himself on a bench opposite to the block. The executioner then went to the chapel for Lucrezia. Having bound her hands behind her back, and removed the veil which covered her head and shoulders, he led her to the foot of the scaffold. She stopped here for a moment to offer up a few prayers, and devoutly kissed the

* Squeezing the flesh of the victim with heated pincers, and in some instances tearing it from the body, was the torture applied to Giacomo, by one of the servants of the Inquisition, who sat on the car beside him. *Tannagliare* is the word used by the author.—*Transl.*

crucifix; then, taking off her shoes, she mounted the ladder barefoot. Partly through shame at being thus exposed before the crowd, with her neck and breast uncovered, and partly through confusion and terror, her strength failed her, and it was only after repeated efforts that she was able to proceed to the block; crying out with a loud voice, "My God! my Saviour! Oh, holy brothers, pray for my soul!" she placed her head in the groove to receive the fatal blow. Alessandro, the executioner, raised his axe high in the air, and with a single stroke severed the head from the body; then, seizing it by the hair, exposed it, still quivering, to the populace. When the blood had ceased flowing from it, he wrapped it in Lucrezia's veil, and placed it on a bier in the corner of the scaffold. Alessandro had scarcely descended from the scaffold to lead forth Beatrice, when almost the whole of one side of it fell down with a fearful crash, and buried in its ruins a number of the attendants of the executioner, who were employed in wiping away the blood. Four of them were killed on the spot, and several others severely wounded. In about half an hour everything was repaired, and Beatrice, conducted by Alessandro, walked with a firm step across the square to the foot of the ladder. Taking off her slippers, she knelt down before the crucifix, and asked if her mother had died with courage. Receiving an answer in the affirmative, she burst forth in an eloquent prayer to God for the salvation of her own soul, and for those of the friends who were suffering with her.

"O God! O Saviour!" she exclaimed, "turn—turn one forgiving look towards me. Great has been my crime; but thou, Lord, who seest the heart, knowest that great was my suffering, great my temptation. Why should I, a poor and sinful creature, fear this too mild death, when I feel, I know that thou, perfect in thine innocence, didst die in so much torture and agony for my sins, and wilt take me to thyself."

Then, rising from her knees, she ascended the steps of the scaffold, and said aloud,

"Executioner, I am now ready: do your duty! I leave this mortal scene, hoping, not fearing, trusting implicitly in the infinite mercy and love of God."

Having said these words, she laid her head on the block, and in a few moments was launched into eternity. The executioner then took up the head by the hair, and having exposed it to the view of the crowd, placed it on the bier beside that of Lucrezia. Bernardo, horrified at all he had witnessed, again swooned away, and remained in a state of insensibility for nearly an hour. In the meantime Giacomo, having gone through the same religious ceremonies as his ill-fated stepmother and sister, mounted the scaffold, and, taking off his cap and cloak, turned his face towards the *Via dei Banchi*, and said in a clear and impressive voice,

"During my examination, whilst suffering under the agonies of the torture, I accused my brother Bernardo of having been a party to the crime for which I now die: I desire here publicly to retract what I then said, and solemnly to declare that Bernardo neither assisted in, nor was privy to the murder which has been committed. Farewell, my friends! when I am gone remember me in your prayers."

Having said these words, and knelt down, Alessandro bound his legs to the block, bandaged his eyes, and struck him on the temples

with a hammer until life was extinct; then, kneeling on his breast, he severed the head from the body, which he then quartered. The head was placed with the others on the bier.

When all was ended Bernardo was conducted back to prison, where he remained for many weeks ill of a fever. The evening of the execution the mutilated body of Giacomo was removed to the church of the Misericordia, and there interred. The remains of Beatrice, clothed in the dress she wore on the scaffold, was borne, covered with garlands of flowers, to the church of S. Pietro in Montorio. The bier was followed by fifty torch-bearers, by the whole of the Society of Orphans of Rome, by all the Capuchin friars, and all the other orders of the Franciscans. She was buried before the high altar, beneath the pavement of the church. Later in the evening the body of Lucrezia was conveyed to the church of S. Gregorio. Almost all Rome had flocked to witness the termination of this awful tragedy. The eye of the spectator from the Piazza del Ponte wandered over a sea of human heads; and those who could find no room in the streets crowded the windows and roofs of the neighbouring houses. Many people fainted, from the burning heat of the sun, and were with difficulty rescued from the feet of the crowd. After the termination of the execution numbers were found lying dead in the streets, having been either suffocated or trampled to death under the feet of the horses. Besides these accidents, many others perished from the effects of a *coup-de-soleil*, which had struck them while waiting on the place of the execution.

The principal interest in this mournful scene was centred in Beatrice, whose youth, beauty, and high birth, and, more than all, the brutal treatment she had received from her father, created a deep sympathy in her sufferings. Though Clement was well aware of this, he nevertheless refused all petitions for her pardon: he saw that the crime of parricide and murder had increased, and were disturbing the tranquillity of his reign, and the safety of his state; he considered too that perhaps the example would be more felt when the sympathies of the people were so strongly roused as in the present case; and that the almost total annihilation of one of the wealthiest and noblest families of the Roman aristocracy would be a fearful warning to those who were inclined to forget the laws of their God and their country, and make their own passions and impulses the only guide of their actions.

Signora Lucrezia was about fifty years old, low in stature, and very stout; her complexion was fair, with a mild expression of countenance; her nose small, eyes jet-black, and hair of the same colour. Beatrice was only twenty years of age, rather below than above the middle stature; her limbs round, and well-formed; her eyes small, but full of expression, and her cheeks dimpled; and even after death she wore the same sweet smile as in life; her mouth was small, and her fair hair, which curled naturally, falling in luxuriant ringlets over her shoulders, added greatly to her beauty. Giacomo was twenty-six years of age, small, like the rest of his family; with dark hair and a thick beard; and Bernardo so much resembled his sister, that many people, seeing him sitting on the scaffold, enveloped in his cloak, mistook him for Beatrice. In the following month, on the occasion of the fête of Santa Croce, he was set at liberty, on the payment of a fine of twenty-five thousand dollars to the government.

THE SUBURBAN RETREAT.

BY CHARLES WHITEHEAD,

Thou movest me strangely.—*Vide any play.*

IT is truly lamentable when the over-persuasion of others or his own weakness or frailty of character leads a man into a false position, out of which it costs him time, trouble, and expense to extricate himself. Let me elucidate.

"Then you think so, Anne, you really think so?"

"I do, Rushworth, I do."

"That if we remain here, we shall catch the typhus or some other epidemic fever; be stifled for want of air, or poisoned with noxious gases?"

"I only tell you what was told me," returned my wife, "but you do go on so. Mrs. Brasier says Dr. Southwood Smith says, and Dr. Arnott says, and all the faculty say, there can't be a worse thing for health than living in a confined situation."

"Well but," said I, "we've been living here these twenty years."

"And time enough in all conscience," observed my wife.

"And never caught typhus, never stifled, never poisoned."

"A wilful man will have his way," remarked my helpmate. "You're looking very ill, Rushworth, indeed you are. It's on your account I speak. For my part, if that were all, I could live all my life happy enough here. Any place contents me."

I did not care to mention that it was *not* at my instance we went to Dover in the summer, and that I *did* hear a few words drop every day during the fortnight, purporting that we should have enjoyed ourselves much better at Brighton. Accordingly, I merely coughed and scratched my ear, saying, after a long pause, "Well, I'll think it over. Nay, no nonsense; I will think of it, upon my honour."

"That's a very good man, now," said my wife with an alertness indicating the tender interest she takes in me,—“and now I'll leave you to your labours. But be sure you throw up the window every ten minutes. There's nothing like a constant accession of fresh air, I'm told. Even the air we get here is, I suppose, better than none.”

I waved my hand, and my wife left me, having, as she well knew, almost gained her point, which was, as the reader will have inferred from the portion of the conversation I have given, that we should leave our present lodging, and take up our abode in some more salubrious locality. Left alone in my small study, I could not but acknowledge to myself that there was a great deal of reason in what my wife had said. Nor was I altogether unprepared for some such overture on her part. One day, having occasion to look for something in my sitting-room, I discovered Mrs. Brasier in close conversation with Mrs. Rushworth. My well-known absence of mind during the hours devoted to my laborious investigations precluded the necessity of discontinuing the gossip, but at that moment, as it so chanced, I was not particularly mentally engaged, and could, therefore, hear Mrs. Brasier say in a low voice: "Six rooms, *such* rooms, and a lean-to kitchen. A copper in it? Bless you, yes. All the washing can be done at home. I should call it a long garden. The healthiest place! within half an hour's walk to the Bank. Omnibusses passing every minute at less than a stone's

throw." On a subsequent occasion, hearing Mrs. Brasier's muffled voice through the wainscot, and having some vague presentiment that that lady had been panegyrically fitting up the house for me, I pretended to be absent, and abruptly introduced myself as before with a painful studiousness of countenance.

"Here he is himself," said my wife, as with a slight bow I walked to the book-case. "Well, what do you think? Don't he look ill?"

"He does indeed, poor-fellow," returned Mrs. Brasier, in a drawlingly sympathetic tone; and although I am not aware that I had mesmerised my elbow, and can take my oath I was staring at Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" at the time, I could see that she was looking over her right shoulder, and taking hygienic measure of me. "He does indeed. Bless me! Indeed he does. Do you know—" and here a whispering communication commenced, during which I contrived to catch a glimpse of the alarmed countenance of my wife. "I'm sure of it," at length said the visitor in an audible voice, with a bent brow and a decisive nod of the head, lifting her muff out of her lap and bringing it to her bosom. "But not a word to him. Sometimes they go on for months, and then go out like the snuff of a candle. Nothing like taking it in time. Air's the thing."

I cannot but confess that this dismal and shadowy prognostication somewhat deranged my nervous system. I was about to enter my forty-seventh year, was, and still am, tall and pale, with a narrow chest;—one of those men, in short, of whom consumption is commonly predicted, but who, I now suspect, turn out to be some such spare old fellows as we sometimes see, the "oldest inhabitants" of their respective districts. But I had latterly been applying myself with unusual closeness to my great work, a history of the Pyramids of Egypt, which had engaged me for years, but which I was bringing to a conclusion; and this extra exertion had, perhaps, a little diminished my nervous energy. Going out like the snuff of a candle! Preposterous! A foolish chattering woman! Why, I never felt better in my life—considering. But presently I could not help calling to mind known instances of men who have been altogether unaware of a decay of nature in a quarter where it was of the utmost importance they should have had accurate information, that is to say, in their own persons—gentlemen who have declaimed and decreased, been waggish and waned, laughed and grown thin; who have stood at a glass of a morning to shave themselves, and never seen that their faces were as sharp as the razor, and who have pleasantly referred their hose, "a mile too wide for their shrunk shanks," to the big arms of the washerwoman. I must not be, if I could help it, one of those candle-snuff gentry. It would never do to be cut off in my prime, ere the Pyramids were completed—a work which I had undertaken on the heroic principle of giving something to my country, but which I was now not a little anxious that my countrymen should buy. That air possesses an uncommon amount of nutriment, chamelions sufficiently attest. That Drs. Southwood Smith and Arnot were professional gentlemen who understood the matter thoroughly, who could doubt? I consented that the suburban retreat should be taken in my name.

My wife is a woman of singular energy of character and decision of purpose. She saw to everything. Warning to quit our apartments was at once given; the rent of the house was agreed to, and it was to be entered upon in a few days. It more than answered my wife's ex-

pectations. She reported that the rooms were certainly not large, but they were so snug; that the kitchen was a perfect culinary love, and that the house was so openly situated, back and front, that if we didn't get air enough there, we should be suffocated in a windmill. She spoke of the number of closets with great applause, and particularly lauded a cupboard under the stairs, the use or convenience of which I did not inquire, and never ascertained. A few pounds laid out upon it would make it one of the neatest places! So far so well.

But now commenced a slight encroachment upon my old-accustomed system of privacy, and uninterrupted devotion to my studies. When I was deep in Mons. Denon's elaborate work, or sauntering in thought along the valley of the Nile, or actively engaged, as the song says, "down among the dead men" in a mummy-pit, rummaging after some embalmed and forgotten Pharaoh, my wife would enter suddenly, followed by a man with a paper-cap, and inquire whether I liked stone-colour for the wainscot, or, flinging down before me great rolls of paper, demand whether I preferred the running-spring to the abbey-ruins pattern.

But these were trivial annoyances, I found, when the moving scene began. I had never before undergone a "moving." My wife had had the furnishing of our apartments before marriage, and I had been first introduced to them after our return from Box Hill, where we had spent a third of the honeymoon. The fiat of removal gone forth and the van ordered for Wednesday, thenceforth literary labour was not to be thought of; nay, a momentary speculation upon the common and current affairs of life was out of the question. All was sudden physical insecurity and instantaneous mental transition. Not an article of the more fragile description, but ere it was packed securely away, invited or suggested some comment. *This* thing was now for the first time discovered to be chipped, and *that* Jane (we had had half-a-dozen Janes) was assuredly the culprit. "That Jane—aye, you *must* remember her, who used to eat us out of house and home." Then another thing was missing, and Betsy must have had it.

"Betsy! which Betsy?"

"Well, how stupid you are, to be sure! the girl who married from us; and when she afterwards came to see us and you inquired what her husband was, she said 'a asker.'"

"What! the girl that married the fellow who stood at the receipt of custom with a broom at the street-crossing?"

"To be sure."

Thus were all the servants we had ever hired, with twenty mortal gashes on their moral heads, passed in review before me, until my brain bent again under the pressure of trivial fond records and absurd reminiscences. Next came the more active and strenuous part of the business. There was I, utterly incapable of rendering efficient aid, stalking about amid the domestic desolation; tin-tacks hopping into my face as they clawed up the carpets; thrust unceremoniously out of the way by a big fellow of monstrous *physique* with a table on his head; or chased from an inner room by our little maid Sarah with the spiky end of a bed-post. There was my wife grappling with pictures, and taking down hangings, and tumbling off chairs, and calling upon me to pick her up, and telling me I was not of the least use, and going at it again with renewed vigour.

Never shall I forget the feeling that came upon me when everything

was cleared out, and I paced alone over the ribbed dust on the floor of the empty sitting-room. What an ungrateful rascal I had approved myself. Why not have rested contented here! It was an ample, cheerful, bustling street, full of life and gaiety from seven in the evening till midnight. Neither was the bed-room so close as my wife had pronounced it, and as I, like a fool, had been persuaded to believe it. There was a good, honest, brick-and-mortar look-out from the window. Never more should I behold the gentleman whom I had seen every morning for twenty years putting on his cravat at that window yonder, whose name I never knew, and whom I had never met in the street. But at this moment, old Mrs. Dredge, the charwoman, entered to clean the rooms and to tell me my wife was waiting for me below. The old woman's wan countenance smote me. A man cannot see a poor drudging thing every Saturday morning for years, and receive the courtesy of her humble salutation without feeling a sort of friendship for her. I seized her shrivelled hand, and shook it, and left something within it, and hastened down stairs. My wife was already in the street, as I saw through the window of the parlour, when I entered it to take leave of the kind and good woman of the house. I took a glass of wine with her which went the wrong way, and heard from her wishes for my happiness which I felt I did not deserve, and which, at the moment, I almost wished might not be realized. Suddenly, while Mrs. Truman and I were arranging a frequent reciprocity of visits, my wife's feather, which had been stationary just above the Venetian blind, vanished, as though it and its wearer had been wafted thence by a hurricane. Bidding an abrupt good-bye to my late landlady, I hurried into the street, and there at a distance, I saw my wife—to use the words of our sublimest poet,—

“As when a gryphon through the wilderness
Pursues an Arimasian,”

hot in chase of the cat, which by some means or the other had escaped from the perforated bandbox that had been fitted for its safe conduct to our suburban retreat. My fears instantly provided (but I was afraid to ascertain the fact) every pane of every window in the street with a face on the broad grin; for if there is any one thing more than another that deranges my nervous system, it is public demonstrations, or the indulgence of impulses on the highway, on the part of those I love or esteem. I hastened after her. She was now couching before the railings of an area, calling upon “Belzoni,” (a name I had given the fugitive) in every variety of seductive cadence, from that of a promising or remunerating character, to the lowest mendicant tone of earnest entreaty.

“For heaven's sake, Anne, come away. Don't call the brute ‘Belzoni.’ We shall have the little boys upon us. Let him down the area to prey at fortune.”

“I will have my cat,” said she. “Don't be rubbing your hands and grinning in that way, but go along and wait for me in the square.”

I was too glad to do so. Presently she joined me with a beaming face, and told me how she had recovered the cat; how she had borrowed a hamper of Mrs. Truman, and how she had placed the cat in the hamper under the strict surveillance of the carman.

“I tell you what,” said I, “this case of moving, as far as it has gone, with its feline episode, has so upset me, that I don't care to see any

more of it than I can possibly help. I'll drop in to dinner with Simpson, and come home by nine, when you will have got to rights."

"I think you might as well, indeed," returned my wife. "I never saw such a man. You do nothing but get in one's way, and hinder everything."

I had taken one or two glasses of brandy and water with my friend Simpson, so that when I reached the suburban retreat I was very much disposed to invest everything with a rose-colour. I raised the knocker, which was so light that I thought I never should have left off applying for admittance, and was let in by little Sarah, smiling through the blackest face I ever saw, unless over that nature herself had sabled.

"Come in here, Rushworth," cried my wife, "we're in the back room." The door of the room was ajar, and I had thrown it back with the proud sense of a man entering for the first time his own mansion, when it recoiled and dealt me such a slap on the forehead that my black follower's ear was startled by the sound of the concussion.

"Good God! Mr. Rushworth, what's the matter? Oh! it's the end of the sofa. It's too long for that side of the room. We must change it. You see us all at sixes and sevens still. There's no end to do before we shall get things straight. Isn't it a nice room?"

"It's a Pigmæan place, Anne, with Patagonian furniture. We shall look like cats in a band-box here."

"You're to have the front-room for your study," returned my wife, "so you needn't complain. Shew it him, Sarah. Such destruction of things! Rushworth, something's poked through the left eye of your portrait."

"Well, a reference to the sound one'll shew what the other one was;" said I, and my wife being busy on the ground joining the carpet, Sarah led me over the rooms, staring upwards at me for repeated encomium. To say the truth, it was out of my power to bestow any conscientious praise upon them; but I did n't like to express my real feelings too soon, and accordingly, when we returned, I said it was "a very comfortable place—quite the thing—a little paradise," &c.

"Ah! but he has not seen the kitchen yet, Sarah," said my wife; "come, I'll go with you to see the kitchen."

Sarah led the way with alacrity, for the kitchen was emphatically her portion of the establishment. She had barely opened the door when she sprang back, with a screwed up nose, and would have dashed through us.

"O my gracious! the black *beadles*!"

"The black *beadles*!" echoed my wife, involuntarily copying the other's pronunciation, and lifting her clothes above her ankles, "what's to be done with them, Mr. Rushworth?"

"Why, Sarah must lace their jackets and make regular parochials of them. But where are they, girl, I don't see them."

"Oh, sir! they've run off. The floor was quite black with 'em. They made a noise when they ran away, like the crumpling of paper, like."

"I'll give 'em some red wafers," observed my wife, after deliberation, "that'll soon put an end to 'em."

"Their doom is sealed," said I.

But though I spoke lightly, it was no joke within. Hang the place! I began already to hate it with all my strength; and having partaken of some supper spread on the end of a trunk, I ascended to my bed-

room, on the wall of which there was a great stain of damp, like a map of Lincolnshire, and got into a bed on the ground, and dreamed that Dr. Southwood Smith, Dr. Arnott, and I, had gone up in a balloon and were breaking our necks tumbling out of it. So much for seeking fresh air in strange places.

My wife and the girl having gone to bed thoroughly tired out, and having plenty to do when they got up, I constituted myself answerer of the door in general. The baker succeeded the milkwoman; but I had not to wait long for a customer. Opening the door to an imperative single knock, a fellow would have made me look like my portrait, by poking my eye out with a long pole, shouting in an excruciating manner, "Any clothes line to day, clothes peg, clothes prop?" I had scarcely got rid of this trader in timber when a perambulating lapidary invited my attention to hearth-stones, and soon after, a woman wanted me to look up some old garments, and barter with her for a monthly rose, two jonquils, and a larkspur! These casualties did not improve my natural amiability, and it was with no pleasant expression of countenance that I got up to answer even a double rap, which I made sure proceeded from my friend Simpson, who had promised an early call. It was a stranger, but he soon gave me to understand he was the collector come for certain taxes.

"Why, my dear sir," said I peevishly, "we're taxed enough in this country, and often enough; but, hang it, we're not taxed quite so soon. I have n't been in the place four-and-twenty hours."

"You're the incoming tenant, ain't you?" said he.

"I am."

"We always look to the incoming tenant for arrears. Take this paper. I shall only call once more. You must settle it with your landlord. The other tenant ran away."

"And no bad judge he," thought I, as the collector bade me a stern good day. "But what a scoundrel is this landlord to suffer me to be come down upon for taxes?"

And now,

"Such tricks hath strong imagination."

I erected a mental platform on which the landlord and I had a deadly set-to, I having altogether the best of it.

The house was put in order in due time, and rendered as comfortable as it was possible for taste and neatness to make such a hole; but there was no bearing it—*it*? there was no bearing all about it and around it, into the bargain. What a wretched mistake, or a base calumny it is to call London a noisy place, if by that term be meant anything in its disparagement. There is a vast quantity of sound continually going forward, I admit; but it is a fine blended harmonious clamour and clatter, if I may so express myself; a sort of homogeneous hubbub which forms an admirable substitute for silence. But your vile suburbs can offer nothing but the deadness of the grave, or the rude raw bellowings of a cattle-market, or a raree-show, except at nine o'clock at night, when that fearful agent the pot-boy goes his round. You may talk of the shriek of the bittern, the "wolf's long howl," the drone of a bag-pipe, or the hooting of an owl; but no utterance in nature is so terribly mournful as the cry of the suburban pot-

7. We soon began to lose our spirits, and our flesh followed them in due course," as they say in commercial circles. Work was out of

the question. The Pyramids stood still. It was well for me I was in receipt of an annuity. After the first month my face quite lost its wonted expression, so that my friends looked upon me with fear and concern. This was caused by the practice I had got into, and in which I took a morbid delight, of standing at the window and making deterring or menacing grimaces at fellows with mops and brooms, very tall ladies with tracts, women with crockery, *pseudo* rustics with bottles of dirty water which they sell for ketchup, or adventurous salesmen of number-works—"Grimygills the reckless, or the blasted smithy," and what not. As for my wife, she tried to look cheerily, and to bear up with good heart and hope, but it was a base counterfeit. To such an extremity was she reduced that she began to lose her sense of dignity and self-respect, for I often saw her perched on a pair of steps, talking over the garden wall to the neighbour on the left, who, with a drunken husband and a large noisy disputative family was going to the dogs, and talked of setting up a mangle! The blighting genius of the place even descended upon poor little Sarah, who had had plenty to speak to, and had led a gay life of it in London. She would sit in the middle of her little kitchen, and stare through the small window at the water-butt for hours together. She was growing idiotic, and once or twice tried to "keep count" of the number of cats *per diem* that came over the wall, but gave it up as hopeless.

About two months after our tenancy of the suburban retreat, I returned home in the afternoon. My wife, when I left home, had entreated me to come back soon, because she felt so dull.

"Anne," said I, "it has struck me it would n't be a bad thing if we were to purchase this house. It is to be sold. We should then have a comfortable shelter for the remainder of our lives."

"La! Mr. Rushworth, you would n't think of such a thing."

"Why not, my dear? we could n't get a more airy place. I'm sure the street-door never opens but the yard-door bangs to like the report of a culverin. And then the rooms—the love of a kitchen—the—"

I saw such a piteous expression in my wife's face that I could not pursue this strain. "Anne," I exclaimed, giving her a hug,—"I have been to the nominal landlord (the *real* landlord is Brasier)"—here I stopped an exclamation—"and I have made an arrangement to quit at once. I would n't stay here another month for the fee-simple of the whole detestable district. So get ready your old bed-winsches, and your hammers. Brush up little Sal for another grand effort. Order your vans and your carmen; and I'll go to Margate for a week, and walk in when everything's in its place."

"But where on earth are we to go to?" asked my wife, her face brightening.

"I've been to Mrs. Truman, who thinks us a couple of fools, though she didn't say so, and out of the abundance of her kindness and compassion she'll try us once more. I've already put Mrs. Dredge on the floors."

I had heartfelt thanks from an eye, every glance of which I had long learnt how to interpret. And all this was done out of hand, and I came back and finished my history of the Pyramids, which will be out in a month or two; and if any gentleman wishes to figure in my list, I shall be very happy of his name, and his subscription.

CAPTAIN SPIKE;

OR, THE ISLETS OF THE GULF.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PILOT," "RED ROVER," ETC.

Shallow. Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pound?*Evans.* Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.*Shallow.* I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.*Evans.* Seven hundred pounds, and possibilities, is good gifts.

SHAKSPEARE.

CHAPTER X.

As for Spike, he had no intention of going to the southward of the Florida Reef again until his business called him there. The lost bag of doubloons was still gleaming before his imagination, and no sooner did the Poughkeepsie bear up, than he shortened sail, standing back and forth in his narrow and crooked channel, rather losing ground than gaining, though he took great pains not to let his artifice be seen. When the Poughkeepsie was so far to the northward as to render it safe, he took in every thing but one or two of his lowest sails, and followed easily in the same direction. As the sloop-of-war carried her light and loftier sails, she remained visible to the people of the Swash long after the Swash had ceased to be visible to her. Profiting by this circumstance, Spike entered the main channel again some time before it was dark, and selected a safe anchorage there that was well known to him; a spot where sufficient sand had collected on the coral to make good holding ground, and where a vessel would be nearly embayed, though always to windward of her channel going out, by the formation of the reef. Here he anchored, in order to wait until morning, ere he ventured further north. During the whole of that dreadful day, Rose had remained in her cabin, disconsolate, nearly unable, as she was absolutely unwilling, to converse. Now it was that she felt the total insufficiency of a mind feeble as that of her aunt's, to administer consolation to misery like her own. Nevertheless, the affectionate solicitude of Mrs. Budd, as well as that of the faithful creature, Biddy, brought some relief, and reason and resignation began slowly to resume their influence. Yet was the horrible picture of Harry, dying by inches, deserted in the midst of the waters on his solitary rock, ever present to her thoughts, until, once or twice, her feelings verged on madness. Prayer brought its customary relief, however; and we do not think that we much exaggerate the fact, when we say that Rose passed fully one-half of that terrible afternoon on her knees.

As for Jack Tier, he was received on board the brig much as if nothing had happened. Spike passed and repassed him fifty times, without even an angry look, or a word of abuse; and the deputy-steward dropped quietly into the duties of his office, without meeting with either reproach or hinderance. The only allusion, indeed, that made to his recent adventures, took place in a conversation that

was held on the subject in the galley, the interlocutors being Jack himself, Josh, the steward, and Simon, the cook.

"Where you been scullin' to, 'bout on dat reef, Jack, wid dem 'ere women, I won'er now?" demanded Josh, after tasting the cabin soup, in order to ascertain how near it was to being done. "I t'ink it no great fun to dodge 'bout among dem rock in a boat, for anudder hurricane might come when a body least expeck him."

"Oh," said Jack, cavalierly, "two hurricanes no more come in one month, than two shot in the same hole. We've been turtlin', that 's all. I wish we had in your coppers, cook, some of the critturs that we fell in with in our cruise."

"Wish 'e had, master steward, wid all my heart," answered the fat, glistening potentate of the galley. "But, hark'ee, Jack; what became of our young mate, can 'e tell? Some say he get kill at 'e Dry Tortugas; and some say he war' skullin' round in dat boat you hab, wid 'e young woman, eh?"

"Ah, boys," answered Jack, mournfully, "sure enough, what *has* become of him?"

"You know, why can't you tell? What good to hab secret among friend."

"Are ye his friends, lads? Do you really feel as if you could give a poor soul in its agony a helpin' hand?"

"Why not?" said Josh, in a reproachful way. "Misser Mulford 'e bess mate dis brig ever get; and I don't see why Captain Spike want to be rid of him."

"Because he 's a willian!" returned Jack, between his grated teeth. "D' ye know what that means in English, master Josh; and can you and cook here, both of whom have sailed with the man years in and years out, say whether my words be true or not?"

"Dat as a body understand 'em. Accordin' to some rule, Stephen Spike not a werry honest man; but, accordin' to 'nudder some, he as good as any body else."

"Yes, dat just de upshot of de matter," put in Simon, approvingly. "De whole case lie in dat meanin'."

"D' ye call it right to leave a human being to starve, or to suffer for water, on a naked rock, in the midst of the ocean?"

"Who do dat?"

"The willian who is captain of this brig; and all because he thinks young eyes and bloomin' cheeks prefer young eyes and bloomin' cheeks to his own grizzly beard and old look-outs."

"Dat bad; dat werry bad," said Josh, shaking his head, a way of denoting dissatisfaction, in which Simon joined him; for no crime appeared sufficiently grave in the eyes of these two sleek and well-fed officials to justify such a punishment. "Dat mons'ous bad, and cap'n ought to know better dan do dat. I nebber starves a mouse, if I catches him in de bread-locker. Now, dat a sort of reason'ble punishment, too; but I nebber does it. If mouse eat my bread, it do seem right to tell mouse dat he hab enough, and dat he must not eat any more for a week, or a mont'; but it too cruel for me, and I nebber does it; no; I t'rows the little debbil overboard, and lets him drown like a gentle'em."

"Y-e-s," drawled out Simon, in a philanthropical tone of voice, "dat 'e best way. What good it do to torment a fellow crittur? If

Misser Mulford run, why put him down run, and let him go, I say, on'y mulk his wages; but what good it do any body to starve him. Now, dis is my opinion, gentle'em; and dat is, dat starvation be wuss dan choleric. Choleric kill, I knows, and so does starvation kill; but of de two, gib me de choleric fuss; if I gets well of dat, den try starvation if you can."

"I'm glad to hear you talk in this manner, my hearties," put in Jack; "and I hope I shall find you accommodatin' in a plan I've got to help the maty out of this difficulty. As a friend of Stephen Spike's I would do it; for it must be a terrible thing to die with such a murder on one's soul. Here's the boat that we picked up at the light-house, yonder, in tow of the brig at this minute; and there's every thing in her comfortable for a good long run, as I know, from having sailed in her; and what I mean is this: as we left Mr. Mulford, I took the bearings and distance of the rock he was on, d'ye understand, and think I could find my way back to it. You see the brig is travellin' slowly north ag'in, and afore long we shall be in the neighbourhood of that very rock. We, cook and stewards, will be called on to keep an anchor watch, if the brig fetches up, as I heard the captain tell the Spanish gentleman he thought she would; and then we can take the boat that's in the water, and go and have a hunt for the maty."

The two blacks looked at Tier earnestly; then they turned their heads to look at each other. The idea struck each as bold and novel; but each saw serious difficulties in it. At length Josh, as became his superior station, took on himself the office of expressing the objections that occurred to his mind.

"Dat nebber do!" exclaimed the steward. "We be's quite willin' to sarve 'e mate, who's a good gentle'em, and as nice a young man as ever sung out 'hard a-lee;' but we must t'ink little bit of number one; or, for dat matter, of number two, as Simon would be implicated as well as myself. If Cap'in Spike once knew we've lent a hand in sich a job, he'd never overlook it. I knows him, *well*; and that is sayin' as much as need be said of any man's character. You nebber catch *me* running myself into his jaws; would rather fight a shark widout any knife. No, no—I knows him *well*. Den comes anudder werry unanswerable objecsh'un, and dat is, dat 'e brig owe bot' Simon and I money. Fifty dollars, each on us, if she owe one cent. Now, do you t'ink in cander, Jack, dat two color' gentle'em, like us, can t'row away our fortins like two sons of a York merchant dat has inherited a hundred t'ousand dollars tudder day?"

"There is no occasion for runnin' at all, or for losing your wages."

"How you get 'e mate off, den? Can he walk away on de water? If so, let him go widout us. A werry good gentle'em is Misser Mulford, but not good enough to mulk Simon and me out of fifty dollars each."

"You will not hear my project, Josh, and so will never know what I would be at."

"Well, come, tell him jest as you surposes him. Now listen, Simon, so dat not a word be loss."

"My plan is to take the boat, if we anchor, as anchor I know we shall, and go and find the rock and bring Mr. Mulford off, then we can come back to the brig, and get on board ourselves, and let the

mate sail away in the boat by himself. On this plan nobody will run, and no wages be mulcted."

"But dat take time, and an anchor-watch last but two hour, surposin' even dat 'ey puts all t'ree of us in de same watch."

"Spike usually does that, you know." 'Let the cook and the stewards keep the midnight watch,' he commonly says, 'and that will give the foremost hands a better snooze.'"

"Yes, he do say *dat*, Josh," put in Simon, "most ebbery time we comes-to."

"I know he does, and surposes he will say it to-night, if he comes-to to-night. But a two hour watch may not be long enough to do all you wants; and den, jest t'ink for a moment, should 'e cap'in come on deck and hail 'e forecastle, and find us all gone, I wouldn't be in your skin, Jack, for dis brig, in sich a kerlamity. I knows Cap'n Spike well; t'ree time I indivor to run myself, and each time he bring me up wid a round turn; so, now-a-days, I nebber t'inks of sich a projeck any longer."

"But I do not intend to leave the forecastle without some one on it to answer a hail. No, all I want is a companion; for I do not like to go out on the reef at midnight, all alone. If one of you will go with me, the other can stay and answer the captain's hail, should he really come on deck in our watch—a thing very little likely to happen. When once his head is on his pillow, a'ter a hard day's work, it's not very apt to be lifted ag'in without a call, or a squall. If you do know Stephen Spike *well*, Josh, I know him better."

"Well, Jack, dis here is a new idee, d'ye see, and a body must take time to consider on it. If Simon and I do ship for dis v'y'ge, 'twill be for lub of Mr. Mulford, and not for *his* money or *your'n*."

This was all the encouragement of his project Jack Tier could obtain, on that occasion, from either his brother steward, or from the cook. These blacks were well enough disposed to rescue an innocent and unoffending man from the atrocious death to which Spike had condemned his mate, but neither lost sight of his own security and interest. They promised Tier not to betray him, however; and he had the fullest confidence in their pledges. They who live together in common, usually understand the feeling that prevails on any given point in their own set; and Jack felt pretty certain that Harry was a greater favourite in and about the camboose than the captain. On that feeling he relied, and he was fain to wait the course of events, ere he came to any absolute conclusion as to his own course.

The interview in the galley took place about half an hour before the brig anchored for the night. Tier, who often assisted on such occasions, went aloft to help secure the royal, one of the gaskets of which had got loose, and from the yard he had an excellent opportunity to take a look at the reef, the situation of the vessel, and the probable bearings of the rock on which poor Mulford had been devoted to a miserable death. This opportunity was much increased by Spike's hailing him, while on the yard, and ordering him to take a good look at the sloop-of-war, and at the same time to ascertain if any boats were "prowlin' about, in order to make a set upon us in the night." On receiving this welcome order, Jack answered with a cheerful "Ay, ay, sir," and standing up on the yard, he placed an arm round the mast, and remained for a long time making his observations. The

command to look-out for boats would have been a sufficient excuse had he continued on the yard as long as it was light.

Jack had no difficulty in finding the Poughkeepsie, which was already through the passage, and no longer visible from the deck. She appeared to be standing to the northward and westward, under easy canvas, like a craft that was in no hurry. This fact was communicated to Spike in the usual way. The latter seemed pleased, and he answered in a hearty manner, just as if no difficulty had ever occurred between him and the steward's assistant.

"Very well, Jack! bravo, Jack!—now take a good look for boats; you'll have light enough for that this half hour," cried the captain. "If any are out, you'll find them pulling down the channel, or maybe they'll try to shorten the cut, by attempting to pull athwart the reef. Take a good and steady look for them, my man."

"Ay, ay, sir; I'll do all I can with naked eyes," answered Jack, "but I could do better, sir, if they would only send me up a glass by these here signal-halyards. With a glass, a fellow might speak with some sartainty."

Spike seemed struck with the truth of this suggestion; and he soon sent a glass aloft by the signal-halyards. Thus provided, Jack descended as low as the cross-trees, where he took his seat, and began a survey at his leisure. While thus employed, the brig was secured for the night, her decks were cleared, and the people were ordered to get their suppers, previously to setting an anchor-watch, and turning-in for the night. No one heeded the movements of Tier, with the exception of Josh and Simon, for Spike had gone into his own state-room. Those two worthies were still in the galley, conversing on the subject of Jack's recent communications, and ever and anon one of them would stick his head out of the door and look aloft, withdrawing it, and shaking it significantly, as soon as his observations were ended.

As for Tier, he was seated quite at his ease; and having slung his glass to one of the shrouds, in a way to admit of its being turned as on a pivot, he had every opportunity for observing accurately, and at his leisure. The first thing Jack did, was to examine the channel very closely, in order to make sure that no boats were in it; after which he turned the glass with great eagerness towards the reef, in the almost hopeless office of ascertaining something concerning Mulford. In point of fact, the brig had anchored quite three leagues from the solitary rock of the deserted mate, and, favoured as he was by his elevation, Jack could hardly expect to discern so small and low an object as that rock at so great a distance. Nevertheless, the glass was much better than common. It had been a present to Spike from one who was careful in his selections of such objects, and who had accidentally been under a serious obligation to the captain. Knowing the importance of a good look, as regards the boats, Spike had brought this particular instrument, of which, in common, he was very chary, from his own state-room, and sent it aloft, in order that Jack might have every available opportunity of ascertaining his facts. It was this glass, then, which was the means of the important discoveries the little fellow, who was thus perched on the fore-topmast cross-trees of the Swash, did actually succeed in making.

Jack actually started, when he first ascertained how distinctly and near the glass he was using brought distant objects. The gulls that sailed across its disk, though a league off, appeared as if near enough to be touched by the hand, and even their feathers gave out not only their hues, but their forms. Thus, too, was it with the surface of the ocean, of which the little waves that agitated the water of the reef might be seen tossing up and down, at more than twice the range of the Poughkeepsie's heaviest gun. Naked rocks, low and subdued as they were in colour, too, were to be noted, scattered up and down in the panorama. At length Tier fancied his glass covered a field that he recognized. It was distant, but might be seen from his present elevation. A second look satisfied him he was right; and he next clearly traced the last channel in which they had endeavoured to escape from Spike, or that in which the boat had been taken. Following it along, by slowly moving the glass, he actually hit the rock on which Mulford had been deserted. It was peculiar in shape, size, and elevation above the water, and connected with the circumstance of the channel, which was easily enough seen by the colour of the water, and more easily from his height than if he had been in it, he could not be mistaken. The little fellow's heart beat quick as he made the glass move slowly over its surface, anxiously searching for the form of the mate. It was not to be seen. A second, and a more careful sweep of the glass, made it certain that the rock was deserted.

Although a little reflection might have satisfied any one Mulford was not to be sought in that particular spot, so long after he had been left there, Jack Tier felt grievously disappointed when he was first made certain of the accuracy of his observations. A minute later he began to reason on the matter, and he felt more encouraged. The rock on which the mate had been abandoned was smooth, and could not hold any fresh water that might have been left by the late showers. Jack also remembered that it had neither sea-weed nor shell-fish. In short, the utmost malice of Spike could not have selected, for the immolation of his victim, a more suitable place. Now Tier had heard Harry's explanation to Rose, touching the manner in which he had waded and swam about the reef that very morning, and it at once occurred to him that the young man had too much energy and spirit to remain helpless and inactive to perish on a naked rock, when there might be a possibility of at least prolonging existence, if not saving it. This induced the steward to turn the glass slowly over the water, and along all the ranges of visible rock that he could find in that vicinity. For a long time the search was useless, the distance rendering such an examination not only difficult but painful. At length Jack, about to give up the matter in despair, took one sweep with the glass nearer to the brig, as much to obtain a general idea of the boat-channels of the reef, as in any hope of finding Mulford, when an object moving in the water came within the field of the glass. He saw it but for an instant, as the glass swept slowly past, but it struck him it was something that had life, and was in motion. Carefully going over the same ground again, after a long search, he again found what he so anxiously sought. A good look satisfied him that he was right. It was certainly a man wading along the shallow water of the reef, immersed to his waist—and it must be Mulford.

So excited was Jack Tier by this discovery that he trembled like a leaf. A minute or two elapsed before he could again use the glass; and when he did, a long and anxious search was necessary before so small an object could be once more found. Find it he did, however, and then he got its range by the vessel, in a way to make sure of it. Yes, it was a man, and it was Mulford.

Circumstances conspired to aid Jack in the investigation that succeeded. The sun was near setting, but a stream of golden light gleamed over the waters, particularly illuminating the portion which came within the field of the glass. Then Harry, in his efforts to escape from the rock, and to get nearer to the edge of the main channel, where his chances of being seen and rescued would be tenfold what they were on his rock, had moved south, by following the naked reef and the shallow places, and was actually more than a league nearer to the brig than he would have been had he remained stationary. There had been hours in which to make this change, and the young man had probably improved them to the utmost.

Jack watched the form that was wading slowly along with an interest he had never before felt in the movements of any human being. Whether Mulford saw the brig or not, it was difficult to say. She was quite two leagues from him, and, now that her sails were furled, she offered but little for the eye to rest on at that distance. At first, Jack thought the young man was actually endeavouring to get nearer to her, though it must have been a forlorn hope that should again place him in the hands of Spike. It was, however, a more probable conjecture that the young man was endeavouring to reach the margin of the passage, where a good deal of rock was above water, and near to which he had already managed to reach. At one time Jack saw that the mate was obliged to swim, and he actually lost sight of him for a time. His form, however, reappeared, and then it slowly emerged from the water, and stood erect on a bare rock of some extent. Jack breathed freer at this; for Mulford was now on the very margin of the channel, and might be easily reached by the boat, should he prevail on Josh or Simon to attempt the rescue.

At first, Jack Tier fancied that Mulford had knelt to return thanks on his arrival at a place of comparative safety; but a second look satisfied him that Harry was drinking from one of the little pools of fresh water left by the late shower. When he rose from drinking, the young man walked about the place, occasionally stooping, signs that he was picking up shell-fish for his supper. Suddenly, Mulford darted forward, and passed beyond the field of the glass. When Jack found him again, he was in the act of turning a small turtle, using his knife on the animal immediately after. Had Jack been in danger of starvation himself, and found a source of food as ample and as grateful as this, he could scarcely have been more delighted. The light now began to wane perceptibly, still Harry's movements could be discerned. The turtle was killed and dressed, sufficiently at least for the mate's purposes, and the latter was seen collecting sea-weed, and bits of plank, boards, and sticks of wood, of which more or less in drifting past had lodged upon the rocks. "Is it possible," thought Jack, "that he is so werry partic'lar he can't eat his turtle raw! Will he, indeed, venture to light a fire, or has he the means?" Mulford was so particular, however, he did venture to light a fire, and he

had the means. This may be said to be the age of matches,—not in a connubial, though in an inflammatory sense,—and the mate had a small stock in a tight box that he habitually carried on his person. Tier saw him at work over a little pile he had made for a long time, the beams of day departing now so fast as to make him fearful he should soon lose his object in the increasing obscurity of twilight. Suddenly a light gleamed, and the pile sent forth a clear flame. Mulford went to and fro, collecting materials to feed his fire, and was soon busied in cooking his turtle. All this Tier saw and understood, the light of the flames coming in proper time to supply the vacuum left by the departure of that of day.

In a minute Tier had no difficulty in seeing the fire that Mulford had lighted on his low and insulated domains with the naked eye. It gleamed brightly in that solitary place; and the steward was much afraid it would be seen by some one on deck, get to be reported to Spike, and lead to Harry's destruction after all. The mate appeared to be insensible to his danger, however, occasionally casting piles of dry sea-weed on his fire, in a way to cause the flames to flash up, as if kindled anew by gunpowder. It now occurred to Tier that the young man had a double object in lighting this fire, which would answer not only the purposes of his cookery, but as a signal of distress to any thing passing near. The sloop-of-war, though more distant than the brig, was in his neighbourhood; and she might possibly yet send relief. Such was the state of things when Jack was started by a sudden hail from below. It was in Spike's voice, and came up to him short and quick.

"Fore-topmast cross-trees there! What are ye about all this time, Master Jack Tier, in them fore-topmast cross-trees, I say? demanded Spike.

"Keeping a look-out for boats from the sloop-of-war, as you bade me, sir," answered Jack, coolly.

"D'ye see any, my man? Is the water clear, ahead of us, or not?"

"It's getting to be so dark, sir, I can see no longer. While there was day-light, no boat was to be seen."

"Come down, man—come down; I've business for you below. The sloop is far enough to the nor'ard, and we shall neither see nor hear from her to-night. Come down, I say, Jack—come down."

Jack obeyed, and securing the glass, he began to descend the rigging. He was soon as low as the top, when he paused a moment to take another look. The fire was still visible, shining like a torch on the surface of the sea, casting its beams abroad like "a good deed in a naughty world." Jack was sorry to see it, though he once more took its bearing from the brig, in order that he might know where to find the spot, in the event of a search for it. When on the stretcher of the fore-rigging, Jack stopped, and again looked for the beacon. It had disappeared, having sunk below the circular formation of the earth. By ascending two or three ratlins, it came into view, and by going down as low as the stretcher again, it disappeared. Trusting that no one, at that hour, would have occasion to go aloft, Jack now descended to the deck, and went aft with the spy-glass.

Spike and the Señor Montefalderon were under the coach-house, no one else appearing on any part of the quarter-deck. The people

were eating their suppers, and Josh and Simon were busy in the galley. As for the females, they chose to remain in their own cabin, where Spike was well pleased to leave them.

"Come this way, Jack," said the captain, in his best-humoured tone of voice; "I've a word to say to you. Put the glass in at my state-room window, and come hither."

Tier did as ordered.

"So you can make out no boats to the nor'ard, ha, Jack? Nothing to be seen thereaway."

"Nothing in the way of a boat, sir."

"Ay, ay, I daresay there's plenty of water, and some rock. The Florida Reef has no scarcity of either, to them that knows where to look for one, and to steer clear of the other. Hark 'e, Jack; so you got the schooner under way from the Dry Tortugas, and undertook to beat her up to Key West, when she fancied herself a turtle, and over she went with you,—is that it, my man?"

"The schooner turned turtle with us, sure enough, sir; and we all came near drowning on her bottom."

"No sharks in that latitude and longitude, eh, Jack?"

"Plenty on 'em, sir; and I thought they would have got us all, at one time. More than twenty set of fins were in sight at once, for several hours."

"You could hardly have supplied the gentlemen with a leg, or an arm, each. But where was the boat all this time,—you had the light-house boat in tow, I suppose?"

"She had been in tow, sir; but Madame Budd talked so much dictionary to the painter, that it got adrift."

"Yet I found you all in it."

"Very true, sir. Mr. Mulford swam quite a mile to reach the rocks, and found the boat aground on one on 'em. As soon as he got the boat, he made sail, and came and took us off. We had reason to thank God he could do so."

Spike looked dark and thoughtful. He muttered the words "swam," and "rocks," but was too cautious to allow any expression to escape him, that might betray to the Mexican officer that which was uppermost in his mind. He was silent, however, for quite a minute, and Jack saw that he had awakened a dangerous source of distrust in the captain's breast.

"Well, Jack," resumed Spike, after the pause, "can you tell us anything of the doubloons. I nat'rally expected to find them in the boat, but there were none to be seen. You scarcely pumped the schooner out, without overhauling her lockers, and falling in with them doubloons?"

"We found them, sure enough, and had them ashore with us, in the tent, down to the moment when we sailed."

"When you took them off to the schooner, eh? My life for it, the gold was not forgotten."

"It was not, sure enough, sir; but we took it off with us to the schooner, and it went down in her when she finally sunk."

Another pause, during which Señor Montefalderon and Captain Spike looked significantly at each other.

"Do you think, Jack, you could find the spot where the schooner went down?"

"I could come pretty near it, sir, though not on the very spot itself. Water leaves no mark over the grave of a sunken ship."

"If you can take us within a reasonable distance, we might find it by sweeping for it. Them doubloons are worth some trouble; and their recovery would be better than a long v'y'ge to us, any day."

"They would, indeed, Don Estaban," observed the Mexican; "and my poor country is not in a condition to bear heavy losses. If Señor Jack Tier can find the wreck, and we regain the money, ten of those doubloons shall be his reward, though I take them from my own share, much diminished as it will be."

"You hear, Jack,—here is a chance to make your fortune! You say you sailed with me in old times,—and old times were good times with this brig, though times has changed; but if you sailed with me in *old* times, you must remember that whatever the Swash touched she turned to gold."

"I hope you don't doubt, Captain Spike, my having sailed in the brig, not only in old times, but in her best times?"

Jack seemed hurt as he put this question, and Spike appeared in doubt. The latter gazed at the little, rotund, queer-looking figure before him, as if endeavouring to recognize him; and when he had done, he passed his hand over his brow, like one who endeavoured to recall past objects, by excluding those that are present.

"You will then shew us the spot where my unfortunate schooner did sink, Señor Jack Tier?" put in the Mexican.

"With all my heart, señor, if it is to be found. I think I could take you within a cable's length of the place, though hunger, and thirst, and sharks, and the fear of drowning, will keep a fellow from having a very bright look-out for such a matter."

"In what water do you suppose the craft to lie, Jack?" demanded the captain.

"You know as much of that as I do myself, sir. She went down about a cable's length from the reef, towards which she was a settin' at the time; and had she kept afloat an hour longer, she might have grounded on the rocks."

"She's better where she is, if we can only find her by sweeping. On the rocks we could do nothing with her but break her up, and ten to one the doubloons would be lost. By the way, Jack, do you happen to know where that scoundrel of a mate of mine stowed the money?"

"When we left the island, I carried it down to the boat myself,—and a good lift I had of it. As sure as you are there, señor, I was obliged to take it on a shoulder. When it came out of the boat, Mr. Mulford carried it below, and I heard him tell Miss Rose, a'terwards, that he had thrown it into a bread-locker."

"Where we shall find it, Don Wan, notwithstanding all this veering and hauling. The old brig has luck, when doubloons are in question, and ever has had since I've commanded her. Jack, we shall have to call on the cook and stewards for an anchor watch to-night. The people are a good deal fagged with boxing about this reef so much, and I shall want 'em all as fresh to-morrow as they can be got. You idlers had better take the middle watches, which will give the fore-castle chaps longer naps."

"Ay, ay, sir; we'll manage that for 'em. Josh and Simon can go on at twelve, and I shall take the watch at two, which will give the men all the rest they want, as I can hold out for four hours full. I'm as good for an anchor-watch as any man in the brig, Captain Spike."

"That you are, Jack, and better than some on 'em. Take you all round, and round it is, you're a rum 'un, my lad,—the queerest little jigger that ever lay out on a royal yard."

Jack might have been a little offended at Spike's compliments, but he was certainly not sorry to find him so good-natured, after all that had passed. He now left the captain and his Mexican companion, seemingly in close conference together, while he went below himself, and dropped as naturally into the routine of his duty, as if he had never left the brig. In the cabin he found the females, of course, Rose scarce raising her face from the shawl which lay on the bed of her own berth. Jack busied himself in a locker near this berth, until an opportunity occurred to touch Rose, unseen by her aunt or Biddy. The poor heart-stricken girl raised her face, from which all the colour had departed, and looked almost vacantly at Jack, as if to ask an explanation. Hope is truly, by a most benevolent provision of Providence, one of the very last blessings to abandon us. It is probable that we are thus gifted, in order to encourage us to rely on the great atonement till the last moment, since, without this natural endowment to cling to hope, despair might well be the fate of millions, who, there is reason to think, reap the benefit of that act of divine mercy. It would hardly do to say that anything like hope was blended with the look Rose now cast on Jack, but it was anxious and inquiring.

The steward bent his head to the locker, bringing his face quite near to that of Rose, and whispered,—“There is hope, Miss Rose; but do not betray me.”

These were blessed words for our heroine to hear, and they produced an immediate and great revolution in her feelings. Commanding herself, however, she looked her questions, instead of trusting even to a whisper. Jack did not say any more just then, but, shortly after, he called Rose, whose eyes were now never off him, into the main cabin, which was empty. It was so much pleasanter to sleep in an airy state-room on deck, that Señor Montefalderon, indeed, had given up the use of this cabin, in a great measure, seldom appearing in it, except at meals, having taken possession of the deserted apartment of Mulford. Josh was in the galley, where he spent most of his time, and Rose and Jack had no one to disturb their conference.

“He is safe, Miss Rose,—God be praised!” whispered Jack. “Safe for the present, at least; with food and water, and fire to keep him warm at night.”

It was impossible for Rose not to understand to whom there was allusion, though her head became dizzy under the painful confusion that prevailed in it. She pressed her temples with both hands, and asked a thousand questions with her eyes. Jack considerately handed her a glass of water before he proceeded. As soon as he found her a little more composed, he related the facts connected with his discovery of Mulford, precisely as they had occurred.

"He is now on a large rock,—a little island, indeed,—where he is safe from the ocean, unless it comes on to blow a hurricane," concluded Jack; "has fresh water and fresh turtle in the bargain. A man might live a month on one such turtle as I saw Mr. Mulford cutting up this evening."

"Is there no way of rescuing him from the situation you have mentioned, Jack? In a year or two I shall be my own mistress, and have money to do as I please with; put me only in the way of taking Mr. Mulford from that rock, and I will share all I am worth on earth with you, dear Jack."

"Ay, so it is with the whole sex," muttered Tier; "let them only once give up their affections to a man, and he becomes dearer to them than pearls and rubies! But you know me, Miss Rose, and know *why* and *how well* I would serve you. My story and my feelin's are as much your secret, as your story and your feelin's is mine. We shall pull together, if we don't pull so very strong. Now, hearken to me, Miss Rose, and I will let you into the secret of my plan to help Mr. Mulford make a launch."

Jack Tier communicated to his companion his whole project for the night. Spike had, of his own accord, given to him and his two associates, Simon and Josh, the care of the brig between midnight and morning. If he could prevail on either of these men to accompany him, it was his intention to take the light-house coat, which was riding by its painter astern of the brig, and proceed as fast as they could to the spot whither Mulford had found his way. By his calculations, if the wind stood as it then was, little more than an hour would be necessary to reach the rock, and about as much more to return. Should the breeze lull, of which there was no great danger, since the easterly trades were again blowing, Jack thought he and Josh might go over the distance with the oars in about double the time. Should both Josh and Simon refuse to accompany him, he thought he should attempt the rescue of the mate alone, did the wind stand, trusting to Mulford's assistance, should he need it, in getting back to the brig.

"You surely would not come back here with Harry, did you once get him safe from off that rock," exclaimed Rose.

"Why, you know how it is with me, Miss Rose," answered Jack.

"My business is here, on board the Swash, and I must attend to it. Nothing shall tempt me to give up the brig so long as she floats, and certain folk float in her, unless it might be some such matter as that which happened on the bit of an island at the Dry Tortugas. Ah! he's a willian! But if I do come back, it will be only to get into my own proper berth ag'in, and not to bring Mr. Mulford into the lion's jaws. He will only have to put me back on board the Molly here, when he can make the best of his own way to Key West. Half an hour would place him out of harm's way; especially as I happen to know the course Spike means to steer in the morning."

"I will go with you, Jack," said Rose, mildly, but with great firmness.

"You, Miss Rose! But why should I shew surprise? It's like all the sex, when they have given away their affections. Yes, woman will be woman, put her on a naked rock, or put her in silks and satins in her parlour at home. How different is it with men! They dote

for a little while, and turn to a new face. It must be said, men's willains !”

“Not Mulford, Jack,—no, not Harry Mulford ! A truer or a nobler heart never beat in a human breast ; and you and I will drown together, rather than he should not be taken from that rock.”

“It shall be as you say,” answered Jack, a little thoughtfully. “Perhaps it would be best that you should quit the brig altogether. Spike is getting desperate, and you will be safer with the young mate than with so great an old willain. Yes, you shall go with me, Miss Rose ; and if Josh and Simon both refuse, we will go alone.”

“With you, Jack, but not with Mr. Mulford. I cannot desert my aunt, nor can I quit the Swash alone in company with her mate. As for Spike, I despise him too much to fear him. He must soon go into port somewhere, and at the first place where he touches we shall quit him. He dare not detain us,—nay, he *cannot*,—and I do not fear him. We shall save Harry, but I shall remain with my aunt.”

“We’ll see, Miss Rose, we’ll see,” said Tier smiling. “Perhaps a handsome young man, like Mr. Mulford, will have better luck in persuading you than an old fellow like me. If he should fail, ’twill be his own fault.”

So thought Jack Tier, judging of women as he had found them ; but so did not think Rose Budd. The conversation ended here, however, each keeping in view its purport, and the serious business that was before them.

The duty of the vessel went on as usual. The night promised to be clouded, but not very dark, as there was a moon. When Spike ordered the anchor-watches, he had great care to spare his crew as much as possible, for the next day was likely to be one of great toil to them. He intended to get the schooner up again, if possible ; and though he might not actually pump her out so as to cause her to float, enough water was to be removed to enable him to get at the doubloons. The situation of the bread-locker was known, and as soon as the cabin was sufficiently freed from water to enable one to move about in it, Spike did not doubt his being able to get at the gold. With his resources and ingenuity, the matter in his own mind was reduced to one of toil and time. Eight-and-forty hours, and some hard labour, he doubted not would effect all he cared for.

In setting the anchor-watches for the night, therefore, Stephen Spike bethought him as much of the morrow as of the present moment. Don Juan offered to remain on deck until midnight, and as he was as capable of giving an alarm as any one else, the offer was accepted. Josh and Simon were to succeed the Mexican, and to hold the look-out for two hours, when Jack was to relieve them, and to continue on deck until light returned, when he was to give the captain a call. This arrangement made, Tier turned in at once, desiring the cook to call him half an hour before the proper period of his watch commenced. That half hour Jack intended to employ in exercising his eloquence in endeavouring to persuade either Josh or Simon to be of his party. By eight o’clock the vessel lay in a profound quiet, Señor Montefalderon pacing the quarter-deck alone, while the deep breathing of Spike was to be heard issuing through the open window of his state-room ; a window which, it may be well to say to

the uninitiated, opened in-board, or toward the deck, and not out-board, or toward the sea.

For four solitary hours did the Mexican pace the deck of the stranger, resting himself for a few minutes at a time only, when wearied with walking. Does the reader fancy that a man so situated had not plenty of occupation for his thoughts? Don Juan Montefalderon was a soldier and a gallant cavalier, and love of country had alone induced him to engage in his present duties. Not that patriotism which looks to political preference through a popularity purchased by the vulgar acclamation which attends success in arms, even when undeserved, or that patriotism which induces men of fallen characters to endeavour to retrieve former offences by the shortest and most reckless mode, or that patriotism which shouts, "our country, right or wrong," regardless alike of God and his eternal laws, that are never to be forgotten with impunity; but the patriotism which would defend his home and fire-side, his altars and the graves of his fathers, from the ruthless steps of the invader. We shall not pretend to say how far this gentleman entered into the merits of the quarrel between the two republics, which no arts of European jealousy can ever conceal from the judgment of truth, for, with him, matters had gone beyond the point when men feel the necessity of reasoning, and when, perhaps, if such a condition of the mind is ever to be defended, he found his perfect justification in feeling. He had travelled, and knew life by observation, and not through traditions and books. He had never believed, therefore, that his countrymen could march to Washington, or even to the Sabine; but he had hoped for better things than had since occurred. The warlike qualities of the Americans of the North, as he was accustomed to call those who term themselves, *par excellence*, Americans, a name they are fated to retain, and to raise high on the scale of national power and national preeminence, unless they fall by their own hands, had taken him by surprise, as they had taken all but those who knew the country well, and who understood its people. Little had he imagined that the small widely-spread body of regulars, that figured in the blue-books, almanacs, and army-registers of America, as some six or seven thousand men, scattered along frontiers of a thousand leagues in extent, could, at the beck of the government, swell into legions of invaders, men able to carry war to the capitals of his own States, thousands of miles from their doors, and formidable alike for their energy, their bravery, their readiness in the use of arms, and their numbers. He saw what is perhaps justly called the boasting of the American character, vindicated by their exploits; and marches, conquests, and victories, that, if sober truth were alone to cover the pages of history, would far out-do in real labour and danger the boasted passages of the Alps, under Napoleon, and the exploits that succeeded it.

Don Juan Montefalderon was a grave and thoughtful man, of pure Iberian blood. He might have had about him a little of the exaltation of the Spanish character; the overflowings of a generous chivalry at the bottom; and, under its influence, he may have set too high an estimate on Mexico and her sons, but he was not one to shut his eyes to the truth. He saw plainly that the northern neighbours of his country were a race formidable and enterprising, and that of all the calumnies that had been heaped upon them by rivalries and

European superciliousness, that of their not being military by temperament was, perhaps, the most absurd of all. On the contrary, he had himself, though anticipating evil, been astounded by the suddenness and magnitude of their conquests, which, in a few short months after the breaking out of hostilities, had overrun regions larger than many ancient empires. All this had been done, too, not by disorderly and barbarous hordes, seeking abroad the abundance that was wanting at home; but with system and regularity, by men who had turned the ploughshare into the sword for the occasion, quitting abundance to encounter fatigue, famine, and danger. In a word, the Señor Montefalderon saw all the evils that environed his own land, and foresaw others, of a still graver character, that menaced the future. On matters such as these did he brood in his walk, and bitter did he find the minutes of that sad and lonely watch. Although a Mexican, he could feel; although an avowed foe of this good republic of ours, he had his principles, his affections, and his sense of right. Whatever may be the merits of the quarrel, and we are not disposed to deny that our provocation has been great, a sense of right should teach every man that what may be patriotic in an American, would not be exactly the same thing in a Mexican; and that we ought to respect in others sentiments that are so much vaunted among ourselves. Midnight at length arrived, and, calling the cook and steward, the unhappy gentleman was relieved, and went to his berth to dream, in sorrow, over the same pictures of national misfortunes on which, while walking, he had brooded in such deep melancholy.

The watch of Josh and Simon was tranquil, meeting with no interruption until it was time to summon Jack. One thing these men had done, however, that was of some moment to Tier, under a pledge given by Josh, and which had been taken in return for a dollar in hand. They had managed to haul the light-house boat alongside, from its position astern, and this so noiselessly as not to give the alarm to any one. There it lay, when Jack appeared, ready at the main-rigging to receive him at any moment he might choose to enter it.

A few minutes after Jack appeared on deck, Rose and Biddy came stealthily out of the cabin, the latter carrying a basket filled with bread and broken meat, and not wanting in sundry little delicacies, such as woman's hands prepare, and, in this instance, woman's tenderness had provided. The whole party met at the galley, a place so far removed from the state-rooms aft as to be out of ear-shot. Here Jack renewed his endeavours to persuade either Josh or Simon to go in the boat, but without success. The negroes had talked the matter over together in their watch, and had come to the conclusion the enterprise was too hazardous.

"I tell you, Jack, you does n't know Capt'in Spike as well as I does," Josh said, in continuance of the discourse. "No, you does n't know him at all as well as I does. If he finds out that anybody has quit dis brig dis werry night, woful will come! It no good to try to run; I run t'ree time, an' Simon here run twice. What good it all do? We got cotched, and here we is, just as fast as ever. I knows Captain Spike, and doesn't want to fall in athwart his hawse any more."

"Y-e-s, dat my judgment, too," put in the cook, "We wishes you well, Jack, and we wishes Miss Rose well, and Mr. Mulford well, but we can't, no how, run ath'art hawse, as Josh says. Dat is my judgment, too."

"Well, if your minds are made up to this, my darkies, I s'pose there'll be no changing them," said Jack. "At all ewents you'll lend us a hand, by answering any hail that may come from aft, in my watch, and in keepin' our secret. There's another thing you can do for us, which may be of sarvice. Should Captain Spike miss the boat, and lay any trap to catch us, you can just light this here bit of lantern and hang it over the brig's bows, where he'll not be likely to see it, that we may know matters are going wrong, and give the craft a wide berth."

"Sartain," said Josh, who entered heartily into the affair, so far as good wishes for its success were concerned, at the very moment when he had a most salutary care of his own back. "Sartain; we do all dat, and no t'ank asked. It no great matter to answer a hail, or to light a lantern and sling him over de bows; and if Capt'in Spike want to know who did it, let him find out."

Here both negroes laughed heartily, manifesting so little care to suppress their mirth, that Rose trembled lest their noise should awaken Spike. Accustomed sounds, however, seldom produce this effect on the ears of the sleeper, and the heavy breathing from the state-room succeeded the merriment of the blacks, as soon as the latter ceased. Jack now announced his readiness to depart. Some little care and management were necessary to get into the boat noiselessly, more especially with Bidly. It was done, however, with the assistance of the blacks, who cast off the painter, when Jack gave the boat a shove to clear the brig, and suffered it to drift astern for a considerable distance before he ventured to cast loose the tail.

"I know Spike well," said Jack, in answer to a remonstrance from the impatient Rose concerning his delay. "A single flap of that canvas would wake him up, with the brig anchored, while he would sleep through a salute of heavy guns if it came in regular course. Quick ears has old Stephen, and it's best to humour them. In a minute more we'll set our canvas and be off."

All was done as Jack desired, and the boat got away from the brig unheard and undetected. It was blowing a good breeze, and Jack Tier had no sooner got the sail on the boat, than away it started at a speed that would have soon distanced Spike in his yawl, and with his best oarsmen. The main point was to keep the course, though the direction of the wind was a great assistant. By keeping the wind abeam, Jack thought he should be going toward the rock of Mulford. In one hour, or even in less time, he expected to reach it, and he was guided by time in his calculations, as much as by any other criterion. Previously to quitting the brig, he had gone up a few ratlins of the fore-rigging to take the bearings of the fire on Mulford's rock, but the light was no longer visible. As no star was to be seen, the course was a little vague, but Jack was navigator enough to understand that by keeping on the weather side of the channel he was in the right road, and that his great danger of missing his object was in over-running it.

So much of the reef was above water, that it was not difficult to steer a boat along its margin. The darkness, to be sure, rendered it a little uncertain how near they were running to the rocks; but, on the whole, Jack assured Rose he had no great difficulty in getting along.

"These trades are almost as good as compasses," he said, "and the rocks are better, if we can keep close aboard them without going on to them. I do not know the exact distance of the spot we seek from the brig, but I judged it to be about two leagues, as I looked at it from aloft. Now, this boat will travel them two leagues in an hour, with this breeze and in smooth water."

"I wish you had seen the fire again before we left the brig," said Rose, too anxious for the result not to feel uneasiness on some account or other.

"The mate is asleep, and the fire has burnt down; that's the explanation. Besides, fuel is not too plenty on a place like that Mr. Mulford inhabits just now. As we get near the spot I shall look out for embers, which may serve as a light-house, or beacon, to guide us into port."

"Mr. Mulford will be charmed to see us, now that we take him wather!" exclaimed Biddy. "Wather is a blessed thing, and it's hard will be the heart that does not feel gratitude for a plenty of swate wather."

"The maty has plenty of food and water where he is," said Jack; "I'll answer for both them sarcumstances. I saw him turn a turtle as plain as if I had been at his elbow; and I saw him drinking at a hole in the rock, as heartily as a boy ever pulled at a gimblet-hole in a molasses hog'shead."

"But the distance was so great, Jack, I should hardly think you could have distinguished objects so small."

"I went by the motions altogether. I saw the man, and I saw the movements, and I knowed what the last meant. It's true I could n't swear to the turtle, though I saw something on the rock that I knowed, by the way in which it was handled, *must* be a turtle. Then I saw the mate kneel, and put his head low, and then I knowed he was drinking."

"Perhaps he prayed," said Rose, solemnly.

"Not he. Sailors is n't so apt to pray, Miss Rose; not as apt as they ought to be. Women for prayers, and men for work. Mr. Mulford is no worse than many others, but I doubt if he be much given to *that*."

To this Rose made no answer, but Biddy took the matter up, and, as the boat went briskly ahead, she pursued the subject.

"Then more is the shame for him," said the Irish woman; "and Miss Rose, and missus, and even I prayin' for him, all as if he was our own brudder. It's seldom I ask anything for a heretic, but I could not forget a fine young man like Mr. Mulford, and Miss Rose so partial to him, and he in so bad a way. He ought to be ashamed to make his brags that he is too proud to pray."

"Harry has made no such wicked boast," put in Rose, mildly; "nor do we know that he has not prayed for us, as well as for himself. It may all be a mistake of Jack's, you know."

"Yes," added Jack, coolly, "it *may* be a mistake, a'ter all, for

was lookin' at the maty six miles off, and through a spy-glass. No one can be sure of anything at such a distance. So overlook the matter, my good Biddy, and carry Mr. Mulford the nice things you've mustered in that basket, all the same as if he was pope."

"This is a subject we had better drop," Rose quietly observed.

"Any thing to oblige you, Miss Rose, though religion is a matter it would do me no harm to talk about once and awhile. It's many a long year since I've had time and opportunity to bring my thoughts to dwell on holy things. Ever since I left my mother's side, I've been a wanderer in my mind as much as in my body."

"Poor Jack! I understand and feel for your sufferings; but a better time will come, when you may return to the habits of your youth, and to the observances of your church."

"I don't know that, Miss Rose; I don't know that," answered Tier, placing the elbow of his short arm on the knee of a seemingly shorter leg, and bending his head so low as to lean his face on the palm of the hand, an attitude in which he appeared to be suffering keenly through his recollections. "Childhood and innocence never come back to us in this world. What the grave may do we shall all learn in time."

"Innocence can return to all with repentance, Jack; and the heart that prompts you to do acts as generous as this you are now engaged in, must contain some good seed yet."

"If Jack will go to a praste and just confess, when he can find a father, it will do his sowl good," said Biddy, who was touched by the mental suffering of the strange little being at her side.

But the necessity of managing the boat soon compelled its cockswain to raise his head, and to attend to his duty. The wind sometimes came in puffs, and at such moments Jack saw that the large sail of the light-house boat required watching, a circumstance that induced him to shake off his melancholy, and give his mind more exclusively to the business before him. As for Rose, she sympathized deeply with Jack Tier, for she knew his history, his origin, the story of his youth, and the well-grounded causes of his contrition and regrets. From her, Jack had concealed nothing; the gentle commiseration of one like Rose being a balm to wounds that had bled for long and bitter years. The great poet of our language, and the greatest that ever lived, perhaps, short of the inspired writers of the Old Testament, and old Homer and Dante, has well reminded us that the "little beetle," in yielding its breath, "feels a pang as great as when a giant dies." Thus is it, too, in morals. Abasement, and misery, and poverty, and sin, may, and all do, contribute to lower the tone of our moral existence; but the principle that has been planted by nature, can be eradicated by nature only. It exists as long as we exist; and, if dormant for a time, under the pressure of circumstances, it merely lies, in the moral system, like the acorn or the chestnut, in the ground, waiting its time and season to sprout, and bud, and blossom. Should that time never arrive, it is not because the seed is not there, but because it is neglected. Thus was it with the singular being of whose feelings we have just spoken. The germ of goodness had been implanted early in him, and was nursed with tenderness and care, until self-willed, and governed by passion, he had thrown off the con-

nections of youth and childhood, to connect himself with Spike,—a connection that had left him what he was. Before closing our legend, we shall have occasion to explain it.

"We have run our hour, Miss Rose," resumed Jack, breaking a continued silence, during which the boat had passed through a long line of water; "we have run our hour, and ought to be near the rock we are in search of. But the morning is so dark that I fear we shall have difficulty in finding it. It will never do to run past it, and we must haul closer in to the reef, and shorten sail, that we may be certain to make no such mistake."

Rose begged her companion to omit no precaution, as it would be dreadful to fail in their search, after incurring so much risk in their own persons.

"Harry may be sleeping on the sea-weed of which you spoke," she added, "and the danger of passing him will be much increased in such a case. What a gloomy and frightful spot is this in which to abandon a human being. I fear, Jack, that we have come faster than we have supposed, and may already have passed the rock."

"I hope not, Miss Rose. It seemed to me a good two leagues to the place where I saw him, and the boat is fast that will run two leagues in an hour."

"We do not know the time, Jack, and are obliged to guess at that as well as at the distance. How very dark it is!"

Dark, in one sense, it was not, though Rose's apprehensions, doubtless, induced her to magnify every evil. The clouds certainly lessened the light of the moon, but there was still enough of the last to enable one to see surrounding objects, and most especially to render distinct the character of the solitude that reigned over the place.

The proximity of the reef, which formed a weather shore to the boat, prevented anything like a swell on the water, notwithstanding the steadiness and strength of the breeze, which had now blown for near twenty-four hours. The same wind in open water, would have raised sea enough to cause a ship to pitch, or roll, whereas, the light-house boat, placed where she was, scarce rose and fell under the undulations of the channel through which she was glancing.

"This is a good boat, and a fast boat, too," observed Jack Tier, after he had luffed up several minutes, in order to make sure of his proximity to the reef; "and it might carry us all safe enough to Key West, or certainly back to the Dry Tortugas, was we inclined to try our hands at either."

"I cannot quit my aunt," said Rose quickly; "so we will not even think of any such thing."

"No, 'twould never do to abandon the missus," said Biddy, "and she on the wreck wid us, and falin' the want of wather as much as ourselves."

"We three have sartainly gone through much in company," returned Jack, "and it ought to make us friends for life."

"I trust it will, Jack; I hope, when we return to New York, to see you among us, anchored, as you would call it, for the rest of your days under my aunt's roof, or under my own, should I ever have one."

"No, Miss Rose, my business is with the Swash and her captain.

I shall stick by both, now I've found 'em again, until they once more desert me. A man's duty is *his* duty, and a woman's duty is *her* duty."

"You seem to like the brig and her captain, Jack Tier," observed Biddy, "and there's no use in gainsaying such a likin'. What *will* come to pass, must come to pass. Captain Spike is a mighty great sailor, anyway."

"He's a willian," muttered Jack.

"There!" cried Rose, almost breathless, "there is a rock above the water, surely. Do not fly by it so swiftly, Jack, but let us stop and examine it."

"There is a rock, sure enough, and a large piece it is," answered Tier. "We will go alongside of it, and see what it is made of. Biddy shall be boat-keeper, while you and I, Miss Rose, explore."

Jack had thrown the boat into the wind, and was shooting close alongside the reef, even while speaking. The party found no difficulty in landing, the margin of the rock admitting the boat to lie close alongside of it, and its surface being even and dry. Jack had brailled the sail, and he brought the painter ashore, and fastened it securely to a fragment of stone, that made a very sufficient anchor. In addition to this precaution, a lazy painter was put into Biddy's hands, and she was directed not to let go of it while her companions were absent. These arrangements concluded, Rose and Jack commenced a hurried examination of the spot.

A few minutes sufficed to give our adventurers a tolerably accurate notion of the general features of the place on which they had landed. It was a considerable portion of the reef that was usually above water, and which had even some fragments of soil, or sand, on which was a stunted growth of bushes. Of these last, however, there were very few, nor were there many spots of the sand. Drift-wood and seaweed were lodged in considerable quantities about its margin, and, in places, piles of both had been tossed upon the rock itself, by the billows of former gales of wind. Nor was it long before Jack discovered a turtle that had been up to a hillock of sand, probably to deposit its eggs. There was enough of the sportsmen in Jack, notwithstanding the business he was on, to turn this animal; though with what object, he might have been puzzled himself to say. This exploit effected, Jack followed Rose as fast as his short legs would permit, our heroine pressing forward eagerly, though almost without hope, in order to ascertain if Mulford were there.

"I am afraid this is not the rock," said Rose, nearly breathless with her own haste, when Jack had overtaken her. "I see nothing of him, and we have passed over most of the place."

"Very true, Miss Rose," answered her companion, who was in a good humour on account of his capture of the turtle; "but there are other rocks besides this. Ha! what was that, yonder?" pointing with a finger; "here, more towards the brig. As I'm a sinner, there was a flashing, as of fire."

"If a fire, it must be that made by Harry. Let us go to the spot at once."

Jack led the way, and, sure enough, he soon reached a place where the embers of what had been a considerable body of fire, were smouldering on the rock. The wind had probably caused some brand to

kindle momentarily, which was the object that had caught Tier's eye. No doubt any longer remained of their having found the very place where the mate had cooked his supper, and lighted his beacon, though he himself was not near it. Around these embers were all the signs of Mulford's having made the meal, of which Jack had seen the preparations. A portion of the turtle, much the greater part of it, indeed, lay in its shell; and piles of wood and sea-weed, both dry, had been placed at hand, ready for use. A ship's topgallant-yard, with most of its ropes attached, lay with a charred end near the fire, or where the fire had been, the wood having burned until the flames went out for want of contact with other fuel. There were many pieces of boards of pitch-pine in the adjacent heap, and two or three beautiful plants of the same wood, entire. In short, from the character and quantity of the materials of this nature that had thus been heaped together, Jack gave it as his opinion that some vessel, freighted with lumber, had been wrecked to windward, and that the adjacent rocks had been receiving the tribute of her cargo. Wrecks are of very, very frequent occurrence in the Florida Reef; and there are always moments when such gleanings are to be made in some part of it or other.

"I see no better way to give a call to the mate, Miss Rose, than to throw some of this dry weed, and some of this lumber on the fire," said Jack, after he had rummaged about the place sufficiently to become master of its condition. "There is plenty of ammunition, and here goes for a broadside."

Jack had no great difficulty in effecting his object. In a few minutes he succeeded in obtaining a flame, and then he fed it with such fragments of the brands and boards as were best adapted to his purpose. The flames extended gradually, and by the time that Tier had dragged the topgallant-yard over the pile, and placed several planks on their edges, alongside of it, the whole was ready to burst into a blaze. The light was shed athwart the rock for a long distance, and the whole place, which was lately so gloomy and obscure, now became gay, under the bright radiance of a blazing fire.

"There is a beacon-light that might almost be seen on board!" said Jack, exulting in his success. "If the mate is anywhere in this latitude, he will soon turn up."

"I see nothing of him," answered Rose, in a melancholy voice. "Surely, surely, Jack, he cannot have left the rock just as we have come to rescue him."

Rose and her companion had turned their faces from the fire to look in an opposite direction in quest of him they sought. Unseen by them, a human form advanced swiftly toward the fire, from a point on its other side. It advanced nearer, then hesitated, afterwards rushed forward with a tread that caused the two to turn, and at the next moment, Rose was clasped to the heart of Mulford.

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

"MY worthy companions," said an old straight-backed arm-chair, which stood close at my elbow, and, I confess, rather startled me by the suddenness of its address,—“My good friends, the respectable weapon that spoke last, I own, has amused me, as I dare say he has you all, by his deeds of battle, love, and retribution; but still he has been doomed, like many another noisy fellow, to become the tool of others, and to carry death wherever he was used.

“Now my fate has been far different, and I consider more to be envied, for it has been to carry nothing but life—and such life!—the beautiful, the young, the beloved. But of that more anon. I will begin from the beginning, that you may know what style of thing addresses you.

Know, then, that I am a descendant of a noble oak that once spread its gigantic arms and reared its kingly head over an immense space of earth, and far above all other less aristocratic trees in its neighbourhood. We bore on our arms the acorn, to show that we were truly part, parcel, and branches of the great stem or progenitor, whose first taking possession of the land which he there occupied, was beyond the memory of man; consequently our respectability was undoubted.

As centuries rolled on, our parent stem, although he supplied us liberally with leaves, began to show symptoms of decay. Our strong attachment to him made us tremble for ourselves as well as for him; for, if he were to fall, heaven only knew what would become of the numerous branches of the noble family, then all perfectly dependent on him for support. The vigour daily left his gigantic trunk, and his moans sometimes were very unpleasant to listen to; he tottered very much when there was anything of a storm, for his feet were very much swollen and distorted. From his high connexions we called it gout, but gout or no gout it materially aided in his rapid decay; and one stormy night (I shall never forget it), the wind howled around us, the lightning flashed, the thunder rolled, and, in fact, all the elements seemed combined for the destruction of the family. In the midst of the deafening hubbub a crash—oh, horrible!—found us all struggling in one gigantic ruin. Fallen! fallen! fallen! The fall of the great brings the self-same tribe of the ungrateful, be the fallen men or trees. The next morning at daylight swarms of despoilers, men that we had sheltered from the storm, women and children that we had shaded from the noonday sun, all came bent upon our destruction. Need I say, that all the branches of our noble family were very much cut up. We were torn from each other, and we never met again. I have heard that some of the biggest of us were sent to sea, whilst others were forced into all manner of situations degrading and incompatible with their birth.

But it is of my own fortune I am bound to speak. I was of a very respectable size, having been living on my parent for some years, who was very much attached to me, and had always thought me too

green to be sent away into the world. I considered myself ornamental, and therefore was in no hurry to be useful, so stuck to the old gentleman, with the other equally lazy branches; and I have heard it said that our continual drag upon him brought him and ourselves to a premature ruin. But this I look upon as merely the censoriousness of an ill-judging world, and treat it with the contempt it deserves.

I was dragged away through the dust and the mire to an obscure shed, where some low-born ruffians set upon me and stripped me of my clothing. There I lay, naked and helpless, pondering upon what would be my future fate, since it appeared to begin so scurvily.

I was left there for some length of time, when one morning a quiet old man came and measured me with a rule, and marking me off into quantities, soon set to work to divide and shave me in the most brutal manner.

After tortures innumerable I found myself in my present shape, and all my clothes in their newest gloss. I confess to you that I felt proud. I rested my arms upon my knees, and stretching out my four legs, looked down with considerable complacency upon the rich velvet apron that covered my lap.

I was conveyed with much care, and placed in a splendid old chamber, the like of which I had never beheld before. It was full of wonders to my rustic and unworldly eyes; for, though of high birth, my father being called the monarch of the wood, he held his court in the open air, which gave me little knowledge of civilised life. But I believe that that rank is equal to any. I think we are also called "lords of the soil," which we undeniably were, for we struck out right and left to grasp as much as we could, and used up a great portion of the aforesaid soil belonging to other trees, which was really necessary to support the many branches belonging to so noble a stem.

In my new form I was called a chair: there were a great many so called in the room: they looked very dark at me, for I suppose I was considered a *parvenu*; but I little heeded them, for my attention was attracted to a beautiful child, who, at that moment, entered the magnificent chamber. Her fair locks flew wildly about her angelic face, and with a light and airy motion she sprang towards me. She stood and gazed upon me with childish delight, admiring my graceful form; I really felt as if my velvet blushed a deeper crimson beneath her dove-like eyes.

I had a noble heart of oak, and I felt it bound as it were to the fair child: a moment more—guess my confusion—envy me my delight! she sprang into my extended arms, and I held in a close embrace the beautiful child, whose life will form the subject of my recital; and although the facts may be wanting in interest to you, to me they are hallowed by a sweet remembrance of one of earth's fairest creatures. Heaven knows I am not given to sentimentalise, nor do I intend to harrow your feelings by scenes of bloodshed or hairbreadth escapes; it is in verity a simplicity, the very sweetness of which makes to me its best sentiment.

The girl that I held in my arms was about thirteen years of age, "fair and beautiful to look upon," the only child of the owner of the magnificent domain in which I had become a retainer.

He was a stern proud man, whose early life had been passed in heartburnings and neglect, consequent upon his position of younger brother. Of an ambitious and fiery temperament, he, from his early childhood, had fretted under the every day occurrence of seeing his elder brother, the rising sun, claim from all classes the incense paid to his position. Envy had thus early entered a heart which otherwise would have been noble and good, turning all his better feelings to gall and bitterness.

When manhood put the heir into full possession of his envied rights, he married, and was blessed with a family, entirely crushing the hopes of his younger brother as to any chance of succession.

He soon after married an amiable lady, to whom he had been for some time contracted, and as years wore on, he saw his own child mingle with the fair promising blossoms of his brother; but he experienced a pang as he felt she was only the daughter of a younger brother.

His brother's eldest son, a fine boy of about seven years of age, was the constant playfellow and chevalier to his child, showing that strong predilection for her that roused the hopes again in his embittered heart. It might be that they would grow up in love together, and the inheritance be shared in by himself through the marriage of his child. Even distant as this vision was, it still gave a balm to the rankling spirit that possessed him.

Time had rolled on, when some estates, inherited through a distant relation, called for the presence of the lord of the manor to superintend the arrangement. Finding that he must be absent from home for some months, as the estates were in Ireland, he resolved to take his family with him, leaving his brother in possession; for travelling in those days was not a thing so easily done as I am informed it is in the present.

They parted with many mutual expressions of affection, but they met no more! The vessel in which they had embarked foundered on the dangerous coast to which they were bound, and all perished.

The younger brother became the lord!

What whisperings from his heart disturbed the triumph of his hopes. How he blushed at the ambition that stopped the springs of sorrow, which ought to have gushed forth for his poor brother's sake. He became the unhappy possessor of all that had ever gilded and given enchantment to his day-dreams, for his heart told him the price at which it had been bought.

These combating feelings turned him into a stern and misanthropic man; his only pleasure being to return threefold the former neglect of his present parasites; but he was only revenging himself upon himself.

He had no son to carry down the honours of the house. The child he loved so fondly could only be the means of taking those splendid domains to aggrandize another name. She had grown into a beautiful girl of fifteen, when her father was startled by a letter, stating that a youth was then in Ireland, who, from all that could be gathered, was supposed to be son of his lost brother. He trembled! Was the staff to be snatched from his hand, and he again thrust back into his former position? The thought was annihilating: he was almost frenzied. He read again and again the startling missive. The boy, it had stated, had been seized by wreckers, who, fearing

they might be deprived of their plunder, had carried off the child—the only soul living—and after some time, finding him a burthen, had left him at a convent door, where the charity of the monks had sheltered him. They, pleased with his manners, had instructed him, and kept him amongst them for some three or four years. Fragments of recollection ever and anon came over his mind, which he communicated to the kind fathers. The wreck was an occurrence well remembered, and it was resolved that he should be taken to the spot. This being done, the influence of the priests soon wrung from the peasantry many relics of the wreck, among which was a miniature of his father. This led on to a train which after much painful search ended in the discovery of his relations, and the despatching of the letter which so disturbed his uncle.

How different were the feelings of the fair girl whose splendid inheritance was jeopardized by the re-appearance of her cousin! Joy bounded in her heart, and she thought only of the preservation of one who had been the beloved playfellow of her childhood. She counted the hours that kept him from her embrace. But her unworldly heart was doomed to receive a pang from the mysteriously cold and startling behaviour of her father. The pleasure which she experienced he refused to share in. He spoke of the impostures of the world, and the caution necessary in an affair of such consequence; hinting at its being most probably a fraud by some persons well acquainted with the affairs of the family, but that he would see the youth on his arrival. Nothing of course but the most ample and satisfactory proofs could be expected to be received when it involved a stake of such magnitude.

A shadow fell over her innocent heart when she, for the first time, heard the words of caution and distrust. She felt how sad it would make her if her true dear cousin was, by overweening caution, kept back from the door of his paternal mansion, and those who ought to welcome him with open arms received him only with closed hearts.

Through all these misgivings, she felt that she could not be deceived; that no pretender could be like her noble little cousin and playmate. She almost forgot, in the enthusiasm of her warm heart, that the boy must now be a youth fast approaching manhood, and that she was merging from the confines of girlhood into the full bloom of early womanhood.

Her mind was continually agitated by the enacting again and again the anxiously expected meeting. Her spirits became depressed, and she avoided the stern face of her father, which put to flight all her enchanting day-dreams.

Her father commenced proceedings as if to meet an enemy. He invited the counsel of men learned in the law, that no slur should for a moment rest on his character, and that every appearance of justice should be rendered to the expected claimant; but he inwardly felt how difficult it would be for a friendless youth, after the lapse of years—though few, to establish his identity, and his claim to a property of so much consequence, since the principal evidence would be his own vague recollections, and the connecting testimony of men of known disreputable character, at the very point at which it was most vital to have undoubted correctness; as the reverend men who had so kindly sheltered and instructed him knew nothing but what
afforded by the child's own reminiscences.

The remembrance of his early struggles and heart-burning, came back to his mind with twofold force, and hardened his feelings. To be again subject to the coldness of those who had once neglected him and on whom he had unfortunately taken a revenge, which, in the event of his losing position, would not be forgotten, was too bitter, and he already shrunk from their expected exultation and triumphant sneers.

His mind was tossed in a continual tempest. He in vain attempted to steel himself against the remembrance of his kind brother. He almost relented when he pictured the child of that brother returning to throw himself into his arms as his only protector, and there to find a stern enemy anxious alone for the failure of his claim. He inwardly hoped that no likeness of his brother would plead for the youth and appeal to him unanswerably. In fact, he trembled in fear that his heart might speak. He was a weak, but not a bad man; and the delight so frankly expressed by his innocent child rebuked him in a voice that would not be stifled.

Many days did that beautiful girl recline her graceful form in my arms, for I was called her chair, and I was proud of the title; but I was grieved to see the hectic of fever on her cheek, and the tears bedimming her eyes. The sternness of her father had alarmed her timid spirit, and she cowered, for the first time, at the approach of one hitherto only loved and sought with all the fervour of her disposition. The house that had only sounded with life and merriment, had now become silent and dreary, as if in expectation of some dire calamity.

At last the eventful day arrived. Kind friends from another land brought the youth home to the house of his father. If his heart beat tumultuously as the deep glades burst upon his view, rushing back upon his mind as if dreamt of in some pleasant dream, what were the feelings of the father and daughter who sat amidst their friends in a suspense of mingled feelings, almost amounting to agony.

He stood before his uncle. All eyes for a moment were fixed upon him, and then turned to look upon his uncle, who seemed to feel the universal gaze. He could not rise, but continued to gaze upon the noble-looking youth who stood confused and abashed before him.

One beautiful face, bathed in tears and crimsoned with agitation, claimed his notice. It was that of his fair cousin. He knew it must be her, but he dared not approach her. The painful silence made him irresolute.

She felt in one moment that her true cousin stood before her. She looked from her father's face to his. The hand of nature pointed unerringly to his beautiful face as the certificate of his right. She saw no one but him, and, yielding to the impulse of the moment, rose timidly from her seat, and, taking him kindly by the hand, led him blushing to her chair which stood beside her father, then, without a word, left the chamber to hide her emotion.

That simple action, so full of the tenderness of her nature, struck upon the hearts of all present; whilst the proud heart of the father trembled as he saw the effect of it upon the persons present.

Summoning up his wavering resolution, he gave him a cold and distant welcome; and, then turning to his legal advisers, proceeded

to listen to the proofs and evidences of the friends who had accompanied him from the scene of his family's disaster.

Days passed on in the difficult investigation, but nothing beyond what was expected by the uncle could be produced by the nephew to substantiate his claim. These were of too vague a character to be of sufficient weight in the minds of the persons assembled, to give him possession of the property. Notwithstanding which, all felt and saw the powerful likeness which the youth bore to the family.

He wandered daily about the domain, where he continually found objects that he knew he must have seen before, but was convinced that his own evidence in his own cause would not avail him. Messengers were despatched to Ireland to endeavour to get some more connecting links, during which time he remained an inmate of the mansion with his friends.

Often would the cousins meet, as if by chance; and each meeting convinced them both, from many reminiscences of their childhood, that his claim was a just one; but they had to convince cold and worldly hearts, and her pleadings to her father were only answered in a cold and reproachful manner that forbade the repetition of them. His anger was really against himself, for he would have rejoiced, had he dared, to have pressed the child of his brother to his heart. But he had not moral courage enough to prompt him to yield up the title and estate that were as his life.

Thus every protracted delay caused by the case demanding some more convincing evidence, gave him a pleasure mixed with pain; for he could not but feel that the youth who treated him with such deference, leaving his cause entirely in the hands of the man to whom it was of the most consequence that it should fail, was the noble child of his brother.

The sun was shining with meridian splendour into the noble chamber which I and my kindred chairs were appointed to ornament. The painted windows stood open for the soft summer air to bear in the sweet odours of the clustering flowers, and the birds softly twitted as they ensconced themselves from the summer heat in the deep shadows of the noble trees. The blue sky sparkled like an amethyst, and the sheep lay dotted on the breezy downs, sending the soft music of their bells into the verdant valleys beneath them. All nature seemed in a delicious languor.

I held in my arms the form of a noble youth. He had seated himself to gaze upon the portraits of his mother and father that were hanging opposite. Their forms were arousing his struggling recollections. He felt that he was their child; but a melancholy came over his young heart as his uncle mixed himself up with his thoughts. His sternness chilled him, and he prayed that he might be proved the rightful heir to the satisfaction of all, not for the worldly advantages, but that he might in such an event shew the father and daughter that he was worthy of his descent.

But the image of the daughter was far more often before his mental vision than that of the father, for she had tacitly acknowledged him. The first pressure of her hand, when no other hand was held out to welcome him, remained indelible; and he desired his success if it brought him no other good than that of being her cousin.

He mused and mused until the soft influence of the day drew him into a deep slumber.

A light foot, as he closed his eyes, entered the chamber. The fair object of his thoughts—and, perchance, his dreams—stood beside him. She gazed timidly at his sleeping figure. She scanned his features intently, as she would not have dared to do had he been waking. She looked from him to the portraits opposite. Her bosom heaved and her face flushed, for the soft air from the window blew his dark locks aside, and discovered a deep scar upon his forehead. She almost uttered an exclamation. She pressed her hands to her bosom, for she had recognized an undeniable proof of his identity. In his early childhood he had, in seeking a nest for her, fallen from a tree, and nearly caused his death by the violence of the blow which had left the deep scar that now so truly witnessed for him.

She hurried, without awakening him, from the chamber. A beautiful smile passed over her face as she did so, for hope had entered her heart.

I confess that the minutes seemed long to me, for the suddenness of her action startled me, and I felt that she had taken some noble resolve, which she was about to carry out.

On her reappearance, she was accompanied by her father whose face was pale from agitation. She seemed to have been recounting to him what had passed, but she ceased speaking as she entered. She led him towards the sleeping youth and pointed to the scar. A fierce struggle was powerfully agitating the father's bosom; he turned irresolutely from the boy; as he did so, his eyes met the imploring look of his own child.

She pressed his hands against her innocent bosom, and said in a low but emphatic voice, "Father, we know him to be what he represents himself to be. Think of the nobleness of deciding against yourself for your own tranquillity and mine. Your heart, I know, is conquered; 'tis but your pride remains to be so."

What father could resist the power of such eloquence when it pleaded for her loss, only looking to his gain?

The next moment found the bewildered youth startled from his dreams and clutched in the fervent embrace of his uncle, whilst his fair cousin, smiling through her tears and sobs, stood by his side the happiest of the trio. * * *

A happy man wandered through the chambers that were so late his own. He was now only the guardian of the heir. But he had lost no honours. Good men clasped him by the hand; every face smiled upon him, for every heart applauded him. He had gained a greater estate than he had lost. He had his own self-esteem.

As time rolled on he found the reward in the certain fulfilment of his wishes. His nephew seemed only to exist in the presence of his child. No word had been spoken of their love. The tongue had not been as yet trusted with the soft confession. The eyes alone had been in mutual understanding. I believe I may say that I was the first to be a party concerned; for, from the day so eventful to the fortunes of the heir, when he had been so agreeably awakened in my arms, that fair girl seemed to have taken a stronger attachment to me, and sought me on all occasions when she wished to enjoy her day-dreams alone.

One evening her cousin found her seated there. He placed himself at her feet.

What he said was very broken and disjointed. What she said was more so; but, strange to say, they seemed perfectly to understand each other. I won't say I saw him kiss her, as it was fast falling twilight, but, if I may judge from the sound, it appeared to me to be one. But this I say under correction. * * *

They were married upon his coming of age; at least I imagine so from the ringing of bells, and happy faces that kept continually passing and repassing.

In all her bridal beauty I was her chosen throne. She was the queen of hearts that day, and so did she ever remain, for her conduct was known to all from the affectionate and proud father.

As soon as she had strength to carry their first infant she placed him in my lap, for I had been the cause of all her happiness. I confess to you that I was rather an awkward nurse at first, but I soon got accustomed to be drummed by tiny heels, which gave me continual occupation. * * *

One calm and lovely evening I supported a white-haired old man, beside an open window that admitted the cool and sweet autumnal air. By his side sat his two children, to whom he spoke in low and feeble whispers. Each held an attenuated hand, and watched with fond affection the glimmering light of life that still held him in the mortal world.

They knelt before him, and his hands were placed upon their heads; and he passed from life with a smile of thanksgiving that heaven had blessed him in the gift of such children.

THE BOUQUET.

YOUNG rose of love, the bird of night hath softly breathed o'er thee,

Thou peerless gem of this fair earth—beloved of memory!

The dews of heaven rest on thee, this morn of summer's day—

Affection's own true emblem, and first in my Bouquet.

'Mid depth of shade and verdure, 'mid leaves of deepest green,

The Violet hides its loveliness, retiring and unseen;

It breathes of heartfelt tenderness, thus shrinking from display—

Ah! well may these sweet odorous things find place in my Bouquet!

By a clear and limpid streamlet, that murmur'd gently on,

From 'midst a thousand other weeds I cull'd this fairest one;

Its name will speak its history, tell all that I could say—

Forget-me-not, with memories twined, fade not in my Bouquet!

Resplendent and most dazzling, of thee I gently breathe,

I tremble whilst I gather thee, and fear whilst I enwreath;

The heart that owns thy short-lived power, with wild yet fond delay,

Gathers the mystic Passion-flower, encircling this Bouquet.

A tender leaf of graceful Fern, of tracery most rare,

With which the fairies deck their bowers, and sport in moonlight there;

Pluck'd from the dells and stately groves, where fawns securely play—

The greenwood emblem—fairy's love—o'ershadow this Bouquet.

Ah, start not at the Cypress bough, the sombre and the drear,

For surely sorrow's emblem should not be banish'd here;

A tale of hopeless anguish, thy presence doth betray—

And all these lovely ones are thine—and *thine* is this Bouquet.

C. A. M. W.

THE FORESTER'S SON.*

BY LADY DUFF GORDON.

In the darksome wood
 A lone house stood,
 Where the beeches waved around,
 And you heard by day
 The sweet bird's lay,
 And by night the trees' murmuring sound.

THIS old verse comes into my head, now that I am about to recount some passages in the life of little Everard,—nay, the tale I have to tell is such an one as is sometimes recorded in one of those ancient songs, which may be heard in lonely valleys, chanted to a sad and monotonous tune. But the stone cross is still standing, although it has sunk deeper into the earth, and the wild roses blossom around it.

Listen, then, and I will tell you all about it.

The lodge stood in a spot as lonely and silent as that in the song, and before the door a brown setter lay basking in the sun, with closed eyes, as though he were asleep. From time to time, however, he snapped at a fly, which insolently settled on his nose; if by chance he caught it, the fly was gulped down with no more ado; if it escaped his jaws, the dog scornfully shook his ears, and laid his nose on the ground as quietly and comfortably as before. Nimrod's air sufficiently shewed —Nimrod was the dog's name—that he esteemed this chase after flies immeasurably beneath his dignity, but two whole months had passed since he had tracked any other game; the last shot that Nimrod had heard struck his master, and Everard's mother still wept over her husband's death, with her only child. But the dog could not weep, his grief must be silent; and he had grown thin, and looked as if he were troubled by conscience; and so indeed he ought, for he was not free from guilt, as will hereafter appear,—for nothing can remain hidden for ever. After a while Nimrod got up, stretched himself, made a face as though he were weary of life, and then walked slowly towards the hedge, where he stood looking at little Everard, who sat on the ground under it, cutting and hollowing lime-twigs.

Everard was barely nine years old; his dress consisted in a shirt and a pair of well-patched linen trousers; his fair hair was uncut; a pair of clear blue eyes looked out from beneath his open forehead, his blooming cheeks showed that he had not yet grieved much about anything, and his sunburnt, open breast that he lived mostly out of doors. At this moment he had screwed up his mouth and was whistling over his work, when the dog came and crept close to his side; but the boy said, "Down, sir, be quiet,—I have no time for play, like you, I have other things to do."

Suddenly a shrill whistle, such as masters of the art produce by bending the little finger, and putting it between the teeth, was heard from the forest. The dog jumped up and pricked his ears; the shrill whistle was repeated twice in quick succession, and away darted Nimrod like an arrow from the bow. Everard ran after him, whistling and

* From the German of Berthold Auerbach.

shouting "Nimrod!—come here, Nimrod!" but the dog turned a deaf ear, and was out of sight in a moment. Everard ran into the forest in pursuit of him as fast as he could scamper, till at length he remembered that the dog could find his way home alone, whereupon he stopped, and said to himself, "He is a faithful beast, to be sure, but it is rather false of him to run away so."

Everard's mother had forbidden him to go into the wood by himself, and he had promised to obey her; "but now," argued he, "I have come into the wood against my will, and only in order to fetch back Nimrod; I have not disobeyed mother; and, besides, it can't be helped now; so, as I am here, I'll just stay a bit and run about to my heart's content."

So easy is it, when one wants to do something wrong, thus to deceive one's self; nevertheless one does not altogether believe one's own excuses, for there is a still voice in the very furthest corner of one's heart which denies them all. Then one does as Everard now did, who shouted and sang so loud, that he could no longer hear the voice of his own conscience, and climbed first this tree and then that, as though his good spirit could not climb up after him; but the spirit kept close by his side, plucking him by every limb and urging him to turn his steps towards home.

Accordingly, Everard at length got down from the tree, but just as he looked up through the transparent green leaves at the blue heavens, a squirrel darted up the beech-tree, seated itself upon a bough, wiped its face with its paws, and looked merrily round with its bright black eyes. Everard snapt his fingers, and said within himself, "If I could but get at you! I am far worse off than those birds and squirrels; I can neither fly like the one nor climb like the other; and Nimrod did quite right to run away into the forest, for there he is his own master; and we, with our clumsy two legs, can't follow him. If I had but four feet, I would run and jump as well as he."

A mocking bird, perched on the topmost bough, laughed at Everard's strange wish in all manner of sounds. They are a bad sort of birds, those mocking birds; they have no note of their own, and so they imitate the song of all the other birds—nightingales, blackbirds, chaffinches, and the like,—but they never can finish any song, and always fall into some new one before they have half done the first. Everard was provoked by the bird, and tried to drive it away by shouting and throwing stones at it, but the bird would not stir till it saw Everard climbing up to the top of the tree, and then in a trice away it flew, and set up its discordant song from the top of another tree. But Everard found some other birds that could not fly away, for there was a blackbird's nest full of young ones that had but just crept out the eggshell.

The young blackbirds stretched out their yellow beaks towards Everard, and stared at him in astonishment with their yellow-edged eyes. Everard pulled his knife, and the cord of his own twisting, which he always carried with him, out of his pocket, in the very bottom of which he found, as he had expected, a few good big crumbs of bread, these he chewed and fed the little birds, whose whole thanks consisted in shaking their heads and bobbing up and down in their efforts to gulp down the morsels they had swallowed; the youngest was so ungrateful as not even to accept the proffered meal. Everard saw that it would not do to take the nest yet as the little birds would be sure to die; and then a feeling of compassion arose in him when he thought how the mother would feel

when she came home and found all her children gone : this brought his own mother to his mind, and he felt quite hot at the thought of how long he had been from home ; hereupon he piously resolved to leave the little birds to their mother, and only to come from time to time to look at them. Once more, it is true, he was tempted to take them himself when he thought how some other boy might find the nest and carry it off ; but this time his good spirit was the stronger, and he determined not to be hard-hearted because another might be cruel. " God keep you ! " whispered he to the little birds, and slid down the trunk of the tree, at the foot of which he cut three crosses in the bark in order that he might know it again.

At last he turned his steps towards home, but even now he took the longest way round through the pine wood, for, thought he, " A minute more or less can be no matter, and besides I may find the dog."

Gentle reader, did you ever find yourself all alone in a pine forest at noon ? See how smooth and straight they stand, those tall stems with the broken sunbeam playing upon them, and what an aromatic fragrance they exhale ! High above your head the tops of the trees rustle in the breeze, and at their feet the delicate mosses form a thick warm carpet—they do not envy the trees their height and size, which force them to stand so far asunder, while the lowly mosses can twine cosily together and keep each other warm. There stands a solitary bush of nettles ; and a viper, that lay basking in the sun, glides away at your approach. Touch them not—leave the wicked in peace—who knows wherefore the Master of the world created them ?

You wander along lost in dreams—sight and hearing are blended into one—you forget who you are, whence you come, and the child of man becomes for a while like unto the gentle and noiseless-stepping fawn. It seems as though nature held her breath, but her heart beats in your bosom. On a sudden something rustles close behind you, and before your astonished eyes stands a man clothed all in green as becoms a true son of the forest and brother of the trees ; he stands still with his hand thrust in his sword-belt, and scans you with an inquiring glance.

Thus Everard had strolled along, and thus a man suddenly stood before him, but this time, with a kind smile on his face. It was the owner of the wood, a rich peasant, who was called Cousin Godfrey by all the folks round about, especially those who were no more related to him than to the Emperor of Russia.

" How came you here ? " inquired Godfrey.

" On two legs," replied Everard, pointing to his feet, for he was still thinking of his four-footed wish.

" And what is it you seek ? "

" Nothing : oh ! but yes, our dog has run away."

" Let him run to the devil ; the dog is a turncoat ; he has had so many masters that he is quite puzzle-headed. If he falls in my way I'll shoot him."

Everard took hold of Godfrey's hand, and begged so earnestly for Nimrod's life, that Godfrey at length promised to have patience with him. He kept hold of the boy's hand, and they walked on together in silence, until they reached a bit of rising ground covered with magnificent fir-trees.

"Cousin!" said Everard, "what grand trees those are, they are so beautiful—as beautiful as the church, ay! and more beautiful too."

"That's right, Everard, I'm glad you like them," said Godfrey; "those trees, from the juniper-bush down into the 'cool hollow,' are my drawing-room—my hall of state—in short, my pride and pleasure. Each winter when the sap stands still in the trees, and the time draws near for felling them, these trunks are marked to fall; but when it comes to the point I look at them, and say to myself, let them stand, they flourish and enjoy themselves, and are a glory and a delight to behold. It is true that a pretty round sum lies idle in those trees, but I have my pleasure in them, and that is something; and it always does my heart good when I come here, to see my trees still alive and flourishing."

"What! do trees die like us?" asked Everard.

"To be sure they do," said Godfrey; "everything upon earth must die, and if a tree stands beyond its time it decays at the core."

Everard had many more questions at the tip of his tongue, and Godfrey would willingly have gone on talking with him for he was very fond of him. Now, however, he bade him go home through what was called the "cool hollow," as that was the nearest way.

Everard started off at a good round pace. When he got into the cool hollow everything looked quite different from what it did up in the wood. The little stream struggled along amid rocks, and Everard had a great mind to look for crawfish, but he would not linger any more. Spite of the warm bright noontide sun it was cold and gloomy in the deep hollow; on either side overhanging masses of rock seemed to threaten to fall from above, but they stood firm nevertheless; even that huge moss-grown boulder was arrested in its fall by the young fir-tree, which vigorously resists the pressure, and shoots straight up towards heaven; close behind it lay a tall uprooted fir quite withered and red-brown, and a few more twisted with age, hung their long dark boughs tipped with bright green young shoots over the valley.

Everard had advanced but a few steps when a dog barked: he recognised Nimrod's voice, and wondered why he did not come. Everard climbed upon a rock and was about to call the dog, but the sounds died upon his tongue; just below him, amid flowering heather and tall fernbrake, he beheld a man with dark flashing eyes and a face covered up to the very temples with a bushy black beard. Everard held his breath when he saw the man press Nimrod down to the earth beside him, uncover his own breast, pluck a few hairs from just above his heart and stick them into a piece of bread, upon which he then spat three times, and finally gave it to the dog to eat.

"Be off!" said he then, and the dog instantly bounded off towards Everard in whose face, however, he seemed to expect to read an angry rebuke, for he crouched down before him and whined as though he expected blows, and would endure them patiently. But Everard had not time to give Nimrod the expected beating, for in a moment the bristly black-looking man stood before him, and said in a gruff tone, with an assumed air of ignorance,

"Who are you?"

"I am Everard, the forester's son."

"Where is your father?"

"Dead! he was shot in the forest."

"And who shot him?"

"That is not known,—ah, if I did but know!"

"Then you would give the fellow an ounce of lead, or you are no forester's son—no brave lad."

"No doubt of that," replied Everard resolutely.

The bristly man laughed loudly, and it sounded to Everard as if some one else was laughing down below, behind the rock. On a sudden such terror seized him, that he burst into tears, and said with a trembling voice, give me back my dog, I must go home." Nimrod fully understood what Everard was talking about, and leaped merrily up against him, but the bristly man gave the dog a kick, that sent him rolling half way down the hill, after which he came limping back, and crouched at the feet of the man, who then said to Everard,—“Home; stuff! you will go with me.”

Escape was out of question, so Everard, by way of a negative reply, threw himself upon the ground, and refused to move. The bristly man, seeing that he could not do much by force, now tried fair words, and said, “I’ll do you no harm—there’s my hand upon it, I only want you to help me to take a nest. I’ll give you something for your trouble, what would you like?”

“Nothing; I want nothing but to go home.”

“Then you have no mind for a young squirrel?”

“That I have; but I want to go home.”

As Everard stood there in an attitude between defiance and entreaty, his hand was clasped in that of the stranger, with a clutch very unlike the gentle grasp of Cousin Godfrey. Nevertheless, Everard went with him quietly, for he saw that resistance was of no avail; and, moreover, he hoped that he should find help as soon as they were out of the hollow, for Cousin Godfrey could not be far off; or, at any rate, they must meet some one who would set him free. No one, however, appeared, and the stranger’s hand grasped Everard’s like an iron vice; it hurt him cruelly, but he dared not cry out, much less attempt to escape.

They went on by almost impassable tracks, and Everard, who thought that he knew every tree and bush in the country round, soon found himself in a new world. Noon was just past, and the sun had begun to sink towards the west, when they came to a deep basin of bare rocks, which looked like the bed of a dried up lake. A few bushes and brambles were scattered about, and here and there the chirruping of a grasshopper was heard, like the tremulous complaint of the imprisoned spirit of the rock; a few humble bees droned out a monotonous hum, and only the butterflies fluttered gaily, like flowers freed from their stalks, and trying to comfort and amuse their brethren, which were still fastened to the ground; the tapping of the woodpecker sounded from the forest, and the stone-thrush sang merrily among the rocks, to show that even here he could enjoy life.

Everard had to jump from rock to rock, but he often fell and cut his knees till they bled. At length the stranger, perhaps moved by compassion, perhaps by some other feeling, took Everard in his arms, and bounded off with him, over clefts and precipices, without ever stopping or stumbling; the rocks seemed to hold him up as if he were their brother. It was a fearful sight to see how those two often flew through the air, and their lengthening shadows fell far off on the plain below. After a while they came to a long narrow path, that wound along the

mountain side, and once more they walked hand in hand. The stranger now asked,—

"Where is your father's rifle?"

"It hangs up at home, on the horns of the stag, the last that my grandfather ever shot."

"Your grandfather was a murderer—he murdered my father!" exclaimed the stranger. Everard stared at him in amazement, and he continued,—"Why don't you sell the gun?—why don't you give it away?"

"Old Klaus, the forester, told my mother that she had only to let it hang there, for there is a ball in it now, the last my father ever loaded, and Klaus says, that, if the murderer comes into our room, the gun will go off of its own accord and shoot him dead."

The stranger's hand shook in Everard's clasp, he fetched his breath heavily, and bit his lips till they bled, but he spit the blood out, and said, with a loud burst of laughter, "Oh, nonsense! Do you think the man will be such a fool as to go into your room, stand right before the mouth of the barrel, and say, 'Come, shoot me.'"

At these words the stranger turned suddenly round, as though some one had pulled him from behind. "What was that?" cried he, half angry and half afraid. "What are you about? why did you pluck me by the collar?"

"I saw nothing," answered Everard; "and I am not big enough to reach your collar."

But Everard was seized with a nameless terror, and he began to sing the pious songs which his mother had taught him, that they might release him from the evil spirit which kept him prisoner in this wilderness, and from the fear and anguish of his own heart. At first the bristly man rebuked him with harsh words for his singing; but Everard heeded him not, and sang all the more devoutly, and by degrees the hard hand of the stranger loosened its grasp, and he sighed and muttered to himself, but could no longer chide the boy, who sang as follows:

The angels that in heaven do dwell,
And all the saints of God as well,
They do guard with watchful eyes
Our bodies, souls, and properties;
And they ever fly with speed
For to help us at our need,
Whether we walk, or stand, or ride,
At home, abroad, or far, or wide;
Whether we wake, whether we sleep,
Whether we eat, drink, laugh, or weep;—
Whate'er we do, by day or night,
Be we defended by thy might
O God, and sheltered by thy hands,
By thy holy ten commands—Amen!

During the boy's song, the hairy stranger had involuntarily taken off his hat, folded his hand over it, and fixed his eyes on the ground, whilst he gnawed the brim of his hat. Presently he turned his eyes again upon the boy, whose face was lighted up by the evening sun, with a radiance like that of a glory shining forth from himself. But Everard himself felt as though he were raised above the earth and surrounded by heavenly forms, and he sang,

"Sweet angel! prithee tell to me,
I beg, by God's dear love,
Hast thou not seen my father dear,
In heaven's court above?"

They now came to a deep cleft in the rock, at the edge of which grew a slender birch, and Everard bent down the sapling tree, and stepped along it to the opposite rock, singing as he went,—

"Oh tree, oh branch, bend down and weep,
My child hath neither rest nor sleep;
Bend down, oh leaves! oh grass, bend down!
As though my sorrow were your own."

The stranger gazed after the boy, who at that moment seemed to him like a heavenly apparition, that could traverse chasms and precipices safe and unhurt. Suddenly, however, the sapling birch sprang back, and struck him in the face; moved to anger by the blow from this giant rod, he sought for the plank which he kept hidden close by, laid it across the chasm, and stepped to the spot where the boy had sunk upon his knees, and was singing, with his hands stretched towards heaven,

"Great God, that art in heaven above,
Hear me commend my soul to thee;
Receive me to Thy heavenly love,
When that my life shall ended be;
And guard me well
From flames of hell,
And Satan's power;
Oh! bring me help in danger's hour,
Lest Satan do my soul devour."

"Hold your tongue," cried the stranger; "I've had enough of this stuff:—I tell you, I am no devil, but flesh and blood like yourself:—there's my hand upon it, that I'll not hurt a hair of your head, but you must and shall follow me."

"But whither?" asked Everard, and the stranger replied;

"The rocks on which we now stand are called the Cockscomb, you must often have seen them from afar off, but they are hardly ever trodden by the foot of man. Ten paces hence is the eagle's nest,—do you climb up yonder rock, there you will find it, and you must take it for me."

"What do you want with the eaglets?"

"The justice gives a good price for every pair of claws, and you shall have your share."

"But I don't want anything,—take the nest yourself,—why don't you do it?"

"Because I cannot: one man alone would be lost if he attempted the business; for if the old eagle came home, she would tear out the eyes of whosoever she found here. But I have kept my gun hidden here, and I will wait below, and keep watch, and if the old eagle pounces down, I will give her a shot."

"And where is the dog?" asked Everard, he scarce knew why.

"He did not follow us," answered the stranger roughly; "and if he had, he would not have been of any use. Now, no nonsense, up with you; do you hear the young ones squeal? that's where you must go."

Everard mechanically climbed up the crag, and the stranger stood below on the look-out.

Gentle reader, did you ever narrowly watch a bird of prey hovering in the air?

Do you see that black speck just above the horizon?—watch it well—how rapidly it approaches, as though fascinated by the gaze of the huntsman,—now you see the wide spread wings; look how the bird rests upon the air, how it sweeps round and round in narrowing circles, with how few slight strokes of its broad wings it rises or sinks, and again remains motionless in the air!

Everard, meanwhile, had reached the nest, and, frightened as he was, he could not refrain from a shout of triumphant surprise when he saw the young eaglets: they were still quite blind, and they thrust their little bald heads together, either because they were frightened, or because they had something to say to each other, which no human ear may hear or understand. For a moment Everard looked pitifully at them, and said to himself, "How strange it is that dogs, cats, and eagles, which have the best eyes, should be born blind."

Spite of their blindness, however, the eaglets seemed to be aware of Everard's presence, for they tumbled one over the other, and opened their orange-coloured beaks very wide, as they lay rolling among the gay feathers of all manner of singing birds, which were scattered among them.

"Throw down the young ones!" shouted the rough stranger, keeping his eyes steadily fixed upon the sky. When Everard touched the eaglets, they tried to seize him; this angered him, and he threw them all five down, one after the other, and last of all he threw the dead singing-birds after them. At that moment there was a loud rushing in the air. "Stoop down!" shouted the stranger. Bang went his gun, and a large dark wing fell upon Everard, and almost smothered him; he lost his hold, slid down off the rock, and lay senseless by the side of the quivering eaglets and the dead old eagle, which had been shot exactly over his head.

The poacher—for now that we have seen him use his gun it is no libel to call him so,—the poacher looked gloomily on the boy and the eagle that lay beside him. The sun was just sinking behind the mountain-top, and lighted up the poacher's face with a fiery glare.

"The devil take it!" said he, "I did not miss my aim! Should I have hit so well. I wonder, if I had really wanted to do it? The boy is like one bewitched, or under the care of a guardian spirit. Well, if it is so, his guardian angel may take him home for me. Ha! ha! ha!" he laughed wildly, and yet convulsively.

He then threw the huge bird, with its blood-stained wings, over his shoulders, and perceiving that Everard now begun to move, he hastened away, and left him lying beside the dying eaglets. At night the birds started in their nests, as a boy walked through the forest singing

"Oh tree! oh branch! bend down and weep,
My child hath neither rest nor sleep;
Bend down, oh leaves! oh grass, bend down!
As though my sorrow were your own."

The tops of the fir-trees glowed in the first red of the morning, and the sun rose from behind the mountain as is his wont, far more slowly than he goes to bed: the owls hooted a last farewell to the night out of their hiding-places, and the birds began to chirp dreamily upon the

trees: presently the sun rose higher, and lit the trunks of the trees with a rosy glow; the cool forest was filled with a holy silence, the trees rustled more softly than usual, the very birds seemed to hold their breath—when suddenly the voice of a single goldfinch sounded loud and clear, others soon fell in, and a joyous chorus resounded throughout the forest—the day had awaked. The dewdrops glittered in all the colours of the rainbow upon the grass, the beetles crawled up the stems of the flowers and displayed their shining armour in the sun, the butterflies came flying to greet many a fresh floweret that had blossomed during the night, and the young flower turned and bowed in the light breeze, greeting its sisters far and near, and breathing out its perfumes into the wide world.

Under the fragrant fir-trees, close to a tuft of flowering strawberry plants, a boy lay upon the moss fast asleep, with his head resting on his left arm. The boy was Everard. Beside him sat the dog, with his eyes immovably fixed upon the boy's face; he no longer snapped at the flies, but shook them off as quietly as he could, as though he were afraid to wake the child by making any noise. The sun kissed and reddened the boy's cheeks, but he slept on as though it were dark night, and only once heaved a sigh, turned upon the other side, and slept sounder than ever. A man now appeared between the trees, the dog ran to meet him, wagged his tail, and tried to jump upon him; but Godfrey, for he it was, pushed the dog away, and gazed for a long time upon the sleeping boy. At length he bent over him, and cried "cuckoo" into his ear. Everard woke, blinked, and rubbed his eyes in amazement; he did not know where he was, and looked round without saying a word. When Godfrey asked him how he had got hither, he no longer answered by a jest, but began to cry after his mother.

"I talked with your mother on my way home yesterday evening," said Godfrey, "and we have settled, that if you have any mind for it, you shall be a schoolmaster; a forester's life is apt to be fatal to your family, and you are the only child;—would you like it?"

"Yes, yes! whatever you and my mother like: I will promise to mind my book,—but now, let me make haste home;" and away ran Everard through the fresh forest, with the dog frisking before him. He was afraid lest Godfrey should ask him what he had been doing all night, and now the whole thing seemed to him like a heavy, bad dream. He shouted with delight when he saw his mother's house; but the dog, which had reached it sooner than he, now came back slowly to meet him. Everard began calling to his mother from afar off, but she did not appear, and he found the house locked on all sides. It was clear that his mother had gone out thus early to seek for him, perhaps even she had wandered about in the forest all night. Now it was Everard's turn to feel how sore and heavy the heart grows while waiting for one we love, when hour after hour passes away, and no one comes. At length, however, some one came, but it was the poacher who came out of a thick copse, looking warily round him. Everard shrieked as though he were about to be murdered, and the poacher said,

"Be quiet, I have brought you something pretty; you wished for a squirrel, and here is something far better; here is a young fox that I got out of his hole for you; but you must promise not to say a word about what we did together yesterday."

The poacher took a young fox out of his pocket handkerchief, put a

collar round its neck, fastened it with a chain to the dogkennel, and disappeared as suddenly as he had come.

At last Everard's mother arrived; she embraced her child amid silent tears, and stroked his face with her hand, as if to assure herself that he really lived. Everard told her nothing of all his adventures—a concealment which in the end cost him dear. When his mother saw the fox, she wanted to untie it and let it run into the wood, but she was afraid of the beast and did not dare to touch it, so Everard kept his fox, which, he told her, had been given him by a man in the forest.

Everard's days again passed happily and quietly, but he was allowed less and less to go into the forest, and yet an irresistible charm drew him thither. The peaceful happy days of our life seldom leave any impression on our memory, and even when we do remember them, they afford us far less to tell than those in which we suffered fear or sorrow. And yet such days are just the happiest in our lives! This is equally true of single individuals and of whole nations, but to the latter, decades are the same as days to the former. History scarce records any but extraordinary events, and we must do the same in the story of Everard's childhood. Yet what glorious hours and days were those which he spent in the fields on the rising ground behind the house, where the corn constantly waved up and down like a rolling river. A field of rye is also a majestic wood, with mighty towering stems; so at least thought the beetles who chased about among it, and stopped from time to time to climb up one of the stalks.

Whether a thing is great or small depends after all only upon how we look at it: and if we look at the whole universe our earth is but a little ball, and we ourselves tiny creatures that crawl upon its surface.

Everard often stood between the furrows watching this large life upon a small scale, and thinking infinite indescribable thoughts; or he lay in the grass and watched the flowers and the little insects that moved about amongst them; or he gazed up into the blue sky where, by broad daylight, the moon often stands and waits patiently till her time shall come—till she herself shall be first, and shall be looked upon by all men. Who can describe the thoughts which at such times filled Everard's heart! He thought about everything, and scarce himself knew what. And when he rose up, his chest expanded, and all his muscles were braced by joyous expectation, and by turns he shouted with delight, or walked in silent and thoughtful rejoicing. For there is a mysterious refreshment given by resting upon the earth, and a deep meaning in the legend of the old Greeks about the hero Antæus who, when lifted off the ground, was weak, and became unconquerably strong again as soon as he touched the earth.

One day Everard lay in a furrow dreaming with open eyes, looking up towards heaven, and listening to the thrush in the neighbouring wheat-field, which whistles its loud song in the morning and in the evening, and rests at noon. Everard felt as light and joyous as though he had just come out of a fresh bath, and he jumped up and carolled at the top of his voice. Suddenly he saw a beautiful young redpole that seemed scarce fledged, fluttering along by short starts, and settling on the ground every minute. Everard ran after it to catch it, and pursued it from bush to bush, but every time he got near it the bird slipped away and fluttered further; but Everard kept up the chase till they came to a narrow ravine which the bird flew across and, perching on the opposite

side, sang the sweet melody which no one but nature had taught him. Everard halted here, for he knew very well that by the time he had scrambled down one side of the ravine and up the other, the bird would have got too great a start of him. So he stood looking at his feet, and laboriously picking up stones with his toes; and he laughed to himself, clenched and opened his hand, and thought how wonderfully a bird's feet must be made. With these and many other reflections he returned to his mother's house. His heart was full; for in solitude he had heard the voice of Nature, who always returns us an answer a thousand-fold if we do but know how to greet her aright.

Thus Everard's days passed in unmixed happiness, but sorrow was already prepared for him by the evil heart of man. One Saturday afternoon when Everard was gone to the village three or four miles off, Cousin Godfrey happened to pass by the hunting-lodge and stopped to talk with the widow, who was hanging out clothes to dry. She complained that she had no more peace about her son since the fox had been in the house, that she trembled with fright whenever the boy was playing with the beast; it was true that until now it had seemed pretty tame, but she did not know whether it would not turn savage at any moment, and she could not tell how to get rid of it.

"That will be easy enough," said Cousin Godfrey: he then went to the dog-kennel, unstrapped the gun from his back, let the fox loose and shot it. He said he was ashamed of so easy a chase, skinned the creature according to rule, threw its carcase, which the dog refused to eat, into the pond, paid the widow for the skin, and put it into his game-bag.

"I have still another bargain to make," said he. "I have not got a charge left, and I don't like to go through the forest without one—it is against my habit; I will leave my rifle here, and will take the one that belonged to your husband—it is still loaded." Godfrey did as he had said.

While this conversation took place at the hunting-lodge, the poacher lay in wait for Everard on his return from the village. He had crouched in a deep hole, made by grubbing up a stump, and held the following conversation with himself. "So Everard is to be made a schoolmaster of I hear! I might wait a long time before I got killed by the bullet which is waiting for me, and should have to run about all the rest of my life in fear and misery; and, perhaps, after all, the murder might even be left sticking to our family, and theirs up there remain innocent. No, say I, that shall never be. Ever since old times it has always gone bang! bang! between our two families, and now it is the turn of the huntsman's. And the fellow has left a bullet above ground behind him; and shall I go about any longer with my death sticking in the barrel of the gun that the dead man loaded? No! say I again, that shall never be."

Everard now came singing along, and the poacher stepped out to meet him, and gave him a young blackbird. Everard took the bird in his hand, but let it fly directly, and with it all the coaxing words which the poacher addressed to him. The poacher offered to teach him to shoot better than any boy so young had ever done before: this was a sore temptation to Everard, but he resisted it bravely. "Only bring me your father's rifle into the cool valley, and I will give you whatever you like," said the cruel man; but Everard ran away, and the poacher called after him, "if you change your mind you can come, I shall be there to-morrow."

"But I shan't come," said Everard to himself, as he hastened home. When he found the fox gone, he raved and stormed, and assailed his mother with questions and entreaties. But she gave him no answer, and forbade him to ask any more questions. On searching about Everard found some traces of blood freshly covered over; then anger and resentment arose in him, and he swore within himself that he would find means to get another fox.

Next morning, before his mother was awake, Everard crept into the kitchen; his hand shook when he touched the gun, but he pressed his lips tightly together and took it down. The dog bounded joyously at the sight of his young master armed with the rifle, and they quickly plunged into the depths of the forest together.

The dew still lay thick upon the ground, no creature's foot had yet brushed it away, nor had the sun begun to dry it up. Everard soon reached the young coppice, where the thick branches seem to place themselves in his way as if to hinder him from going further, but he thrust them aside and pressed forward. Suddenly he heard some one singing at a little distance, and he quickly hid his gun under the brush-wood for he recognised Godfrey's voice singing as follows:—

Wake up, ye little birds so sweet—
 Ye songsters every one,
 And open wide, the day to greet,
 Your beaks of ivory bone;
 Your morning hymn to God repeat,
 And sing to Him alone.
 Then fly abroad to seek your meat:
 But, ere the day be done,
 Your thankful song to Heaven repeat,
 Or learn from me this one,—
 Praise God on high, and as is meet,
 God Sabaoth alone.

Everard stood still, folded his hands, and prayed earnestly; his good spirit returned to him, and he vowed to go quietly home again, and never more to attempt such hidden sin and disobedience. But his repentance could not have been quite complete, for he shrunk from going to meet the worthy man and honestly confessing his fault, and tried to slink away unperceived; and it was this fear of man rather than of God which brought such a heavy trial upon him.

The dog now barked, and Godfrey came towards them. After expressing his surprise at having so strangely chanced to fall in with Everard three times running, he said,

"Don't you run about so much all alone in the forest, for Spanish Mike is now in these parts, and he is not to be trusted."

"Who is Spanish Mike?"

"Come along out of here and I will tell you; you must know all about it some day, so you may as well hear it now."

Everard did not like to leave the spot, for he was afraid that he might not be able to find the place again where he had hidden the gun; however, he managed to pluck a twig off a fir-tree unperceived, to throw it upon the ground, and to lay another which he had plucked before, across it—he was familiar with the hunters' tokens.

They went out of the coppice into the forest; Godfrey sat down upon

the stump of a tree, and Everard upon another beside him, and then Godfrey began:—

“Why, Spanish Mike and his kith and kin have been sworn foes to your kinsfolk for many a long day; for your father, grandfather, and great grandfather, ay! and their fathers before them, have always been foresters in this place, and the Spanish Mikes have always been poachers. No one rightly knows what caused such bitter hatred between the two families; some say one thing and some another, the truth is, I rather think, that it is only because foresters and poachers are natural born enemies. It seems as though the fierce spirits of the beasts about which they war, had gone into themselves. Your great grandfather was shot by one of Spanish Mike’s forefathers, and your grandfather, in his turn, laid one of them dead upon the grass. Spanish Mike’s family, it is said, are descended from a soldier of the Spanish army, who stayed behind here in old times, and they have hot fierce blood. ’Tis as sure as that the sun shines at noonday, that your father was hit by a bullet from Spanish Mike’s rifle; and now the fellow has been let out of prison, and is lurking in the forest hereabouts at his old trade again. You know how seldom the law is put in force against poachers, or about the deaths that happen at that work—that is an old bargain between them and the foresters,—and if the other plan were tried it would not be of much use, as we have lately seen. Spanish Mike, who is now lying in wait in some one of his many hiding-places, was taken up after your father’s death, but he swore himself out of the scrape. No one knows what he is after, but I am sure it is no good.”

“I had almost forgot to tell you that that dog is partly to blame for your father’s death. You see he knows what I am saying—how he whines! The report of how the thing happened was most likely spread by Spanish Mike himself. He brought the dog up, and then got it sold by a dealer to your father. Soon after, Spanish Mike and your father met in the forest as deadly enemies, but the dog, who no longer knew which was his master, fawned first upon the one and then upon the other; both whistled and called, and, while your father was calling the dog angrily, Spanish Mike fired right into his breast. You may well howl, you dog; but you are no worse off than many a dog upon two legs, that has sold himself, and no longer knows where he belongs!” With these words Cousin Godfrey concluded, and rose to go.

Everard felt as though all his limbs had been bruised, he could not get up off his seat. His eyes were scalded with tears, and yet he could not weep; he shut them close and felt that he would fain sleep, and try to forget the horrors he had heard.

Godfrey now shook hands with him, and bade him go home soon.

The dog had laid his head upon Everard’s knees, but the boy pushed him away, raised himself up by a sudden effort, and ran into the coppice to fetch the gun. He soon found it, by the mark he had made; but, on looking at it more closely, it seemed to him to be a strange one. Could any one have been there in the meantime and have changed it? While Everard was asking himself this question, the poacher came out of the thicket.

“Are you Spanish Mike?” shouted Everard, raising the muzzle of his gun, and cocking it.

“I am,” was the answer.

“And did you shoot my father?”

"I did; but stay, you've got no priming there, give me the gun," so saying, he snatched it out of Everard's hand, poured some powder into the pan out of his own horn, gave it him back, and placed himself before the muzzle.

"There; now fire away!"

Everard stood pale and motionless.

"A fine fellow you are," said the poacher scornfully, "you look like a scared rabbit when you ought to fire. Pull the trigger, will you!—Fire!"

Everard flung down the gun, threw himself upon the ground, and cried out that he would not shoot, but would sooner die.

The poacher took up first the gun and then Everard,—over whose mouth he held his hand lest his cries should be heard,—and ran through the forest and the cool hollow into a deep ravine, overhung with rocks; there he set the boy down, and said, "Now you may scream as loud as you please, no soul can hear you. You must and shall shoot me here. I might have confessed the murder in court, but I chose to die out in the greenwood, and by your hand too, for the murder shall go back into your family, we won't keep it in ours; it has always gone bang! bang! backwards and forwards between us from all times, and so it always must." He placed Everard upon a large stone, put the gun ready cocked, into his hands, stood before him, and tearing open his shirt, held the muzzle close upon his own shaggy breast; he then took a dagger out of his pocket and said in a voice broken with fury, "Fire or you die—make haste."

Everard's finger involuntarily closed upon the trigger, when the dog jumped up against him, as though to stop him.

"Are you there again?" shouted Spanish Mike; and seizing the dog by the collar, he plunged the dagger into its throat, and dashed the struggling beast against the rocks. He now primed the gun a third time, resumed his place with the bloody dagger in his hand, and commanded, "Now then, fire!"

Everard shrieked aloud, "I will not die, but I won't murder you."

"Fire, or go to —"

At that instant the crack of a rifle sounded from above; Spanish Mike reeled, and groaned out as he fell, "That was the dead man's shot!"

The poacher was right; for Godfrey stood on the edge of the ravine, and held in his hand the gun which he had borrowed from the forester's widow. He had seen at a glance what was going on, and had instantly resolved to save the boy.

The smoke slowly curled round the damp rocks, and the poacher expired after a short struggle. Thus with Spanish Mike ended the bloody inheritance of murder between the two families. Would to God he were likely to be the last victim to the rapacity and vengefulness wherewith mankind desecrates the sacred solitude of the forest.

The spot where Spanish Mike fell is still marked by a stone cross, but it is half buried in the earth and overgrown with sweet wild roses.

BRIAN O'LINN ;

OR, LUCK IS EVERYTHING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WILD SPORTS OF THE WEST."

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY LEECH.

CHAPTER XXV.

"CROAKER.—Our pockets are low, and money we must have."

The Good-natured Man.

"Ah ! turn your eyes,
Where the poor houseless shivering female lies.
She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
Has wept at tales of innocence distress ;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn :
How lost to all ! her friends, her virtue fled."

The Deserted Village.

THE road by which the murderers approached the spot they had selected as most convenient to execute the foul deed, was not the one which had been pointed out to the intended victim ; and the scene of slaughter lay nearly centrally between the leading thoroughfares we have described. No place could have been better chosen for a deadly purpose ; for, themselves unseen, the devoted youth must pass within arm's length of his assassins. Wildman and his associate gained their ambuscade in full time, and waited, in its concealment, the coming of one now buoyant with youth and life, which, as they believed, was fated to be ruthlessly extinguished.

At a public-house near the pathway that had been notified to him in the forged letter as the one by which he was to reach the place of meeting, Brian left the cab, and hastened to keep his appointment with the expected fair one.

Never did a hare-brained Irishman pop himself into "the centre of a hobble" more recklessly than Mr. O'Linn. He crossed the first field, hopped over the second turnstile, and suddenly came on a group seated on the sward, and eating their evening meal, which half a glance would have at once assured him were a genuine export from "the land that gave Patrick his birth." A thin, pale, wretched-looking man ; a short, stout, dark-eyed, gipsy-coloured woman ; with five squalid children, ranging from infancy to the age of ten years, formed the *matériel* of this "happy family." The father appeared like a person who had recently walked out of a coffin ; the children impersonated hunger and disease. Of the whole party, the lady-mother seemed a thing of flesh and blood.

"Arrah ! may heaven be yer honour's bed ! and take pity on a family of orphints, whose parents have been fairly murdered for want of work, and kilt into the bargain by the ague,—as ye may see be the colour of poor Dom'nick's face, that 's as yalla as a kite's claw, —may the Lord be marcifil to us !"

"I perceive," returned Mr. O'Linn, "that you 're from the ould country, and Irish like myself."

"Ah, thin, yer honour, troth an' we are !" returned the matron.

"Dom'nick and myself were born and bred three miles this side of Castlebar, and lived snug and asy under Sir Samel, till the family got too big, and the land got too little; and we thought we would jist come over to Englan', and better our sitiuation. Well, it was a black mornin' when we quitted Cloonsallagh; for the divil a hair's turn of luck have we had, good nor bad, ever since. From one misfortin, feaks! we only got into another; for first we got into the Fens, and thin we got into the ague."

Brian answered this brief but expressive account of the family travels in Lincolnshire by giving the narrator half-a-crown,—a largesse so far beyond all that could be hoped for, or expected, that the whole group were down upon their marrow-bones in half a minute, invoking blessings, in English and Irish, on his head, in every form, and of every description.

"Have you been long here?" inquired their benefactor.

"Better than half an hour. We crassed over from the other road," was the reply.

"Did you chance to see or meet a thin, pale, pretty-looking girl as you passed the fields?"

"No," said the woman sharply; "but, inside a gate you cannot see from this, but which is at the end of that hedge the path runs close to, there are two of the ugliest villains that ever eyes looked upon. God sees, I crassed myself after we had passed them, they looked sich cut-throats."

"What are they doing?" exclaimed Brian, a sudden thought flashing across his mind.

"Nothing honest," said the agued man; "I'm sure no good arrand brought them there. If yer honour has no particklar business across the fields, I would advise ye to go no farther."

"I have an appointment, and must keep it," was the reply. "But wherefore do you fancy that these men you allude to are here with dishonest intentions?"

"Why, yer honour,—becase I have my own suspicions. From people so wretched as ourselves who would be anxious to conceal themselves? But they skulked into a shough* as we passed; and through a small hole in the hedge I saw them duking† in the ditch," said the invalid.

"Well—no matter. I am at least forewarned; and there is another halferown for the intelligence. I must keep my appointment nevertheless."

Another shower of blessings followed this second donation.

"Dom'nick," said the woman eagerly, "you must see his honour safely past the place. Nobody will meddle wid ye comin' back—and the childer an' me will go an' meet ye for company."

It is said that in every individual some prevailing passion continues until death. Until the relaxing sinews can press the money-bag no longer, the miser grasps his gold,—the expiring fish-fancier demands a salmon cutlet to sweeten his departure,—a blast of the trumpet excites the wounded war-horse to fresh action,—and I firmly believe that an Emerald, even "*in articulo mortis*," were there a respectable *rookawn* in the street, would make it a dying request to

* *Anglicè*—a ditch.

† An Irish phrase for "hiding."

be carried to the window. Poor Dominic was but the ruin of a man; but, whatever worldly substance he had lost, he had managed to retain a saplin of excellent proportions. He looked at his *boul-teeine* mournfully, and then he looked at the stout gentlewoman, his wife.

"Arrah! Judy, jewel!" he exclaimed, with a heavy sigh; "if it pleased Heaven to will it otherwise, wouldn't it have been a comfort in his honour's company to have half murdered them ugly-lookin' villians? No matter, Judy, *avourneecine*! I can't stand much, as I'm wake upon the pins; but I can give a wipe or two, for all that."

Brian, however, overruled the intention of Dominic Burke to accompany him, and restricted his services to coming up the lane fifty or sixty paces, until he could point out the gate beside which the suspected strangers were concealed. A reference to his watch told the youth that the trysted time had passed,—and, certainly, the non-appearance of Miss Hargrave did not tend to abate the suspicions which he now entertained regarding the unknown couple recumbent in the ditch. Brian carefully examined and prepared his weapons for instant action. The mutations made by fashionable tailors in furnishing the persons of their patrons are oftentimes more ingenious than convenient; but, on this occasion a recent departure from long established rule was favourable to Brian. The pockets, transferred from rear to front—a snobbish device, by the way, to supersede the use of gloves!—permitted him to conceal a weapon in each pocket, and, with a thumb upon the cock, and the forefinger on the trigger, he advanced towards the ambuscade with all the apparent ease and indifference of a person who neither intends nor dreams of mischief.

His advent had been anxiously expected and observed; and Dominic, having obeyed his orders to the letter, by indicating the suspected place, and telling his honour that he would remain upon the look out, slipped under cover of the enclosure, and there for the present remained invisible. No murderer could have chosen a better position than the Pet had done—for, while affording ample concealment to those who sought it, from this angle of the fence the pathway for several fields right and left was distinctly visible. On came the doomed one,—and not a living being save himself could be discovered at either side for a furlong.

"An't ve in the height o' luck?" said the fighting man in a cautious whisper,—“nobody whatever to see nothing; and the young-un kimming on whistling, with his mawleys in his pockets, like a gent. Vill you or me hit him first?”

"Oh! the knock-down-one for me!" exclaimed Wildman. "Ben, had ye seed me measured at full length, before the word that gave offence was scarce outside my lips, kicked out afterwards by black-guard waiters, and trundled half-stupified, like a mangy dog, into the kennel,—would you not enjoy the immediate prospect that there is at present of giving the chap a fair return?" and Wildman grasped the leaded implement, with which, and at a single blow, he calculated, with sufficient reason, he should discharge the double duty of business and revenge.

Among his admitted accomplishments—and their name was legion,—Mr. O'Linn had the most piercing eye that ever detected a

hare in a corn-ridge, or a grouse reposing in brown heather. The opening in the hedge, which his wretched countryman had intimated, was not forgotten; and, as he passed the ambuscade, he saw distinctly the fighting man, armed with his life-preserver, ready to aid and assist the efforts of the mariner, who was evidently watching beside the gate to commence the onslaught. Brian stepped a pace or two into the field from the pathway,—liberated his right-hand pistol,—and a few seconds decided the affair. From his bull-like rush, Brian, by jumping aside, avoided the mariner's assault, and as Wildman turned round to renew the onslaught, within one yard the brace of bullets, with which Brian's pistol had been loaded, were lodged in the ruffian's body, each inflicting a deadly wound. Hans Wildman dropped heavily on the sward; and Brian turned his instant attention to his second opponent, the Leg-Lane Pet.

But that excellent member of the P.C. was a wise man in his generation, and, declining further hostilities, fled down the path by which Brian had advanced. A random shot at the flying ruffian the young Irishman deemed imprudent; for, not knowing what the number of his enemies might be, he reserved his second pistol to employ it, should it be found necessary. But the field of battle was all his own; the moment that Mr. Huggins had witnessed the downfall of the Captain, that ornament of the ring "cut his lucky" instant.

But, there was a lion in the path—although, Heaven knows! a fangless one,—whom the Pet had never dreamed of. Dominic Burke, crouched beneath the fence, had heard a pistol discharged, and was apprised that flying footsteps were hurrying down the pathway. On rushed Mr. Huggins, his face averted, to see whether danger were threatened from behind,—the front, as he erroneously imagined by a late survey, being altogether open for retreat. Poor Dominic, before his late unhappy visit to the Fens, would have manfully confronted the fugitive. But in strength, compared with the pugilist, the Irishman was a dwarf to a giant,—and one blow from the burly ruffian would have annihilated the feeble Emerald.

Accident, however, did for Dominic Burke what nothing else could have effected. Dominic was uncommon "handy with the foot,"—and as Mr. Huggins passed with averted looks, flying from the wrath to come, Dominic Burke touched with the point of his brogue the levanter's right ankle with mathematical precision, and, next moment, under his own impetus, the fighting man rolled over heavily twice or thrice upon the sward. Stunned for a moment by the fall, when he looked up, the pallid stranger stood over him with upraised cudgel, tendering the most solemn assurances, garnished plentifully by certain expletives delivered in the Celtic tongue, that a twinkle of the eye or the movement of a finger would be considered by the ragged Irishman a signal to practically ascertain whether the cranium of Mr. Huggins, or a saplin from the woods of Durneen Beg were made of the tougher material. A giant on his legs is one thing—a giant on the grass quite another; and, it being apparent to the prostrate pugilist that the Emerald "had made himself up for mischief," he lay quiet on the sward accordingly.

Nor was this short and decisive affair confined altogether to Brian and his ragged coadjutor; for Mrs. Burke and the children raised the murder-cry so effective, that her "loud alarm" was heard from road to road, and brought immediate assistance. Huggins was

secured and handed over to the police; and then reconducted to the place where the murder had been attempted, and where Brian, with a pistol in his hand, was watching the disabled assassin.

Wildman, from the moment he received the shots—after one feeble effort to gain his feet—continued motionless on the ground, with a scowling glance turned on his successful antagonist. He never spoke; but now and again, muttered imprecations escaped him. When, however, his coward ally was brought up hand-cuffed and crest-fallen, while tremulous lips and a twitching of the facial muscles betrayed the mortal fear and hopeless despondency of the culprit, who feels himself beyond the possibility of evading the uplifted arm of justice; then a furious outbreak was vented by the wounded mariner, as he showered curses on the dastardly fugitive who had deserted him. The oaths which Wildman swore were awful.

"It's all up with me," exclaimed the prostrate murderer. "I feel myself hove short, and I fancy my lower spars are disabled—a leak in the starboard streak—and the hold filling fast."

To comprehend his nautical parlance, the opinion of a surgeon who had reached the spot, and made a hasty examination, will be the best key. Both bullets had penetrated the abdomen, and one had reached the spine. Internal hemorrhage had taken place extensively, and the spinal injury had caused paralysis of the limbs.

"I say, messmate," continued the wounded man, addressing himself to the surgeon; "let there be no gammon between you and me. I know that my sailing order's come, Blue Peter's at the fore, and the topsail in the hanging clawlines—answer me a plain question—how long will it be before I weigh, and sheet home?"

"Most probably," returned the professional man, who, having been at sea himself, thoroughly comprehended Wildman's questions, "from twelve to twenty hours will bring the crisis."

"That is," returned the mariner, "I may trip before morning—or my ground-tackle hold on till the next night. Now, on one point, I'll make a clean breast—I came here under the directions of that scamping scoundrel, who put his helm a-weather, the moment that 'ere chap produced the marking-irons. He made all the arrangements for that lad's murder; and, before he would start tack or sheet, I had to hand him a belt, where forty yellow boys were stowed away, as a stand-by in squally weather; and I had also to give him my promise on paper for a hundred pound besides. Overhaul him, and you will find the gelt."

Mr. Huggins would have willingly declined to go through the indelicacy of undressing *al fresco*; but at the moment, a number of policemen arrived with a stretcher to remove the wounded man, and the superintendent—an ex-functionary attached to Bow Street—at once recognized the host of the *Fortune of War* as an old acquaintance, and renewed a former intimacy with the fighting man.

"Lor'! Ben, how squeamish you have growed of late," exclaimed the new comer; "I have seen ye a dozen years ago peel in public,—and by the same token, I lost ten bob upon you the last time, when ye fought a cross with the Bermondsey gasman."

The belt and money were discovered. The undertaking for the hundred had been deposited with Mrs. Huggins for safer security; but that lady and the Captain's I O U were at this time safe in the possession of the police.

No pretext could be devised by Mr. Huggins, except a very lame one, to account for the suburban expedition, which had terminated so disastrously. His previous knowledge of criminal jurisprudence made him conclude that the less said were, for himself, the better; and with the general assurance that he, the Pet, "was innicint as the child hunborn," he submitted to his fate.

Brian was permitted to leave the public-house, after giving an assurance that he should hold himself in readiness when further testimony was wanted, and in Craven street found dinner, the runner and the dwarf waiting his arrival. Both received Brian's narrative with unfeigned astonishment; the little man, however, declining to enter fully into the particulars until the cloth was removed. But before the conversation could be renewed, a hastily driven carriage rattled down the street, and pulled up at the domicile of Mrs. Honeywood. A police serjeant dismounted, and he too was immediately conducted to the drawing-room. He came from the George and Garter, to announce that Wildman could not survive till morning; and that he had expressed intense anxiety to see him whose hand had sent him to his last account, for a few minutes before he died. At his own desire, a clerk, in the presence of the police superintendent, was then engaged taking a voluntary deposition from the lips of the dying man—and the serjeant hinted, that, from the surgeon's report, the sooner the wishes of Hans Wildman were complied with, it would be the better.

The dwarf, to do him justice, was a thing of action. He directed cabs to be instantly procured, and even consented to waive his fancy for antediluvian conveniences, and embark in a vehicle of ordinary dimensions. Mr. Ellis was his selected companion. Brian led, I followed; and Serjeant—I forget the letter and number—led the van; and we proceeded rapidly to the George and Garter.

I never before was at the bed-side of a murderer; and I devoutly supplicate Heaven, that I never may be present at such a scene again.

Before we were conducted to the chamber of the dying man, the superintendent of police and the surgeon in attendance, introduced us to another apartment. The latter assured us, that in Wildman there was not an hour of life; while the police functionary apprized us, that the confessions of the dying criminal had been as unreserved as they were appalling. Besides those revelations more immediately connected with Brian—namely, the abduction and consequent death from fright of one parent, and the murder of the other—the fearful admissions which he made, showed that a career much more extended than what is generally allotted to villains, had been marked all through by every species of offending. On land, a robber—at sea, a pirate; by turns a slaver, a smuggler, and a rover—he spoke, and with apparent indifference, of vessels sunk after having been plundered and their unhappy crews obliged to "walk the plank." Not the slightest evidence of contrition accompanied his murderous confessions; and Wildman rather boasted than regretted the commission of enormities, than which, those in former times imputed to the Buccaneers, could not be considered more horrid. To have made a record of half the crimes the wounded ruffian had acknowledged to, would have been irrelevant; and the police functionary very prudently confined the depositions of the dying man to

those matters which affected the lives and the rights of those who were still in existence.

Stretched upon his back upon the bed, and incapable of motion—for the criminal was paralyzed from the waist downwards—still vision and voice were unimpaired, and Wildman perfectly retained his senses. A medical attendant and a couple of the police were the only persons in the room; and as we entered it, to one of the latter, the disabled ruffian had just addressed himself.

"And you tell me, messmate, that Ben Huggins is under hatches and secure."

The policeman answered in the affirmative.

"Look sharp to him. The Pet is a wide-awake one; and if he gets the opportunity to cut or slip, he'll shew you the use of the fore-top-sail sheet. You're sure that the chap whose shot struck me between wind and water, has been sent for?" said the criminal, with marked anxiety.

"And is come to look for the last time on his parents' double murderer," said the young Irishman, as he stepped forward, and placed himself at the bed-side of the dying malefactor.

"Avast, there!" exclaimed the mariner. "D—n that! I won't have it on no account. That I gave your father what you repaid with two-fold interest this evening, I won't deny; but I had nothing to do with the lady's business, beyond lifting her into the boat. It was the squire himself and two others that cracked the house, and carried her and yourself to the canal. She was not murdered—I tell you she died mad."

"Wretch! did not your savage treatment make her so?" returned the youth, with flashing eyes.

"Not mine more than Dangerfield, and Black Frank, and the rest on 'em."

"Whose bones are whitening on the Cuba gibbet you escaped from, Hans?" rejoined the little gentleman.

The face of the dying malefactor betrayed surprise and consternation, as he exclaimed—

"In the devil's name, who are you who knows ought of Cuba, and Dangerfield, and that gibbeting affair? I remember hearing the voice before—ay! it was the very night that you and I met in the North, and Miriam told what has proved so true—that the one was to fall by the hand of the other. But—" and Wildman returned to what he seemed anxious to disclaim,—“don't put the lady's death on me. D—n me—I won't have more entered in the log than's right—its pretty full already."

A sudden pang convulsed his features; and in his sea-parlance, exclaiming that a saw was passing through his handsome timbers, he called for a glass of grog. Weak brandy and water was administered, but internal spasms succeeded each other fast—strength and sense gradually gave way together; and in mental wanderings and blasphemies, the last half-hour of that man of crime was frightfully passed away. He raved of sinking ships and burning villages. "Ay—ay," he muttered, "Dangerfield's right. Batten the hatches down, and a few auger-holes will do the rest. Dead tongues won't wag, ye know. What matters it whether a few black rascals get scorched. Fire the thatch at once! Didn't ye, to escape the 'Tartar,' fling a whole cargo overboard, chained together by the neck in couples?"

Blast that tall gibbet!—it's too hard that half-a-dozen of us should dangle from its yard-arms, and every grinning nigger point out which is which. Well! they won't be able to do that long—the kites and kittiewakes will pick us bare within a fortnight."

Exhausted, the raving wretch sank into temporary silence; but in a few minutes a convulsed twitching of the facial nerves bespoke an increase of mental and bodily pain. Sight had evidently left him, for though the room was well lighted up, Wildman complained of the darkness. Broken murmurings occasionally escaped him; and the last sentence that could be understood was, "Now, Ben, use the knife!" With a long-drawn groan that was heard distinctly by those who were listening on the lobby, the murderer's spirit escaped from its tenement of clay. Wildman was gone to his account—he had been arraigned already before that dread tribunal where the just and the unjust must appear—

"And how his audit stood
None knew save Heaven!"

THE CORAL CAVES.

BY G. LINNÆUS BANKS, ESQ.

ROUND and round the coral bower
Fairies dance the live-long day,
Watchful, lest the water's power
Bear some jutting reef away:
Now they whisper, now they sing,
To the laughter of the waves,
As their welcome song they bring
To the distant coral caves.

Now they enter, and prepare
For the transports of the night,
Wreathing in their shining hair
Coral branches snowy white.
Hark! an echo, low and sweet,
As they press the sleeping waves,
Makes soft music to their feet
In the silent coral caves.

Once again their hands entwine,
And the banquet feast is spread,
Till the white reef, stained with wine,
Like a maiden, blushes red:—
Now the festal rite is o'er,
Day has peep'd into the waves,
And the fairies dance once more
Round about the coral caves.

THE FLÂNEUR IN PARIS.

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A TRAVELLER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SECOND LOVE."

A word about Authors. — The Shakspeare-and-Schiller-improvement-system. — Foreign countries as described by the French. — *Couleur locale*. — The *Femme Auteur*. — Varieties of the species. — The *Femme Incomprise*. — The *Femme libre*.

ALMOST at every step along the gayer streets of Paris may be found, between shop panelings or at café-doors, long mirrors, which seem as if they were placed on purpose to recal to the minds of the passengers who and what they really are. Some use them, however, only as public opportunities of self-admiration, confidence, and conceit, and these are the most; others, as little lectures upon bearing and *tenue*—and these hold up their heads higher, pull their smart coats tighter about their waists, and strut on more gracefully than ever; others, again, seem to look upon them as warning lessons, when they see their worn and woe-begone faces reflected in them—and these hurry past them—but they are few. Pity it is that no one has been able to invent moral mirrors, in which the Parisians might see their own defects reflected back upon them, and learn something like self-consciousness. If any beings surely needed them it would be a great proportion of that numerous, or rather innumerable, tribe of authors with which the great city is crowded. Perhaps authors in all countries have more or less of that nervous, fidgety, uneasy desire to have their *amour propre* ever more and more fed with approval and applause, which is said to belong to them. But under the influence of the great national characteristic, nowhere are the symptoms of its existence stronger than in France—and yet, at the same time, nowhere does it bolster itself out and strengthen itself so boldly with the support of conceit. A moral mirror or two, to give many of these great little men a more just estimate of their own worth, might prove of great advantage; that is to say, if they would choose to recognise their individuality when they saw it set before their eyes, and not do, as the originals of daguerreotyped portraits invariably do, protest against the possibility of the likeness.

The *flâneur*, however, has no intention of attacking, either generally or individually, so formidable an enemy. He renders every justice to the science, the research, the good intentions, and the vigour of many of the writers of the day. He is ready, moreover, to applaud the boundless fertility of invention and fancy which popular French writers display in works of fiction and of the drama, even if he condemn in so many cases the deplorable tendency towards which it is directed. But connected with authors and their works, there are two or three little matters upon which he would cast an eye, *en passant*, in that loose, irregular, desultory manner, which is the prerogative as well as the attribute of the *flâneur*, and which he has permitted himself as yet to employ.

One stumbling-block upon which his old sympathies and feelings are always tripping up and receiving untoward and most unpleasant blows, is the notion frequently adopted by French dramatic authors, that they are rendering the English and Germans an essential service by improving Shakspeare and Schiller. Due credit be given to the benevolent inten-

tions with which they take pity upon these poor savages in their uncouth attire, and liberally deck them out with a fresher, gayer garb, which is to give them a *tournure comme il faut*. There is, assuredly, a very kindly and praiseworthy feeling at the bottom of this commiseration of the unhappy ragamuffins; and we ought, there is no doubt, to be greatly thankful to these adorners of our poor unpolished fellow-countrymen; but then, somehow or other, we English and Germans, in spite of our blessed privilege of holding nearer communication and coming into refining contact with the inhabitants of the "centre of all civilization," still *will* remain a set of unintelligent savages, and are notoriously, in this respect at all events, an obstinate, illiberal, and ungrateful race. *Que voulez vous ?* Ingratitude is a besetting sin of the human race: and people, when they are forcibly beautified, will kick, and plunge, and cry like children in a wash-tub, and declare, in spite of the good intentions of their considerate nurses, that they would rather "go dirty" than be scrubbed. What a cackling the Gallic (literary) cock sets up when he has discovered, after much scratching in the dung-hill of foreign literature, what his condescension is pleased to admit is a jewel! But, when this admission is once made, the Frenchman can go no further. The jewel is only a brute diamond, which he cannot think of wearing for his own adornment until it has been cut, and filed, and polished, and rubbed down to a proper state of glitter.

A chacun son goût. Who can object to the Frenchman refusing to wear the jewel as it is? It would no doubt be greatly out of taste with the rest of his fine things. We object only to his meddling with it at all. We object to all this polishing which, in our eyes, makes it look like nothing but "paste." We object, above all, to his putting it upon his finger, thus refined, in all the smartness of a new setting, and declaring that he has wonderfully beautified and improved it. All this is very conceited, no doubt, on our parts: and jealousy and conceit are failings every day laid to our door by the French—by the French! The dear old fable of the pot and kettle—how often does it occur to us when we come into contact with them! Only unfortunately for our comparison, there can be very little doubt that either the pot is blacker than the kettle, or the kettle blacker than the pot, in this instance: but which is pot, and which is kettle, and which is the blackest, we will not presume to say, but leave to impartial judges to decide. We will be humble, moreover, and allow ourselves to have been mere tasteless Vandals when we have sympathised with Germans who have writhed, like St. Lawrence on the gridiron, upon witnessing "Maria Stuart," "Wallenstein," or "Don Carlos," improved into melodramatic tragedies, or tragic melodramas, and upon reading in newspaper critiques what a debt of gratitude Germany owes to that France which has deigned to work up Schiller into a dish palatable to an intelligent and civilized world. We will admit ourselves guilty of a very foolish sensitiveness when we have writhed on our own little gridiron of national susceptibility, upon finding Romeo and Juliet quarrelling at their parting scene, in an unaccountable freak of pettish jealousy, like a shop-boy and *grisette* of the Rue Vivienne—or Tybalt turned into Juliet's brother, and Juliet's character thus debased into one, both unnatural and unpleasant to the feelings, by her marrying the slayer of her brother on the very day of his death—or the poetic Friar Laurence transformed into a sort of magician, or prophet, or what not, who rants, and tears, and fulminates, to the heart's

content of all lovers of clap-trap. We are very foolish we know: and were we to go into further instances of the Shakspeare-and-Schiller-improvement system, we might be led to get into a state of "virtuous indignation," which would be more foolish still. We have exposed ourselves sufficiently, and will give up before we do it any further. If we will trip ourselves up upon this stumbling-block the fault is our own, and *they* cannot help it, our neighbours will say; they have done their best to make the path smooth for us.

Another stumbling-block upon which a foreigner cannot help perpetually bruising his sensibilities, is the utter, and, one might almost suppose, the designed, ignorance which the French authors display with respect to manners, morals, habits, customs, and even geographical details, that ought to be known to every schoolboy, when touching upon countries with which they might be supposed to be perfectly acquainted. Historical mistakes in works of fiction may be permitted, perhaps, to the caprices of a fertile imagination; but what are we to say of them when they are evidently matters of ignorance? And these gross and glaring errors are not only to be found in young authors—in whom a slip of the pen might be forgiven—but in those who set themselves up upon the pedestal of the great ones of French renown. So far are these absurd mistakes carried, that it might often be supposed that ignorance to such an extent were impossible, and that they must arise from some other motive. Shall we again attribute them to the improving system, and suppose that authors are anxious to improve countries as well as poets, and change even their geographical positions, to meet their own superior ways of thinking? With regard to our own country, however, we can never suspect them of any desire of "making it pretty," or improving it. The acrimonious detraction of England, which was introduced during latter years into every new novel, work of statistics, tragedy, comedy, opera, or farce, and would have, doubtless, been conveyed into ballets also, if "*haine aux Anglais*" could have been expressed by a *ronde de jambes* or a *pirouette*, removes any idea of the kind. And yet with regard to England, more especially—a country with which the near neighbourhood, and the intimate communication, might have been supposed to make the French more nearly acquainted—these absurd and amusing errors are more frequent than about any other land. When, in a work of fiction or a play, the scene of which is laid in England, these well-informed gentlemen have introduced a boxing-match between two lords, a wife led to Smithfield to be sold, with a halter round her neck, by way of *couleur locale*, and spiced the whole with plenty of "damns," "Misses," and "Sir Smiths," they think they have depicted English characters and manners to the life.

One of the most entertaining instances of this utter contempt of the most common knowledge about other countries, may be found in the comedy entitled "*Kean*," written by Alexander Dumas, an author who might be supposed to be well-educated and well-instructed, and who, at all events, looks upon himself, and is looked upon by his "tail," as the first writer of France. It is not necessary here to touch upon the tendency of a drama written to prove, that, to be a genius, a man *must* be debauched, *because* genius cannot exist without debauchery (Q. E. D.)—or the unnatural absurdity of the character of its hero—profligate and moralist by turns—but always intended as an object of intense admiration; all that we have to do with now is the eccentric effrontery with

which the most palpable mistakes are committed in matters of common knowledge to any one who has the least pretension to education. We pass over the little amusing freaks of *couleur locale*, by which an ambassadress is represented as ordering punch and cigars for her evening party, Kean as being invited to play *Falstaff* in order to entertain this lady's husband after dinner, or drinking *eau sucrée*, the Prince-Regent entering a lady's drawing-room with a "*Dieu me damne*" in his mouth, a low actor fighting with a small sword, and a variety of little facetiæ of the kind; but we ask whether it is ignorance or a determination to assert an independence from all rules of history, geography, and the commonest legal knowledge, in an author, when we find the Prince-Regent (George IV.) speaking of the king, his *brother*, the Danish Ambassador continually saying, "*Nous autres ALLEMANDS*" (how long has Denmark been Germany?) Young, Mrs. Siddons, Fanny Kemble, Lord Castlereagh, and O'Connell, all figuring at the same moment, a constable flourishing about like a lord-mayor, and arresting whom he wills upon his own authority, or by his own caprice, and, as a finale to this tissue of absurdities and anachronisms in a history of yesterday, the Prince-Regent exiling Kean to America for a year by his own autocratic might!

Were we to enter into particularising, and attempt to give in detail any account of the lively mistakes in which French authors so friskily indulge, we should have to fill a curious volume—ay! many curious volumes—with all these genial absurdities; but we refrain even at the very "A. B. C." of the subject, from what might prove a very entertaining occupation. Besides we do wrong, perhaps, to quarrel with all these drolleries in the French authors, since they afford us, and may go on to afford future generations, such an inexhaustible stock of real genuine fun.

After a word about authors, it would be excessively ungallant not to dedicate a few words also to authoresses. The *femme auteur* is, perhaps, one of the most amusing among the many types of the Parisian female, and certainly one which it is worth the while to study,—if, in truth, any study is sufficient to come to anything more than a superficial knowledge of so singular a variety of the female race.

The Parisian *femme auteur* generally lives *en garçon*, and more commonly has been married,—has emancipated herself from the marriage-yoke, and upon this subject preaches the "doctrine of divorce" with an ardour which the most free-thinking *male* social legislator would in vain endeavour to emulate. The almost only subjects upon which she loves to converse are, what she herself terms, questions of *haute philosophie* and *morale*: but the general tenor of these great matters,—upon which she lets loose a deluge of spurious metaphysical cant phrases, that a poor, weak, unsophisticated mind, such as that of the *flâneur*, in vain endeavours to follow up in their immense profundity; of course, he never ventures to insinuate that this deluge carries along with it only a mud-stream of nonsense,—is most frequently confined to the one absorbing study of the "human heart," with all its corollaries about love and sympathy. Upon this topic, however, she has but one opinion; namely, that inconstancy is not only a weakness, but a necessity of Nature; that the *degrading* institution of marriage is essentially contrary to the will of Providence; that caprice is the only law which it is the duty of the human being to obey; that to follow its dictates is the only science of life.

Abroad, the *femme auteur* may generally be seen with a manuscript in her hand, either on her way to her publisher's, or supposed to be so. At home she sits cross-legged, with a pen between her fingers, by a table covered with a variety of scattered manuscripts, in which a more observant eye might almost invariably discover a vast profusion of errors in the useless art of "spelling correctly." In her *boudoir*, however, "the woman" is not always entirely put into a corner cupboard, out of sight. Ribands, and laces, and flowers, and gloves, and shoes, are scattered upon her toilet-table: and a certain *coquetterie* is observable in her whole attire, — i. e., if she still has any pretensions to youth and beauty, and what Parisian female has not? Beauty! *cela va sans dire!* Who will dare to insinuate the contrary? Youth! "*La femme d'esprit n'a pas d'âge*," is a saying seldom absent from these ladies' mouths in some form of phrase or other, and certainly never absent from their minds.

One of the peculiarities which is especially predominant in the *femme auteur*, and which it would be as well for all the acquaintances admitted to her society, and especially her *gentlemen* acquaintances (their name is legion!) to know beforehand, in order that their *amour propre* may not be too deeply wounded upon its discovery, is, that she expects them all to sit—of course, unconsciously,—as models for some one or other of her works. During an interview with her you may be sure that she is employed in sketching, and filling up in her mind, most frequently without any degree of resemblance whatever—and that is generally a blessing for these poor models,—a *tête-d'étude* to be employed upon her next canvas. The *femme auteur* has, thus, a very happy talent at utilizing a flirtation, and turning moments which might otherwise be thought lost,—those moments of such pleasant signification to those who really feel "*les moments perdus*,"—to the best and most profitable advantage. It is certainly but little flattering to an admirer of the *femme auteur* to know that all his most secret thoughts and sentiments are watched; that his confidences bestowed in an hour of *épanchement*,—provided they have a shade of interest,—are stereotyped immediately for private use; that all the shades of his character as well as of his complexion, all the aspirations of his soul as well as the forms of his body, are observed and noted; and that, whilst his heart is growing warmer, the lady's is preserving a due state of frigidity, whilst her imagination alone is roving calmly, seeking what it may devour, and studying how the model before her may be used for a hero,—fortunate may the vanity of the "he" of such a flirting duet consider itself, if so it be,—or for a subordinate character, or for "the naughty man," or even for a downright burlesque part in the next new novel. Little flattering, indeed, it is, and vastly chilling to a poor man's *amour propre*,—but so it is; and this notice is put up for the warning of any brother *flâneurs* who may be bold enough, in Paris, to attempt getting up a flirtation with a *femme auteur*. "Man-traps set here!" More especially, let no unwary mortal venture to write her an avowal of his attachment: if he expects a tender reply in return, he must make up his mind, at the best, to a declaration of eternal friendship, and as a proof—a bundle of "proofs,"—which he is requested to correct. Another warning may not be amiss to any unexperienced acquaintance of a *femme auteur*. She has a very common practice of presenting a pen to her "much-esteemed" visitor, and requesting him, with downcast eyes, and an humble smile, to render her the essential service of altering her poor productions, and thus bestowing on

them some of the light of that "very superior judgment, in which she has so great a confidence." Stop, unwary man! Trust not that air of literary modesty—those honeyed words! If you attempt to object to a sentiment,—or even change a phrase,—or even erase a word,—or even correct a fault in spelling, woe betide you! You are lost! At all events, be prepared for the acrimony with which she will defend every particle that her fair hand has once deigned to smear upon that paper,—be prepared for the eternal loss of her respect for you as a man of "such superior judgment!" The light is extinguished at once: and your sun is set. Whatever be a Parisian author's susceptibilities, those of a Parisian authoress are of the tenderest kind. Wound them not! or, if you be a bold man, affront the wrath of an "injured female," doubly offended, doubly irritated,—as woman, and as author.

The varieties of this curious specimen of the Parisian female are very numerous: and there are other well-known types of the same race, which have generally, more or less, taken refuge under the same banner. One among these is the *femme incomprise*,—the female, the depths of whose spirit no mortal kindred spirit has yet explored; the "great unknown," whose heart is still an unread book; the seeker for sympathy, who never finds that sympathizing soul which can comprehend and fathom all the dark, mysterious, agitating passions and feelings, rolling like lava through that profound "idiosyncrasy;" the woman who *will not* be loved for her beauty, or her talent, or her position, or her taste, or her virtues, or her vices, or anything else whatever, but for "*herself alone*," and who has never found the heart that could love that "self,"—and where, in the name of the full moon, could it be found, except in a lunatic asylum?—in a word, to return to her first appellation, which she has bestowed upon herself, and which we are by no means unwilling to adopt,—and for very good reasons,—the *femme incomprise*. Unable to find in her domestic or private circle those intelligent souls, which she is convinced *must* somewhere or other exist, and will comprehend *her* soul, she turns to publicity to aid her in her search. She contrives to have her effusions printed in some shape or other—either poetry, novel, philosophical essay, or newspaper *feuilleton*; but always intended as advertisements to the still unfound sympathizing hearts. "Wanted a soul!—N.B. None need apply unless it be of the masculine gender." Or, "Gone astray, a kindred spirit. Whoever will bring it back to the disconsolate inquirer, shall receive the reward of kindred consolation." The above "N.B." to be carefully repeated. The *femme incomprise*, thus, more generally than not, enters the ranks of the vast Parisian army of *femmes auteurs*, and may be classed among the heavy artillery; although, by the way, it may be remarked, that a *femme incomprise* was never known to hit her mark.

Another very extensive and well-known Parisian type has many of its finest specimens enrolled in the same troop. This type is the *femme libre*. It is too vast, and of too numerous varieties, to be done justice to, in so very weak a sketch, in all its different forms. The *femme libre* would suffice in herself to fill a volume; we can only refer to that portion of her species, which belongs to the class of *femmes auteurs*.

When the *femme libre* has taken up this position, she generally directs her energies towards asserting the supremacy of her sex, and the inferiority of the masculine race, and preaching to the world that men are all tyrants, set over women by unjust laws,—that women ought to main-

tain their independence, and even the youngest girls assert their freedom. Her opinions, however, are of such an exaggerated nature that no one reads her; and, like a true prophet, she preaches in a veritable desert. But this she calls forcing her adversaries to retreat before her. In her novels the heroine is always some unhappy female, persecuted by the tyranny of man, and her hero a villain not good enough for the galleys. When she writes in the newspapers, her articles generally conclude with some fulminating appeal to her own sex, such as—"Women, arise! The hour of your emancipation has at length been struck upon the bell of fate! Arise! arise! shake off your yoke, and let that degraded sex, man, return to that mediocrity from which we never should have allowed him to emerge."

In spite of these tirades against the male sex, however, the *femme libre* is, more frequently than not, attached to one of these specimens of degraded humanity, whom she condescends to own as her husband, and the father of her children. But, as may be well supposed, in her establishment the male is obliged to enter into that inferior condition which it behoves him to accept at woman's hands. He is employed to carry her proofs to the printer's, and her petitions for the emancipation of women to the Chamber of Deputies. When she speaks of him, it is only to make such remarks as,—“I took my husband to the play last night. I have sent my husband into the country with the children. The last waistcoat I had made for my husband is very becoming to him. My husband must stop at home to-night: he has got the vapours.”

In appearance the *femme libre* is stately, even if she be short and fat, tosses her head, imparts an imposing look to her eye, walks as if she disdained the use of petticoats, and tries to conceal this ignominious feminine attire by robing herself in a long shawl, like an Italian Carbonaro in his cloak. Thus she appears at the theatre upon all occasions of first representations. There she is in all her glory. Her woman's voice is there to give its fiat to the fate of the piece, of which she considers herself the arbitress. On these occasions she mixes with the literary men of note, gives her opinion, and disputes with so loud a tone, that the authorities are sometimes obliged to interfere. With what a mixture of indignation and scorn does she look upon the unhappy wight who attempts to impose silence upon her! “I recognize you for one of your own sex,” she will exclaim, “by your tyranny and your insolence!” and when in these junctures her husband strives to calm her, he is browbeaten to the earth; and her rage is vented on him. As she grows old, and finds that the principles for which she has laboured all her life, such as the election of females to the Chamber of Deputies and the French Academy, and their admission to the ranks of the National Guard, have not triumphed, she grows cross and snarly beyond all endurance, and dies, leaving her money to some niece, or female friend, on condition that she should never marry, and work all her life at the success of the female emancipation question.

The different shades, however, of the *femme libre*, when merged into the *femme auteur*, are almost infinite. Some profess to live for glory and renown; others disdain renown as a *duperie* when not connected with the question of “filthy lucre.” Some assert the qualities of their sex; others—and these are the good ladies, who adopt a fantastic, semi-masculine costume, and offer their visitor a sociable cigar, or the “pipe of peace,”—declare that the only means by which a woman can attempt

to succeed in a literary career, is by concocting such startling books that all the world must say, "Is it possible that a woman can have written this?" If it be objected to these latter hermaphrodite writers, that there are certain bounds of delicacy which it becomes not their sex to pass, they will answer you that they have no sex, but the literary sex; that, if they were to be restrained by modesty, delicacy, or any such absurd considerations, they would leave too great an advantage in the hands of the men, and would only be the dupes of their false scruples; that a woman who writes a book is only an actress who plays a part,—and, that if the part or the book offend vulgar prejudices,—i. e., outrage decency, and offend the eye of chastity,—that it does not touch her in her delicacy or her honour; in fact, that a *femme auteur* should place herself above the prejudices of the herd, and live only for her literary career, be its object propagation of opinions, fame, or cash.

The strange ambition of unsexing themselves seems now-a-days, however, to have become a sort of mania among Frenchwomen of talent, real or imagined. The banner was first unfurled by that well-known male *femme auteur*, whose genius no one will deny, however much the tendency of her works may be open to attack. She has raised herself up to a pinnacle of reputation, the glory of which may be as equally open to doubt. She has, however, her supremacy. But, Heaven defend us from all the caricatures with which the desire of imitation has deluged the French literary world. Women think they can no longer tread the path to fame without denuding themselves of their sex, denying their own nature, and, instead of all the many lovely feminine qualities of grace and persuasion, with which they have been endowed, and which become them so well, dress themselves up in a sort of manly dogmatism, which becomes them so ill. And, what follows from all this? Those of their own sex, who would have admired and so deeply sympathized in their complaints so feminine and tender, now start back with terror from the accents of that hoarse screaming voice, that strains itself to be masculine; and the men look on and smile to hear a Jeremiah in petticoats preaching the ruin of the universe in falsetto. Oh! if these women—for talent, however misplaced and mistaken, they often have,—would but remain where Providence has placed them, how much more powerful would they be in the sublimity of a divine weakness than in an assumed force that sits so ill upon them. They have love, resignation, tears, tenderness, as their attributes; inappreciable treasures, that Heaven has given them, and that the greatest poets often envy them,—and what, then, would they seek beyond their nature's limits?

I ROAM O'ER THE OCEAN.

I ROAM o'er the ocean, my path's on the wave;
 I sleep on the desert! the tempest's my slave;
 I whisper, I mourn, or a sweet tune I play
 In the cords of the barque as she sails o'er the spray.
 On the wings of the West I come laden with dew;
 I bring love from the South, with its bright skies of blue;
 In the North I'm the storm-king! all bend at my frown;
 At my breath from the East, who bows him not down?
 I rule o'er the world! I'm to no spot confined;
 I'm the elements' monarch! the Wind! I'm the Wind!

A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY THROUGH NORMANDY.

BY ODARD.

THE shades of evening now warned me to depart, and I prepared to leave the convent. Behind a grating near the door sat a nun. Her duty was to preside over the coffers of the establishment, to pay for the food and medicine purveyed for the hospital. You cannot fail to notice the peculiar expression which the countenances of these sisters exhibit. There is nothing resembling it among other women, however favoured or happy,—a blended serenity and joy no words can describe. The aspect of this sister, however, far outvied the rest, —'twas that of "a seraph from the sky descending, above all tears, yet pitying all distress." As the stranger passed, he ventured to approach this bright vision, and reverently laid on the table before her a small sum of money, begging that his presumption might be forgotten and the poor remembered. Oh! never will the echo perish of the sweet tones in which she thanked him; never be forgotten the look with which she accompanied the words. It was one of those looks that stamp themselves at once upon the heart in characters that are never afterwards effaced. I could not help muttering, as Lord Herbert to the nun at Murano, "*Moria pur quando vuol, non bisogna mutar ni voce ni faccia per esser un angelo.*"

There are several other churches at Caen that would well repay the researches of the ecclesiologist. They are most of them of very early date. Into the oldest, St. Nicholas, you may ride and put up your horse; an accommodation for which you are indebted to the Calvinists, who pulled down the roof and great part of the aisles, using the remainder as a stable. Stained glass was peculiarly obnoxious to the holy zeal of those worthy men: they accordingly destroyed every particle of it in the churches of Caen, and they are now wholly destitute of that ornament.

The shade of the Conqueror, as it were, broods over the town of Caen. There seems a feeling among men that the great spirit once dwelling there, lingers unseen yet. Every piece of antiquity of at all dubious origin is referred to, or associated in some way with him. There is an equestrian statue near the last-named church of St. Nicholas, the horse has only two legs and a quarter of a head, the rider half an arm, a foot, and part of the bust, but no head. Now, a worthy magistrate of the town has filled a ponderous octavo in the endeavour to satisfy the world that this statue was intended for William the Conqueror. The whole rests on the flimsiest tradition; for, after the above description, I need hardly say there is no internal evidence of such an intention. The value of tradition, as applied to such objects, may be illustrated by the following anecdote, which shews at the same time that the impressions made on the imaginations of the conquered people by the impetuous victories of the Teutons was not confined to the neighbourhood of Caen. The sacristan of the church at Louviers was shewing to an English party the fine tombs in his charge. "*Mademoiselle,*" said he to a young lady, "*vous devez connaître ce tombeau, car il y a un roi de votre pays enterré là.*" This being a new fact to the lady, she requested to be made ac-

quainted with the name of her royal countryman. The sacristan gravely answered, "Mais c'est le roi Nabuchodonosor."

* * * *

The road from Caen to Bayeux lies through the Bessin, a district included between the rivers Orne and Vire. It forms part of the *Bocage*,* the women of which are still faithful to the head-dress of their ancestors. There may be said to be at this day four styles of coiffures in Normandy. There is, first, the coiffure of the Cauchoises, or inhabitants of the Pays de Caux in Upper Normandy, a head-dress which Hazlitt says the *Spectator* laughed out of England a century ago. Then there is the *bourgogne* or *bavolette*, worn by the women of the Bessin, such as you often see in old pictures of the ladies of the court of Burgundy. These two coiffures bear a close resemblance to each other. They consist of a hollow cylinder of muslin, about five inches in diameter, and generally five diameters high. Sometimes they are worn with a border, sometimes without, but mostly have little wings depending from the bottom over the ears. In the lower part of the Bessin, near the town of Vire, which is the capital of the Bocage, the upper part of the muslin cylinder expands into a complete bonnet, the *ensemble* forming the most ludicrous coiffure that fancy ever devised. Thirdly, there is the coiffure of the Avranchin, which is so pretty that one can scarcely imagine it to belong to the same district; but, on close inspection it turns out, though an immense improvement, evidently to belong to the family of head-dresses I have already described. There is a little skull-cap, such as forms the basis of the former coiffures, but the yards of muslin, instead of ascending to the clouds, are rolled into something like a *volute* over each ear, giving the profile the effect of a turban. Lastly, there is the cap now generally worn by the women in the towns, resembling that worn by the women of the lower orders in this country, but of much richer material, and displaying a great deal of lace,—an article in which the Norman ladies are very extravagant. These head-dresses affording no shelter from the sun or wind, the complexions of the wearers are not the best in the world; the loftier kind, too, are necessarily fastened on the head by a strap passing under the chin, and, as this is not always sufficient to maintain the equilibrium, all the muscles of the face are called to its assistance, and the consequence is that it becomes very early sewed with wrinkles. You rarely, except in extreme youth, see a pretty woman. Some of the children are very lovely. There is an appearance of exuberant health about them, such as is never seen elsewhere. I have heard this attributed to the careful exclusion of sugar, or sweets of any kind from their food. I shall be forgiven this dietetic observation, for the sake of the nice superstition on which the custom is founded. It is believed that the Virgin Mary takes it upon herself to sweeten the children's food.

Bayeux once possessed a beautiful cathedral, but it has been so patched and added to, that every trace of symmetry and harmony has disappeared; the doors belong to one era, the windows to another,

* This Bocage is a vague district, whose limits are very ill-ascertained. It is to be distinguished from the *Bocage* of La Vendée, so called in contradistinction to the *Marais*, the part of that country running along the coast. The Bocage forms the interior.

the arches to a third, and some Norman Inigo Jones has crowned the incongruity by planting a Greek cupola on the centre of the roof. But the great curiosity of Bayeux, and one of the greatest in Normandy, is the famous tapestry representing the invasion of England by William the Conqueror, with the principal transactions immediately preceding it. This extraordinary relic consists of a piece of linen about two hundred and fourteen feet long and twenty inches wide, on which that great historical episode is recorded in a series of sketches, fifty-seven in number, worked in thread and worsted. Each sketch is separated from that immediately preceding and following it by a tree or building of the same material. The tapestry, at present preserved in a room of the public library, is stretched on the back of a glazed case which is placed opposite the windows. The spectator commences the history near the door, and walking between the case and the windows, each picture is brought successively into view, till he returns to the door where the series terminates. The colours are still remarkably vivid, and the execution, though rude, extremely spirited. The view it takes of William's claim to the English crown, is that entertained by all the chroniclers and most historians, for it commences with a sketch representing Edward the Confessor telling William that he is to be his heir. Another compartment depicts Harold swearing his renunciation of the crown on a box of concealed relics, the circumstance which occasioned the Normans to regard his subsequent resistance as a dreadful impiety; other *tableaux* represent the embarkation and disembarkation of the Norman army, and the history sums up with the battle of Hastings.

The commonly received opinion is, that this tapestry is the work of Matilda, the Conqueror's wife, and her maids. That it belongs to that period there is no doubt—the costumes, the arms, the armour, the buildings, the letters by which each *tableau* is entitled, all are characteristic of the eleventh century. The letters are precisely similar to those upon Matilda's tomb at the Holy Trinity, and in some of the reliefs at St. George de Rocherville we find *fac similes* of several pieces of armour. Some minute details and the frequent introduction of Bishop Odo, brother of the Conqueror, declare it to have been the work of an eyewitness of the recorded events, and one of the family of the principal hero. Mr. Turner's researches seem to have established that this eyewitness was Matilda. Mr. Gally Knight was too enamoured of stone and mortar to yield an easy faith to the current opinion. He remarks upon the escutcheons that are borne by some of the shields, and observes, that it is generally conceived these were not introduced until a later period. He fancies that the camels and elephants, represented on the border, intend a reference to Esop's fables, which were unknown in England until translated by our learned King Henry the first. With respect to the first objection I would observe, that, although arms did not become hereditary until the time of Frederic Barbarossa, yet devices on shields were used long before the eleventh century, as is evidenced by many ancient seals, and they are said to have been very generally adopted at the tournament of 938, held at Magdebourg by the Emperor Henry the first. With regard to the elephant and camel border, there is nothing to lead to the inference that Esop's fables are referred to, any more than Mr. Wombwell's menagerie.

The circumstances of its antiquity and its origin render it a highly

interesting monument, and it is frequently referred to as conclusive authority upon the style of costume, armour, &c. of that period.

This tapestry has had wonderful escapes. For several years it was knocked about among the lumber of the cathedral, as a piece of very badly executed worsted work. Napoleon had it carried from town to town at the time of his meditated invasion of England, in order to familiarise the French imagination with such an attempt, and to impress upon their minds that he was not the first who made it. He forgot that it was the very event recorded on that tapestry that made his project so hopeless; for that event gave to England, as the future inheritor and guardian of her soil, the unconquered, unconquerable Norman! Since the hour when the white horse gave place to the lion standard, what stranger foot has ever dared to tread her shore, save as a fugitive or a friend? After this freak of Napoleon, the tapestry was sent to Paris, where it was severely handled and had many holes cut in the ground, but these were cleverly mended, and at the general restitution of stolen goods, which took place in 1815, it was restored to Bayeux.

Oh! those blessed days when there was no shopping, no visits, no assemblies, no operas, to allure the wife from her proper sphere—the hearth of her husband. When, surrounded by her maids, she spent her leisure hours in pourtraying on the canvas the achievements of her lord. The Teutonic women were famous for their skill in needlework, and ladies of the highest quality would often work entire sets of hangings. By an old custom which prevailed among them for a long time, women were prohibited from marrying until they had worked or spun a regular set of bed-furniture. Hence till their marriage they were called *spinster*, and the term has survived the custom to which it owes its origin.

What simple manners, what stedfastly domestic habits, what unwandering desires characterised that age which saw a work like this tapestry begun and finished! The most that is accomplished in this way now is a miserable scrap of tent stitch, or still more miserable bit of crochet, the fruits of an occasional interval snatched from the present public fidgetty life of woman. How many ladies of the nineteenth century would merit the epitaph which the Roman widower placed on the tomb of his wife, as comprising the noblest history of a woman's existence?

“*Domum mansit, lanam fecit.*”

Half way between Bayeux and St. Lo, we enter the Cotentin. Proceeding through the latter town (which offers nothing to detain the stranger), on the road to Coutances, we must turn aside and make a short pilgrimage to the humble village of Hauteville le Guichard. That little hamlet was the birthplace of kings!—not mere hereditary passive recipients of glory and power—not mere crowned heads and sceptered hands, but heroes who built up their own thrones with head of wisdom, and hand of strength—kings by the right divine of merit and lofty deeds! We come to another magnificent episode in the history of the Norman race—that brilliant, though evanescent dynasty, which began with the heroic Roger, and ended with the ill-fated Manfred.

Dismounting from my pony I walked towards an old ruin not far

from the road. It marks the site of a now vanished castle which, in the beginning of the eleventh century, was the residence of a gentleman named Tancred, who, according to the custom of the times, derived his surname from his estate, Hauteville. His family consisted of six sons and three daughters. The feudal law, giving the estate to the eldest son; and, in those days, the modern contrivances of charges, insurances, and, indeed, I may say, personal property, in our sense of the term, being unknown, it may be imagined that the prospects of the younger sons were not brilliant, especially as heir-esses were nowhere to be found. The patrimonial property, itself, was not very considerable, and by no means commensurate with the aspiring wishes of the heir-at-law, who responded to the call of destiny with the same alacrity as his younger brethren.

The sons of Tancred were not born to creep contentedly through life—*du lit à la table, de la table au lit*—they were not men to linger in idleness and obscurity at home, while before them lay the fragments of the old Roman world, feeble and disordered, seeming to invite some master-spirit to come forth to conquer and redeem. While they looked anxiously towards Italy, an invitation arrived from their countryman Raynulfus, Count of Aversa, to come out and combine with him in extending the territory he had already made himself master of;—Raynulfus was a Norman chief, who, in the year 1003, returning from a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, chanced to land at Salerno. At this time, Apulia and Calabria, which, on the revival of the empire of the West, had been suffered to remain an appanage of Constantinople, were governed by Catapans* from Byzantium. The three Lombard principalities, Benevento, Capua, and Salerno, together with the republic of Amalfi, and the Abbot of Monte Cassino, on the western side of the peninsula, asserted their independence, acknowledging, however, the supremacy of Constantinople. Sicily had been in the possession of the Saracens since 832. A body of these crossed the straits, and made an attack on Salerno, while Raynulfus was in the town. He and his companions came to the aid of the Duke of Salerno, and enabled him to repulse the Saracens with considerable loss. Subsequently the Normans assisted the different principalities in several battles, and the Prince of Capua rewarded them with a grant of land between his own territory and Naples, where they united and built the town of Aversa. Subsequently the Duke of Naples gave his daughter in marriage to Raynulfus, and the Normans having elected him their chief, he received the title of Count of Aversa.

The invitation of Raynulfus was eagerly accepted at Hauteville le Guichard: three of Tancred's sons set out immediately for Italy. At the moment of their arrival, Maniaces, the Byzantine general was organizing an expedition against the Saracens of Sicily, and engaged the co-operation of the Norman warriors, offering, as the condition of their assistance, a moiety of the towns, and half the spoil that should be taken. The proposition was accepted, and the newcomers, choosing Tancred's eldest son William as their leader, crossed the straits, in conjunction with Maniaces. Then "red gleamed the cross, and waned the crescent pale." The Mahomedans everywhere gave way—Syracuse first fell into their hands, and William gained the surname of *Bras de Fer*, having with one blow of his

* That is "over everything;" hence the term "captain."

spear transfixed the governor. Town after town was wrested from the Saracens. The Norman prowess was irresistible; on many occasions they retrieved the fortune of the day, when the Greeks had given up all as lost. By their assistance Maniaces was enabled to accomplish every object of his expedition; but he now, with characteristic want of faith, refused to make good his engagements, and the Normans resolving to punish his falsehood, recrossed the straits, entered the Byzantine territory of Calabria, and in a short time rendered themselves masters of all the principal cities. Three armies sent against them by the emperor were successively defeated. Finally, he thought it advisable to negotiate for peace, and an armistice was concluded, on terms highly advantageous to the Normans. A large territory was ceded to them, and William Bras de Fer was elected their chief magistrate, with the title of Count of Apulia. A council was there summoned, who proceeded to frame laws and organize a legislative body. Melfi was declared the capital and the seat of the legislature. And here let me remark, in passing, the strong tendency to institutions that ever characterised the Norman race. Abhorrent alike of despotism and licence, they imparted their love of institutions wherever they came. In their days the world was passing through a fierce ordeal; a stern necessity lay on the whole system of things, a necessity which may be expressed in this brief formula—the sword. In their several missions, if I may so speak, the Normans were forced to use the destined instrument of the hour: but the readiness with which the sword was sheathed, the facility with which the soldier changed into the citizen, shews how deeply they felt that a state of hostility, bloodshed, and disorder, could not be the normal condition of man. And so we see them pass, instinctively, as it were, from the battle-field to the council-chamber. The fierce warrior of yesterday is the thoughtful legislator of to-day. The first interval of repose was ever employed in devising means for giving stability to their acquisitions, and a constitutional form to the society in which they were to be vested. Among the Teutons, such a task was never referred to the wisdom of any one leader, however successful, any oligarchy of chiefs however eminent. I have already shewn that, from time immemorial, the provisions from which their laws were derived, and on which their societies were based, were the emanations of free public opinion. Their armies were triumphant, because the soldier yielded up his will implicitly to his general; their societies were vigorous and stable, because, when the soldier became a citizen, he resumed that will again. No sooner had conquest and peace transmuted the army into a society, than the dominant sentiment appeared, the sentiment of rational independence; resulting, as the community formed, in liberal institutions.

William enjoyed his honours but a short time. He died a year after he became Count of Apulia, and his brother Drogo succeeded. Drogo fell a victim to a murderous conspiracy of the Lombard nobles; but Humphry, the third brother, immediately assumed the reins of government, and the Norman power remained unshaken. At this period two other sons of Tancred de Hauteville, Robert and Hubert, came to join their victorious countrymen, and just as they arrived, a hostile league, which had for some time been preparing against the Normans, was matured. Leo the Ninth had been persuaded to regard the new-comers as dangerous enemies, and act-

ing on the old policy of the Lateran, he turned northwards for assistance, and called on the emperor Henry the Third to aid him in expelling them. Henry, in answer to his application, dispatched an army, of which his holiness took the command in person. Having tried negotiations in vain, the Normans met him at Civitella, and though vastly outnumbered by the united forces of the empire and the church, under the conduct of their leaders, Humphry and Robert, they were irresistible. The result was the total rout of the Germans, and the Pope remained in their hands. The treatment he experienced was far different from what he either expected or deserved. Instead of treating him as a captive, the Normans reverently desired his blessing, and demanded pardon for having borne arms against him. They then conducted him with honour to Benevento. Leo, touched with this generous and unexpected conduct, discovered his gratitude by confirming all the Norman conquests, and entering into a friendly alliance.

Humphry busily employed the interval of repose which followed this success in establishing order throughout Apulia, while Robert turned his arms into Calabria, the conquest of which he speedily effected. The former shortly afterwards died, and Robert found himself without a competitor for the power he was so well fitted to wield. In 1056 he was proclaimed Duke of Apulia, and in 1059 Nicholas II. confirmed him in all his titles and possessions, in return for a solemn engagement on his part to become the defender of the Church: and here we find this son of a Norman gentleman holding unquestioned sovereignty over the whole south of Italy, whither a few years before he had come in the guise of a pilgrim, attended only by his brother.

Rumours of these great doings had reached Hauteville from time to time, where Roger, Tancred's youngest son, was still "all restlessly at home." His heart was fired with desire to emulate his brother's career, but his father's declining years demanded awhile his presence and his care. When he looked on those grey hairs he felt that, even for the warrior, there were prior claims to those of glory. But the hour came at last—he laid the old man peacefully in his grave, and, his last tie to Hauteville broken, he bid adieu to his birthplace, and, accompanied by his mother and sisters, set out for Calabria. Here he arrived just as his brother Robert had established his power over Southern Italy. Roger was immediately invested with a separate and important command, where his high qualities soon made him so popular that Robert's jealousy was awakened, and a great coolness arose between the brothers. Prudence, however, warned the latter that it was better to keep on good terms with Roger, and Robert put an end to their estrangement by conferring on him Melito and the western portion of Calabria.

A marriage which was set on foot and shortly after solemnized between Robert and Sikelgaita, a daughter of the Prince of Salerno, contributed not a little to the consolidation of the duke's power. The famous Boemond, who was afterwards Prince of Antioch, was his son by a former wife.

Let us now return to Sicily. When the Normans had withdrawn, the Byzantine general found himself unable to cope with the Saracens, and the court of Constantinople, irritated at his repeated failure, issued his recall. In a brief time all that had been won from

the Saracens had fallen back into their hands; and having shaken off the rule of the Egyptian kaliphs, they enjoyed a transitory independence; but they soon began to quarrel among themselves, and the weaker party sent to the peninsula to invoke the assistance of the Norman leaders. They readily responded to the call. The duke joined Count Roger at Melito, and they prepared to cross the straits. A large fleet was despatched by the Saracens of Palermo to intercept their passage. Robert, whose caution had obtained for him the surname of Guiscard, thought it prudent to postpone the attack, but Roger could not restrain his impetuosity. Evading the Palermitan cruisers he passed the channel during the night, and morning's dawn beheld the standard of the Cross waving from the walls of Messina. Robert now also crossed the straits, and joined his forces to those of Roger. Their united strength amounted only to seven hundred men; nevertheless, the two brothers advanced into the island, and encountering the Saracens, who numbered fifteen thousand strong, put them completely to the rout. Some disturbances which at this time took place in Calabria recalled the duke to Italy, and Count Roger was left to pursue his career alone. Victory continued to attend him. He acquired an enormous quantity of spoil; town after town fell into his hands as he advanced, and Christmas saw him in possession of Traina.

On his way to Italy Roger had passed a few days at the priory of St. Evroult. The prior's sister Eremberga was at this time on a visit to her brother, and assisted him in doing the honours to their host. "*Amor al cor gentil ratto s'apprende*;" the Norman became deeply enamoured of Eremberga. How could he help it? she was very beautiful, and, in her novice's costume, irresistible. Nor did Roger love alone; he bore with him to the plains of Italy the rapturous assurance that he commanded the devotion of a heart on which the world had never breathed. To that assurance who shall say how much he owed? how much of his brilliant destiny hinged upon that hour when he first learned that he was loved? There was now a meaning in ambition—there was now something to strive for—something, without which fame is a delusion, the world's homage a mockery, and glory but an idle name. "*To deserve her!*" has been the silent motto of many a hero's heart; the talisman whose spell has converted obstacles into paths to power, and made difficulties the steps to thrones. Let a man be endowed by nature with energy, courage, and perseverance, let chance furnish fitting opportunities, and if he unite himself to some great object we may expect it to be attained; but assure him that his love is answered by some noble heart, you endue him at once with all those qualities; he will create the opportunities that fortune denies; he is at the same time impelled towards the highest objects and given the capacity to reach them. Talk not of armies and councils, of conquerors and statesmen; the true founder of empire is woman's love.

Robert de Grentesemil, Prior of St. Evroult, had incurred the displeasure of William the Conqueror, and, deeming it prudent to withdraw for awhile, he quitted Normandy, and, accompanied by his sister Eremberga, directed his course to Calabria. While Count Roger was keeping the Christmas at Traina, he learned the arrival of the prior and his sister at Mileto. Thither he hastened, and shortly afterwards the lovers were united.

THE BARDS OF BRITTANY.

BY W. C. TAYLOR, LL.D.

BRITTANY preserves more traces of distinct and characteristic nationality than any of the states which the Capets incorporated into their kingdom of France. The aspect of the country, the manners of the inhabitants, and the features, especially of the women, offer to the traveller those marks of the Celtic race which are imprinted on the Scottish Highlands, the mountains of North Wales, and the greater part of the South and West of Ireland. The preservation of their distinct nationality is even more dear to the Bretons than to the Welch, the Scotch, or the Irish: the latest of their poets makes this lesson the burden of his song:—

“ Be Bretons for ever, and never be Franks.”

Even in the days of *Chouannerie* the Breton royalists never coalesced heartily with the Vendéans; the Loire made for them as perfect a separation as the British Channel. Still less were they disposed to aid the English; their popular songs are as full of invectives against the Saxon as the repeal-speeches of Daniel O’Connell; blending in delectable confusion the enterprises of Hengist and Horsa with the injuries their country suffered from the English in the wars of the Plantagenets. Some of the Breton traditions ascend beyond the time of Christianity, and a few relate to the struggle between the Christian religion and Druidism, a theological controversy which, according to their account, was conducted much more ardently by the bards than by the priests on the opposite sides.

The chief of the Christian bards was Hyvarnion, who accompanied in his professional capacity the British army which the tyrant Maximus led into Armorica, A.D. 320. He is represented to us as a perfect musician, and an exquisite composer of ballads and canticles. One of the Armorican princes took him into his service, and assigned him a large stipend. Like most of those who accompanied Maximus, Hyvarnion took an Armorican wife, and, according to the fashion of the age, the marriage was preceded by a miracle. One night an angel appeared to the poet in a dream, and told him to go early the next morning to a neighbouring fountain, “on your road,” said the divine visitor, “you will meet a young virgin named Rivanon, she is a bard like yourself, and Heaven has predestined her to be your spouse.” Hyvarnion obeyed, and was rewarded by receiving as a wife the most lovely and the most richly-gifted of the maidens of Armorica. The issue of their union was a son named Hervé, who, though born blind, became distinguished as a bard at the early age of five years. It is a whimsical coincidence that some of his canticles were named Hervé’s Meditations, and they are said to have had considerable influence in converting the Armoricans from Paganism. The Celtic muse of Britain had thus secured for itself a shelter in the solitudes of Armorica a little before its expulsion from its native island by the sword of the Saxons.

None of the songs of the Christian bards have been preserved, at least in a recognizable shape; we believe, however, that there are some traces of them to be found in the legendary hymns which still form the

delight of the peasantry in the remote districts. The odes of Gwenchlan, the great bard of Paganism, had better fortune. Towards the close of the last century they were seen and consulted by Gregory de Rosternen and Don Lepelletier in the monastery of Laverdennek; but in 1793 the monastery was destroyed and its archives dispersed. M. de la Villemarqué has, however, recovered a few fragments and one entire ode, to which we shall soon direct attention. Gwenchlan called his odes "Prophecies;" in them he indicates that the Pagan bards were cruelly persecuted by the Christian priests, and, in revenge, he predicts a time when the preachers of so sanguinary a religion would be tracked and hunted through the woods like beasts of prey. This champion of expiring Druidism clung to his ancestral cause with that desperate fidelity which is characteristic of the Celtic race, such as the Highlanders manifested in the cause of the Stuarts, and the Irish in their attachment to the Latin church. At length he fell into the hands of some petty Christian prince, who put out his eyes and cast him into a dungeon; in these sad circumstances Gwenchlan dictated his last "prophecy." He predicts the overthrow and ruin of the tyrant by whom he had been so cruelly treated, calling him "the lame boar of the wood," while he describes his avenger, the pagan king of Brittany, as "the horse of the sea." There is a ferocious wildness of imagery in the composition, and there is a savage fervour in "its thoughts that breathe, and words that burn" which will justify our inserting a translation, already published in another periodical.

I.

I see the boar coming from the wood; he is very lame; his foot is wounded:
His throat gapes wide and is full of blood; his bristles are white with age;
He is surrounded by his young, who grunt from hunger.
I see the horse of the sea coming to engage him; the shore trembles with fear
beneath his tread.
He is as white as the driven snow; he wears horns of silver on his head.
The water boils around him, heated by the flames that issue from his nostrils.
The monsters of the deep cluster round him, thick as the rank grass round a
stagnant pool.—
Hold thine own! Hold thine own! horse of the sea! strike at the head!
strike!
The naked feet are slipping in the blood. Strike harder, strike harder, I say—
strike!
I see the blood flow in a stream. Strike harder, I say, strike!
The blood is now as high as the knee; I see it flow like a tide.
Harder, I say! Strike harder, and harder still; you will have rest to-morrow.
Strike boldly, strike bravely! horse of the sea! Strike at the head, and strike—
hard.

II.

As I slept calmly in my cold tomb, I heard the eagle issue his summons in the
noon of night.
He summoned his eaglets and all the birds of heaven.
He said to them as they came,—poise yourselves quickly on both your wings,
It is not the putrid flesh of sheep and dogs, it is the flesh of Christians which we
require—
Come, raven of the sea, tell me what is that which you hold in your beak?—
—I hold the head of the chieftain that I may devour his blood-shot eyes—
I tear out his eyes as he has torn thine.
—And you, fox, what is that which you hold?—
—I hold his heart, which was false as mine own,
Which has desired your destruction and consigned you to lingering death—
—And you tell me, toad, what is that you are doing with the corner of your
mouth?—

—I am on the watch to seize his soul at the moment of its flight.

It shall dwell in me whilst I live, as a punishment for the crime he has committed.

Against the bard who once dwelt between Roc'h Allaz and Porz Owen.

Gwenchlan was one of the last, and was certainly the best of the Druidical bards. To them succeeded the Christian *klers*, who put into verse the legendary lives of the saints—that strange stock of Christian fictions which has become incorporated with the traditions of almost every nation in Europe. “The Golden Legend,” to which we may at some future time direct attention, is the best collection of these saintly biographies; but there is another part of early monkish literature, moral allegory, which became exceedingly popular with the Celtic race, and which still flourishes in the rude ballads of Ireland, and in the rustic tales of Brittany. We have before us two versions of a very bold personification, the “History of the Good Man Misery,” the former of which is a Norman production, clearly of Teutonic origin, the latter, derived from it, is quite changed by the admixture of Celtic ideas and feelings. The Norman story, printed on whity-brown paper, in a type most trying to the eyes, bears the following title: “*The new and dicerting History of the Good Man Misery, in which will be found who Misery is, what has been his origin, how he deceived Death, and what length of time he will remain in the world.*” Underneath is the important announcement “*The price is four sous,*” and, from the abstract we are about to give of the tale, the reader will see that the book is a decided bargain.

“Two travellers entered the city of Milan about five in the evening; they sought hospitality at a rich man’s gate, but were harshly repulsed. A poor widow saw and had compassion on them; she told them that she could not receive them into her own house through fear of scandal, but that she would conduct them to the residence of the good man Misery, who, though poor, was very charitable. Misery received them very kindly; aided by the widow he gave them a supper of pears and cider, but he took no share in the repast, amusing his guests while it lasted, by recounting his misfortunes. The worst of these was the robbery of his fruit from the only pear-tree in his garden. ‘The only prayer I have to make to the Lord,’ said he, ‘is that whoever shall climb my pear-tree against my will may stay there until I give him permission to come down.’ The pilgrims, who were two unknown saints, passed the night in devotion, and, when they took their departure in the morning, announced to their host that his petition had been granted.

“Several whimsical adventures are recorded of the fruit-stealers of Milan and Misery’s pear-tree; but at length its occult qualities became known, and the poor old man was allowed to eat his pears in peace. Years passed away; he became very old and infirm; when one day there came a loud knock at his door; he opened it, and saw a stranger who announced himself as Death.

“‘You are welcome,’ said Misery, ‘come in, I shall be ready for you so soon as I eat one of my fine pears.’

“‘You are one of the most reasonable men I have met with for a long time,’ said Death, ‘go and choose any pear you like on the tree.’

“The old man went out into the garden, accompanied by his unwelcome visitor; he gazed fondly on his beloved tree, and, pointing to a pear on one of the highest branches, said ‘That is the fruit I choose, lend me your scythe to cut it down.’

"'That cannot be,' said Death, 'it is the decree of Heaven that my scythe must never be out of my hand. But I am in no hurry; I will wait until you climb and pluck it.'

"'Alas! good friend,' said Misery, 'I am too feeble for such an exertion, perhaps you would be so kind as to pluck it for me.'

Death who appears to have been a good fellow at heart, climbed up the tree and plucked the fruit; but, when this was done, he found himself caught by the spell; when he was up he could not get down. The dialogue that follows between Misery and Death is irresistibly comic, but we can only quote the conclusion.

"'My good friend, Misery,' said Death, 'you can boast of being the first who has conquered Death. Heaven consents that I should quit you, and not see you again before the Day of Judgment, after I have finished my great work, the destruction of the human race.'

Death having pledged his word to this effect, Misery allowed him to descend; "and thus," concludes our author, "Misery will continue upon earth so long as the world remains a world."

To turn such a painful subject as the perpetuation of misery into "a right merrie and conceited jester," by the tale of the marvellous pear-tree, is the characteristic of a lively race, untinged by the gloom and melancholy of the Celtic family. The trick played on death is essentially Norman, and belongs to the class of practical jokes for which that province has been celebrated since the days of the Conquest.

The Breton version, in its present form, may be dated about the year 1700, but it bears traces of having been based on a much older original. It professes to be a dialogue between Misery and the Wandering Jew, the latter being a more common hero of popular legend in Brittany than in any other part of Christendom. We have rendered the ballad literally, for it would be impossible to preserve its characteristic peculiarities in a metrical translation.

Listen to me, companions of every condition; listen to the discourse which took place between the two oldest men upon earth, two men doomed to survive until the Day of the Last Judgment.

One of them was named Isaac the Traveller, the other Misery. His presence brings sorrow everywhere. Alas! why is he not dead? How happy would be the world if he were.

They met near the city of Orleans, and saluted each other as two old men should. Isaac had always believed himself the oldest man in the world, he now learned that he was not.

"Hail to thee, Wandering Jew!" said Misery. "Whence do you come? whither do you go? you seem to me way-worn and sorrowful."

"I march day and night. God wills it, because I have displeased him. I suffer fearful pangs because I cannot die, but must live to the day of judgment! Alas! alas!"

"I thought myself the oldest man upon earth, but you are still older, and, like me, you are a sufferer from the ills of life."

"Woe is me! Jew; you were born yesterday, in comparison with Misery. How many hundred years are you in the world? I count my age by thousands of years, poor young man!"

"When our first father, Adam, disobeyed God, I was born in his house; his children have since supported me, and I never quit the dwellings of men."

"Good old father, what is your name, and what is it that you do?"

"I am the good man Misery; I have groans wherever I pass; I am the cause of all misfortunes, and the prolific parent of crimes."

"You ought to know me, for ever since I was born, the human race cries out against my name, I have made it suffer so many evils, and endure so many torments."

"Ah, if you are he who tortures men, I know you. Away! away, shameless old man! Woe is me! I know you too well these seventeen hundred years. For seventeen hundred years I have witnessed the woes which you inflict."

"You are the evil spirit of the earth, why go you not to the rich? Fool! why prefer you the wretched hovels, where there is even a want of bread."

"Be silent, Jew, I hope to visit the rich in their turn, and if once I enter their castles and their palaces I shall not be very easily expelled."

"Your dress is too ragged, old villain, for you to be received by the nobles; so soon as they see you on the threshold they will drive you away. You are a meet companion only for the poor."

"I know how to make the nobles poor, Jew; I enter the houses of the powerful by fraud; there are two of their servants whom I know ever ready to admit me; their names are Prodigality and Indolence."

"Away, demon! the very sight of you pains me; you know what I suffer: pass, pass, wicked one; I have nothing to do with you; I have a tormentor more powerful than you; I am under the hand of God!"

In the Breton lay, our readers will perceive, a strong under-current of the smothered vengeance of a suffering peasantry. Similar animosity against the noble and the wealthy abounds in the White-boy songs of Ireland. Hardly less striking is the humility of the Jew in presence of a man older than himself, and Misery's contemptuous application of the term "Poor young man!" to one who had only numbered seventeen centuries. The dramatic form of the Breton lay, and the absence of any explanation of the several interlocutors, whom we have endeavoured to distinguish by punctuation, is still more marked in the historical ballads which describe the expulsion of the English from Brittany by the greatest hero of Celtic chivalry, the celebrated Duguesclin. One of these appeared in the "Athenæum" of the 5th of June last; we shall, therefore, select another, which we deem still more characteristic, translating literally as before. It is entitled

THE SIEGE OF PESTIVIEN.

In the midst of the woods of Mäel rises a huge castle; it is surrounded by water; there is a tower at every angle.

In the court of honour is a well containing human bones, the pile of which daily swells higher.

The ravens light on the margin of the well, and plunge into its depths to seek food.

The bridge of the castle falls readily and still more readily rises; who once goes in never comes out.

A noble squire rode over the ground occupied by the English; a young traveller named John Pontoison.

As he passed at even by the castle, he demanded hospitality from the captain of the guard.

"Dismount, cavalier, dismount, enter the castle, and send your horse to the stable:

"He will eat hay and corn without stint, while you join us at table."

He sat with them at table, but all were silent as the dead.

Only they said to the young maiden, to a damsel they said,

"Go, Beganna, prepare a bed for the young lord whom you see here."

When the hour for repose came, the young cavalier ascended the stairs.

The Lord John de Pontoison sung blithely in his chamber while he laid his ivory hunting-horn by the side of the bed.

"Beganna, my gentle sister, why do you look on me and sigh?"

"If you knew what I know, dear lord, and were in my place, you, too, would look on me with a sigh.

"With a sigh. Ah, yes! for you would pity me: there is a dagger beneath your pillow.

"The blood of the third man it has slain is not yet dry; and alas! dear lord, you will be the fourth.

"Your silver, your gold, and your arms, all you possess save your bright bay steed, are secured by lock and key."

And the cavalier slipped his hand under the pillow, and drew out the dagger, and it was red with blood.

"Beganna, dear sister, save my life, and I will bestow on you five hundred crowns per year."

"I thank you, my lord, but first tell me one thing, are you married or single?"

"I will not deceive you, dear Beganna, I have been married this fortnight:

"But I have three brothers superior to me, you may choose which ever pleases your heart."

"—Nothing pleases my heart, neither man nor money, but you, my beautiful lord.

"Follow me, the drawbridge will not stop us,—it will not stop us, for the porter is my brother-in-law."

As they went through the court, the cavalier said,

"Get up behind me, mount on my good bay steed, dear sister.

"Let us haste to Guingamp to find the royal troops; let us haste to ask if it was just that I should be murdered.

"Let us haste to Guingamp to find my rightful lord, Guesclin; that he may come to besiege Pestivien.

"Dwellers in Guingamp, I salute you, I salute you with respect; tell me where is the Lord Guesclin?"

"If you seek the Lord Guesclin, you will find him in the tower of Plate, in the great baronial hall."

When he passed the threshold, John de Pontoison went up straight to Du Guesclin.

"May the grace of God be with you, my lord, and may God protect you, and do you protect your faithful vassal."

"—May God's grace be with you also, courteous cavalier; he whom God protects ought to protect others.

"But what are your desires, young man? relate them in a few words."

"—I want some one to subdue Pestivien.

"There are English who oppress the natives of the country, and extend their ravages for several leagues round.

"Whoever enters the castle is slain without mercy; but for this young maiden, I had been slain likewise.

"I would have been murdered like the others; I have their bloody dagger with me; behold it!"

Duguesclin shouted, "By all the saints of Brittany! so long as an Englishman survives, there will neither be peace nor law.

"Prepare my horse; gird on my armour; to work, my friends: let us see how long these things shall endure."

The governor of the castle, from the top of its battlements, scornfully asked Duguesclin,

"Are you coming to a ball, that you and your soldiers are thus trimly dressed?"

"—By my faith! we are coming to a ball, not to dance, but to cause dancing:

"To make you dance a brawl which will not soon be over; and when we are tired the demons will take our place."

At the first assault the outer walls fell, and the castle trembled to its foundation.

At the second assault three towers fell, two hundred men were killed, and then three hundred more.

At the third assault the gates gave way, the Bretons entered, and the castle was taken.

The castle was levelled to the ground ; the site was well cleared, the peasant now passes over it singing,

" Though the English John was a traitor, he shall never reign in Brittany, so long as the rocks stand on the hills of Mäel."

The "brawl" which Duguesclin threatened that he would make the English dance is an animated dance like the Irish jig, still common in Brittany. The last stanza of the ballad is taken from one of the many Breton songs written on the murder of Prince Arthur by his uncle King John. Tradition has preserved the memory of this event more vivid in the minds of the Bretons than the recollections of "the '45" are in the Highlands of Scotland. They are too singular, and too curiously illustrative of English history to be passed over briefly, and we must, therefore, reserve them for another paper.

Poetry is the inheritance of the Celtic race ; in Brittany, as in Ireland, the love of nationality is preserved and cherished by the songs of the people in their native dialect. Every beggar is a professional storyteller, and, not unfrequently, a professional bard. But the most important class of poets are the *kloareks*, a class precisely similar to the "poor scholars" of Ireland. These are poor lads, candidates for the priesthood, whose parents being unable to defray the expenses of their education, send them to some neighbouring town or village where, in the intervals of study, they contrive to earn by various little jobs the means of scanty subsistence.

The contrivances to which the *kloareks* have recourse, are precisely those which we remember to have seen practised by the poor scholars of Ireland in our younger days : they command our respect while they attract our pity. Devoted in heart and soul to his sacred mission, the *kloarek*, like the Irish poor scholar, shrinks from no toil, and shuns no degradation. He wants paper, but he begs old copy-books from his more wealthy schoolfellows and practises writing between the lines ; he watches at the doors of offices and counting-houses to collect the old pens swept out by the porter ; when he cannot buy a book he borrows from another, and copies with his own hand the works of Virgil or Horace. We have ourselves seen the whole of the *Æneid* transcribed by a poor scholar, who has since become a most respectable parish priest in Ireland. A garret or a shed is his kitchen, bed-room, parlour, and study. He endures every hardship to acquire a competent stock of learning. Winter tries him severely ; but when spring returns he constructs a study in the open air, one pile of sods serving him for a seat, and another for a desk and writing-table.

Even the poorest of the Bretons are ready to lend their aid to help the beloved *kloarek* ; the farmer will allow him a bed in his barn and a share of his board, for which he pays by teaching the younger children their alphabet, or helping the elder in their lessons. Inn-keepers give him a lodging in their stable for his help in tending the horses. Sometimes he can obtain a few francs by copying law-papers for a notary ; but this is a piece of good luck confined to the favoured few. On market-days he is happy ; his parents bring him a loaf of black bread, a pot of butter or of lard, a supply of vegetables, especially potatoes and any

fruits that may happen to be in season. To these some kind neighbours will probably add a few eggs, a couple of bottles of wine or of cider, and an encouraging request that he will give them the benefit of his prayers when he is admitted to the priesthood. Everbody loves the kloarek, and the kloarek loves everybody. To the early and general formation of these endearing relations we must attribute the fact obvious to all travellers that, nowhere is the connection between the priesthood and the peasantry more intimate and more confidential than in Brittany and in Ireland. But this intimacy, so far from diminishing the respect due by the flock to the pastor, gives to it an intensity and devotedness which we Protestants are quite incapable of comprehending. Reverential homage to the sacerdotal order has been a characteristic of the Celtic race since the days of the Druids; the kloarek, from the time that he has chosen his profession, acquires the same sanctity in the eyes of his playmates and companions which is similarly accorded to the "candidate for Maynooth," in Ireland.

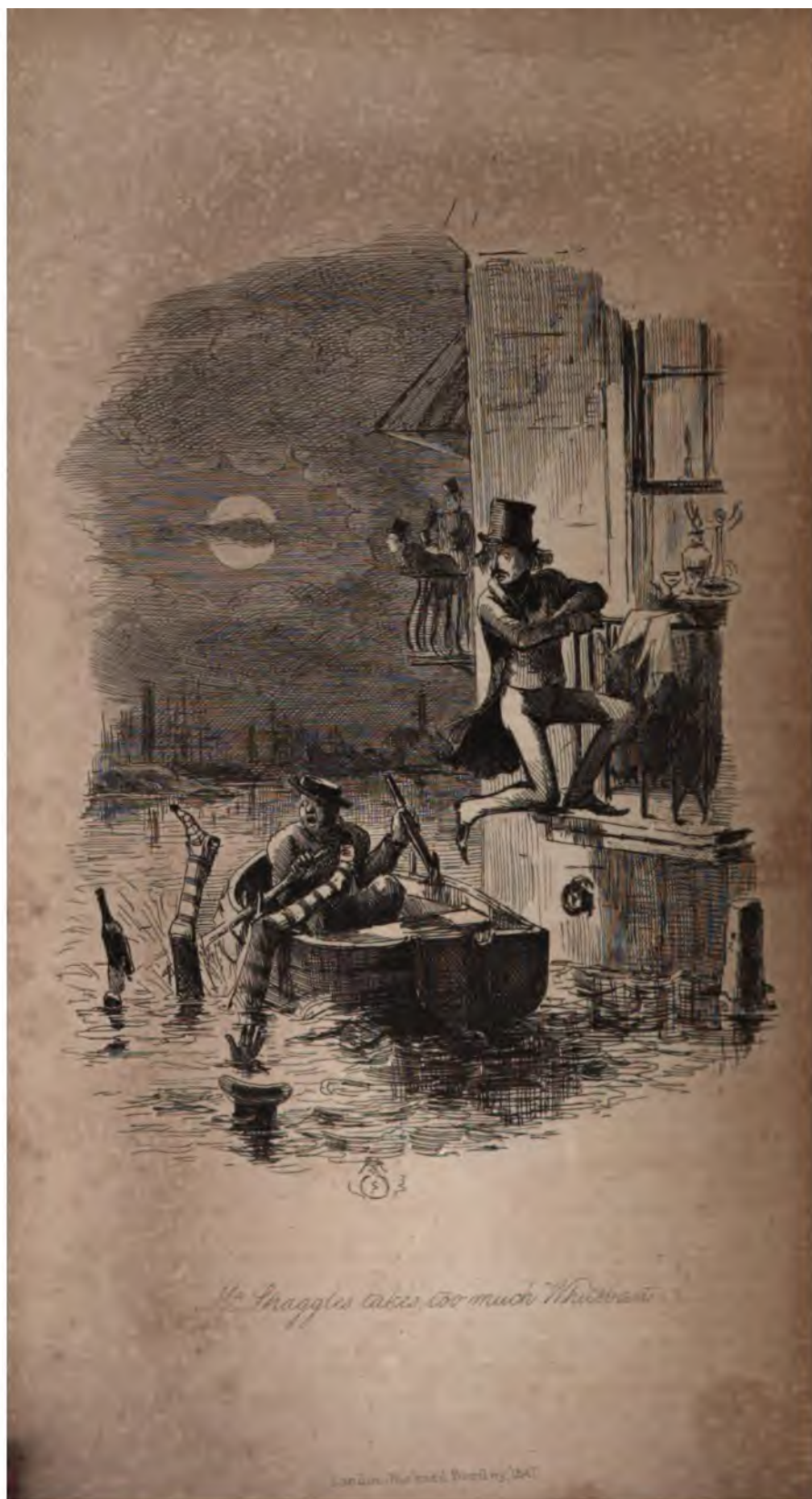
OH THOU SUBTLE SPELL TO-MORROW.

"Therefore on every morrow are we wreathing a flowery band to bind us to the earth."—KEATS.

"And to morrow shall be as this day, and much more abundant."—ISAIAH.

Oh thou subtle spell, To-morrow,
That canst steal the heart away,
And dost lull the voice of sorrow,
And dost gild our dark To-day;
Ever through our strange existence
Hang'st thou rainbows o'er our years,
Glowing brightly in the distance,
Yet, like others, made of tears.
On we fare, they brighten o'er us,
And we see and feel them nigh;
But they ever fall before us,
And our coming makes them fly.
Ever thou continuest dawning
O'er the spirit's troubled sea,
Like a new celestial morning,
Young from the old eternity.
Through the darkness rising slowly
With thy herald streaks of red,
Rising silent, chaste, and holy,
Like a memory of the dead,
Scattering beams of hope and gladness
To the spirit's furthest deep,
Down to all the halls of sadness
Where the sea-nymphs, Thoughts, do weep.
Through that solemn cloud-land portal,
Where thy sunrise track we scan,
Ne'er hath passed the foot of mortal,
Ne'er hath spok'n the voice of man.
Silence, hoary and primeval,
Sits in solemn pomp alone,
Joy and sorrow, good and evil,
Have not claimed it as their own.
Avarice, Hatred, and Ambition,
Hope and Memory, Fear and Love,

Have not yet obtained permission
In those virgin climes to rove.
Only God hath known their mystery
And hath set His foot within,
Only He hath read their histories;
And the things that lurk therein.
There thou lingerest, calm and silent,
Free from men and hushed in peace.
Like some undiscover'd island
Bosom'd in the southern seas,
Where the forest branches ever
Bowling with ungather'd fruit,
Bend o'er valley, cave, and river,
Unprofaned by human foot,
Where in all her best apparel,
Nature leads the dance and song,
And the birds all freely carol,
Those unrifled bowers among,
Such thou seemest, oh, To-morrow,
Thus reflected in our sea,
And our calmest hours but borrow
Images of calm from thee!
Oh! in mercy thou wast given
Our dark present to adorn;
Yesterday's the setting even,
Thou art the perpetual morn!
Thou art the perpetual morning,
But the morning ends with Time.
For thou art a solemn warning
From the soul's own father-clime.
That the Day, which, every even,
Thou dost silently proclaim,
Is the eternity of heaven
In the presence of the Lamb!



Mr Snaggles takes too much Whiskey

HOW MR. STRAGGLES ATE WHITEBAIT AT GREENWICH.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY J. LEECH.

JULY came on, and it was more hot than ever in London. You might have poached eggs on the pavement, and there was no shade anywhere. Even in Covent Garden the strawberries sweltered and baked in their pottles: the gold and silver fish languished in globes of tepid water: Mary Johnson's bouquets drooped over their lace-work papers; and the heat forced the crimson pendants of the fuchsias into long pink trumpets, which, being blown, shrivelled and died.

The only thing cool in all London was the block of Wenham Lake ice in the Strand, and that appeared to be perspiring at such a rate that its dissolution was always being immediately expected. The curds-and-whey on the stalls positively steamed, and the small dusty high-dried crabs, at three a penny, rattled again, as every one became its own oven. How the gasping passengers in the omnibuses survived the inside transit is difficult to conceive; the Fire-king himself would have suffered. The only people who underwent but little inconvenience, were the cooks at the chop-houses and the stokers in the river steam-boats, and they never perceived any difference, as they faced their ever-glowing ranges and furnaces. But the wild beasts under the mighty bell-glasses at the Surrey Zoological Gardens yawned, and blinked, and stretched themselves out at full length upon the hot floor of their dens, and thought they were once more at home, dreaming of torrid jungles, and simoons, and scorching sand, until cool evening dispelled the illusion, and the besieging of Gibraltar, with its rockets, and drums, and crackers, recalled them once more to a sense of their true position.

No one suffered more from the heat than did Mr. Straggles in his small chambers before alluded to, immediately under the roof, which now collectively formed a hot-house, wherein he might have grown pine-apples. He could not get cool. He opened all the doors and windows, but a draught of heated air was all that came to refresh him. He left off wearing waistcoats, and bought a blouse, but he only felt the oppressiveness of the sun the more, when he put on his ordinary attire to go out; and then he longed to be July, as Spenser once described that month; envied the performers in the *Poses Plastiques*, and fell into some wild notion of taking the diving-bell at the Polytechnic Institution for a week, and living at the bottom of the tank.

But it was worst of all when he went to his dinner. He took this meal, generally, at the *restaurant* of an ingenious foreigner, somewhere in the rear of the National gallery, who was reported to have the right of shooting over Leicester Square, to supply the varied preparations of rabbits on his *carte*. Here it was that Mr. Straggles could scarcely breathe. For the soups, and the gravies, and the stews, the plates of pallid meat, and the tough and piping portions of unholy puddings, formed such a hot thickened atmosphere, that the very flies had difficulty in forcing their way through it to the

opened windows, from which dense vapours might be seen rolling; and these, diluted with the air, pervaded the neighbourhood for some distance round to such an extent, that you might almost have believed the inhabitants lived upon the odours. Mr. Straggles stood this a long time, for the place was cheap, and the races had cost him so much money that he was obliged to retrench. But at length he got nearly stewed himself, and in a desperate plight of not knowing what to do next, formed Arcadian plans for living on bread and fruits, or periwinkles and pickled eels, beneath the coolest arcades of Hungerford.

"Ullow! Straggy!" said a voice down the letter-box to our hero, "Are you at home?"

"What! Joe?" exclaimed Mr. Straggles, stopping in the attempt he had persevered in for some months to play the minor part of "The Standard Bearer" on his octave flute. "That's not you!"

"Is n't it, though: look out."

And then the end of a small walking-stick was pushed through the letter-slit, and the box opened, not having a trustworthy fastening, as its contents fell on the floor. They were not letters. Mr. Straggles's box formed the receptacle for all sorts of fugitive donations, presented by the men in the other chambers, as they went up and down stairs,—kings and knaves of playing cards, cherry stones, straws from sherry-cobblers, pit checks of theatres the night before, advertising tailors' brochures, sometimes crackers, and once he found a mouse.

"Come in, old feller: who'd have thought of seeing you?"

The new arrival looked something like a fashionable gentleman who had been kept from last year, with a dash of the Leicester Square foreigner about him. He had only one glove, which he held in his hand, and this had once been yellow. His boots, though trodden out and cracked at the outside, were intensely polished, and had long toes which somewhat turned up; and protuberances at the ankle, before and behind, under his trowsers, which were strapped down, shewed that they were shorts. He had a long black stock, much perforated by pins, and no collar; in fact, the general style of his get-up was the "seedy," a word implying approaching extermination as forcibly as reproduction.

"Why, Joe, what a Mossoo you look," said Mr. Straggles.

"Mossoo" was the Straggles for "Monsieur," picked up from a course of six lessons in French, and the received stage-pronunciation, and applied by our friend generally to all foreign gentlemen of peculiarly continental cut.

"And where have you been?" he added.

"Boulogne, sir, Boulogne—the land of the free. Ever since the railways blew up I have been obliged to come Dan Tucker. Eh! twig? pheugh! yerg! yerg! yerg!"

And here the friend put himself in an attitude of banjo-playing with his stick, made Ethiopian noises, and lyrically described the excitement caused by the coming to town of the person above named.

"But I say, Joe, where have you been living?"

"Till within two months on board the *Nore Light*—provisional director of the floating beacon. They never thought of looking for me there. I've made great friends with the keeper; very jolly fel-

low, who never goes on shore, because he says it makes him so sick. He gets qualmish sometimes on board, when it's calm."

"And are you all right now?"

"Right as twenty trivets: only they'd have me, if they could, about that cursed Slushpool and Landmark Heath Extension. There must be as many writs out against me as, pasted together, would reach the whole length of the line."

"Then what are you here for?"

"Oh! I was obliged to come over. I've got a plan, and been sitting up all night with capitalists and accountants to carry it out. Ten thousand pounds down, and half a million a-year safe."

"Have you got the ten thousand down, Joe!"

"No! but as good—as good. I'm going back to Boulogne to-night to see about it."

Mr. Straggles thought that Boulogne, from what he had heard of it, was not exactly the place to go to for ten thousand pounds; but he knew his friend, and did not say anything.

For Mr. Joseph Flitter, as he was called, lived in a self-created world of gigantic schemes, and had never been out of hot water since Mr. Straggles had known him. Their agencies had first thrown them together, and they had never met but he had something to propose that *must* return five hundred per cent. No matter what the scheme was; he got up companies, and railways, and newspapers, with equal facility. When a junction-bank failed he started a floating-bath, with the same prospects of liquidation; and as soon as he found that one bushel of the new argillaceous shale would not fuel a steamer over the Atlantic, he had the galvanic-decomposition-of-water patent all ready, the apparatus for which, to work the Great Western, could be put under a hat.

"I suspect one or two are on the look-out for me," said Mr. Flitter; "so I'll tell you how I'm going to Boulogne. That London Bridge Wharf is never safe. Sir, I believe the writs walk about there bolt upright by themselves, all day long, to catch the passengers. But the steward of the boat is a capital fellow; I wear coats and shawls on shore for him, and carry uncorked bottles of brandy; and he is going to look out for me, and hook on to a boat if I'll be in it, off the Isle of Dogs to-night. Now, where do you dine?"

Mr. Straggles suggested the place above-mentioned, near Leicester Square.

"Oh! no!—no!" said Mr. Flitter. "Fancy this weather, too, pah! Let's dine at Greenwich, eh? Do the thing for once;—oceans of water-*souchée*—swamps of stewed eels—no end of salmon cutlets—pyramids of whitebait—and an acre of brown bread and butter."

"Beautiful!" cried Mr. Straggles, carried away by his friend's enthusiasm.

"I believe you, my boy," continued Mr. Flitter. "Gallons of cyder cup, too, and Badminton. Iced punch!—ducks!—peas!—cutlets!—and brown bread and butter again! And then the wine—and the river—and the strawberries. Ah!"

This time Mr. Straggles sighed.

"But it costs so much, Joe," he added, sadly.

"Cost be (something) 'd," replied Mr. Flitter. "You can do it at all prices. Look here," and he pulled a small bill from his

pieces. "I'm with ~~children~~ a smiling: ~~done~~ with children six-pence."

"Don't seem to care much about children," observed Mr. Straggles.

"No—no—~~unwilling~~ Straggles. I mean to pay, you know. You shall be my guest and see me off. I say, you have n't got such a thing as a pair of boots to send a fellow, have you? Your's would fit me."

Mr. Straggles had a ~~marvellous~~ pair, with red tops, so smart that he often regretted that he could not wear them outside his trousers, when they would have given him the air of a Polka nobleman. Under other circumstances he would not have thought of lending them, but Mr. Fisher was going to stand the dinner, so he brought them from his room.

"But I say, Joe," he asked, "if you are off to Boulogne, what will become of my boots?"

"Oh—oh, right. You must come with me as far as Gravesend, just to see me off. You can get back for a shilling, and take your boots with you. A kinder man I think: yes, a collar, and then I shall be happy. Excuse me—for I've got business to do, and must be off—and we shan't meet again, the Hospital terrace, at seven o'clock."

Mr. Fisher went into Mr. Straggles's room, and put on the articles, and then took his departure.

At five o'clock Mr. Straggles locked his outer door, and went to London Bridge by water for a farthing, in a new steamer called "The Earywig," and then waited on the pier and enjoyed a penn'orth of cherries, as he watched the flock of steamers crowding along the river.

"Now, who's for Greenwich?" bawled a man: "outside boat!"

Mr. Straggles took his ticket, and found the boat would start at the half hour: but as it wanted a few minutes, he went back to buy another bunch of cherries, to beguile the journey. He was kept a little time waiting for change, the woman having hunted under every leaf in her basket for the coppers, and he then went and took his place in the outside boat, by the man at the wheel, just as she was starting.

"I say!" exclaimed Mr. Straggles, as the boat appeared to be off the wrong way, "where are you going to?"

"Ungerford," was the reply.

"But I'm going to Greenwich!"

"No, that you is n't; leastwise now," said the man. "That's the Grinnidge boat just moving."

"They told me it was the outside one," cried Mr. Straggles.

"So she was till we come round," said the man. "This here's 'The Earywig.'"

The very boat he had come by! But there was no appeal, so Mr. Straggles went back to Hungerford, and there had to wait half an hour for the next chance, in which interval the tide turned the wrong way. But at last the hospitable *Waterman*, No. 9, received him, and he got fairly off, looking ruefully at the unavailable ticket he had before taken, and munching his cherries, rather than enjoying them.

But the journey to Greenwich by water on a bright afternoon,

with a white-bait dinner in anticipation, is not calculated to nourish blue devils, albeit it does good to spirits generally. There is so much to look at, and it is always amusing, even if you have gone backwards and forwards every day, from the restless, scuffling, swarming steamers, to the lumbering barges that will get in the way of everything by choice, as the man, pulling them by the heavy oars—or rather conceiving that he does so—appears as disproportioned to his work as the diligent flea who draws the man-of-war. Old tumble-down wharfs, and crazy public houses with singularly unsafe galleries, and warehouses so lofty that they have as many stories as the “Arabian Nights,” as Mr. Straggles pleasantly observed: little boys bathing in the mud under the shelter of stranded lighters: heavy continental boats, like drowsy Leviathans just breathing from their funnels, with their crew idling over the sides: huge manufactories of articles hitherto unheard of, or scarcely supposed important enough to have a room to themselves; and a border of flag-staffs, steeples, chimneys, scaffolds, and more ships, out and away at the distance, and apparently built into the very heart of London,—all these things furnish plenty to look at. And so Mr. Straggles forgot his lost ticket, and determined to make up for his loss by not having a cigar for two days, unless somebody gave him one.

He got to Greenwich safely, and found Mr Flitter on the terrace, accompanied by whom, he went to one of the taverns that look so agreeably on the realms of the whitebait beyond the hospital. There was a large private dinner in the regular coffee-room, so a smaller apartment on the ground floor had been substituted for it, and here Mr. Flitter and Mr. Straggles fortunately got a table by the window, as a party was just leaving. Mr. Straggles unfolded his napkin, and disposed his green and white wine-glasses, and assumed the air of a *bon-vivant*, as though he had always dined at the Clarendon.

The room was quite full. There was that pleasant buzz of life which always makes a coffee-room dinner so agreeable, and, to our thinking, assists digestion. Mr. Flitter ordered a course of fish,—“the usual thing,” he said, “with a duck and pease, or something of the sort;” and then inquired of his friend what he usually drank.

Mr. Straggles generally took half-and-half; but the elegant atmosphere of the room, and the contiguity of ladies, awed and refined his feelings, and he suggested “pale ale.”

“Oh, of course,” said Mr. Flitter: “but I mean besides. Punch, you know.”

“Certainly,” said Mr. Straggles.

“And Badminton, eh? of course some Badminton,” continued Mr. Flitter.

“Of course,” said Mr. Straggles, as he felt that the ladies were looking at them. But if Mr. Flitter, instead of Badminton, had suggested Chippenham, or Devizes, or Cricklade Cup, the answer would have been the same.

The fish was brought, and then, in his first excitement, Mr. Straggles quietly told Mr. Flitter that he had never dined at Greenwich before. Whereupon Mr. Flitter told him to eat lots of everything, and then he would do the proper thing.

So Mr. Straggles commenced with water-souchee (which at first he conceived to be flounder-broth), and ate all the parsley into the bargain; and then got timid at the imposing waiter who came to

change his plate, and said he preferred the same. But this the man would not allow by any means, and took it away with a strong-minded effort, after which Mr. Straggles was lost in admiration of the stewed eels: and in wonder at the pickles which nestled amidst the salmon cutlets: and in fear at the pyramid of whitebait which soon made its appearance, so much so, that he drank deeply of punch to regain his presence of mind. And then he watched Mr. Flitter closely,—how he slanted his plate with a wedge of bread, whilst he squeezed the lemon over the cayenne pepper,—how he helped himself recklessly to ravenous quantities, and devoured them as voraciously. All this Mr. Straggles did, even to slapping one bit of brown bread and butter upon another, face to face, as carelessly as though he had done so for years.

"Well, Straggy," said Mr. Flitter, "what do you think of whitebait? What are they like?"

"I can't make out," replied his friend. "Baked curl-papers, I should say, were the nearest things to them. But the bread and butter's first rate."

"More bait," ordered Mr. Flitter; and more after that; and then devilled bait; and the Badminton. Capital stuff it was too.

"I'll tell you how to make that," said that gentleman. "Pour out a bottle of Vin Ordinaire into a jug, and shoot a bottle of soda water into it. Add some sugar and some knobs of Wenham ice. Put a suspicion of your favourite liqueur, or a phantom of lemon-peel into it, and there you are. Ah!"

This last expression accompanied a deep draught, which Mr. Straggles imitated to perfection, as the devilled bait had made his throat all of a blaze. And upon this he put pale ale, finishing with champagne, which Mr. Flitter would order.

"I don't seem to care much about anything more to eat," said Mr. Straggles, as he felt the whitebait almost up to his throat.

"Oh, but you must. Here are lovely peas: and duck too; or perhaps you'd like some of this ham."

Mr. Straggles thought he would; it was less to eat. But it was so salt that he was obliged to have some more Badminton, and soon got very jolly, indeed.

"This is doing it, Joe, is n't it?" he said.

"Rather," answered Mr. Flitter. "Waiter, some of that old port."

"And strawberries, sir."—"Yes, sir," replied the man.

The dessert came; and the day wore away. The sunset-gun was fired; the yachts below the taverns took down their flags; and the lights alone, before long, marked the passage of the steamers towards the pool. The company, too, left the coffee-room; but the large party upstairs, who were going to finish with a ball, kept the tavern alive; and as, in addition, Mr. Flitter told the waiters he expected a friend to sup there before he started from the Aberdeen Wharf at midnight, they were not disturbed. Mr. Straggles had drunk himself into a halo of poetry and romance, and when the band above played "The Standard Bearer Quadrilles," he sang the song so loudly that the boys below the windows cheered him for very admiration. All this time Mr. Flitter was looking anxiously from the window upon the river, as, like Mariana, he gazed "athwart the glooming flats" of the Isle of Dogs. At last he said, when Mr. Straggles

had uttered his dying declaration that he would not name the lady of his love,

"Straggy! you have n't such a thing as five pounds about you, have you?"

"Lord, Joe! no!" replied Mr. Straggles, as much astonished at the possibility even of such a thing being entertained for an instant by his friend, as aghast at the question.

"Because," continued Mr. Flitter, "I must have had my pocket picked coming down; I can't find my purse."

"Why! what can we do?" cried Mr. Straggles, now in real terror.

"Well, I can't see exactly; we must get away without paying."

"Without paying! Now, Joe, don't! we shall be taken up for swindlers."

"We shall, if we stay," said Mr. Flitter. "But of course I shall pay; you shall bring back the money."

"I won't go away," answered Mr. Straggles, now quite gravely. "I'll stop in pawn."

"You can't. Now, look here, Straggy. Would you ruin me—your friend, and dash down ten thousand pounds at a blow. Ha! here he is—stop!"

As he spoke the splash of a pair of sculls was heard, and a boat came underneath the window. A waiter entered the room at the same time so that Mr. Flitter could not attend to it; but he ordered coffee, and, the minute the door closed, he beckoned to the waterman, who stuck a note on a boat-hook, and gave it to him.

"I thought so," said Mr. Flitter, as he read it hurriedly. "Some of them have seen me in London, and Sloman knows I'm here. It's about the time, too. Wait a minute."

Mr. Straggles did as he was ordered—he could do nothing else—and waited in great fear and trepidation.

As soon as the coffee was brought, Mr. Flitter placed a bottle of wine that was on the sideboard in Mr. Straggles's hand; and, assuming a determined sepulchral voice, pointed to the river and said,

"Descend into the boat!"

"What! there! Pooh! stuff! I can't. What do you mean?"

"What I say; the bailiffs are after me; and I should n't wonder if they take you, too, as an accomplice. Get into the boat; we have not a second to spare. Away!"

Bewildered with the dilemma and the drink, Mr. Straggles took the bottle, and climbed down the ironwork in front of the window, scarcely knowing what he did. Mr. Flitter followed, when, as he was stepping down, he heard a cry, followed by a plunge amongst the billows on his lee which the last steamer had called up, and, on turning round, could just see the luckless Straggles disappearing under the surface of the water, his hand in the air, however, clutching the brandy-bottle as firmly as his friend, "The Standard Bearer," ever did his colours. In his flurry he had stepped on the side of the boat and gone over. Fortunately, however, it was not deep. Mr. Flitter and the waterman pulled him in again; and then the former said, "Go-a-head!" as the dark form of the Boulogne boat was observable coming down the river.

"Now, give way!" he said. "Get as close as you can on her larboard side, and go as if you were trying to race her."

As Mr. Flitter had expected, there was somebody on board look-

ing out. When the boat came up the man pulled near enough to her paddles to be interesting; a rope was thrown out and caught, and, when it was dragged amidst the boiling water in their wake to the side, Mr. Flitter pulled Mr. Straggles after him, and they stood on the deck. The waterman received a few shillings; a hurried recognition passed with the steward, who appeared to be a friend; a waiter was seen looking out of the distant coffee-room window; and the Boulogne boat kept on as if nothing had happened.

"I'm dripping!" were the first words that Mr. Straggles uttered, as, with chattering teeth and trembling form, he formed a small pond about him on the deck, till it ran out at the scuppers.

"Dear! dear! of course you are," said Mr. Flitter. "Here, come down to a berth, and get off your clothes as quickly as possible, and take some brandy."

Mr. Flitter dragged Mr. Straggles down to the cabin, and assisted him to skin off his wet clothing. Then making him swallow a glass of pure brandy, he put him into a berth, and told him to keep warm whilst his clothes were dried in the engine-room; and that he would let him know when they were near Gravesend, where he could be at once put on board the first steamer that was going up to town in the morning.

Mr. Straggles had curious visions. He dreamt he was a white-bait in a river of Badminton, wearing patent boots with red tops, and fighting for liberty and truth as Mr. Flitter's standard-bearer; then everybody he knew in the world was dining with him in a vast coffee-room, where all the tables kept going round and round in the air like an up-and-down at a fair, when the river rose, and all the fish got out of their dishes and attacked the company, until they called in the pensioners, who drove them out of the window; and a beautiful girl of the party was just going to ask him to take her out for a row in a continental steamer, he awoke.

It was broad daylight. The paddles had ceased to work, and the people had left their berths, and were now rushing down and snatching bags and baskets from remote corners of the cabin, ere they hurried up again. There were many feet shuffling over head, and uncouth voices were heard vociferating unintelligibly all at once.

"Gravesend!" cried Mr. Straggles as he started up; "and I am undressed! Halloo! steward, where are my things?"

"All right, sir," said the man bringing his clothes dry and folded. "We've had a rough passage though."

"Passage! Why, where are we?"

"I thought you'd wonder," said the steward. "You slept so heavily we couldn't rouse you all we could do; so Mr. Flitter said we had better leave you alone. Where do you go?"

"Oh! back to London by the next boat."

"Yes, sir, that's the 'Harlequin,' she goes at twelve to-night; and there's the 'Magician' to Dover; and the 'Queen of the French' to Folkstone, at eight to-morrow morning."

"Dover! Folkstone!" gasped Mr. Straggles. "What the devil do you mean! Where am I?"

"Just under the *douane*, sir, in Boulogne harbour," was the reply.

Mr. Straggles gave a shriek of anguish, and, covering his face with the sheet, to the discomfort of his legs, gave way to the wildest despair.



Mr. Richard Jones & the Ladies

MR. RICHARD JONES AND THE POLKA ;

OR, THE DANGER OF DELAY.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY J. LEECH.

"Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte."

It is with chastened feelings of unremorseful complacency that I give to the world my confession—in the words of a celebrated member of the Skating Club—that “my dancing days are over.” I am not old, nor crabbed, not ugly (that I know of), nor club-footed : but a social change has come over my Terpsichorean spirit ; and were I a be-whiskered and be-moustached cornet of the immortal “Tenth,” it were impossible to throw a greater degree of reproving pathos into my refusal, when I am asked to “stand up to dance.” Think not, reader, that from pique alone I have been driven into this strange idiosyncrasy : no, nor from a wandering wigwam life, nor tight boots, nor from any one of the many causes which incline some men to feel compunction in hopping about in crowded, mephitic ball-rooms. I claim all the sympathy which a singular, and as yet unprobed, affliction so justly demands ;—an affliction which never would have been blazoned forth to your unscrupulous gaze, had it not been for the thousand and one tiresome and impertinent questions and surmises to which, from time to time, I have been a victim. Here then, Lady Angelica Saraband, and you, Mrs. Gunter Rout, and you, especially, oh ! fair Hebe —, will you discover the true cause that has hitherto kept me in dark corners and outside of doors, and why I have so strenuously resisted all introduction to “eligible” partners. Listen then to an “ower true tale,” and suffer your gentle hearts to compassionate, before they learn to condemn.

It was the close of the London season, and I found myself one of a select circle met (some two or three years back) to assist in its last obsequies. Although the room was sufficiently empty, the heat was excessive ; and, in addition, that social languor—so peculiar to the time of the year—that tells of balls and dinners unrequited, and of flirts and bouquet-holders gone abroad, allowed the harp to eat its sandwiches unmolested, and the cornet-à-pistons to quaff its apocryphal sherry in peace. Still, to at least two persons in those drawing-rooms, the temporary cessation from the dance was attended by anything but inconvenience. I speak for myself,—for I was one of those two,—and if the other,—even after what has since happened,—can find it in her heart to say that it *was*, why, I am very much tempted never again to put trust in the eyes of woman.

Did I say that we were nearly concealed from the vulgar gaze in the embrasure of an open window, and that our hearts were throbbing with a warmth that no breeze, stolen from the sleeping streets beneath, might hope to chill ? Did I hint that, without speaking, we were watching for answers to the thoughts that alternately possessed us ? Did I tell you that, in a few months more, I looked forward to making my languid partner my wife ? If I omitted to do so, let it be distinctly understood that, as all this *was* the case, all further reference would be indelicate and superfluous.

There we were, I say, revelling in that most delicious of luxuries, double solitude in a crowd, dreading lest the deepening silence and

ennui perceptible through the ball-room should induce anxious mothers to cram jaded daughters into family coaches, and so break up our *tête-à-tête*. Of a sudden, a murmur, expressive of thought set in a new direction, reached our ears. The lady of the house, with a countenance which a reprieved convict might have copied with advantage, had ceased to fan herself, and looked, for the first time that night, as if she had invited all those souls into her rooms for her own gratification. A bright idea had just been broached. Count Thaddeus de Snezewowski, a Polish nobleman, of such undeniable exterior that even the Lord Mayor might have been proud of his acquaintance, had just inquired whether Mrs. Gunter Rout had ever seen the polka danced, and upon receiving a general answer in the negative, had volunteered to give a lesson on the spot. What was this *polka*? What was it like? Was it a becoming, or a pretty, or a proper dance? These and other similar queries were put and answered by many a fair girl; and each young lady hoped, whether fair or otherwise, (for Count Thaddeus was a handsome man,) that she might have him for a partner.

"At least, dearest," I had murmured to my companion, "we are saved the infliction of learning a new step. A few months, and what will the 'giddy maze' be to either of us?" It is easy to imagine what reply I should have received: but at that moment we were interrupted by Mrs. Gunter Rout, who, with her blandest smile, declared that she could not spare one of her available young ladies, as Count Thaddeus had been so good as to promise an unexpected treat.

"I assure you," began my Aurelia, with the prettiest demure look imaginable, "I, for one, would much rather not dance."

"But, my dear creature," pursued the tempter, "what will everybody say if you do not lend us your countenance? and a very pretty one indeed it is. Here is a gentleman to whom I am particularly supplicated to present you."

And there stood the odious Pole—the very Count Thaddeus—towering over the head of his hostess, and looking, the while, as if he were about to commit a very great sacrifice of himself, notwithstanding. I have barely the patience to say that the fellow had a moustache, which covers a multitude of sins, and many other things besides, if the truth were always spoken; and therefore my Aurelia turned to me with a winning smile, and requested my permission to try the new step. Of course; what could I say? As Aurelia appeared anxious to dance, it would have been vastly absurd in me to seem opposed to her wishes; and away they went; Mrs. Gunter Rout good naturedly observing to me, that they really made a very handsome couple. Not content with this fiendish remark, she was beginning to vow and declare that I *must* dance, and that she would introduce me to Miss Agatha Wall (a particular friend of her's), whom I had been settling in my own mind to have left her shoes at home, as she had not moved from her seat that night. This overture, however, I successfully resisted, and made my way to the door, resolved to have at least the gratification of indulging, together with a chosen few who infest that part of the room, and always make a point of laughing at everybody who can dance, in a witticism or two at the expense of the illustrious exile. In this, however, I was disappointed. Count Thaddeus neither tripped, nor stumbled, nor fell, nor protruded either of his boots through Aurelia's drapery. Miss Agatha Wall, by the way, proved by no means so fortunate as Aurelia. Her

partner (who had been long waiting for an opportunity of dancing; though without the express intention of making his *début* in a new figure), after audibly begging her pardon at least a dozen times for sundry flying kicks administered at irregular intervals, ended his unprecedented exertions by seating the fair *danseuse* upon the knees of an elderly gentleman who had been drawn from the whist-table in order to be a witness of the scene. In vain I sought Aurelia's eye, if only for an instant, that she might express by a glance the bore she must feel it to be whirling about, now in this corner and now in that, now spinning round in the middle of the room like a teetotum, and now again flying off at a tangent from a couple of those patient folk who are generally content to act as buffers in the general *mêlée*. But no: Aurelia was too busily engaged to be conscious that I was even in the room. She appeared flushed too; but whether her colour was attributable to the exercise of the dance or enjoyment of the scene, I was too impatient to determine. At length the limbs of the fanatics waxed faint: feebler and feebler the very musicians plied their vocations; and with a general crash of instruments and scuffle of feet, everybody stood still, heated and panting. The dance was over, and I endeavoured to rejoin Aurelia; but, to my mortification, I perceived that she was still leaning on the arm of that atrocious Pole, who was leading her down stairs to the carriage, in the wake of her mamma, whom my little friend, Alfred Skipper, was escorting in great pomp, and with much visible satisfaction. The faithless girl was apparently framing pretty excuses why her jaded bouquet should not be transferred to the bosom of Count Thaddeus; and as I followed close behind, I was compelled to overhear a part of their dialogue.

"Do, miss, now, if it sal please you; do give him unto me. I will keep him all for meself, and put him into waters, when I sal be at 'ome in Lesterre Square."

"Oh! I am sure nobody would care for these poor faded things. See—that rose is quite dead. Mamma, what do you think papa will do to Count Thaddeus for keeping the horses waiting so long?"

"I shall teach mister, your papa, de polka, and he sal forgive me everything. Ah! here we are!"

And now the shawl had been arranged for the last time, and the bouquet had been dropped by accident as the carriage drove off, leaving the count and Alfred Skipper in triumph on the steps.

"Are you ready to go?" I asked Skipper, who clubbed with me in Piccadilly.

"Yes, in one minute," he answered; but added, that the Count Thaddeus had proffered his company; so whilst the two were endeavouring to find hats that possessed a crown, I slipped out to try the air of the square, and think over what had passed.

The next morning found Skipper and myself lounging over a late breakfast. Neither of us felt very communicative, each apparently absorbed in his own thoughts, and only relapsing occasionally into sociability, to confound the coffee which was too weak, and the ham, which was of too contrary a tendency. Skipper was evidently brimfull of something which he died to communicate, whilst he obviously did not know how to begin.

"I say, old fellow," he remarked at length.

"Now then, what is it?" I replied, laying down the newspaper I had been feigning to read.

"It was a very jolly party last night; was n't it?"

"Not particularly, I think," I grumbled, as I returned to the advertisements.

"That fellow Szczezwowski, or whatever his name really is, danced that affair uncommonly well; did n't he?"

"I did not observe him. I thought it a horridly slow dance. I can't imagine how people can make such precious asses of themselves by hopping about in public like that."

"Well, I do n't know that it is so absurd after all. What would you say if I was to tell you that I was going to learn the polka?"

"You, Skipper!" I gasped in surprise.

"Is there anything so superlatively ridiculous in the idea of my dancing the polka?" inquired my small friend.

"No—not ridiculous, Skipper; but" (I longed to say, "You are too short, Skipper," but I durst not), "I think it is a dance which would not suit a man like yourself: it is too frivolous."

"Oh! hang frivolous! I do n't think Miss Baker found it frivolous last night. She seemed to get on pretty well with the Count."

"If you want to put yourself on a par with a hungry Pole, pray learn the polka."

"He's a good-looking fellow too. I'd learn it at once if I thought it would make me like him."

"Oh! you need merely go without your dinner, and let your beard grow," I growled, with a kick that sent all the fire-irons flying.

"I do n't know anything about that," said Skipper; "but I mean to learn the polka, and Count Thaddeus has put me up to a place where they teach you in no time."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; and I'm going to take my first lesson to-morrow evening. It's in Poland Street: won't you come?"

"See you—taught first," I replied.

"As you please: only don't afterwards complain of my having cut you out, that's all," and the little wretch chuckled obviously.

I surveyed my small friend with a glance which I flattered myself went further than any verbal reply I might make to his remark. It was compounded of the following reflections:—How prone little men are to swaggering; and when they swell their small carcasses the fullest, how much the more empty and insignificant do they appear!

From that time I rather avoided Skipper's society. I was piqued—I knew not why—but chiefly because he was going to learn this polka. What could it matter to me whether he wore pumps or boots, or whether he hopped upon one leg or two? But still I could not help feeling that Skipper was somehow or other going to do the very thing that I had seen the Polish Count do the other evening. He would dance with Aurelia Baker. He would perhaps,—to use his own impertinent expression,—cut me out! The worst of it was, he would not learn the infernal dance quietly. He would whistle snatches of outlandish melody, and accompany himself in one—two—three—four times with his feet. If I went to bed early, he would, in his return from his lessons, be skating about the sitting-room half the night—striking, as he called it, whilst the iron was hot. If I wanted to snooze of a morning, after having been up late, he would, as a matter of course, be particularly wakeful, and still skating, but with renewed vigour. This state of things could not last

long. I was getting thin, off my feed, and miserable. I saw very little of Aurelia. She had revenged herself upon me by being, or pretending to be, piqued at my determined hostility to Count Thaddeus. One night I again met her at a party. We had re-approached our former position, and were growing pathetic, when I heard the well-known air strike up, and saw every other person's head in the room wagging like the pendulum of an eight-day clock.

"Of course, you are going to dance the polka." I said.

"Yes," replied Amelia, with one of her sweetest smiles. "I am going to dance with Mr. Skipper. You have no idea how nicely he dances it. He has only learnt so short a time. I wonder you don't learn it too."

Up came Skipper—gloves and boots as tight as wax. A bow, an arm, and—polka *da capo*.

That night worked a mighty revolution in me. I made up my mind to learn it too!

I was walking home with Skipper. Taking my cigar out of my mouth, and looking at it as though I were surprised to find it there, I asked,

"Where did you say you took your lessons in the polka?"

"At No. 1½, Poland-street. Are you going to learn it at last?"

"No—yes—that is, I think it possible that I may!"

"Well, I'm going there to-morrow evening to take a last lesson, and if you like to come, I'll introduce you to Mademoiselle de la Rose."

Mademoiselle Mélanie de la Rose had once been a princess, or something in her own right, and in her own country—two positions that are very often convertible. However, upon the same principle that her august sovereign had once upon a time given five shilling lessons in French to little English boys, this amiable and disinterested lady was good enough so far to forego the dignities of her rank, as to teach the polka in five lessons, and in Poland-street. Mademoiselle was tall and thin, with the remains of a pretty foot and ankle, and a substratum of good looks well nigh rubbed out by too constant application to the rouge-pot. She was, of course, charmed to see me, and confident, from the very first, that I should prove the most promising of her *élèves*. Well, after graduating for some time with Alfred Skipper, with the occasional diversion of a fat, snuffy Frenchman, for my partner, I was pronounced as nearly perfect in the science as it was possible to make me. With what pride did I anticipate leading out my Aurelia in the dance, and occasionally treading on the feet of Count Thaddeus *en passant*. Skipper and myself were once more bosom friends, and were to be seen, at all hours, in season and out of season, rushing about amongst our chairs and tables, practising in dressing-gown and slippers. Whilst thus engaged one morning, two notes were brought me. They ran as follows:—

"DEAR MR. JONES,

"Aurelia complains that we now *never* see you. Pray come and dine to-morrow at half-past seven. We shall be alone: but positively you are such a stranger, that you should have somebody to introduce you.

"Ever, dear Mr. Jones, most sincerely yours,

"MARIA BAKER."

"Gloucester Place, Monday morning."

"MON TRES-CHER MONSIEUR JONES,

"You did promise that you would come and dance one little more polka, in order to make you quite *parfait*. I shall wait for you this evening, as I have two three young gentlemen, as will have de honour to meet you, and make up de class.

"With sentiments of the very highest consideration,

"I have the honour to be, your very devoted servant,

"MELANIE DE LA ROSE."

"1½, Poland Street, Monday morning."

As I rather pique myself upon my notes, I cannot resist giving my replies. The first was to Mrs Baker.

"With the greatest pleasure in the world.

"Ever yours,

"RICHARD JONES."

"300, Piccadilly, Monday morning."

"IRRESISTIBLE MADEMOISELLE MELANIE,

"With mingled feelings of pleasure and pain do I receive your note—pleasure, that I shall once more have the inexpressible felicity of seeing you—pain, that we shall meet for the last time. However, I shall always remember the pleasant hours I have passed in your society. I shall owe it entirely to yourself if I prove successful in my new character; but alas! I fear that the lady of whom I have spoken to you, will not be as lenient a judge as you have been.

"Believe me, *tout à vous*

"RICHARD JONES."

"300, Piccadilly, Monday morning."

I hurried the notes into the envelopes, and sent them off to the post. That night, I took my last lesson, and a touching farewell of Mademoiselle Mélanie de la Rose. I had now arrived at the grand object for which I had been labouring. I could dance the polka! How would Aurelia thank me for all the trouble that I had taken!

The next evening—I felt it to be an eventful one. I took peculiar pains with my attire. I thought it not impossible that we might get up a *à-la-mode* polka, as Mrs. Baker could play a very good country-dance, which would do just as well. If I thought that it could interest my readers to know, I might indulge them in wondrous relations of the *poirelle*, which, upon that occasion, graced my neck, and of the silk boots, of marvellous texture, into which I inducted my feet. Suffice it to say, that my personal decorations were in a style utterly regardless of expense, and that, as I took a last glimpse at myself in the glass, I pronounced myself, without vanity, as doing full justice to them. I arrived at the door of my Aurelia. In vain did I try to catch the fluttering shadow of a muslin dress at the window; or, better still, a pair of bright eyes looking furtively into the street. The green blinds (most appropriately named by our neighbours) were drawn down with unaccustomed rigour. Every thing was as silent as the grave. However, I was on such intimate terms with the family, that, even supposing that I had mistaken the night, I was in no immediate dread of the consequences. I paid my cabman double his fare, following the custom of scrupulous young gentlemen who are anxious to avoid creating an unfavourable impression by engaging in a "combat of two—not in the

bills,"—upon the steps, and knocked loudly at the door. Never before had I been kept waiting there so long; and I call the sun, which was setting that evening with peculiar brilliancy on my visage, to attest the fact. At length the factotum of the Bakers made his appearance; and there was in his demeanour something of unusual dignity, almost amounting to severity.

"Is the family all well, Jenkins?" I asked.

"As well as can be expected, sir," was the dubious reply.

"I am not late, I hope."

"No, sir, you are not late. Master has been expecting to see you, though, some little time."

"To see me, has he? Where is he?"

"Will you be pleased to walk into the library, sir?"

Now, when fathers of families request bachelors to accompany them in a "constitutional," into that part of the house they are pleased for the nonce to designate, as "library," "study," and so forth, and to invite discussion upon matters of social finance in connexion with daughters in the drawing-room, it is a fearful moment. But I vow that, having survived the terrors of a similar interview, I was rather taken aback upon the present occasion, without having actual grounds to anticipate anything one quarter so dreadful. I had no time, however, to indulge in either fear or surprise, as Mr. Jenkins opened the library-door, and I was, forthwith, face-to-face with my future father-in-law.

"How do you do, my dear sir?" I said, anxious to have the first word; as I really was afraid, from the ominous look of the old gentleman, that something was wrong.

"I am quite well, I thank you, Mr. Jones," returned Mr. Baker, with a prodigious emphasis on the personal pronoun.

"I was afraid that I might not have had the pleasure of meeting you this evening. I thought you might have gone to the Royal Institution."

"This is Tuesday evening, and you are aware there is no lecture there," gravely returned my "*beau père*."

"Oh! true. But how is Madame, and Aurelia—how is she? I have not seen her for an age."

"My wife is pretty well, thank you; and Aurelia is as well as can be expected."

As well as can be expected! once more that extraordinary phrase. What could he mean. Deuce take the old fellow. I could almost swear that I saw something very like a tear in his eye, as he answered me. What could be the matter with him?

"That's well. *Apropos*, Jenkins tells me that you have something to say to me. I am all attention, sir."

"I have something to say to you. But cannot your own mind suggest to you its import?" demanded Mr. Baker.

"I fear my mind is not sufficiently original to suggest anything of the sort," I replied. "Confess, my dear sir, what is the agreeable surprise you are planning for me?"

"As for surprise, I cannot answer for that. I can but hope it will not be agreeable to you," he drily replied.

"In one word, sir, I am quite at a loss to imagine what you possibly can mean. Pray, enlighten me."

"I scarcely expected, Mr. Jones, to have had the pleasure of your society this evening. However, I gave directions, that should you per-

not in coming—I beg you will not interrupt me—I might have the opportunity of making a final appeal to your feelings as a gentleman, and requesting that, as the only favor you could show me, you would not intrude your presence where it cannot be desirable. You have, indeed, played the farce too long, and you must excuse the spectators beginning to grow weary of the performance. However that may be, sir, I am a father."

I was about to express my deep-rooted conviction of the fact, but he prevented me.

"I am a father, sir, and, as a father, I have duties to perform, which do not admit of any delay; and I am bound to see that the feelings of my daughter are not tampered with by a man who has too little regard for himself to be able to appreciate them. I must be permitted to remark, Mr. Jones, that I cannot but think you are compromising your own character, as well as the affections of my daughter, by carrying on a secret correspondence with another woman, at the same time that you are professing to pay your addresses to Aurelia."

"What can you mean, Mr. Baker?" I asked, in a state of the most utter stupefaction.

"That, sir, will doubtless explain all to the least candid capacity," and he tossed towards me my note of the preceding day to *Mademoiselle Meline de la Rose*.

"And what does this prove, sir, may I ask?"

"It proves just sufficient to be an excuse for not further discussing the question with you. I am grieved and disappointed—we are all so—at the duplicity of your conduct. Your own heart must condemn you. Good evening to you, Mr. Jones."

"But may I not explain this most absurd mistake?"

"Not to me; it admits of no explanation."

"But Aurelia—may I not see her?"

"Certainly not—least of all on such a subject. Her feelings have received quite sufficient violence already. Good evening."

"But listen, sir. That woman is but a professor of dancing. She taught me the polka. That is all I ever saw or heard of her. Surely you must see that you are mistaken."

"I cannot think so," returned Mr. Baker, with a bitter smile. "We all know your inveterate dislike to the dance too well, to suppose anything of the sort. Your manner, too, has become so cold and estranged of late. At least you need not have spoken to others, certainly not to *this person*, in the harsh manner you have done of Miss Baker. Good evening to you, sir, I must request that you will retire."

With a wave of the hand, the old gentleman rose from his seat and rang the bell. I had no other alternative than to take up my hat and walk out of the room, feeling about as crushed and utterly ashamed of myself as it is possible for any man, who knows that he has right on his side, to do. Mr. Jenkins was in attendance to do the last honors at the door, and his starched figure was drawn up to its full height as he fell back, as though to avoid the possibility of contact with one so degraded as myself. If I had picked a pocket, or had been discovered clearing the dining-table of the spoons and forks, I could not have experienced such an utter moral smallness as on that occasion. There was no cab within hail either, and the sun blazed away upon my fevered face with malicious heat. At length I met a friendly "Hansom," and hid my

joinville, my silk boots, and my misery in the lumbering vehicle. Whether the motion of the cab roused my biliary emotions, I cannot tell, but when I stepped into my chambers, I was unconscious, for the moment, of everything but the cruel injustice under which I smarted. That night, I felt that I could defy the whole world—fifty Skippers, one hundred Poles, and Aurelia herself included. I sat down to dinner with the savage appetite of an Esquimaux, then lighted the strongest cigar that I could lay my hands upon, and mixed myself a reeking tumbler of whisky-toddy. Whether I repeated the dose or not, I cannot tell; but when I awoke the next morning, I found my feet upon the pillow, and a considerable pain in my head.

I left my chambers, giving some idle excuse or other to Skipper, whom I fervently hoped never to see or hear from again. In this latter aspiration, however, I was disappointed. About six months ago, I got a note which ran as follows:—

“DEAR JONES,

“Holly Grove, Brixton.

“Are you dead—and where buried? Aurelia and myself intend giving a house-warming, a polka, or something of that sort, on the 25th of next month. Do come,

“And believe me, very truly yours, ALFRED SKIPPER.”

Can anybody be surprised, after this, that I made a vow never to dance again, and—kept it?

THE LADY EDITH.

WITHIN a tapestried chamber, where old trees cast quivering shade,
A lady sat with mournful looks, in sable robes array'd;
Though evening hours were stealing past, no festival of night
Awoke soft thrilling music's spell, or flash'd back dazzling light.
The Lady Edith sat alone,
Musing on the years bygone.

The evening hours as ages roll, have faded by like these,
The setting sun behind those hills, the moon above the trees;
Departed eyes of youth and age have gazed upon this scene,
From out that oriel window which, for centuries hath been.
The Lady Edith gazed this eve,
And sad fancies she did weave.

Thence she had gazed in youth's light hours, and wish'd to flee away,
Over the waving tree-tops, to sport amid the gay;
And she had deemed those wooded hills, stern barriers to be past,
Hiding life's pleasures spread beyond, without one cloud o'ercast.
The Lady Edith heaved a sigh,
For youth, and youth's bright memory.

And now within her ancient halls, a refuge she hath sought.
Hath joy or sorrow track'd her path, by dear experience bought?
Where are the loves of youth, the hopes of those departed years?
Speak, lonely hours! speak, wasted form! speak, evening's silent tears!
The Lady Edith, oh! she wept—
Hope its promise hath not kept!

Down from the green hills sweet scents come, as they were wont of old;
There layeth the garden—there the lake, mysterious, still, and cold;
But where is the hand that pluck'd the sweets of the antique eglantine,
Saying to her on a night like this, “My heart, beloved, is thine?”
The Lady Edith turns away
From the quiet scene, to weep and pray.

C. A. M. W.

CAPTAIN SPIKE;
OR, THE ISLETS OF THE GULF.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PILOT," "RED ROVER," ETC.

I might have pass'd that lovely cheek,
Nor, perchance, my heart have left me;
But the sensitive blush that came trembling there,
Of my heart it for ever bereft me,
Who could blame had I loved that face,
Ere my eyes could twice explore her;
Yet it is for the fairy intelligence there,
And her warm, warm heart I adore her.

WOLFE.

CHAPTER XI.

THE stories of the respective parties who had thus so strangely met on that barren and isolated rock, were soon told. Harry confirmed all Jack's statements as to his own proceedings, and Rose had little more to say than to add how much her own affections had led her to risk in his behalf. In a word, ten minutes made each fully acquainted with the other's movements. Then Tier considerably retired to the boat, under the pretence of winding it, and seeing everything ready for a departure, but as much to allow the lovers the ten or fifteen minutes of uninterrupted discourse that they now enjoyed, as for any other reason.

It was a strange scene that now offered on the rock. By this time the fire was burning not only brightly, but fiercely, shedding its bright light far and near. Under its most brilliant rays stood Harry and Rose, both smiling and happy, delighted in their meeting, and for the moment forgetful of all but their present felicity. Never, indeed, had Rose appeared more lovely than under these circumstances. Her face was radiant with those feelings which had so recently changed from despair to delight—a condition that is ever most propitious to beauty, and charms that always appeared feminine and soft, now seemed elevated to a bright benignancy that might best be likened to our fancied images of angels. The mild, beaming, serene, and intelligent blue eyes, the cheeks flushed with happiness, the smiles that came so easily, and were so replete with tenderness, and the rich hair, deranged by the breeze, and moistened by the air of the sea, each and all, perhaps, borrowed some additional lustre from the peculiar light under which they were exhibited. As for Harry, happiness had thrown all the disadvantages of exposure, want of dress, and a face that had not felt the razor for six-and-thirty hours, into the background. When he left the wreck he had cast aside his cap and his light summer jacket, in order that they might not encumber him in swimming, but both had been recovered when he returned with the boat to take off his friends. In his ordinary sea-attire, then, he now stood, holding Rose's two hands, in front of the fire, every garment clean and white as the waters of the ocean could make them, but all

betraying some of the signs of his recent trials. His fine countenance was full of the love he bore for the intrepid and devoted girl who had risked so much in his behalf; and a painter might have wished to preserve the expressions of ardent, manly admiration which glowed in his face, answering to the gentle sympathy and womanly tenderness it met in that of Rose.

The back-ground of this picture was the wide, even surface of the coral reef, with its exterior setting of the dark and gloomy sea. On the side of the channel, however, appeared the boat, already winded, with Biddy still on the rock, looking kindly at the lovers by the fire, while Jack was holding the painter, beginning to manifest a little impatience at the delay.

"They 'll stay there an hour, holding each other's hands, and looking into each other's faces," half grumbled the little, rotund, assistant steward, anxious to be on his way back to the brig, "unless a body gives 'em a call. Captain Spike will be in no very good humour to receive you and me on board ag'in, if he should find out what sort of a trip we've been making hereway."

"Let 'em alone—let 'em alone, Jacky," answered the good-natured and kind-hearted Irishwoman. "It's happy they bees just now; and it does my eyes good to look at 'em."

"Ay, they're happy enough *now*; I only hope it may last."

"Last! what should help it's lasting? Miss Rose is so good, and so handsome—and she's a fortin', too; and the mate so nice a young man. Think of the likes of them, Jack, wanting the blessed gift of wather, and all within one day and two nights. Sure it's Providence that takes care of us, and not we ourselves! Kings on their thrones isn't as happy as *them* at this moment."

"Men's willians!" growled Jack; "and more fools women for trustin' 'em."

"Not sich a nice young man as our mate, Jacky; no, not he. Now the mate of the ship I came from Liverpool in, this time ten years agone, he was a villain. He grudged us our potaties, and our own bread; and he grudged us every dhrap of swate wather that went into our mouths. Call him a villain, if you will, Jack; but niver call the likes of Mr. Mulford by so hard a name."

"I wish him well, and nothing else; and for that very reason must put a stop to his looking so fondly into that young woman's face. Time won't stand still, Biddy, to suit the wishes of lovers; and Stephen Spike is a man not to be trifled with. Halloo, there, maty! it's high time to think of getting under way."

At this summons both Harry and Rose started, becoming aware of the precious moments they were losing. Carrying a large portion of the turtle, the former moved toward the craft, in which all were seated in less than three minutes, with the sail loose, and the boat in motion. For a few moments the mate was so much occupied with Rose, that he did not advert to the course; but one of his experience could not long be misled on such a point, and he turned suddenly to Tier, who was steering, to remonstrate.

"How's this, Jack?" cried Mulford; "you've got the boat's head the wrong way."

"Not I, sir. She's heading for the brig as straight as she can go. This wind favours us on both legs; and it's lucky it does, for 'twill be

hard on upon daylight afore we are alongside of her. You'll want half an hour of dark, at the very least, to get a good start of the Swash, in case she makes sail a'ter you."

"Straight for the brig!—what have we to do with the brig? Our course is for Key West, unless it might be better to run down before the wind to the Dry Tortugas again, and look for the sloop-of-war. Duty, and perhaps my own safety, tells me to let Captain Mull know what Spike is about with the Swash; and I shall not hesitate a moment about doing it, after all that has passed. Give me the helm, Jack, and let us ware short round on our heel."

"Never, Master Maty,—never. I must go back to the brig. Miss Rose, there, knows that my business is with Stephen Spike, and with him only."

"And I must return to my aunt, Harry," put in Rose herself. "It would never do for me to desert my aunt, you know."

"And I have been taken from that rock, to be given up to the tender mercies of Spike again?"

This was said rather in surprise, than in a complaining way; and it at once induced Rose to tell the young man the whole of their project.

"Never, Harry,—never!" she said firmly. "It is our intention to return to the brig ourselves, and let you escape in the boat afterwards. Jack Tier is of opinion this can be done without much risk, if we use proper caution, and do not lose too much time. On no account would I consent to place you in the hands of Spike again—death would be preferable to that, Harry!"

"And on no account can or will I consent to place *you* again in the hands of Spike, Rose," answered the young man. "Now that we know his intentions, such an act would be almost impious."

"Remember my aunt, dear Harry. What would be her situation in the morning, when she found herself deserted by her niece and Biddy—by me, whom she has nursed and watched from childhood, and whom she loves so well."

"I shall not deny your obligations to your aunt, Rose, and your duty to her under ordinary circumstances. But these are not ordinary circumstances; and it would be courting the direst misfortunes, nay, almost braving Providence, to place yourself in the hands of that scoundrel again, now that you are clear of them."

"Spike's a willian!" muttered Jack.

"And my desartin' the missus would be a sin that no praste would overlook 'asily," put in Biddy. "When Miss Rose told me of this v'y'ge that she meant to make in the boat wid Jack Tier, I asked to come along, that I might take care of her, and see that there was plenty of wather; but ill-luck befall me if I would have t'ought of sich a thing as the missus deserted."

"We can then run alongside of the brig, and put Biddy and Jack on board of her," said Mulford, reflecting a moment on what had just been said, "when you and I can make the best of our way to Key West, where the means of sending government vessels out after the Swash will soon offer. In this way we can not only get our friends out of the lion's jaws, but keep out of them ourselves."

"Reflect a moment, Harry," said Rose, in a low voice, but not without tenderness in its tones; "it would not do for me to go off alone with you in this boat."

"Not when you have confessed your willingness to go over the wide world with me, Rose—with me, and with me only?"

"Not even then, Harry. I know you will think better of this, when your generous nature has time to reason with your heart on my account."

"I can only answer in your own words, Rose—never. If you return to the Swash, I shall go on board with you, and throw defiance into the very teeth of Spike. I know the men do not dislike me, and, perhaps, assisted by Señor Montefalderon, and a few friends among the people, I can muster a force that will prevent my being thrown into the sea."

Rose burst into tears, and then succeeded many minutes, during which Mulford was endeavouring, with manly tenderness, to soothe her. As soon as our heroine recovered her self-command, she began to discuss the matter at issue between them more coolly. For half an hour everything was urged by each that feeling, affection, delicacy, or distrust of Spike could well urge, and Mulford was slowly getting the best of the argument, as well he might, the truth being mostly of his side. Rose was bewildered, really feeling a strong reluctance to quit her aunt, even with so justifiable a motive, but principally shrinking from the appearance of going off alone in a boat, and almost in the open sea, with Mulford. Had she loved Harry less, her scruples might not have been so active, but the consciousness of the strength of her attachment, as well as her fixed intention to become his wife the moment it was in her power to give him her hand with the decencies of her sex, contributed strangely to prevent her yielding to the young man's reasoning. On the subject of the aunt, the mate made out so good a case, that it was apparent to all in the boat Rose would have to abandon that ground of refusal. Spike had no object to gain by ill-treating Mrs. Budd; and the probability certainly was that he would get rid of her as soon as he could, and in the most easy manner. This was so apparent to all, that Harry had little difficulty in getting Rose to assent to its probability. But there remained the reluctance to go off alone with the mate in a boat. This part of the subject was more difficult to manage than the other; and Mulford betrayed as much by the awkwardness with which he managed it. At length the discussion was brought to a close by Jack Tier suddenly saying,—

"Yonder is the brig; and we are heading for her as straight as if she was the pole, and the keel of this boat was a compass. I see how it is, Miss Rose, and a'ter all, I must give in. I suppose some other opportunity will offer for me to get on board the brig ag'in, and I'll trust to that. If you won't go off with the mate alone, I suppose you'll not refuse to go off in my company."

"Will you accompany us, Jack? This is more than I had hoped for! Yes, Harry, if Jack Tier will be of the party, I will trust my aunt to Biddy, and go with you to Key West, in order to escape from Spike."

This was said so rapidly, and so unexpectedly, as to take Mulford completely by surprise. Scarcely believing what he heard, the young man was disposed at first to feel hurt, though a moment's reflection showed him that he ought to rejoice in the result, let the cause be what it might.

"More than I had hoped for!" he could not refrain from repeating a little bitterly, "is Jack Tier, then, of so much importance, that *his* company is thought preferable to mine!"

"Hush, Harry!" said Rose, laying her hand on Mulford's arm, by way of strengthening her appeal. "Do not say *that*. You are ignorant of circumstances; at another time you shall know them, but not now. Let it be enough for the present, that I promise to accompany you if Jack will be of our party."

"Ay, ay, Miss Rose, I will be of the party, seeing there is no other way of getting the lamb out of the jaws of the wolf. A'ter all, it may be the wisest thing I can do, though back to the Swash I must and *will* come, powder or no powder, treason or no treason, at the first opportunity. Yes, *my* business is with the Molly, and to the Molly I shall return. It's lucky, Miss Rose, since you have made up your mind to ship for this new cruise, that I bethought me of telling Biddy to make up a bundle of duds for me. This carpet-bag has a change or two in it, and all owing to my forethought. Your woman said 'Miss Rose will come back wid us, Jack, and what's the use of rumpiling the clothes for a few hours' sail in the boat;' but I knew woman-kind better, and foreseed that if master mate fell in alongside of you ag'in, you would not be apt to part company very soon."

"I thank you, Jack, for the provision made for my comfort; though a little money would have added to it materially. My purse has a little gold in it, but a very little, and I fear you are not much better off, Harry. It will be awkward to find ourselves in Key West penniless."

"We shall not be quite that. I left the brig absolutely without a cent, but foreseeing that necessity might make them of use, I borrowed half-a-dozen of the doubloons from the bag of Señor Montefulderon, and, fortunately, they are still in my pocket. All I am worth in the world is in a bag of half-eagles, rather more than a hundred altogether, which I left in my chest, in my own state-room, aboard the brig."

"You'll find that in the carpet-bag, too, master mate," said Jack, coolly.

"Find what, man—not my money, surely?"

"Ay, every piece of it. Spike broke into your chest this a'ternoon, and made me hold the tools while he was doing it. He found the bag, and overhauled it—a hundred and seven half, eleven quarter, and one full-grown eagle, was the count. When he had done the job he put all back ag'in, a'ter giving me the full-grown eagle for my share of the plunder, and told me to say nothing of what I had seen. I did say nothing, but I did a good bit of work, for, while he was at supper, I confiscated that bag, as they call it—and you will find it there among Miss Rose's clothes, with the full-grown gentleman back in his nest ag'in."

"This is being not only honest, Tier," cried Mulford, heartily, "but thoughtful. One half that money shall be yours for this act."

"I thank'e, sir; but I'll not touch a cent of it. It came hard, I know, Mr. Mulford; for my own hands have smarted too much with tar, not to know that the seaman 'earns his money like the horse.'"

"Still it would not be 'spending it like an ass,' Jack, to give you a portion of mine. But there will be other opportunities to talk of this. It is a sign of returning to the concerns of life, Rose, that money be-

gins to be of interest to us. How little did we think of the doubloons or half-eagles, a few hours since, when on the wreck?"

"It was wather that we t'ought of then," put in Biddy. "Goold is good in a market, or in a town, or to send back to Ireland to help a body's aged fader or mudder in comfort wid; but wather is the blessed thing on a wrack!"

"The brig is coming quite plainly into view, and you had better give me the helm, Jack. It is time to bethink us of the manner of approaching her, and how we are to proceed when alongside."

This was so obviously true that everybody felt disposed to forget all other matters, in order to conduct the proceedings of the next twenty minutes with the necessary prudence and caution. When Mulford first took the helm, the brig was just coming clearly into view, though still looking a little misty and distant. She might then have been half a league distant, and would not have been visible at all by that light, but for the circumstance that she had no background to swallow up her outlines. Drawn against clouds, above which the rays of the moon were shed, her tracery was to be discerned, however, and, minute by minute, it was getting to be more and more distinct, until it was now so plainly to be seen as to admonish the mate of the necessity of preparation in the manner mentioned.

Tier now communicated to the mate his own proposed manner of proceeding. The brig tended to the trades, the tides having very little influence on her, in the bight of the reef where she lay. As the wind stood at about east south-east, the brig's stern pointed to about west north-west, while the boat was coming down the passage from a direction nearly north from her, having, as a matter of course, the wind just free enough to lay her course. Jack's plan was to pass the brig to windward, and, having got well on her bow, to brail the sail, and drift down upon her, expecting to fall in alongside, abreast of the fore-chains, into which he had intended to help Biddy, and to ascend himself, when he supposed that Mulford would again make sail, and carry off his mistress. To this scheme the mate objected that it was awkward, and a little lubberly. He substituted one in its place that differed in seamanship, and which was altogether better. Instead of passing to windward, Mulford suggested the expediency of approaching to leeward, and of coming alongside under the open bow-port letting the sheet fly and brailing the sail, when the boat should be near enough to carry her to the point of destination without further assistance from her canvas.

Jack Tier took his officer's improvement on his own plan in perfect good part, readily and cheerfully expressing his willingness to aid the execution of it all that lay in his power. As the boat sailed unusually well, there was barely time to explain to each individual his or her part in the approaching critical movements, ere the crisis itself drew near; then each of the party became silent and anxious, and events were regarded rather than words.

It is scarcely necessary to say that Mulford sailed a boat well. He held the sheet in his hand, as the little craft came up under the lee-quarter of the brig, while Jack stood by the brail. The eyes of the mate glanced over the hull of the vessel to ascertain, if possible, who might be stirring; but not a sign of life could he detect on board her.

This very silence made Mulford more distrustful and anxious, for he

feared a trap was set for him. He expected to see the head of one of the blacks at least peering over the bulwarks, but nothing like a man was visible. It was too late to pause, however, and the sheet was slowly eased off, Jack hauling on the brail at the same time; the object being to prevent the sail's flapping and the sound reaching the ears of Spike. As Mulford used great caution, and had previously schooled Jack on the subject, this important point was successfully achieved. Then the mate put his helm down, and the boat shot up under the vessel's lee-bow. Jack was ready to lay hold of one of the bowsprit shrouds, and presently the boat was breasted up under the desired port, and secured in that position. Mulford quitted the stern-sheets, and cast a look in upon deck. Nothing was to be seen, though he heard the heavy breathing of the blacks, both of whom were sound asleep on a sail that they had spread on the fore-castle.

The mate whispered for Biddy to come to the port. This the Irish woman did at once, having kissed Rose, and taken her leave of her previously. Tier also came to the port, through which he passed, getting on deck with a view to assist Biddy, who was awkward, almost as a matter of course, to pass through the same opening. He had just succeeded, when the whole party was startled, some of them almost petrified, indeed, by a hail from the quarter-deck in the well-known deep tones of Spike.

"For'ard, there?" hailed the captain. Receiving no answer, he immediately repeated, in a shorter, quicker call, "Fore-castle, there?"

"Sir," answered Jack Tier, who by this time had come to his senses.

"Who has the look-out on that fore-castle?"

"I have it, sir—I, Jack Tier. You know, sir, I was to have it from two 'till daylight."

"Ay, ay, I remember now. How does the brig ride to her anchor?"

"As steady as a church, sir. She has had no more sheer the whole watch than if she was moored head and stern."

"Does the wind stand as did?"

"No change, sir. As dead a trade wind as ever blowed."

"What hard breathin' is that I hear for'ard?"

"'Tis the two niggers, sir. They've turned in on deck, and are napping it off at the rate of six knots. There's no keepin' way with a nigger in snoring."

"I thought I heard loud whispering, too, but I suppose it was a sort of half-dream. I'm often in that way now-a-days. Jack!"

"Sir."

"Go to the scuttle-butt and get me a pot of fresh water,—my coppers are hot with hard thinking."

Jack did as ordered, and soon stood beneath the coach-house deck with Spike, who had come out of the state-room heated and uneasy at he knew not what. The captain drank a full pint of water at a single draught.

"That's refreshing," he said, returning Jack the tin-pot, "and I feel the cooler for it. How much does it want of daylight, Jack?"

"Two hours, I think, sir. The order was passed to me to have all hands called as soon as it was broad day."

"Ay, that is right. We must get our anchor and be off as soon as

there is light to do it in. Doubloons may melt as well as flour, and are best cared for soon, when cared for at all."

"I shall see and give the call as soon as it is day. I hope, Captain Spike, I can take the liberty of an old ship-mate, however, and say one thing to you, which is this,—look out for the Pough-keepsie, which is very likely to be on your heels when you least expect her."

"That's your way of thinking, is it, Jack. Well, I thank you, old one, for the hint, but have little fear of that craft. We've tried our legs together, and I think the brig has the longest."

As the captain said this, he gaped like a hound, and went into his state-room. Jack lingered on the quarter-deck, waiting to hear him fairly in his berth, when he made a sign to Biddy, who had got as far aft as the galley, where she was secreted, to pass down into the cabin as silently as possible. In a minute or two more he moved forward, singing in a low, cracked voice, as was often his practice, and slowly made his way to the fore-castle. Mulford was just beginning to think the fellow had changed his mind, and meant to stick by the brig, when the little, rotund figure of the assistant-steward was seen passing through the port, and to drop noiselessly on a thwart. Jack then moved to the bow, and cast off the painter, the head of the boat slowly falling off under the pressure of the breeze on that part of her mast and sail which rose above the hull of the Swash. Almost at the same moment the mate let go the stern-fast, and the boat was free.

It required some care to set the sail without the canvas flapping. It was done, however, before the boat fairly took the breeze, when all was safe. In half a minute the wind struck the sail, and away the little craft started, passing swiftly ahead of the brig. Soon as far enough off, Mulford put up his helm and wore short round, bringing the boat's head to the northward, or in its proper direction; after which they flew along before the wind, which seemed to be increasing in force, with a velocity that really appeared to defy pursuit. All this time the brig lay in its silence and solitude, no one stirring on board her, and all, in fact, Biddy alone excepted, profoundly ignorant of what had just been passing alongside of her. Ten minutes of running off with a flowing sheet, caused the Swash to look indistinct and hazy again; in ten minutes more she was swallowed up, hull, spars, and all, in the gloom of night.

Mulford and Rose now felt something like that security, without the sense of which happiness itself is but an uneasy feeling, rendering the anticipations of evil the more painful by the magnitude of the stake. There they sat, now, in the stern-sheets by themselves, Jack Tier having placed himself near the bows of the boat, to look out for rocks, as well as to trim the craft. It was not long before Rose was leaning on Harry's shoulder, and ere an hour was past, she had fallen into a sweet sleep in that attitude, the young man having carefully covered her person with a capacious shawl, the same that had been used on the wreck. As for Jack, he maintained his post in silence, sitting with his arms crossed, and the hands thrust into the breast of his jacket, sailor fashion, a picture of nautical vigilance. It was some time after Rose had fallen asleep, that this singular being spoke for the first time.

"Keep her away a bit, maty," he said, "keep her away, half a point

or so, she's been travellin' like a racer since we left the brig; and yonder's the first streak of day."

"By the time we have been running," observed Mulford, "I should think we must be getting near the northern side of the reef."

"All of that, sir, depend on it. Here's a rock close aboard on us, to which we are coming fast,—just off here, on your weather bow, that looks to me like the place where you landed after that swim, and where we had stowed ourselves when Stephen Spike made us out, and gave us chase."

"It is surprising to me, Jack, that you should have any fancy to stick by a man of Spike's character. He is a precious rascal, as we all can see, now, and you are rather an honest sort of a fellow."

"Do you love the young woman there, that's lying in your arms, as it might be, and whom you say you wish to marry?"

"The question is a queer one, but it is easily answered. More than my life, Jack."

"Well, how happens it that *you* succeed, when the world has so many other young men who might please her as well as yourself?"

"It may be that no other loves her as well, and she has had the sagacity to discover it."

"Quite likely. So it is with me and Stephen Spike. I fancy a man whom other folk despise and condemn. *Why* I stand by him is my own secret; but stand by him I do and will."

"This is all very strange, after your conduct on the island, and your conduct to-night. I shall not disturb your secret, however, Jack, but leave you to enjoy it by yourself. Is this the rock of which you spoke, that we are now passing?"

"The same; and there is the spot in which we was stowed when they made us out from the brig; and hereaway, a cable's length, more or less, the wreck of that Mexican craft must lie."

"What is that rising above the water, thereaway, Jack; more on our weather-beam?"

"I see what you mean, sir; it looks like a spar. By George! there's two on 'em; and they *do* seem to be the schooner's masts."

Sure enough! a second look satisfied Mulford that two mast-heads were out of water, and that within a hundred yards of the place the boat was running past. Standing on a short distance, or far enough to give himself room, the mate put his helm down, and tacked the boat. The flapping of the sail, and the little movement of shifting over the sheet, awoke Rose, who was immediately apprised of the discovery. As soon as round, the boat went glancing up to the spars, and presently was riding by one, Jack Tier having caught hold of a topmast-shroud, when Mulford let fly his sheet again, and luffed short up to the spot. By this time the increasing light was sufficiently strong to render objects distinct, when near by, and no doubt remained any longer in the mind of Mulford about the two mast-heads being those of the unfortunate Mexican schooner.

"Well, of all I have ever seen, I've never see'd the like of this afore!" exclaimed Jack. "When we left this here craft, sir, you'll remember, she had almost turned turtle, laying over so far as to bring her upper coamings under water; now she stands right side up, as erect as if docked! My navigation can't get along with this, Mr. Mulford, and it does seem like witchcraft."

"It is certainly a very singular incident, Jack, and I have been trying to come at its causes."

"Have you succeeded, Harry?" asked Rose, by this time wide awake, and wondering like the others.

"It must have happened in this wise. The wreck was abandoned by us some little distance out here, to windward. The schooner's masts, of course, pointed to leeward, and when she drifted in here, they have first touched on a shelving rock, and as they have been shoved up, little by little, they have acted as levers to right the hull, until the cargo has shifted back into its proper berth, which has suddenly set the vessel up again."

"Ay, ay, sir," answered Jack, "all that might have happened had she been above water, or any part of it above water; but you'll remember, maty, that soon after we left her she went down."

"Not entirely. The wreck settled in the water no faster after we had left it, than it had done before. It continued to sink, inch by inch, as the air escaped, and no faster after it had gone entirely out of sight than before; not as fast, indeed, as the water became denser the lower it got. The great argument against my theory is the fact, that after the hull got beneath the surface, the wind could not act on it. This is true in one sense, however, and not in another. The waves, or the pressure of the water produced by the wind, might act on the hull for sometime after we ceased to see it. But the currents have set the craft in here, and the hull floating always, very little force would cant the craft. If the rock were shelving and slippery, I see no great difficulty in the way; and the barrels may have been so lodged, that a trifle would set them rolling back again, each one helping to produce a change that would move another. As for the ballast, that, I am certain, could not shift, for it was stowed with great care. As the vessel righted, the air still in her moved, and as soon as the water permitted, it escaped by the hatches, when the craft went down, as a matter of course. This air may have aided in bringing the hull upright by its movements in the water."

This was the only explanation to which the ingenuity of Mulford could help him, under the circumstances, and it may have been the right one or not. There lay the schooner, however, in some five or six fathoms of water, with her two top-masts, and lower mast-heads out of the element, as upright as if docked! It may all have occurred as the mate fancied, or the unusual incident may have been owing to some of the many mysterious causes which baffle inquiry, when the agents are necessarily hidden from examination.

"Spike intends to come and look for this wreck, you tell me, Jack; in the hope of getting at the doubloons it contains?" said Mulford, when the boat had lain a minute or two longer, riding by the mast-head.

"Ay, ay; that's his notion, sir, and he'll be in a great stew as soon as he turns out, which must be about this time, and finds me missing, for I was to pilot him to the spot."

"He'll want no pilot now. It will be scarcely possible to pass any where near this and not see these spars. But this discovery almost induces me to change my own plans. What say *you*, Rose? We have now reached the northern side of the reef, when it is time to haul close by the wind, if we wish to beat up to Key West. There

is a moral certainty, however, that the sloop-of-war is somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Dry Tortugas, which are much the most easily reached, being to leeward. We might run down to the lighthouse by mid-day, while it is doubtful if we could reach the town until to-morrow morning. I should like exceedingly to have five minutes conversation with the commander of the Poughkeepsie."

"Ay, to let him know where he will be likely to fall in with the Molly Swash and her traitor master, Stephen Spike," cried Jack Tier. "Never mind, maty; let 'em come on; both the Molly and her master have long legs and clean heels. Stephen Spike will shew 'em how to thread the channels of a reef."

"It is amazing to me, Jack, that you should stand by your old captain in feeling, while you are helping to thwart him all you can in his warmest wishes."

"He's a willian!" muttered Jack,— "a reg'lar willian is Stephen Spike!"

"If a villain, why do you so evidently wish to keep him out of the hands of the law. Let him be captured and punished, as his crimes require."

"Men's willians, all round," still muttered Jack. "Heark'e, Mr. Mulford, I have sailed in the brig longer than you, and know'd her in her comeliest and best days,—when she was young, and blooming, and lovely to the eye, as the young creature at your side,—and it would go to my heart to have any thing happen to her. Then, I've know'd Stephen a long time, too, and old shipmates get a feelin' for each other, sooner or later. I tell you now, honestly, Mr. Mulford, Captain Adam Mull shall never make a prisoner of Stephen Spike, if I can prevent it."

The mate laughed at this sally; but Rose appeared anxious to change the conversation, and she managed to open a discussion on the subject of the course it might be best to steer. Mulford had several excellent reasons to urge for wishing to run down to the islets, all of which, with a single exception, he laid before his betrothed. The concealed reason was one of the strongest of them all, as usually happens when there is a reason to conceal, but of that he took care to say nothing. The result was an acquiescence on the part of Rose, whose consent was yielded more to the influence of one particular consideration than to all the rest united. That one was this: Harry had pointed out to her the importance to himself of his appearing early to denounce the character and movements of the brig, lest, through his former situation in her, his own conduct might be seriously called in question.

As soon as the matter was determined, Jack was told to let go his hold, the sheet was drawn aft, and away sped the boat. No sooner did Mulford cause the little craft to keep away than it almost flew, as if conscious it were bound to its proper home, skimming swiftly over the waves, like a bird returning eagerly to its nest. An hour later the party breakfasted. While at this meal, Jack Tier pointed out to the mate a white speck in the south-eastern board, which he took to be the brig coming through the passage, on her way to the wreck.

"No matter," returned the mate. "Though we can see her, she cannot see us. There is that much advantage in our being small, Rose, if it do prevent our taking exercise by walking the deck."

Soon after Mulford made a very distant sail in the north-western board, which he hoped might turn out to be the Poughkeepsie. It was but another speck; but its position was somewhat like that in which he had expected to meet the sloop-of-war. The two vessels were so far apart that one could not be seen from the other, and there was little hope that the Poughkeepsie would detect Spike at his toil on the wreck; but the mate fully expected that the ship would go into the anchorage among the islets, in order to ascertain what had become of the schooner. If she did not go in herself, she would be almost certain to send in a boat.

The party from the brigantine had run down before the wind more than two hours before the lighthouse began to show itself, just rising out of the waves. This gave them the advantage of a beacon, Mulford having steered hitherto altogether by the sun, the direction of the wind, and the trending of the reef. Now he had his port in sight, it being his intention to take possession of the dwelling of the lighthouse keeper, and to remain in it until a favourable opportunity occurred to remove Rose to Key West. The young man had also another important project in view, which it will be in season to mention as it reaches the moment of its fulfilment.

The rate of sailing of the lighthouse boat, running before a brisk trade wind, could not be much less than nine miles in the hour. About eleven o'clock, therefore, the lively craft shot through one of the narrow channels of the islets, and entered the haven. In a few minutes all three of the adventurers were on the little wharf where the lighthouse people were in the habit of landing. Rose proceeded to the house, while Harry and Jack remained to secure the boat. For the latter purpose a sort of slip, or little dock, had been made, and when the boat was hauled into it, it lay so snug that not only was the craft secure from injury, but it was actually hid from the view of all but those who stood directly above it.

"This is a snug berth for the boat, Jack," observed the mate, when he had hauled it into the place mentioned, "and by unstepping the mast, a passer-by would not suspect such a craft to be lying in it. Who knows what occasion there may be for concealment, and I'll e'en to that thing."

To a casual listener, Harry, in unstepping the mast, might have seemed influenced merely by a motiveless impulse; but, in truth, a latent suspicion of Jack's intentions instigated him, and, as he laid the mast, sprit, and sail on the thwarts, he determined, in his own mind, to remove them all to some other place, as soon as an opportunity for doing so unobserved should occur. He and Jack now followed Rose to the house.

The islets were found deserted and tenantless. Not a human being had entered the house since Rose left it, the evening she had remained so long ashore, in company with her aunt and the Señor Montefalderon. This our heroine knew, from the circumstance of finding a slight fastening of the outer door in the precise situation in which she had left it with her own hands. At first a feeling of oppression and awe prevailed with both Harry and Rose, when they recollected the fate of those who had so lately been tenants of the place, but this gradually wore off, and each soon got to be more at home.

As for Jack, he very coolly rummaged the lockers, as he called the

drawers and closets of the place, and made his preparations for cooking a very delicious repast, in which *callipash* and *callipee* were to be material ingredients. The necessary condiments were easily enough found in that place, turtle being a common dish there; and it was not long before steams that might have quickened the appetite of an alderman filled the kitchen. Rose rummaged, too, and found a clean table-cloth, plates, glasses, bowls, spoons, and knives; in a word, all that was necessary to spread a plain but plentiful board. While all this was doing, Harry took some fishing-tackle, and proceeded to a favourable spot among the rocks. In twenty minutes he returned with a fine mess of that most delicious little fish that goes by the very unpoetical name of "hog-fish," from the circumstance of its giving a grunt not unlike that of a living porker, when rudely drawn from its proper element. Nothing was now wanting to not only a comfortable, but to what was really a most epicurean meal, and Jack just begged the lovers to have patience for an hour or so, when he promised them dishes that even New York could not furnish.

Harry and Rose first retired to pay a little attention to their dress, and then they joined each other in a walk. The mate had found some razors, and was clean shaved. He had also sequestered a shirt, and made some other little additions to his attire, that contributed to give him the appearance of being, that which he really was, a very gentlemanlike-looking young sailor. Rose had felt no necessity for taking liberties with the effects of others, though a good deal of female attire was found in the dwelling. As was afterwards ascertained, a family ordinarily dwelt there, but most of it had gone to Key West on a visit at the moment when the man and boy left in charge had fallen into the hands of the Mexicans, losing their lives in the manner mentioned.

While walking together, Harry opened his mind to Rose on the subject which lay nearest to his heart, and which had been at the bottom of this second visit to the islets of the Dry Tortugas. During the different visits of Wallace to the brig, the boat's crew of the Poughkeepsie had held more or less discourse with the people of the Swash. This usually happens on such occasions, and although Spike had endeavoured to prevent it when his brig lay in this bay, he had not been entirely successful. Such discourse is commonly jocular, and sometimes witty; every speech, coming from which side it may, ordinarily commencing with "shipmate," though the interlocutors never saw each other before that interview. In one of these visits an allusion was made to cargo, when "the pretty gal aft" was mentioned as being a part of the cargo of the Swash. In answer to this remark, the wit of the Poughkeepsie had told the brig's man, "you had better send her on board us, *for we carry a chaplain, a regular built one, that will be a bishop some day or other perhaps*, and we can get her spliced to one of our young officers." This remark had induced the sailor of the Molly to ask if a sloop-of-war really carried such a piece of marine luxury as a chaplain, and the explanation given went to say that the clergyman in question did not properly belong to the Poughkeepsie, but was to be put on board a frigate as soon as they fell in with one that he named. Now all this Mulford overheard, and he remembered it at a moment when it might be of use. Situated as he and Rose were, he felt the wisdom and propriety of their being united, and his

present object was to persuade his companion to be of the same way of thinking. He doubted not that the sloop-of-war would come in ere long, perhaps that very day, and he believed it would be an easy matter to induce her chaplain to perform the ceremony. America is a country in which every facility exists, with the fewest possible impediments to getting married, and, we regret to be compelled to add, to getting unmarried also. There are no banns, no licences, no consent of parents even, usually necessary, and persons who are of the age of discretion,—which, as respects females and matrimony is a very tender age indeed, may be married, if they see fit, almost without form or ceremony. There existed, therefore, no legal impediment to the course Mulford desired to take, and his principal, if not his only difficulty would be with Rose. Over her scruples he hoped to prevail, and with reason, as the case he could and did present was certainly one of a character that entitled him to be heard with great attention.

In the first place, Mrs. Budd had approved of the connexion, and it was understood between them that the young people were to be united at the first port in which a clergyman of their own persuasion could be found, and previously to reaching home. This had been the aunt's own project,—for, weak and silly as she was, the relict had a woman's sense of the proprieties. It had occurred to her that it would be more respectable to make the long journey which lay before them, escorted by a nephew and a husband, than escorted by even an accepted lover. It is true, she had never anticipated a marriage in a lighthouse, and under the circumstances in which Rose was now placed, though it might be more reputable that her niece should quit the islets as the wife of Harry than as his betrothed. Then Mulford still apprehended Spike. In that remote part of the world, almost beyond the confines of society, it was not easy to foretell what claims he might set up, in the event of his meeting them there. Armed with the authority of a husband, Mulford could resist him, in any such case, with far better prospects of success than if he should appear only in the character of a suitor.

Rose listened to these arguments, ardently and somewhat eloquently put, as a girl of her years and habits would be apt to listen to a favoured lover. She was much too sincere to deny her own attachment, which the events of the last few days had increased almost to intenseness, so apt is our tenderness to augment in behalf of those for whom we feel solicitude, and her judgment told her that the more sober part of Harry's reasoning was entitled to consideration. As his wife, her situation would certainly be much less equivocal and awkward, than while she bore a different name, and was admitted to be a single woman, and it might yet be weeks before the duty she owed her aunt would allow her to proceed to the north. But, after all, Harry prevailed more through the influence of his hold on Rose's affections, as would have been the case with almost every other woman, than through any force of reasoning. He truly loved, and that made him eloquent when he spoke of love; sympathy in all he uttered being his great ally. When summoned to the house by the call of Jack, who announced that the turtle-soup was ready, they returned, with the understanding that the chaplain of the Poughkeepsie should unite them, did the vessel come in, and would the functionary mentioned consent to perform the ceremony.

"It would be awkward,—nay, it would be distressing, Harry, to have him refuse," said the blushing Rose, as they walked slowly back to the house, more desirous to prolong their conversation than to partake of the bountiful provision of Jack Tier. The latter could not but be acceptable, nevertheless, to a young man like Mulford, who was in robust health, and who had fared so badly for the last eight-and-forty hours. When he sat down to the table, therefore, which was covered with a snow-white cloth, with smoking and most savoury viands on it, it will be not surprising if we say it was with a pleasure that was derived from one of the great necessities of our nature.

Sancho calls for benediction "on the man who invented sleep." It would have been more just to have asked this boon in behalf of him who invented eating and turtle-soup. The wearied fall into sleep, as it might be unwittingly; sometimes against their will, and often against their interests; while many a man is hungry without possessing the means of appeasing his appetite. Still more daily feel hunger without possessing turtle-soup. Certain persons impute this delicious compound to the genius of some London alderman, but we rather think unjustly. Aldermanic genius is easily excited and rendered active, no doubt, by strong appeals on such a theme, but our own experience inclines us to believe that the tropics usually send their inventions to the less fruitful regions of the earth along with their products. We have little doubt, could the fact be now ascertained, that it would be found turtle-soup was originally invented by just some such worthy as Jack Tier, who, in filling his coppers to tickle the captain's appetite, had used all the condiments within his reach; ventured on a sort of Regent's punch; and, as the consequence, had brought forth the dish so often eulogized, and so well beloved. It is a little extraordinary that in Paris, the seat of gastronomy, one rarely, if ever, hears of or sees this dish; while in London it is to be met with in almost as great abundance as in the larger commercial towns of America. But so it is, and we cannot say we much envy a *cuisine* its *patés*, and *soufflets*, and its *à la* this and *à la* that, but which was never redolent with the odours of turtle-soup.

"Upon my word, Jack, you have made out famously with your dinner, or supper, whichever you may please to call it," cried Mulford, gaily, as he took his seat at table, after having furnished Rose with a chair. "Nothing appears to be wanting; but here is good pilot-bread, potatoes even, and other little niceties, in addition to the turtle and the fish. These good people of the light seem to have lived comfortably at any rate."

"Why should they not, maty?" answered Jack, beginning to help to soup. "Living on one of these islets is like living afloat. Every thing is laid in, as for an outward bound craft; then the reef must always furnish fish and turtle. I've overhauled the lockers pretty thoroughly, and find a plenty of stores to last *us* a month. Tea, sugar, coffee, bread, pickles, potatoes, onions, and all other knick-knacks."

"The poor people who own these stores will be heavy-hearted enough when they come to learn the reason why we have been put in undisturbed possession of their property," said Rose. "We must contrive some means of repaying them for such articles as we may use, Harry."

"That's easily enough done, Miss Rose. Drop one of the half eagles in a tea-pot, or a mug, and they'll be certain to fall in it when they come back. Nothin' is easier than to pay a body's debts, when a body has the will and the means. Now, the worst enemy of Stephen Spike must own that his brig never quits port with unsettled bills. Stephen has his faults, like other mortals, but he has his good p'int too."

"Still praising Spike, my good Jack," cried the mate, a little provoked at this pertinacity of the deputy-steward, in sticking to his ship and his shipmate. "I should have thought that you had sailed with him long enough to have found him out, and to wish never to put your foot in his cabin again."

"Why, no, mate, a craft is a craft, and a body gets to like even the faults of one in which a body has gone through gales, and squalls, with a whole skin. I like the Swash, and, for sartain things I like her captain."

"Meaning by that it is your intention to get on board of the one, and to sail with the other, again as soon as you can."

"I do, Mr. Mulford, and make no bones in telling on 't. You know that I came here without wishing it."

"Well, Jack, no one will attempt to control your movements, but you shall be left your own master. I feel it to be a duty, however, as one who may know more of the law than yourself, as well as more of Stephen Spike, to tell you that he is engaged in a treasonable commerce with the enemy, and that he, and all who voluntarily remain with him, knowing this fact, may be made to swing for it."

"Then I'll swing for it," returned Jack, sullenly.

"There is a little obstinacy in this, my good fellow, and you must be reasoned out of it. I am under infinite obligations to you, Jack, and shall ever be ready to own them. Without you to sail the boat, I might have been left to perish on that rock, for God only knows whether any vessel would have seen me in passing. Most of those who go through that passage keep the western side of the reef aboard, they tell me, on account of there being better water on that side of the channel, and the chance of a man's being seen on a rock, by ships a league or two off, would be small indeed. Yes, Jack, I owe my life to you, and I am proud to own it."

"You owe it to Miss Rose, maty, who put me up to the enterprise, and who shared it with me."

"To her I owe more than life," answered Harry, looking at his beloved as she delighted in being regarded by him, "but even she, with all her wishes to serve me, would have been helpless without your skill in managing a boat. I owe also to your good nature the happiness of having Rose with me at this moment; for without you she would not have come."

"I'll not deny it, maty,—take another ladle full of the soup, Miss Rose, a quart of it would not hurt an infant,—I'll not deny it, Mr. Mulford,—I know by the way you've got rid of the first bowl full that *you* are ready for another, and there it is,—I'll not deny it, and all I can say is, that you are heartily welcome to my sarvices."

"I thank you, Jack; but all this only makes me the more desirous of being of use to you, now, when it's in my power. I wish you to stick by me, and not to return to the Swash. As soon as I get to

New York I shall build or buy a ship, and the berth of steward in her shall always be open to you."

"Thank 'e, maty, thank 'e, with all my heart. It's something to know that a port is open to leeward, and, though I cannot *now* accept your offer, the day *may* come when I shall be glad to do so."

"If you like living ashore better, our house will always be ready to receive you. I should be glad to leave as handy a little fellow as yourself behind me whenever I went to sea. There are a hundred things in which you might be useful, and fully earn your biscuit, so as to have no qualms about eating the bread of idleness."

"Thank 'e, thank 'e, maty," cried Jack, dashing a tear out of his eye with the back of his hand, "thank 'e, sir, from the bottom of my heart. The time *may* come, but not now. My papers is signed for this v'y'ge. Stephen Spike has a halter round his neck, as you say yourself, and it's necessary for me to be there to look to 't. We all have our callin's and duties, and this is mine. I stick by the Molly and her captain until both are out of this scrape, or both are condemned. I know nothing of treason; but if the law wants another victim, I must take my chance."

Mulford was surprised at this steadiness of Jack's, in what he thought a very bad cause, and he was quite as much surprised that Rose did not join him in his endeavours to persuade the steward not to be so fool-hardy as to endeavour to go back to the brig. Rose did not, however; sitting silently eating her dinner the whole time, though she occasionally cast glances of interest at both the speakers the while. In this state of things the mate abandoned the attempt, for the moment, intending to return to the subject, after having had a private conference with his betrothed.

Notwithstanding the little drawback just related, that was a happy as well as a delicious repast. The mate did full justice to the soup, and afterwards to the fish with the unpoetical name; and Rose ate more than she had done in the last three days. The habits of discipline prevented Jack from taking his seat at table, though pressed by both Rose and Harry to do so, but he helped himself to the contents of a bowl, and did full justice to his own art, on one side. The little fellow was delighted with the praises that were bestowed on his dishes, and for the moment, the sea, its dangers, its tornadoes, its wrecks and races, were all forgotten in the security and pleasures of so savoury a repast.

"Folk ashore don't know how sailors sometimes live," said Jack, holding a large spoon filled with the soup ready to plunge into a tolerably capacious mouth.

"Or how they sometimes starve," answered Rose. "Remember our own situation, less than forty-eight hours since."

"All very true, Miss Rose; yet, you see, turtle-soup brings us up a'ter all. Would you choose a glass of wine, maty?"

"Very much indeed, Jack, after so luscious a soup; but wishing for it will not bring it here."

"That remains to be seen, sir. I call this a bottle of something that looks wery much like a wine."

"Claret, as I live! Why, where should light-house keepers get the taste for claret?"

"I've thought of that myself, Mr. Mulford, and have supposed that

some of Uncle Sam's officers have brought the liquor to this part of the world. I understand a party on 'em was here surveyin' all last winter. It seems they come in the cool weather, and get their sights and measure their distances, and go home in the warm weather, and work out their traverses in the shade, as it might be."

"This seems likely, Jack; but come whence it may, it is welcome, and we will taste it."

Mulford then drew the cork of this mild and grateful liquor, and helped his companions and himself. In this age of moral *tours de force*, one scarcely dare say anything favourable of a liquid that even bears the name of wine, or extol the shape of a bottle. It is truly the era of exaggeration. Nothing is treated in the old fashioned, natural, common sense way. Virtue is no longer virtue, unless it get upon stilts; and as for sin's being confined to "transgression against the law of God," audacious would be the wretch who should presume to limit the sway of the societies by any dogma so narrow! A man may be as abstemious as an anchorite, and get no credit for it, unless "he sign the pledge;" or, signing the pledge, he may get fuddled in corners, and be cited as a miracle of sobriety. The test of morals is no longer in the abuse of the gifts of Providence, but in their use; prayers are deserting the closet for the corners of streets, and charity (not the giving of alms) has got to be so earnest in the demonstration of its nature, as to be pretty certain to "begin at home," and to end where it begins. Even the art of mendacity has been aroused by the great progress which is making by all around it, and many manifest the strength of their ambition by telling ten lies where their fathers would have been satisfied with telling only one. This art has made an extraordinary progress within the last quarter of a century, aspiring to an ascendancy that was formerly conceded only to truth, until he who gains his daily bread by it has some such contempt for the sneaking wretch who does business on the small scale, as the slayer of his thousands on the field is known to entertain for him who kills only a single man in the course of a long life.

At the risk of damaging the reputations of our hero and heroine, we shall frankly aver the fact that both Harry and Rose partook of the *vin de Bordeaux*, a very respectable bottle of *Medoc*, by the way, which had been forgotten by Uncle Sam's people in the course of the preceding winter, agreeably to Jack Tier's conjecture. One glass sufficed for Rose, and, contrary as it may be to all modern theory, she was somewhat the better for it; while the mate and Jack Tier quite half emptied the bottle, being none the worse. There they sat, enjoying the security and abundance which had succeeded to their late danger, happy in that security, happy in themselves, and happy in the prospects of a bright future. It was just as practicable for them to remain at the Dry Tortugas as it was for the family which ordinarily dwelt at the light. The place was amply supplied with everything that would be necessary for their wants for months to come, and Harry caused his betrothed to blush, as he whispered to her, should the chaplain arrive, he should delight in passing the honeymoon where they then were."

"I could tend the light," he added, smiling, "which would be not only an occupation, but a useful occupation; you could read all those books from beginning to end, and Jack could keep us supplied with

fish. By the way, master steward, are you in the humour for motion so soon after your hearty meal?"

"Anything to be useful," answered Jack, cheerfully,

"Then do me the favour to go up into the lantern of the light-house, and take a look for the sloop-of-war. If she's in sight at all, you'll find her off here to the northward; and while you are aloft you may as well make a sweep of the whole horizon. There hangs the light-house keeper's glass, which may help your eyes, by stepping into the gallery outside of the lantern."

Jack willingly complied, taking the glass and proceeding forthwith to the other building. Mulford had two objects in view in giving this commission to the steward. He really wished to ascertain what was the chance of seeing the Poughkeepsie in the neighbourhood of the islets, and felt just that indisposition to move himself that is apt to come over one who has recently made a very bountiful meal, while he also desired to have another private conversation with Rose.

A good portion of the time that Jack was gone, and he staid quite an hour in the lantern, our lovers conversed as lovers are much inclined to converse, that is to say, of themselves, their feelings, and their prospects. Mulford told Rose of his hopes and fears while he visited at the house of her aunt previously to sailing, and the manner in which his suspicions had been first awakened in reference to the intentions of Spike—intentions, so far as they were connected with an admiration of his old commander's niece, and possibly in connection also with the little fortune she was known to possess, but not in reference to the bold project to which he had, in fact, resorted. No distrust of the scheme finally put in practice had ever crossed the mind of the young mate until he received the unexpected order, mentioned in our opening chapter, to prepare the brig for the reception of Mrs. Budd and her party. Harry confessed his jealousy of one youth whom he dreaded far more even than he had ever dreaded Spike, and whose apparent favour with Rose, and actual favour with her aunt, had given him many a sleepless night.

They next conversed of the future, which to them seemed full of flowers. Various were the projects started, discussed, and dismissed, between them, the last almost as soon as proposed. On one thing they were of a mind as soon as proposed. Harry was to have a ship as quick as one could be purchased by Rose's means, and the promised bride laughingly consented to make one voyage to Europe along with her husband.

"I wonder, dear Rose, my poverty has never presented any difficulties in the way of our union," said Harry, sensibly touched with the free way his betrothed disposed of her own money in his behalf; "but neither you nor Mrs. Budd has ever seemed to think of the difference there is between us in this respect."

"What is the trifle I possess, Harry, set in the balance against your worth? My aunt, as you say, has thought I might even be the gainer by the exchange."

"I am sure I feel a thousand times indebted to Mrs. Budd—"

"Aunt Budd. You must learn to say '*my* Aunt Budd,' Mr. Mulford, if you mean to live in peace with her unworthy niece."

"Aunt Budd, then," returned Harry, laughing, for the laugh came easily that evening; "Aunt Budd, if you wish it, Rose. I can have no objection to call any relative of yours, uncle or aunt."

"I think we are intimate enough, now, to ask you a question or two, Harry, touching my aunt," continued Rose, looking stealthily over her shoulder, as if apprehensive of being overheard. "You know how fond she is of speaking of the sea, and of indulging in nautical phrases?"

"Any one must have observed that, Rose," answered the young man, gazing up at the wall, in order not to be compelled to look the beautiful creature before him in the eyes—"Mrs. Budd has very strong tastes that way."

"Now tell me, Harry—that is, answer me frankly—I mean—she is not *always* right, is she?"

"Why, no; not absolutely so—that is, not absolutely *always* so—few persons are *always* right, you know."

Rose remained silent and embarrassed for a moment; after which she pursued the discourse.

"But aunty does not know as much of the sea and of ships as she thinks she does?"

"Perhaps not. We all overrate our own acquirements. I dare say that even I am not so good a seaman as I fancy myself to be."

"Even Spike admits you are what he calls 'a prime seaman.' But it is not easy for a woman to get a correct knowledge of the use of all the strange, and sometimes uncouth, terms that you sailors use."

"Certainly not; and for that reason I would rather you should never attempt it, Rose. We rough sons of the ocean would prefer to hear our wives make divers pretty blunders, rather than to be swaggering about like so many 'old salts.'"

"Mr. Mulford! Does Aunt Budd swagger like an old salt?"

"Dearest Rose, I was not thinking of your aunt, but of *you*. Of you, as you are, feminine, spirited, lovely in form and character, and of you a graduate of the ocean, and full of its language and ideas."

It was probable that Rose was not displeased at this allusion to herself, for a smile struggled around her pretty mouth, and she did not look at all angry. After another short pause, she resumed the discourse.

"My aunt did not very clearly comprehend those explanations of yours about the time of day, and the longitude," she said, "nor am I quite certain that I did myself."

"You understood them far better than Mrs. Budd, Rose. Women are so little accustomed to *think* on such subjects at all, that it is not surprising they sometimes get confused. I do wish, however, that your aunt could be persuaded to be more cautious in the presence of strangers, on the subject of terms she does not understand."

"I feared it might be so, Harry," answered Rose, in a low voice, as if unwilling even he should know the full extent of her thoughts on this subject; "but my aunt's heart is most excellent, though she may make mistakes occasionally. I owe her a great deal, if not absolutely my education, certainly my health and comfort, and more prudent, womanly advice than you may suppose, perhaps, since I have left school. How she became the dupe of Spike, indeed, is to me unaccountable; for she is, in general, both acute and skilful."

"Spike is a man of more art than he appears to be to superficial observers. On my first acquaintance with him, I mistook him for a frank, fearless, but well-meaning sailor, who loved hazardous voyages

and desperate speculation—a sort of innocent gambler; but I have learned to know better. His means are pretty much reduced to his brig, and she is getting old, and can do but little more service. His projects are plain enough now. By getting you into his power, he hoped to compel a marriage, in which case both your fortune and your aunt's would contribute to repair his."

"He might have killed me, but I never would have married him," rejoined Rose, firmly. "Is not that Jack coming down the steps of the light-house?"

"It is. I find that fellow's attachment to Spike very extraordinary, Rose. Can you, in any manner, account for it?"

Rose at first seemed disposed to reply. Her lips parted, as if about to speak, and closed again, as, glancing her eyes toward the open door, she seemed to expect the appearance of the steward's little, rotund form on its threshold, which held her tongue-tied. A brief interval elapsed, however, ere Jack actually arrived, and Rose, perceiving that Harry was curiously expecting her answer, said hurriedly—"it may be hatred, not attachment."

The next instant Jack Tier entered the room. He had been gone rather more than an hour, not returning until just as the sun was about to set in a flame of fire.

"Well, Jack, what news from the Poughkeepsie?" demanded the mate. "You have been gone long enough to make sure of your errand. We are not to see the man-of-war's man to-night."

"Whatever you see my advice to you is to keep close and to be on your guard," answered Jack, evasively.

"I have little to fear of any of Uncle Sam's craft. A plain story and an honest heart, will make all clear to a well-disposed listener. We have not been accomplices in Spike's treasons, and cannot be made to answer for them."

"Take my advice, maty, and be in no hurry to hail every vessel you see. Uncle Sam's fellows may not always be at hand to help you. Do you not know that this island will be tabooed to seamen for some time to come?"

"Why so, Jack? The islet has done no harm, though others may have performed wicked deeds near it."

"Two of the drowned men lie within a hundred yards of this spot, and sailors never go near new-made graves, if they can find any other place to resort to."

"You deal in enigmas, Jack; and did I not know that you are very temperate, I might suspect that the time you have been gone has been passed in the company of a bottle of brandy."

"That will explain my meaning," said Jack, laconically, pointing as he spoke seemingly at some object that was to be seen without.

The door of the house was wide open for the admission of air. It faced the haven of the islets, and just as the mate's eyes were turned to it, the end of a flying-jib boom, with the sail down, and fluttering beneath it, was coming into view. "The Poughkeepsie!" exclaimed Mulford, in delight, seeing all his hopes realized, while Rose blushed to the eyes. A pause succeeded, during which Mulford drew aside, keeping his betrothed in the background, and as much out of sight as possible. The vessel was shooting swiftly into view, and presently all there could see it was the Swash.

THE SACK OF ROME, MAY, 1527.

FROM AN ORIGINAL SPANISH LETTER OF THE TIME.

TRANSLATED BY SIR ALEXANDER DUFF GORDON.

FRAGMENT of a letter touching the assault and sack of Rome in May 1527, the imperialist army being commanded by the constable, Charles de Bourbon, who, from pique against Francis I., the king of France, followed the party of Charles V. of Spain, and was killed during the assault by a shot from an arquebuss on the 6th of May, 1527.*

MOST ILLUSTRIOUS SIR,—On the 1st of May, 1527, I wrote to you fully, and forwarded certain papers touching the house which was bought of the Dean and Chapter, together with other papers and old documents connected therewith. I did likewise inform you of the death of Doctor Juan Fernandez,—who, I trust, is in heaven,—and of other matters, which you will see more fully set forth in the copies of sundry letters herewith enclosed. For which reason, in this letter I will summarily, and in few words, narrate what hath occurred since I last wrote; seeing that you will learn from the bearer of these despatches all particulars. But such great events have occurred, that no time, no wisdom, no judgment, would be sufficient to detail them.

Last Saturday month (the 4th of May, 1527) parties from the imperialist army began to shew themselves in the neighbourhood of Rome, after having made a feint of marching upon Florence. That same day several horsemen sallied forth from Rome to skirmish with them, and brought in some eight or ten stragglers of the imperialist light horse; the which did cause much rejoicing in Rome.

The army, sir, advanced with such rapidity, that, on Monday the 6th of May,—leaving behind them the heavy artillery wherewith to batter the walls,—a party of Spaniards carried by escalade the strongest point of Rome, that part lying between the Belvedere and the gate of San Pancratio; and, I may almost say, that in one moment they carried the Borgo. The Spaniards fired at the Pope during his flight from the Vatican to the castle of St. Angelo, and, had they been quicker,—by the time one might say three credos or so,—they would have caught his holiness in the Vatican. In the space of one hour they killed so many people in the Borgo, that none but those who could manage to find refuge in the castle of St. Angelo escaped with their lives. I heard say that the loss on the side of his holiness is above six thousand,—nay, some go so far as to say even eight thousand men,—while the imperialists have not lost above a hundred men, and these were chiefly killed by the artillery. It was like a miracle; but the cruelties which the imperialists have since committed detract somewhat from the idea that this miracle was performed from any merit of theirs. But, as these matters are God's secrets, and the sins of this people have been exceeding great, God alone knoweth the cause why such persecution hath befallen them. We

* Extracted from some original letters directed to the Chancellor Gatinara, which exist in the archives of Simancas. "Documentos ineditos para la Historia de España," 7 vols. Madrid, 1842—1846.

have, likewise, had our share thereof, since no respect was shewn to any one, whatever was his nation or condition, his quality or estate.

This same Monday, sir, and before the assault, Monsieur de Bourbon, seeing the small account which the Pope and the Roman people took of his coming, did send a trumpeter to invite the Romans to send some person or persons with whom he might treat concerning the delivery of the town into his hands, so as to save Rome from being sacked: and Señor Renzo de Cheri Ursino, who had been made the captain-general of the Pope's army, dismissed the trumpeter with rough words. This did anger Bourbon, and add more fury to his assault. In order to animate his own people, Bourbon placed himself in the front rank, and was killed in one of the first discharges by a shot from an arquebuss. This death of Bourbon was the cause of three parts of the mischiefs and cruelties which did not afterwards ensue, seeing that, even had Rome been sacked, the pillaging would have lasted one day instead of nine or ten, as it did actually last; during which time the imperialists were unceasingly plundering and killing; or torturing people to make them discover where their money and goods were concealed.

Sir, after the Borgo had been carried by assault, and all the people there killed, the Prince of Orange, and the other captains, to prevent, if possible, the sacking of Rome, did send another trumpeter, with an officer, to require of the Romans to treat with them. They demanded money to pay the imperialists, and to have the best quarters for their troops. Again Señor Renzo de Cheri Ursino, the captain-general, did reply discourteously, and warned them that if they came again he would infallibly hang them up by the neck. And although the Roman people, seeing and knowing the certain perdition to which they were exposed, wished to send their delegates to Monsieur de Bourbon, neither the Pope nor the captain-general would ever give way. The imperialists, therefore, seeing that nothing was to be got by good words, entered Rome in such a manner that the sack lasted nine or ten days, during which time the greatest cruelties were committed, the which are so numerous, sir, that neither ink nor paper would be sufficient to indite, nor any man's memory capable to retain them. We who escaped with our lives, whether Spaniards, Germans, or Italians, do consider ourselves most fortunate. If any house has escaped well in all Rome, it is that one which is occupied by me and by the secretary Perez; for I wrote to you that when the Duke of Sesa left Rome I took in the secretary Perez. We paid a ransom of two thousand and four hundred ducats; and, for escaping with our lives, for not having been put to the torture, like so many others, and for not having been despitefully entreated, we have given and do give infinite thanks unto the Lord, and we do think ourselves exceeding fortunate to have escaped by paying such a ransom; in which payment we were much assisted by several persons who took refuge in our house. In addition to my other necessities, sir, this adversity hath befallen me, for to a certainty my share will amount to about six hundred ducats, and we are seeking everywhere for money. As long as I live I shall never be able to pay this debt, in addition to others. But withal I render unto God my unfeigned thanks, in that he hath spared my life: for, during nine or ten days, not a moment passed in which I and the others did not expect instant death.

Sir, the cardinals who were in Rome, after having ransomed their houses and their persons once, had their houses and their property plundered: their persons were seized, and they were dragged on foot by the soldiery as vile malefactors through the streets, without so much as a servant to accompany, or a horse to carry them. It is impossible to imagine anything which could cause greater grief. I do aver to you, sir, that I thought I should have died thus to have seen that blessed gentleman, the Cardinal of Sienna, between eight or ten lanzquenets, a prisoner—on foot—naked—without even a girdle,—having only a short cloak to cover his nakedness. These men had pillaged his house, and ransacked the houses of the other cardinals, and had not left them even the value of a ducat wherewith to supply their wants. And, seeing that much people, with their linen, their jewels, and their money, had taken shelter in these houses, the cardinals did run much risk and peril: and thus, sir, the soldiers must have got an enormous booty by the sack of Rome, because, besides plundering all the linen, the jewels, and the gold, they fixed a price on every one's head, as ransom money. Men, women, and children,—all had to pay; many were tortured, nay, many were killed, with unheard of cruelties.

The ambassador of Portugal, sir, was in one of the strongest houses in all Rome, and, for this reason, as well as on account of his position, much people, with their linen, their money, and their jewels, had taken refuge in his house, and the ransom of these people was estimated at one million of gold. But the house was, nevertheless, pillaged, and all the people made prisoners, so that the ambassador had not even a shirt or a cloak left him, but went about in his drawers, and in a doublet; nor had he, or any else in his house, any one thing left to them in this world. They made no difference between Spaniards or imperialists;—no respect was paid to any one. Rome will not be what it was before for fifty years to come. The screams of the women and children, sir, in the streets, were sufficient to break a man's heart. In many parts there were so many dead bodies that it was almost impossible to walk; and, as they lay many days unburied, these bodies, together with the carcases of the dead horses, did cause such a pestilent smell, that for certain the plague will much increase, unless, indeed, God bringeth some remedy.

There hath not remained, sir, one church, one convent, one nunnery, which hath not been pillaged: many of the clergy, many friars and nuns, have been put to the torture, to force them to discover the money and the linen which peradventure might have been concealed in their houses. The nuns did scream frightfully while the rude soldiery were dragging them through the streets, and ill-treating them;—it was enough to melt a heart of stone!

The church of St. Peter is utterly plundered, the gold and silver containing the sacred relics taken away; the relics scattered about the floor, so that nothing can be distinguished. In this same church of St. Peter many dead bodies do lie about within the very chapel dedicated to St. Peter. Close to the very altar there are pools of blood; nay, even the carcases of dead horses are to be seen there.

NECK OR NOTHING.

BY H. HOLL.

MR. NICHOLAS WHITING strode down the street, to the much hazard of the passers' toes! Stamping his way through dirt and splash, he reached his own door, and at one stride mounted to the top of the steps.

Since the days of knockers, never was heard such a knock! The noise rang through the house, and echoed along the streets. Passengers halted on their way, and heads were thrust out from the second floor windows, while their owners wondered, as well they might, that any one knocker could make such a sound.

The servant-maid tumbled up stairs in her haste to open the door, and the next moment was thrust against the wall, as Mr. Nicholas Whiting bounced into the passage, and stamped his way up stairs, leaving the impression of his muddy feet neatly printed on the drugget. Betty consoled herself with the reflection that "master was mad," and went muttering down again into the kitchen, where we shall leave her.

Nicholas threw open the drawing-room door,—himself into a chair,—his hat on the floor,—and patted a most interesting "devil's tattoo" with his feet upon the carpet. Now, no man in a passion can sit still in a chair, neither did Nicholas Whiting; for, starting up, he walked heavily up and down a particular portion of the floor, pushed the chairs out of the way, and throwing his arms and legs about, as he soliloquised internally, looked as furious as a North American Indian, or woman when balked of her whim, or any other savage simile our readers may fancy.

He had not taken many turns across the floor before the knocker was once more agitated,—though this time giving a Christian knock,—and before Nicholas had fairly reached the other end of the floor, the door opened, and the head of Alexander Foftail, that respectable attorney, was thrust into the room. Had Whiting seen a viper, instead of a harmless lawyer, he could n't have jumped back with greater antipathy. Why he should have entertained so much dislike to a lawyer we can't conceive, for there is no actual reason why *all* attorneys should be rogues.

Alexander Foftail was a lawyer of good practice, and, we believe, tender character. His talents were unquestionable. From his childhood upward he had been trained in the mysteries of his present calling by his industrious sire, who bequeathed to him not only his fortune but his reputation, which, to a lawyer, is not an every-day acquisition. Yes, Foftail was a lawyer by nature as well as practice, for his was a nature that could twist and turn, "and turn again," and yet always appear to go straight forward. Quibbles were to him as natural as his meals. He saw his way through the dark side of a question as easily as a cat, and where no one else discerned a shadow of chance or right, his ingenuity discovered abundance. His nose was small, sharp, and slightly twisted. One eye, as if ashamed of the other, never looked the same way with it, though both were black, and had a cunning leer. His gait was shuffling,—a way peculiar to lawyers,—while his lips shut close into his mouth like a trap,—for he had lost his front teeth,

—and caused a sort of mumbling in his speech ; his person was tall and spare, his face fallow.

Such was Alexander Foxtail, attorney-at-law, and also to Mr. Nicholas Whiting.

His speech followed his head, and saluted his client,—Whiting stood in that unhappy predicament,—by saying, “Never mind—never mind—we’ll move for a new trial.”

“A n-n-new t-t-trial, indeed !” Nicholas stuttered awfully.

“Unquestionably,—undoubtedly ;” and Foxtail rubbed his hands, a habit he had. “We’ll trounce them this time, sir ; take my word for it.”

We hope Whiting appreciated so liberal an offer. Alexander continued,—

“Yes, sir, yes,—we’ll teach them what law is.”

Nicholas dived his hands into his pockets, and looked his knowledge.

“The witnesses were all perjured, Mr. Whiting, every man, woman, and child of them ; and the jury—”

“Gave it a-a-against us !” roared Nicholas, stamping a cloud of dust out of the carpet.

“They did, sir ; they did ; but never mind that, they went the next time. Oh no—no—no !” and Foxtail rubbed his hands so violently, that had they been wood they must have ignited.

“The next t-t-time, indeed ! Do you think I’m a f-f-fool ?” and Whiting looked as though he had uttered a moral impossibility.

“I never thought about it, my dear sir,” continued the man of law. “But a new trial will set all right again. It’s all owing to that villain Traps ; for Traps,—though I always speak respectfully of the members of the legal profession, which I am sorry to say people seldom do,—Traps is always an exception, and had your opponent, Grubber, not engaged Traps—”

Here the lawyer nodded his head most meaningly, and winked his eye,—the straight one,—with an encouraging wink at Nicholas Whiting, who, instead of being appeased by these signs of satisfaction, kept fuming about the room, stuttering half sentences, in a vain endeavour to keep pace with the smooth-tongued Foxtail, who, with persuasive eloquence, endeavoured to impress upon the weak intellects of his client, that “moving for a new trial was much better than gaining the first ;” for, as he said,—and being a lawyer he ought to have known,—“that, as the other party had gained the first trial, of course they should win the second !”

All this, we are grieved to say, had no effect upon the obstinate-minded Whiting, who vowed with an oath, “That he had had enough of law to last him his life, and rather than be involved in it again, he would,” to use his own words, “see all the lawyers burning in —.” He stuttered so much at the last word as to render it wholly unintelligible. We leave our readers to guess at the context ; but surely, surely, Mr. Nicholas Whiting was in fault to wish so many respectable men in so disagreeable a place ; but, unfortunately, Whiting was a man of strong temper, and when in a temper, of as strong language. This was a weakness Foxtail never indulged in, who, being an attorney, made it a professional rule never to get in a passion ; “For passion,” as he wisely said, “like wine, tempts a man to speak the truth.” Truth ! a lawyer’s worst enemies never accuse him of the weakness.

Now Nicholas Whiting had two especial dislikes—a lawyer and a neck of mutton. The first he shunned from principle, with an aversion deep-rooted as an oak! As for neck of mutton, the very sight of one turned his stomach sick! Shakspeare has it, that “A man loves the meat in his youth, he cannot abide in his age;” but from his childhood upward, Whiting had loathed the very sight and smell! and though hunger drives a man to most unsavoury dishes, Nicholas had thought, and still thought, he might be brought to dine on leather, but never on neck of mutton.

A lawyer he held in like distaste, and, strange to say, they had n’t sweetened upon acquaintance; for, driven into a law-suit, Whiting had applied to one with reluctance, and now, more than ever, cursed the hour he first listened to the advice of Alexander Foftail, who had assured him, and on the virtue of his reputation,—Nicholas little knew the worth of such a recommendation,—“That his opponent, Mr. Grubber, had n’t a leg to stand upon;” when, at the same time, that respectable gentleman stood upon as fine a pair of calves as ever fell to the lot of a Meux’s drayman! Nicholas had been persuaded, against his better judgment, to apply to Alexander Foftail, who, knowing that at all events he must be the gainer, persuaded Whiting into the like conviction.

The action was brought, and Nicholas was made fully sensible, as thousands have been before him, of the happy uncertainty of law; for the jury, after an energetic appeal from the disreputable Traps, gave it against him. A loud oath “frighted the judge from his propriety,” and elbowing his way out of court, Nicholas Whiting stamped his way to his own home, whither he was speedily followed by his legal adviser, the indefatigable Foftail, who, finding all his other arguments unacceptable, kindly asked his unlucky client to come and have some dinner with him.

“D-d-dinner, indeed!” stuttered Whiting, who looked as if he never intended to eat again.

“You must take things just as they are,” rejoined Foftail. “Mrs. F. will be delighted to see you, and I promise you as fine a bottle of port as any in London.”

Whiting’s eyes brightened at the intelligence; for much as he disliked the law, as much did he like port, and after some little entreaty upon his legal adviser’s part, and a secret wish on Whiting’s to taste the lawyer’s wine, which he resolved should in part pay for his morning’s losses, he at length consented to go and take “pot luck;”—such was Foftail’s expression. They were not prepared for company, but he hoped Mr. Whiting would excuse it, and after dinner they would make themselves comfortable with a bottle or so of the aforesaid immaculate port. “Put on your hat, my dear sir, and come with me, and I warrant you we’ll lay the blue devils.”

Thus persuaded, Nicholas, forgetting for the moment his aversion, went, arm-in-arm, through the streets with his legal friend, and, after a walk of some ten minutes, reached the abode of the man of law, who desired the servant-maid to tell her mistress that “he had brought a gentleman to dine with them, who had kindly consented to take things just as they were, and eat a family dinner with them.” This intelligence was, we believe, faithfully delivered to his amiable partner,—meaning his wife,—for a few minutes afterwards Whiting was gratified by hearing that virtuous lady speaking *rather* loud in the little back parlour.

wondering, as women often wonder, "What Mr. Foxtail could mean by bringing people home to dinner, when he knew there was hardly enough for themselves. But it was always the way with him, he never thought about nothing!"

She spoke emphatically, and her voice came through the thin partition which separated the rooms, with singular distinctness.

Whiting fidgeted on his chair, and Foxtail went into the next room, as he said, "to cool the wine," and Nicholas was again sensibly convinced that that gentleman's wife was a lady of no contemptible eloquence, for she fastened upon her husband as he made his appearance in the back parlour, with, "What can you be thinking about to ask any one here to dine, when you know, as well as I do, there's hardly anything for dinner; and here am I, not dressed, nor anything. I never knew such a thoughtless man in my life!"

"My dear, Mr. Whiting has promised to excuse everything," was the meek rejoinder of her affectionate husband; "besides,"—here Foxtail, wise man as he was, made sensible, by his wife's indiscretion, how sound travels, sunk his voice into so low a whisper as to be inaudible to the otherwise acute organs of his visitor, who, if the truth must be told, listened most attentively.

After a little further murmuring upon the lady's part, who was again particular in saying "There was hardly enough for themselves," Foxtail once more entered the room where he had left Nicholas, whither he was shortly after followed by Judy, the maid,—a tall, raw-boned, Irish wench, with a most ominous cast of countenance. After several rash attempts to lay the cloth straight, she at length effected her purpose, and commenced distributing the knives and forks to their several stations.

Whilst thus employed, Mrs. F. made her appearance, evidently determined to make up for her otherwise dishabille appearance, by a flaming turban, stationed, like a guard of honour, on the top of her head, and that surmounted by a whole summer of roses. Whiting made his bow with rather an ill grace, it must be confessed. The lady, on the contrary, endeavoured to look as amiable as possible, spite of her preparatory discourse in the next room, and twitched the table-cloth a little more on one side, no doubt with the praiseworthy intention of convincing Whiting of the correctness of her eye, and further satisfied him of her proficiency in the arrangement of the dinner table, by undoing what Judy had done before, and relaid the knives, &c. in more judicious order. We have no wish to draw an ungenerous inference from the knowledge thus displayed, although neighbours were scandalous enough to say they remembered that lady when she was no lady, but only her present husband's cook. Whatever she might have been is no affair of ours; we are content with stating what Mrs. Foxtail appeared in the eyes of Nicholas Whiting, a little fat woman, with very red cheeks, over which were showered a profusion of light brown ringlets, while her round tub of a person was squeezed into a dress evidently not of yesterday's make, but which, after her husband had apologized for her not being prepared for company, she had consented to appear in, assisted only by the turban auxiliary. Her beginning we leave to be settled by the genealogical tree of the family of the Foxtails, while we busy ourselves with the more certain origin of "Neck or Nothing."

The lawyer rubbed his hands, and appeared quite happy. Nicholas,

on the contrary, could not divest himself of his long-cherished dislike, and, spite of himself, felt sundry misgivings as to the consequences of keeping bad company! Had any one told him a twelvemonth before, that at the end of it he would accept an invitation to the house of an attorney, we fear he would not, with Touchstone's prudence, have halted at the "lie circumstantial," but had thundered out the "lie direct" at the head of the so speculating person, seeing that, upon more occasions than one, he had been strenuous in saying, he would rather be sociable with one few wish to be intimate with, and eat a dish of devil's porridge, than swallow dainties with a lawyer.

The door swung back upon its hinges, preparatory to the entrance of dinner, and Judy, having placed a covered dish upon the table, she departed, like an angel of comfort as she was, for the potatoes. Under the all-directing eye of Mrs. F., two vegetable dishes were placed, like sentries, at equal distances from each other, and at right angles with the principal cover, stationed at the head of the table, in the immediate vicinity of the lady of the house; for carving fell to the lot of Mrs. Foxtail, her beloved husband preferring the comfort of a hot dinner, and halving an occasional potato, to the nice slicing a joint, or the to him never-to-be-accomplished difficulty of dissecting a fowl.

Whiting had a wolf's appetite, for in his morning's excitement, breakfast had remained almost untasted, and he had swallowed nothing since, but his disappointment. His eyes roamed in eager expectation from the vegetable dishes to the mighty one at the head of the table, while his imagination busied itself in gentle fancies, as to what was under the cover! There was no sauce, so it could not be fish. A joint—a noble joint, arrayed in all the sublimity of roast or boiled, stood before him! He smacked his lips, and his appetite sharpened like a razor.

Judy's hand was upon the cover, and Whiting's eyes opened to twice their usual size to take in the coming joy, when the beer, like Belshazzar, was "found wanting." Judy was dispatched to the kitchen to draw that needful beverage from a cask of "intermediate," and Nicholas saw with much vexation the progress of carving for some minutes delayed, which, to a man in his situation, was beyond a trifle; while the tin cover, as if proud of its polish, asserted its dignity of time and place, and concealed the mysterious dainty from his sight.

Now it so chanced that Whiting had a cold, and although in general possessed of a nose that scented like a pointer's—a nose that could distinguish to a nicety between the fumes of baked or roast, from lordly beef to swinish pork: yes, his was a nose which, from a long and wise experience, could name the joint, or determine the nature of the bird only by the smell, which, trussed by a careful cook, and hissing before the fire, had put at defiance a nose less sensitive. But as the best of friends play us sometimes shabby tricks, so chanced it with the olfactory organ of the much-gifted Nicholas. A north wind had given him, what doubtless his forefathers had before him, a cold in his head, and as the vapour from the smoking viands crept in a white steam under the edges of the cover, Nicholas sighed, and lamented his happy days of smelling.

What pages of discourse that word opens to the gifted bler. Note but the alderman at a city feast, his gloating eye, heaving paunch! See how his nostrils, like a ridden horse's,

stretches as he would drink the steam of god-like turtle! smelling, he has feasted to the tongue, ere the first ladlefull stretches at his plate. What would an alderman be without his nose!

We are unwilling to quit this chapter upon "smelling," but we are afraid the dinner will get cold.

Judy, armed with a foaming jug, once more made her appearance, and delighted Nicholas with the conviction that now, at least, he should get something to eat, and waited open-eyed and open-mouthed, as he fed his expectation upon a sirloin of prime beef, a leg of mutton, or, as blessings are sometimes showered upon us, a roasted turkey!

We fear our readers will think, with Nicholas Whiting, that dinner is a long time coming;—we are acutely sensible of the charge, but beg to ensure an enlightened public, that the fault is not ours, but Judy's; for had Judy brought the beer up in the first instance, dinner would have been full five minutes ago, and Nicholas Whiting ere this deep in the mystery of cut and come again.

Judy placed the mug upon the table, and stood waiting for orders.

Now Foxtail was a man of moral character, and raised his eyes, one in a straight, the other in an oblique line, doubtless to impress his client with the belief that he was saying grace. This ceremony over, Mrs. F. gave a significant nod, and the hand of the attentive Judy darted at the cover,—so did Whiting's eyes, who looked a ravenous look at what was to come.

Judy whipped the cover off, and discovered to the half-blinded eyes of Whiting—what!—a neck of mutton! Had it been the neck of a lion, instead of that of a harmless sheep, he could not have started back with greater dread! Neck of mutton!—his horror—his cherished hate—neck of mutton! Nicholas looked, and the next moment sank back in his chair.

Foxtail in evident satisfaction rubbed his hands, and looked with a delighted eye at Whiting's horror; for, as men's tastes seldom agree, neither did the lawyer's with that of his client; for of all necks, not even excepting that of his beloved wife, neck of mutton was his favourite dish.

The lady shook back a host of straying curls, and applied herself to the task of severing the bones, with a precision that would have done credit to the skill of any butcher, or the knife of a surgeon. A luscious-looking bone was deposited in a plate, and handed by the fat hand of the lady to her guest. Nicholas took it with a shudder, and passed it like a hot coal to the greedy-eyed Foxtail, who looked as if he could have eaten the whole neck, "marrow, bones, and all;" which, if the truth must be told, would have been no Herculean task; for some few joints of a very small neck stood in the centre of a huge dish, fully verifying Mrs. Foxtail's assertion in the little back parlour, that there was "hardly enough for themselves."

"After several 'I couldn't think of its,' and 'after you,' Foxtail was prevailed upon to take the proffered plate, the contents of which he fell upon with a most devouring relish, as also upon half the turnips, which he spooned from the dish with frightful rapidity. The lady divided another bone from the joint, and placing it on a hot plate, handed it to Nicholas Whiting, who, instead of taking it as a gentleman should, stuttered out most energetically, "I-I-thank you, ma-a-a-am—I'd rather not."

This second rejection exalted Whiting's breeding in the lady's

opinion to the skies, and Mrs. Foxtail took the compliment and the plate with a most gracious smile. She was on the point of "helping" him for the third time, when Nicholas startled her by saying,

"Not for me—I-I-thank—"

The turban tottered on the lady as she said, "Won't you have any?"

"I never eat m-m-mutton!" Nicholas shuddered as he spoke.

"Not eat mutton!" Foxtail looked as though the skies would open!

"Not the n-n-neck," and again Nicholas shuddered.

"Not eat neck of mutton!" The attorney with his mouthful could hardly conceive the possibility.

Mrs. F., like a dutiful wife as she was, sunk her chin deep into her throat, and looking Whiting full in the face, echoed her husband's wonder with even greater surprise. "Not eat neck of mutton!" We hope Whiting bowed to her politeness, when she declared "They'd never have it when he came again."

"You'd better try a bit," pressed the attentive rib of the attorney. "It's so nice, and the turnips is beautiful."

The lawyer smacked his lips, no doubt by way of expressing his approval, as he swallowed a fresh mouthful, looking at the same time with a most felonious intent at what remained on the dish.

Nicholas, strong in his dislike, eyed the mutton as a man would a stone, a thing never made for eating; while Mrs. F., between every "swallow," uttered her sorrow in abundance of "la's!" and "if she had only known." While Foxtail, indifferent to all but his dinner, fed as though he had not dined for a month, and did not anticipate doing so for another: but still at intervals he urged and urged his client, though still without success, to "try a bit."

To this day we fear Whiting's resolutions had held good, had it not been for an all-sufficient reason which is to follow.

The attorney having repeatedly pressed him to eat what he declared to be delicious, added persuasively, "Now, do be prevailed upon, my dear sir,—one mouthful, you know, drives down another."

"N-n-never mind me," said Nicholas, who anticipated eating his fill from the next dish. "I can w-w-wait."

"Wait!" Foxtail's words dropped like lead into Whiting's ear, as he added, "My dear sir,—I am sorry, very sorry, but unfortunately we have nothing else for dinner!"

"And nothing in the house," knelled the funereal voice of Mrs. F.

"Nothing else for dinner!" The idea of the fact made Whiting speak distinctly.

Mrs. Foxtail put down her knife and fork, by way of giving effect to what she was about to say, as she declared "There was n't a thing."

"Oh!" cried Nicholas, if "it's n-n-neck or nothing, give me four bones."

Having traced this meaning phrase to its undoubted origin, we have now to beg the reader's indulgence on behalf of Mr. Nicholas Whiting, upon whose weak brain the potency of the lawyer's port took such effect, that he was—from the best accounts we have been able to collect—sent home in a cab, as Mrs. Foxtail declared, "in a state of drunken 'toxication."

A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY THROUGH NORMANDY.

BY ODARD.

IN the year 1064, Count Roger and his wife returned to Traina. Leaving Eremberga there, he proceeded to prosecute his conquests in Sicily. Meanwhile the Greek towns-people of Traina became discontented; leaguely with the Saracens, they took possession of the town, and laid siege to the citadel. The count, returning hastily, threw himself into the fortress, where the Normans suffered a severe siege for four months, and were reduced to the utmost extremities. Count Roger, however, always on the alert, seized an unguarded moment, and favoured by a particularly dark night, made a vigorous sortie. The besiegers were everywhere repulsed, and the Normans found themselves again masters of the place. The count's army had suffered so severely on this occasion, that he was obliged to return to Calabria for reinforcements. Eremberga had displayed such skill and courage during the siege, that Roger left her in command of Traina. She shewed herself worthy of the trust; directing the places where the sentinels should be stationed, giving the watch-words, and going herself the round of the walls every night to ascertain that they kept their posts. Count Roger having recruited his forces, returned to Sicily, and advanced towards Palermo. Just at the time that his countryman, Duke William, was leading the Norman forces to the battle of Hastings, Roger, with his troops, met the whole Mahomedan force at Miselmiri. Their usual success attended the Normans. The Saracens retreated into the capital, leaving all their baggage to the victors.

Duke Robert had now reduced Calabria to tranquillity, and joining his brother, they advanced to attack Palermo. After a short siege, the Saracens offered to lay down their arms, on condition of being allowed to retain their laws, religion, and property. These were not terms to which every victor would have acceded, but the Normans, averse to unnecessary bloodshed, and ever favourable to independence, accepted the proposal. They then entered the town in triumph. After this, Duke Robert returned to Calabria, leaving his brother the whole of Sicily save Palermo, with whose beauty he was so captivated, that he could not make up his mind to its sacrifice. Henceforward Roger assumed the title of Count of Sicily. The son of the Greek Emperor, Michael, had married Robert's daughter. Michael being dethroned by Nicephorus, applied to Guiscard. Nicephorus, in his turn, having been dethroned by Alexis, had recourse to the Norman too. The duke at once declared himself for the father-in-law of his daughter. Her wrongs afforded him an opportunity for which he had long been seeking, and the dazzling diadem of Constantinople rose before his eyes. He met Alexis in battle, and so completely routed his army, that that emperor scarce saved himself by flight. Intelligence just then received from Italy, precluded him from following up his success. He learned that Gregory the Seventh was besieged by the Emperor Henry the Fourth. The former implored the aid of the Champion of the Church. Leaving his son, Boemond, to command, Robert

hurried back, and fresh from the defeat of the Emperor of the East, the son of Tancred beheld the Emperor of the West flying before him. Henry raised the siege with precipitation, and Guiscard conducted the Pope in triumph to Rome.

Meantime Boemond carried everything before him in Epirus and Thessaly. The Emperor Alexis applied to Venice, and the republic was prevailed on to send a large fleet to his assistance. It so happened that Guiscard, on his way from Italy to rejoin his son, encountered the Venetian fleet, after it had effected a combination with the fleet of the Greeks; a battle ensued, which terminated in the entire destruction of their united armament. There was nothing now between Duke Robert and the imperial throne except—the grave! He was seized at Cephalonia with a burning fever, and in six days was no more!

The last Sicilian fortress had now fallen into the hands of Roger, and Robert's son having succeeded his father, the year 1090 beheld under the sovereignty of the sons of Tancred de Hauteville, more than constitutes the present kingdom of Naples.

About this time Urban the Second came over to ask the count's advice respecting an invitation he had received to attend an eastern council. The Pope took this occasion to press upon Roger the duty of some severe measures towards his heretical Sicilian subjects. He was met by a flat refusal. With characteristic liberality of spirit, the count declined to constrain the religious opinions of any of his people. He consented only to found Roman Catholic establishments, and place Roman Catholic bishops in the principal cities, insisting, however, on retaining the nomination and investiture. This was an awkward point for the Pope, but the difficulty was got over by making Count Roger and his successors hereditary legates of the Roman See. Shortly afterwards, having gone to assist his nephew in a revolt, he was taken ill in Melito, and then, in 1101, the "Great Count" died.

On the death of Roger, his son of the same name succeeded him. His cousin, the Duke of Calabria, having died childless, he repaired to the capital with the view of asserting his claim as next heir to the dukedom. Most of the barons sent in their allegiance, but the Pope, enraged that Roger had not referred to him to confirm his pretensions, resolved to oppose them, and, as a first step, placed him under the ban of excommunication. He then levied an army, and, joined by a numerous force of allies, summoned to support the Church, advanced against Count Roger. The count was entirely unprepared for this resistance to his claims, upon the justice of which he had relied, more than on force of arms. Compared with the multitude of his enemies, the troops who accompanied him were but a handful, yet, nothing daunted, he prepared to meet them; strong in his cause, and counselled by the spirit of his race, that never reckoned numbers in the day of battle. On they came, countless as the army of Sennacherib. Like the army of Sennacherib they melted away. A pause in their advance gave time for reflection. A sense of the injustice of their undertaking arose among the papal forces; by degrees the principal leaders withdrew with their troops, and at last, before a blow was struck, the whole army disbanded. The barons came and did homage to Count Roger, and peace was restored. The count then called together a council of the chiefs, the bishops, and

delegates of the people. By their unanimous vote it was decided that Roger should assume the title of king, and on Christmas day, 1130, he was crowned with great magnificence at Palermo.

Roger now turned his thoughts to legislation. As a guide to his labours in this direction, he collected from different countries their respective laws; having adopted such provisions as were best suited to the country and people he was called to govern, having revised and digested them, he built upon this foundation a system of jurisprudence which was submitted to and sanctioned by his parliament.

An insult offered to the king's ambassador at Constantinople, brought out a Sicilian fleet, which, capturing several towns of the Greeks, advanced to the capital and demanded redress. On an apology being tendered the fleet was withdrawn, and returning thence it encountered a Byzantine armament, into whose power Louis the Seventh had fallen. His liberation was insisted on by the Sicilian admiral, and the Greeks dared not refuse.

Prosperity and success seemed to wait upon every measure of King Roger's. Under his rule Sicily found itself the most tranquil, the most prosperous and richest state of the time, but this outward glory was heavily balanced by successive domestic sorrows. His first wife lived a very short time after her marriage; a second died in a few years; one by one his children were called away, and when he died, at the age of fifty-nine, the youngest son, William, alone remained to succeed him.

While his elder brothers lived, William's education had been much neglected, and he himself treated with some indifference. Men seldom outlive the nursery, and William never recovered this treatment. The neglected boy became the indolent, careless, and morose monarch. But it seemed as though nothing had power to paralyze the essential vigour of the Norman blood; on a great emergency he would rouse himself, and flinging aside the trammels of his individual nature, prove to the world that though dormant, the spirit of his race was not extinct within him. The emergency past, he relapsed again into apathy, and the strong individuality resumed its sway.

The first act of William's reign was to dismiss all the wise and good men by whom the councils of King Roger had been attended, and fill their places with the most worthless intriguers. He soon became extremely unpopular, and frequent revolts took place. The Peninsula now rose in arms against him. The usual combination took place, consisting of the Apulian and Calabrian nobles, the forces of the eastern and western Emperors, and the Pope with his double strength—his temporal arms and spiritual terrors. Suddenly the Norman woke within King William. He flew to arms, threw himself across the Straits, and burst suddenly upon the formidable league. Amazement seized upon the assembled hosts. Wholly unprepared for this unwonted and tremendous energy, they fled in all directions. The Byzantine general was taken prisoner, and the chief leader slain, while Adrian the Fourth posted back to his seven hills, and there, with trembling hand, put his signature to a treaty, couched in such terms as the victorious Norman chose to dictate.

Almost before the treaty had left the Lateran, King William had recrossed the Straits, and shut himself up in his palace. There, abandoned to luxury and indolence, he dreamt away the hours,

while the concerns of his kingdom were consigned to the most worthless creatures, whom he had admitted to his confidence.

Such a conduct naturally provoked constant rebellions. King William was more than once summoned from his voluptuous lethargy by revolts of the barons on the Peninsula. Each time he seemed to throw off his nature for the hour, and while the occasion lasted, advanced into comparison with any of his predecessors, but the moment it had passed, he sank into his habitual effeminacy and sloth. After the last of these occasions, William, whose conduct had invested him with the title of "The Bad," retired to his palace, where he shut himself up, giving strict orders that his luxurious privacy should not be intruded upon by any affairs of state. In that ignoble seclusion he died. That there was sorrow for him, we need not be surprised, for even the grave of Nero had its tributary flowers;* nor is there less truth than poetry in the sentiment—"Ah! surely nothing dies but something mourns." Yet, how shall we account for the fact, that the death of William the Bad was followed by days of the wildest lamentation? Noble matrons clothed in sackcloth, and with dishevelled hair, wandered weeping through the streets of Palermo, while the populace made the air resound with cries of sorrow, with which the beat of muffled drums kept up a sad accord? How shall we account for this? Another of the great race was no more! The character of the individual was eclipsed by the halo that enveloped the Norman line. William left his wife, Margaret, Regent of Sicily, his only surviving son, William, being a minor.

As a counteraction to the evil counsellors who had surrounded the late king, and whom she found it impossible to dislodge, Margaret invited over from France her cousin, son of the Count of Perche, and nominated him her chancellor. He proved himself an able and virtuous minister, but his virtues and abilities only rendered him the more unpopular with the late monarch's favourites, and he was soon compelled to return to France. The next chancellor was an Englishman, named Walter, whom Henry the Second of England had sent over to Sicily to negotiate a match between his daughter, Joan, and the young king. The penetration of the latter, now arrived at years of discretion, apprized him of the worth of the Englishman, and he was fortunate enough to secure his permanent services. By virtue of his wise counsels, the nation advanced rapidly in prosperity, and the historian has nothing to record but a series of actions on the part of the young king, all tending to the peace and happiness of his subjects. During his brief reign the Sicilian kingdom enjoyed an unwonted repose; but though the sword was sheathed, the arm was not unnerved, and when called upon by the Pope, as the hereditary champion of the Church, to protect him against Frederick Barbarossa, King William hastened, with charac-

* "When Nero perish'd by the justest doom
That ever the destroyer yet destroy'd,
Amidst the roar of liberated Rome,
Of nations freed, and the world o'erjoy'd,
Some hands unseen strew'd flowers upon his tomb:
Perhaps the weakness of a heart not void
Of feeling for some kindness done when power
Had left the wretch an uncorrupted hour."

teristic good faith, to keep the promise which his fathers had made. The world saw that their spirit dwelt within him, while the Genius of Victory came as of old to wait upon the Norman's career.

King William the Second had unhappily no children, and desirous to secure the tranquillity of his people, by placing in power a hand strong enough to control the turbulent barons, he projected that alliance which was attended with such fatal consequences. By his advice, Constantia, his father's sister (a posthumous daughter of King Roger's), gave her hand to the son of Frederick Barbarossa. Having seen the marriage solemnized, and having, as he conceived, secured the peace of his kingdom by exacting an oath from his subjects to recognize Constantia as the legitimate sovereign of Sicily, William the Good was summoned to his rest at the early age of thirty-six.

It is surprising to think how much this man effected before reaching that age at which the human career ordinarily commences. Great things have no doubt been done before that time in the world of genius and imagination,—by Raphael, by Pascal, by Burns, by Byron,—but in those departments of human effort, where the laurels are to be gathered on the paths of teaching and experience, how rarely has anything been achieved before the *mezzo commin* is attained.

Warned by his father's example, William had no favourites. The sagacity with which he selected always the fittest agent for command and power, was equal to that of Napoleon. Like our Edward the First, he thought less of conquest than of maintaining the honour and peace of his country. His fleets were as successful as those of England under George the Third; his armies never knew defeat or check. The Sicilian police was as perfect as that of Normandy under Rollo, so much so, that it was said, "In the time of William the Second there was more security in the thickets of Sicily than in the cities of other kingdoms."

On William's death, the important question of the succession arose. To settle this a parliament was summoned at Palermo. The feelings of the Sicilians were almost unanimously in favour of Tancred, Count of Lecce, grandson of King Roger. They were strenuously opposed by Chancellor Walter, whose English heart revolted at this breach of faith towards their departed monarch. He poured forth indignant remonstrances, reminding the Sicilians of their solemn oath to support Constantia as the sovereign of Sicily, but in vain; the voice of the Englishman was lost in the consenting votes of the Sicilians, and Tancred was appointed King of Sicily.

Setting aside the point of good faith, this choice was a good one. The occasion demanded a ruler of more than ordinary firmness and energy of character, and Tancred proved himself worthy of the race whence he sprung.

Peace had fled with the unquestioned rights of William, and the whole territory was convulsed. To add to the confusion, the crusaders came to winter at Sicily. During their stay there were no end of misunderstandings, and, in particular, Cœur de Lion's fiery temper made him a very troublesome guest. Their departure in the spring was a great relief to Tancred, who was now enabled to turn his endeavours to appease the unhappy divisions between the Saracens and Christians.

Tancred's great struggle was at hand ; the first fruits of the well-intentioned but unwise policy of William the Good. Henry, the husband of Constantia, descended from his German dominions to claim his wife's kingdoms. The king had no force sufficient to meet the Germans in the field, and city after city fell into their hands, but they were arrested at Naples ; here so determined a resistance took place, that the emperor came to the resolution of withdrawing his troops and retiring into Germany again. He left Constantia at Salerno. Tancred took advantage of his departure ; in a short time all the captured towns were recovered, and Constantia, being taken prisoner, was conveyed with the utmost respect to Rome.

Apulia was now once more at rest, and Tancred returned to Sicily, where, in the society of his son, a most amiable and accomplished person, he hoped to pass the remainder of his days in peace. But the "gods loved"* the young Duke of Apulia. He was suddenly taken away—to use a homely but forceful expression. Tancred never held up his head afterwards, and followed him to the grave in a year, leaving his queen, Sybilla, regent, and one son only surviving, an infant.

The star of Sicily was now waning, soon to set in blood. Henry the Sixth, hearing of Tancred's death, and finding his only opponents a woman and a child, again crossed the Alps, descended into Italy, and passing into Sicily, was crowned at Palermo. Obtaining possession of the persons of the queen and Tancred's son by an act of the most disgraceful treachery, he threw them both into prison, and had the eyes of the latter put out. This cruelty, added to the tyranny of the viceroy, roused the Sicilians, who took council together how they might deliver themselves from the German yoke. Henry receiving intelligence of their proceedings, returned suddenly to Sicily, and put to death, without distinction of sex or age, the most illustrious inhabitants, and numbers of the humbler classes. But death happily rid them of the monster ; the emperor died, and Constantia, repairing to Palermo, endeavoured, by her kindness to the Sicilians, and by ordering the German authorities to quit the island, to make her husband's atrocities be forgotten. The famous Frederick the Second was her son. He was brought up at Palermo, and ever entertained the greatest affection for the place. He built a magnificent palace, and adorned it with treasures sought from all parts of the world. Every clime furnished plants and flowers for his gardens, and in the grounds were collected the birds of every land. Here he summoned round him the men of letters, the musicians, the poets of the time ; and Dante and Petrarch bear witness that in this delicious retreat was born the Italian muse.

Time and space would fail me were I to attempt to describe the character of Frederick the Second—the distinguished man of his age. A keen sportsman, an ardent student, unrivalled in feats of arms, and a profound philosopher ; an accomplished troubadour, a sagacious legislator. It is remarkable that he established on a solid basis the lower house (*il braccio demoniale*) of the national council in Sicily, just about the time that Henry the Third is said to have laid the foundation of our House of Commons in England. His attainments as a linguist ought not to be omitted. According to the

* "Whom the gods love die young."

HERODOTUS.

estimate of Charles the Fifth, he was worth six men in this respect alone, speaking that number of languages with fluency. In an age of narrow principles and bigoted views, he possessed a largeness of soul that honourably distinguished him from his contemporaries. This liberality of mind, however, led him to take one step which was the ultimate cause of the overthrow of the Norman dynasty. Having experienced the fidelity of his Saracen subjects in various wars, he established a colony of them at Nocera, in Apulia, amounting to 20,000 in number, with a view of imposing a check upon his enemies in that direction. This proceeding was regarded by Rome as an act of daring impiety, and the excellent terms on which the Normans had hitherto stood with the Popes, underwent a change from that hour.

The thirteenth century, it is well known, was the most brilliant era of the papacy. Its power over men's minds was then arrived at its height; above all, it just then put forward, with unusual effrontery, that monstrous claim of being charged by heaven with a right to the investiture of all the kingdoms of the earth. The Normans alone we find uniformly resisting this claim, with others of the same nature, which their reason taught them to be an unwarrantable usurpation. Wherever and whenever we regard them through the middle ages, in France, in England, in Sicily, we find the Norman leaders refusing to permit the exercise of any temporal power within their respective territories. The genius of that steady practical race was never blinded by the tricks, or dazzled by the shews of superstition; nor, with all its reverence, was it ever led to confuse the plain distinguishable domains of spiritual and temporal jurisdiction. The Normans acknowledged the Pope as head of the Church, and, as such, vicegerent of Him whose "kingdom was not of this world;" *no more*. During those ages they constantly maintained the independence of society with regard to the Church, and held out a proud example of resistance, while kings and people round were tamely crouching before it.

We have seen the Sicilian counts and kings making head against constant excommunications with success. Frederick's liberality of spirit, and, in particular, the measure to which I have above referred, had rendered him so obnoxious to the papacy, that he conducted almost all his proceedings in the face of excommunication. But he had enough of the Norman blood in him to bear up manfully against this continued ban, and when he entered Jerusalem, did not scruple to dispense with papal intervention; but being at the time under sentence of excommunication, placed the crown on his head with his own hands.

At this period the secular arm of the Guelph was also in its zenith. With this alone Frederick would have been able to cope, but, united with the papal power, formed a strength which it was not in man to make head against. Frederick himself remained unmoved, but Rome attacked him through others. Her subtle influence began by degrees to prevail. The minds of men were gradually alienated from the king. He found himself denounced as an infidel, shunned as one plague-stricken, and he felt the sceptre gliding from his grasp. Still undaunted, to the last he bore up against it all, and had just collected a fresh army, with the intention of renewing his efforts, when the brave spirit that had struggled so long, like a keen

sword wearing out a sheath, at length freed itself from its earthly tenement, and left the sceptre to be struggled for by those who succeeded to the fatal claim. It passed through but one hand more before leaving the Norman line for ever. The scene which opened with that heroic family of Hauteville draws to a close. The curtain falls on Manfred.

Manfred, Prince of Tarento, was the natural son of Frederick. All his legitimate children had died, and his grandson, Conrad, being an infant, Manfred was appointed regent, and subsequently crowned King of Sicily in 1258.

Manfred had been a great favourite with Frederick. He inherited all his best qualities, and rivalled him in his varied accomplishments. He possessed his warlike genius, his passion for literature, his love of music and the arts. One passion of the time Manfred had unfortunately caught, he was affected with a love of astrology, and blind belief in its revelations; and this *penchant*, we shall see, was the ultimate cause of his ruin.

I have already mentioned how the friendly disposition of Rome was changed by Frederick's conduct into hostile feelings, first by the establishment of the Saracenic colony, and secondly, by his undisguised contempt of the papal interdict. Manfred shewed that he inherited his father's sentiments, and Urban the Fourth resolved to employ every means to accomplish his destruction. First excommunicating Manfred and declaring him deposed, he proceeded to offer his kingdom to Henry the Third of England. The offer was wisely declined by Henry, but Charles of Anjou was prevailed on to undertake the unrighteous enterprise, and the crusaders, fresh from the slaughter of the Albigenses, were induced by his holiness to take part in another scene of blood, and share in the disgrace of the league.

Contemplating this transaction with the calm view of this nineteenth century,—this time of order and comparative good faith,—what a horrid exhibition of human passion does it afford. The head of the Church, supported by the sworn sons of the cross, leading the brother of a Christian king to the throne of a monarch which could only be rendered vacant by a violation of all law and justice, and the steps to which could only be ascended through the blood of thousands who, by that monarch's virtues, had been rendered prosperous and happy.

It was a formidable league, but it had to encounter a general of no ordinary valour and ability. With a powerful and experienced army, the issue seemed still uncertain, and the world looked on in doubt. But there was treachery in Manfred's camp; his time was come. The Count of Caserta, who had been left to guard the important pass of Garigliano, permitted the Germans to pass without striking a blow. They were upon Manfred before he was aware, and he had just time to reach Benevento, when Charles appeared under its walls. Here he was safe, and had he remained on the defensive, it would have afforded time for his Ghibelline allies to come up; but his unhappy belief in astrology was his ruin; the signs reporting that the hour was propitious, he quitted his shelter, and went out to attack Charles. Long was the battle doubtful, and the advent of a reserve of Saracens was on the point of turning the day, when the barons of Apulia drew off their forces and retired from the

field. Manfred marked the defection, and saw that all was lost. As he turned his head to look after the traitors, his crest, the silver eagle, dropped to the ground. He looked upon this as a decisive omen. "Tis no chance," he said; "I fastened it on with my own hand this morning."

There now remained but to die. Manfred met his fate as became the last of the Normans. One look around on the loved land which treachery had lost him. One glance to heaven, where hope had fled before him, then, gaily as in his happiest hour, the king rose in his saddle, and uttering his war-cry, drove his charger into the thickest of the enemy, where, weary with slaughter, and pierced with a thousand wounds, he sank upon a heap of slain. We have to look forward but a few years for his requiem. It will be long before the Sicilian vespers are forgotten. Fit euthanasia for a deposed and murdered king!

"I have had a fine dream," as the expiring Saxe said of his life; but the dazzling images are gone, and the vision "fades into the light of common day." I lean against a field-gate, and look upon a humble village. The embattled tower from which but now the sons of Tancred issued on their way to thrones, changes to a crumbling barn, and a green landscape, paced by a silent stream, replaces the ensanguined field, the tumult, and the shock of war; but as the illusion dissipates, the form of Eremberga, in her novice dress, lingers before me, I catch the morning gleam on the helm of Count Roger, while he places his standard on the walls of Messina, and as I mount my pony and resume my journey, the war-cry of the deserted Manfred thrills upon my ear.

It was the feast of St. Michael, and the pious town of Coutances, was celebrating that especial Norman festival with its usual pomp. The bishop of the diocese was to attend high mass in the cathedral, and long before the hour of worship had arrived, the nave and isles were filled with people.

The dignitaries and functionaries of the church, as well as the ritual forms in its service, which prevailed during the middle-ages, are stillup held abroad, though with lessened numbers, and diminished splendour from the time when dissenters were not, and, professedly at least, the unbelievers were few. It was a fine sight—one by one come the venerable canons, and occupy the stalls; then the officiating priests enter the sanctuary; next comes the bishop, attired in his episcopal garments, not with the tasselled cap of a Don, lawn sleeves, and sable gown, but in a robe glittering and stiff with gold—an actual mitre on his head, an actual crook in his hand. Having made the circuit of the church, preceded by the host, the verger and boys bearing incense, the bishop takes his seat on the throne, a priest advances, and receives the pastoral staff from his hands, which he reverently kisses, and then the service commences.

Meantime, the government staff have arrived and taken their places below the canons, and the nave is filled with women, presenting the various dresses of the Bocage; the prevailing coiffure reigns conspicuously throughout the perspective—a sea of muslin and lace. The men are placed principally in the space between the sanctuary

and the apsidal chapels, where the women are not permitted to enter. Overhead, and around the assembled crowds, rose the finest gothic church in Normandy. For a long time it offered a stumbling-block to the theory that the ogive style was unknown until the beginning of the thirteenth century, the Society of Antiquaries in France maintaining that their cathedral was begun and completed in the eleventh. Mr. Gally Knight's researches, however, have placed the matter beyond doubt, clearly showing that its date is posterior to 1189. A church had been erected on the site, by means of funds furnished by Tancred de Hauteville and his sons, in 1056, but Mr. Knight forced the Antiquaries to admit that this temple has long ago disappeared, and was not replaced by the present edifice, until subsequently to the period I have mentioned. Belonging to the earliest era of the ogive, its design is as simple as could consist with the presence of the essential characteristics of that style. Its character is less of beauty than of grace, unlike St. Ouen, of which the reverse may be said. Its symmetry may be pronounced faultless. Nothing could add to the charm of the two western towers, which are precisely similar in size and plan; but the aspect of the central tower is indescribable. It is of that kind, as not often happens in the inanimate creation, except with setting suns, or the motionless sea, to fill one's eyes with tears, we know not why. I could have stood there, and looked, and looked for ever.

The light and airy appearance of the interior is also very remarkable: this effect has been obtained by striking away the walls which commonly intervene between the chapels of the aisles and those surrounding the apse, so that an additional aisle seems to wind round, encircling the whole building.

As the first notes of the deep brass instruments accompanying the solemn voice of the priest swelled upwards to the roof, a deep stillness fell on all present. The service was addressed to the most attentive and reverent ears. Surely, thought I, this is a scene that the lowest conceivable churchman, the most inveterate bigot imaginable, could not but regard with respect. Surely, the most careless could not witness it, and fail to be impressed: just then, some noisy steps invaded the solemnity; I turned and beheld two strangers advance up the aisle, they entered the space behind the choir, and ascending the side steps of the sanctuary, took up a conspicuous position exactly opposite the bishop. They then began to comment upon the scene and the ceremony before them, in tones so loud, as considerably to disturb the worshippers, while it was too evident from their gestures that they regarded the whole with any feelings but those of respect. The position they occupied, and their loud remarks, attracted a momentary attention, but the priests and the congregation soon returned to their devotions with dignified indifference. The verger indeed paused a moment as he passed them on the steps of the sanctuary, and I almost wished he had turned to some account the variety of weapons with which he was furnished. Had I possessed his pole-axe at the moment, I could not have answered for the consequences. I should certainly have been tempted to take severe notice of a conduct that would have been disgraceful in the temple of Juggernaut.

Presently having satisfied their curiosity, and apparently exhausted their criticism, they again stamped down the aisle and

departed. As they went, I looked again to see if my instincts were true, for I had an instinct that they were Englishmen, and a further instinct that they were barristers—both these instincts were correct. There was no doubt of it: who could mistake the man of law—that peculiar air of dogmatism and self-sufficiency generated by the practice, nursed in the atmosphere of that profession? and in the most seedy costume, could I fail to recognize the characteristic dinginess of a gentleman from the inns of court? The next day being obliged to travel some little distance in the diligence, fortune gave me these two individuals as my fellow travellers, who treated me to a comment on the proceedings of the day before, at the Cathedral, dwelling with lively bitterness upon the horrors of Antichrist, the the Babylonian Lady, and so forth. The first hotel we reached, was the scene of a tremendous row, got up entirely by their assumption and intolerance. In five minutes, they had *aggravated* the household to a pitch of fury. I, being of their country and party, was naturally involved, and I therefore sought some means of escaping from their company. Luckily, another carriage just then passed by, which I seized upon, and went the rest of my way alone; so I left them, and as Christian said of the devils, “I saw them no more.”

A terrible month is August! It lets loose a whole host of the islanders across the channel. The committees have passed all their preambles, the patience of lords and country gentlemen is exhausted: pleasure begins to tire of the Park and the midnight revel, and by the *habitués* of St. Stephen's and May-fair “wings” are “ordered,” in all directions, for other climes. In the region about Temple Bar, similar symptoms discover themselves: the doors of those courts where equity has for the last nine months been “doing complete injustice to all parties,” and over which, as over the gate of Danté's Hell, the unhappy suitor reads “*Lasciate aqui speranza*,” they are shut at last: the windows of the lawyers' dens are closed for a while, and the “Peace of God and the church,” as our suffering ancestors called the “long vacation,” falls blissfully over that great workshop of chicane, delay, and ruination. Lincoln's Inn and the Temple, send forth their sons among the rest. From the North Cape to Matapan, from St. Vincent to the river Oby, piloted by Murray's hand-book, they ransack the unhappy continent, disgracing their country by their prejudices, and the mother that bore them by their atrocious attempts at foreign tongues. Normandy is comparatively exempt from this infliction. It is assumed from its proximity not to be worth the trouble; so they hasten on to more distant lions, which derive their value as Campbell's fields their “enchantment,” from being far off. My two friends at Coutances were among the few travellers I encountered. I grieve to say these were no uncommon specimens of your usual autumn tourists. I am free to confess there are few things I would not rather meet, than an English professional just landed on the Continent for a six weeks' roam. It is a case in which all the better qualities of John Bull disappear, and that part of his character which is in truth accidental, and arising from the circumstances of his fortune, comes out in disagreeable prominence—his narrow prejudices, his implacable intolerance—these the creations of his social position; the necessities of his life give no opportunity to correct. Overworked in his pro-

fession, (as is always the case in England,) his leisure moments are necessarily restricted to technical study, to the exclusion of such topics as might liberalize his mind, by widening his survey of humanity, while the advantages of travel, which lie principally in this direction, have no time to make themselves felt, by reason of the limited periods within which his "vacations" are confined.

Avranches was the next point of my wanderings; the road thither lies through Granville, whose dismal position and lugubrious granite houses are in good keeping with the sad memories it recalls, as the spot where the Vendean army struck their last blow in the cause of loyalty and order. Traversing this ground, I could not but think of Henri de Rochejacquelin, and thinking of him, I may be pardoned if I deviate a little from my immediate theme, for the pleasure of weaving into my story the name of one hero more.

At the close of the last century, La Vendée exhibited one of those happy social pictures with which past history here and there presents us, but which we shall see realized no more. The two great divisions of the country, stretching from the Loire to the Atlantic, the Bocage, and the Marais,* were both remarkably fertile, and the natural excellence of the soil was seconded by persevering industry. This flourishing district was inhabited by a contented race of farmers, living under the kindest possible landlords, who belonged principally to the old noblesse. Tenants and proprietors were associated on terms of the most friendly intimacy; the family of the latter attending the weddings and christenings of the peasants, who, in return, were invited to the *chateau* when some festival threw open its doors. The hunting parties and other recreations customary in the district, were shared by both classes together. The Vendean noble was too much attached to the soil, to give much of his time to the gaieties of Paris: he soon hastened back within the Loire and resumed the primitive habits of his beloved province. This manner of life created mutual ties of the strongest nature between the peasant and the lord, and, in consequence of their frequent out-door recreations, the Vendean were a vigorous and hardy race.

It may be imagined that a people so blessed under the existing order of things, viewed the revolutionary movement with anything but satisfaction. The dark spirit of disorder seemed to hover for some time round the province, without being able to find an entrance. At last came the promulgation of the *civic oath* in 1791; this the Vendean clergy refused to take. A decree followed on the 29th of September in that year, ordering all the priests in France to subscribe this oath, under the severest penalties in case of disobedience. The Vendean clergy still refused, and in consequence, were everywhere driven from their benefice by the authorities—ejected from their churches; the service of God was still continued in the woods, whither the peasants went to hear their pastors with arms in their hands. This state of things continued till 1793, when the Vendean heard with horror, of the murder of their King; the order for a conscription succeeded, and this raised them into active resistance. It was so vigorous, that several successive encounters between the

* The *Marais* was the strip of country bordering on the sea. The *Bocage* that portion which extended between it and the Loire.

army and the loyalists ended in the triumph of the latter. Then arose Jacques Cathelineau, the first of those ill-fated men. He hurried from house to house rousing his friends, and rallying them round him by his burning appeals. They next tried their strength upon a considerable force of the *Blues*, strongly placed, whom they completely defeated, and this success was followed up by another victory, which put them in possession of a large quantity of arms and ammunition. The recruits fast pouring in, now found themselves equipped, and the war in La Vendée had begun.

Cathelineau was at this juncture joined by Stofflet and Faret, with considerable reinforcements. They attacked the advanced guard of the revolutionists, who fled after a short struggle, enriching them by further acquisitions of arms and ammunition. It was now Saturday night before Easter. They rested from war during the holy week, but the interval was employed by Cathelineau in enlisting leaders in the good cause. He felt how essential it was the brave enthusiasm of the peasants should be directed by the skill and knowledge of some of the royalist gentlemen. "It is for the nobles to be our generals," he said, "we are as brave as they are, but they understand the art of war better than we do;" accordingly, he succeeded in inducing Bonchamp, D'Elbée, Dommaigné, Lescure, and Henry Duvergier, Count de Rochejacquelin, to put themselves at the head of the royalists. No one could be better suited for the emergency than Rochejacquelin; brave, chivalrous, and enthusiastic, he was just a fit leader for the Vendéans. He was only twenty years of age, but tall, and singularly handsome; his well-shaped head and fair hair, gave an English character to his face. His eagle look bespoke the spirit within. Everybody was at once won by his manner and conversation; no one could resist the magic of his words; so pointed, so intense, so laconic. He had a beautiful seat on horseback, and whether first in the charge, or last in the retreat, none bore him like La Rochejacquelin; he was the adoration of the peasants.

On Monday after Easter week, Cathelineau advanced to meet Berruger, who had been dispatched from Paris with a large force, against the royalists. Their first pitched battle was a signal success, but Berruger still continued to harass them, and receiving every day reinforcements, he gradually crept round the Vendean army, encircling it with a chain of posts. Their position became most critical, and Bonchamp and Cathelineau were beginning to despair, when Rochejacquelin appeared: his presence revived the drooping courage of the peasants, they came in crowds, conjuring him to be their leader. After a moment's hesitation, he assented in those memorable words, that Napoleon afterwards quoted with the comment "there spake a hero,"—"My friends," said he, "if my father were here, you would have confidence in him. I am but a boy, yet I hope to prove I am not entirely unworthy of the trust you honour me with. This, then, is my first command, when I advance, follow me; if I flinch, kill me; if I fall, avenge me!"

Up flew the white flag: loud rung the church bells: the windmill sails were set going on the hills, horns were heard blowing in the woods, and messengers were dispatched in all directions to summon the peasants to the rendezvous in the name of God and the King. Thither they came to the hour in great numbers, dressed in

their blue frocks, and bearing white ribbons in their broad-brimmed bonnets.

'Twere long to tell of the various fortunes which befel the royalists till the day of Saumur, when they defeated the combined forces of Biron, Santerre, and Westermann, forcing them to evacuate their strong position in that town, with the loss of all their cannon and ammunition. They were here joined by the Prince de Talmont, and Cathelineau was appointed commander-in-chief of the royalist army of Louis the Seventeenth.

This was generally called the army of *Haut Poitou*, to distinguish it from that of the *Bas Poitou*, commanded by Charette, a royalist gentleman who was carrying on corresponding operations in the lower part of the district. To effect a combination between the two armies, and secure their working in concert, was a favourite scheme with La Rochejacquelin, and had he succeeded in his design the fate of Europe might have been changed. Napoleon himself declared more than once emphatically, that such a coalition would probably have crushed the republic. After Saumur, Cathelineau prevailed on Charette to join him in attacking Nantes, but this was the only occasion on which he could be induced to co-operate. He was unfortunately of a jealous temper, and preferred working alone.

The attack on Nantes was at first most successful. Nothing could withstand the impetuosity of the Vendéans, and the blues were flying in all directions, when the Prince de Talmont unluckily turned some cannon upon a road purposely left open by Cathelineau for the exit of the fugitives. Thus arrested, they turned and fought with the energy of despair. Cathelineau feeling how much depended on promptitude, put himself at the head of a few troops of his native village, and burst upon the rallying enemy. The shock was irresistible, but at the moment of victory a bullet struck him in the breast, and he fell dead. This again changed the fortune of the day; his fall infused such dismay into the ranks of the royalists, that they broke up dispirited, and crossing the Loire in parties, carried the sad news to all the firesides of La Vendée.

It was the practice of the Vendéans to return home to their families after every five or six days of service, a custom which made it impossible to follow up effectually any success, and indeed rendered nugatory some of the most brilliant operations. La Rochejacquelin found himself comparatively deserted, but nothing daunted, he collected the remaining royalists, and by a series of unexampled movements, succeeded in annihilating Westermann's army. By the month of July there was not a republican soldier in the Bocage, and the peasants resumed their usual occupations. Brief respite! these successes had produced no results. They had not conferred any security upon La Vendée. Royalty was no nearer its hereditary throne. Charette could not be prevailed on to co-operate, and the only hope now left the Vendéans was to engage the assistance of England. Thither they turned anxious eyes. The Bourbon party, who crowded that immemorial asylum of the oppressed, were surely intent upon the gallant but unequal struggle in their cause. The minister whose eyes were exploring Europe, must doubtless be acquainted with those heroic names that were bywords in the French journals,—he surely must have watched their movements, and be aware of the immense importance of preserving this nucleus of royalty in the

heart of the Revolution,—he must have been taking measures for affording them immediate aid. Alas! strange to say, England hardly knew anything of the events we have related! One day in August, a horseman, covered with dust and pale with fatigue, galloped into the royalist camp at Chatillon; his name was Tinteniac, an envoy from England. This gallant fellow had made his perilous way through miles of a country alive with foes, and bearing papers which, if discovered, would have conducted him to the nearest gallows. He was brought before the generals, and there drew the wadding of his pistols. They were despatches from Pitt and Dundas! But what was the disappointment of the Vendean generals on finding that their very existence was unknown to the minister or their party in England. The despatches were addressed to a barber who had been killed in a local outbreak in the Marais months before. However, an answer was prepared to the questions contained in the despatches, and urgent entreaties were forwarded for the landing of some forces on the coast of Brittany, assuring the English government of the faithful cooperation of that province, and promising twenty thousand men from La Vendée. The necessity of the reinforcement being headed by a Bourbon prince, was strenuously insisted upon. The pistols were then wadded again, and the gallant Tinteniac departed on his perilous mission.

Meantime the Convention, furious at being baffled, was revolving plans of destruction for this obstinate land. Various means were suggested to effect this. Among the rest was one too characteristic of the spirit of the revolution and its agents to be omitted. Santerre was the originator of this plan, whose puerility would have disgraced a child, yet the malignity of which a demon might be proud of. He proposed that the strongest gas-emitting substances should be prepared and confined in leathern vessels. These were to be projected like shells into the district: broken by the fall, they were to impregnate the atmosphere with the mortal fluid, asphyxiate every living thing, and strew the country with corpses. This sage proposition was rejected, and it was resolved to try what fire and the sword could effect. The Bocage was surrounded by a force of two hundred thousand men, who were instructed to close their files by degrees, till the whole population was hemmed in; the butchery was then to commence. This plan was conceived to be certain of success, but they knew not what their antagonists were made of. Overwhelming as was the force, and commanded by the ablest generals of the republic,—Kleber among the rest,—they found their match. The Vendéans, under Bonchamp, Lescure, Charette, and Rochejacquelin, made head against them all, and by the end of September the Republican army was so disabled as to render the carrying out its design totally impracticable. Still this was only protracting an unequal struggle; it could not last much longer, and was utterly hopeless unless by the aid of foreign powers.

The republicans were now concentrated at Chollet, and the royalists resolved to stake the issue upon one decisive battle. Gathering their scattered forces, and sending Talmont with a small body of men to keep the way open into Brittany, they advanced upon Chollet. Long and doubtful was the contest. Lescure, Bonchamp, and D'Elbée had fallen, but Rochejacquelin still held his ground and kept up the fight, and though the army of the republicans, now

swelled with veteran troops, put forth all its energies, and the genius of Kleber directed them, the issue was most uncertain, when suddenly an unaccountable panic arose in the royalist army. "To the Loire, to the Loire," resounded through the field, and a few minutes changed the array of battle into a mass of the most hopeless disorder. Flags, artillery, horses, soldiers, priests, women, and children, all huddled together, swept from the scene in irretrievable confusion. Vainly did Rochejacquelin implore them to remain and die where they were: his frantic entreaties were drowned in the universal cry, "To the Loire, to the Loire." Several times he succeeded in extricating his charger for a moment from the mass, and waving his bloody sabre over his head, strove to rush back, but each time he was borne away in the tide of fugitives rushing towards the river which severed their ill-starred land from Brittany. They were stopped by the darkness at Beaupreau.

Madame Lescure's Memoirs have graphically, but with no exaggeration, recorded the frightful spectacle presented the next morning at the passage of the Loire. Eighty thousand human beings, men, women, and children, half clothed, wounded, and in despair, were flying to an unknown country; the smoke of their burning homes darkened the atmosphere; an implacable enemy was close behind; of their generals, Bonchamp expired as they were ferrying him over, D'Elbée was missing, Lescure was evidently dying. The latter, in this emergency, called the leaders round his bed and proposed Rochejacquelin as their general. It was not without some hesitation that the young soldier yielded to the representations of Lescure. The trust which involved the lives and safety of all these wretched families was a terrible office to accept, but when Rochejacquelin assented, and the Vendéans saw him assume the command, their spirits faintly revived, and something like a hope arose in their despairing hearts.

We have heard of the physical effects that sudden vicissitudes of fortune have occasionally produced on the human frame: the resulting emotions may be different: it may be fear, as in the case of Ludovico Sforza, whose hair grew white in the lapse of a few hours; or it may be grief, as with Marie Antoinette, whose glorious *chevelure* experienced the same change in almost as short a period, and history can give other instances where strong emotions, so resulting, have produced similar effects. But the nature of Rochejacquelin seemed to undergo a total change: his very being appeared altered with the alteration of his fate: the sense of responsibility operated as the flight of years, and Henri la Rochejacquelin had become suddenly old! His careless gaiety, his light-heartedness, his impatience of deliberation and delay, at once forsook him; he became grave and cautious as Lescure himself, and it was only when confronted with personal and instant danger that his old nature returned,—for the moment he appeared no longer as the general, calculating how he might combine the action of thousands to the best effect, but as the fiery hussar, occupied with the management of his own sabre, and watching how its sweeps could tell.

The once rich and cultivated La Vendée was now a smoking desert. The brutal Merlin de Thionville proposed to call it Le Département Vengé, and colonize it with Germans and poor labourers. The execution of this plan was, however, prevented by Charette,

who, ceasing his operations in the Bas Poitou, appeared in the Bocage, and kept it open, by making it again a fighting ground.

The poor Vendéans, meantime, were slowly marching through Brittany, where they were received with the utmost kindness. Their finances, however, were entirely exhausted, and these men, proud and independent, in the midst of unexampled hardship and poverty, shrunk from impoverishing their benefactors. They could not brook the idea of being pensioners on the bounty of their friendly countrymen, however willingly accorded. In this extremity the military council, at the instance of Rochejacquelin, issued notes in the king's name to the amount of nine hundred thousand livres. They were made payable, with interest at four-and-a-half per cent., at the restoration of peace. On strict commercial principles there was not much value in these notes, nor was the interest much, considering the risk; but the mere idea of resorting to this expedient was an evidence of an honest and honourable spirit, to which the feeling of mendicancy or dependence was degradation.

The Vendéans reached Laval on the 20th October, and the next morning added to their sorrows, by bringing the intelligence that their beloved queen had shared her husband's fate. Near Laval the whole army of the west was concentrated, under the command of Lechelle, Kleber, Marceau, and Westermann; to proceed farther without risking a battle was impossible, and Rochejacquelin prepared for the encounter.

The condition of the two parties the night before the battle, placed its issue, to all appearance, already beyond a question. For the Vendéans to hazard an encounter, seemed little short of madness. On the one hand were the republicans, well-armed, well-fed, inspired, in immense force, and backed by innumerable reserves; on the other, the royalists, famished, barefoot, scarce armed, unaided, and dejected—but then Rochejacquelin was at their head. His dispositions, on this occasion, are said to have displayed the most consummate military skill, and the foresight and precision which characterized all his movements, have been often dwelt upon with admiration by the first critics in the art of war. This single battle of Laval has placed him in the foremost rank of military leaders.

Vain was the veteran discipline of the republican troops: vain the skill of Kleber, Marceau, Westermann, and Lechelle. Rochejacquelin, with his half-armed Vendéans, beat them all: the wounded Lescure, propped up by pillows, was a witness of the fight, and had the gratification of seeing the royalists, in their greatest extremity, win their greatest victory. But of what avail was the triumph? No help from England: how could they alone, and unsupported, hope to conquer a nation. What profit was it to win battles? Victories were but useless slaughter!

After the battle of Laval, Rochejacquelin proposed to return instantly by Maine and Anjou, and pushing aside the wreck of the republican army, to reach the well-known labyrinths of the Bocage before their enemies could reorganize. In this plan lay, in fact, their only safety, their only hope; but it was opposed as too bold. A military council was held, to deliberate on the steps to be taken: possibly, Rochejacquelin's proposal might now have been adopted, but it was already too late—the army of the republic had re-assembled. Two courses only remained; to march westward through

Brittany, or northward to Normandy—the latter course was adopted, principally with a view to the expected succours from England, and they proceeded towards Mayenne. Here they were met by English envoys, who encouraged them to advance to Granville, as a point where the promised succours might be landed with facility. Accordingly, they made their way to Granville, leaving the women and children at Avranches, with a few troops to keep open a retreat. Granville was strongly garrisoned by the republicans, but the Vendéans knowing that their fire could now be heard by the English troops at Jersey, and confident of speedy support, attacked it without hesitation. For six and thirty hours the attack was vigorously maintained, and the Vendéans made considerable impression; but though their forlorn condition was well-known, and every shot was heard at Jersey, no relief came, their ammunition now failing, they gave themselves up to despair—no entreaties or exhortations could prevail upon them to prolong the struggle; and, breaking up into parties, they left the sea-coast as they best could, cursing Pitt, Dundas, and the whole English nation.

"Home," was now the cry, "Back to the Bocage." They had now done all that men could do: they had left their homes to flame and plunder; they had spent their all; they had shed their blood in a cause and for men who had cruelly deserted them; for seven months had they kept the gigantic forces of the republic at bay; and if the revolution was not arrested and crushed in its cradle, the fault lay not with them, but with those who suffered them to carry on this struggle alone, and who failed to avail themselves of the opportunity the struggle in La Vendée afforded. "Home," then "home!" their bosoms swelled at the sound. All along that woody track before me to Avranches was strewn with the shattered remains of the Vendean army, as they rushed tumultuously towards their homes. At Avranches, they were joined by their companions, and still hastened on to the south. Once they paused, to fight their bloodiest battle—Kleber, Westermann, and Marceau, with recruited and doubled forces, were drawn up before them, but what of that? with the Bocage beyond, they would have confronted all the powers of the universe. On they came, strong in the terrible strength of despair; no one thought of flinching; the timid fought as the brave, the brave like the Homeric Gods—even the women mingled in the death-filés, handing fresh-loaded muskets, urging the less energetic, and shrieking "Forward," "Forward!"

After cutting their way through the republican army, many of the Vendéans separated from the main body, in order to shift for themselves, but the mass, keeping together, still pressed southward under Rochejacquelin. Even now, their leader proposed to march into Brittany, to besiege Renne, and endeavour to stir up the Bretons, but the only answer was "Home," "Home." They already seemed to feel the breezes from the far Bocage, and so they went on, on. But before they again touch that soil, the terrible Loire must be crossed. They attempt a passage at Angers, but in vain; baffled there, they rush to Saumur, but here too in vain; at no point can they effect a passage, and the republicans are upon them! Up and down the inexorable river, they wander miserably. Westermann and his butcher troops behind, strewing the shore with the corpses of women and children. The republican leader spreads a report

that the authorities allow the fugitives to disperse on laying down their arms, they believe the lie, are entrapped, and massacred by hundreds. Already, eighteen thousand victims are heaped along the banks of the dreadful river, and Rochejacquelin, with the wretched remains of his army, utterly broken in body and spirit, retires upon the scene of his fruitless glory—Laval. From that place they advanced to Ancenis on the Loire, the very spot where they had crossed two months before on their way to Normandy. Their only means of crossing was a little boat they had taken from the pond of a *chateau*, and a small fishing craft which they found at the water's edge—Westermann was close behind. On the other side, were several boats, moored under the guns of the republican fort. Could they but obtain these! but who would dare to loose them? Rochejacquelin flung himself into the fishing craft, he was followed by the brave Stofflet, with half-a-dozen men. They pull across, they reach the boats, they unmoor one of them, then another, then a third—suddenly, an explosion of cannon and musketry shakes the earth; the fort, the river's edge, the boats are enveloped in a dense cloud of smoke, a shower of bullets descends, ploughing up land and water—the cloud clears away—Heaven be praised! Rochejacquelin and Stofflet, all unharmed, are busy with the remaining boat, endeavouring to detach it, but the rope will not give way, and the garrison pour down upon them: they are overpowered and dispersed, and the Vendéans, on the far bank, behold themselves with horror separated from their last hope—from Rochejacquelin.

Westermann, with his butchers, now came; and the remnant of the royalists, stupified with their condition, and helpless as infants, fall an easy prey. A very few escaped into La Vendée, and most of them were afterwards rooted out of their concealments in twos and threes, to perish by the hands of the executioner. D'Elbée, who, we may remember, had disappeared at the first crossing of the Loire, was thus hunted out, and too disabled by his wounds to stand, was placed in an arm-chair and shot. The Prince de Talmont was shot in his own court-yard, and in him perished the last of those heroic, but ill-fated men with whom this account commenced—except Rochejacquelin. He and Stofflet having gained the Bocage, went up and down for some time, endeavouring to rouse the peasants. Charette was still in the field, and Rochejacquelin endeavoured to prevail on him to associate himself with his exertions; but the jealous disposition of the former, who disliked the idea of a divided command, rendered the attempt abortive. Rochejacquelin then returned, in the hope of raising a force of his own; aided by Stofflet, he succeeded in collecting a small number of troops, and by a series of successful skirmishes began to make his presence felt again. But his brief and glorious career was over! He attacked and overpowered the garrison of Maillé; after the victory, Rochejacquelin saw the peasants making preparations to shoot two republican grenadiers; he hastened to intercede for them—"Surrender," he called out, "and you shall have your lives."

Just then, some one pronounced his name; one of the grenadiers turned, presented his musket, and fired: the bullet entered Rochejacquelin's forehead, and he fell. Thus, on the 4th March, 1794, at the early age of twenty-one, died Henry de La Rochejacquelin, the hero of La Vendée.

Charette and Stofflet kept up the struggle for a while ; finally, they also were apprehended and shot. As the curtain falls upon the last actors in the tragedy, it is some consolation to think that they did not perish in vain. The Convention, having learned that no amount of murder, no contrivance of cruelty could stifle the loyalty of La Vendée, resolved to offer terms to the few brave who now remained to accept them. They were to be allowed the unrestrained exercise of their religion, a full indemnity for all their losses, and, which may perhaps be considered the most suitable immunity, freedom from military service.

Cold, indeed, must be the heart, insensible to all that is loyal and chivalrous in our nature, who could read this record without emotion. I know of no episode in history so affecting, except the struggle of the Highlanders under Montrose, of which, in so many respects, it reminds us. Both cases were remarkable exceptions to that grand rule in military science, that discipline will always beat enthusiasm. In both instances, the numerical superiority was tremendously against the royalists. In both, the most unequal contest was prolonged beyond all precedent, by a courage in the soldier that received no aid from drilling or experience, and a generalship in the leaders, which must be pronounced instinctive. A hairs-breadth would, in both cases, have, more than once, turned the scale and changed the destinies of Europe.

Had Rochejacquelin succeeded in effecting a coalition with Charette, in all probability, the infant republic would have been crushed for ever, and had the royalists received support from England at the siege of Granville, it is more than likely that Napoleon would have never held his court in the palace of the Bourbon. Had the measures recommended by Montrose to the Queen, at York, to prevent the coalition of the Scotch and English Parliaments, and to use his own intense language, so like Rochejacquelin's, "to crush the rebellious cockatrice in the egg." Had those recommendations prevailed over Hamilton's temporising councils, Lord Leven would never have crossed the Tweed, and the "solemn league and covenant" would have been subscribed in vain. Had Prince Rupert, on the day of Marston Moor, waited the arrival of Montrose, Cromwell and his *ironsides* would have found their match in the "Great Marquis," and his fiery hussars ; the Scots would have been spared the eternal disgrace of having betrayed their trusting king, and the fatal Naseby would never have been fought. In both these glorious campaigns, the interest is heightened by the chivalrous generosity that characterised the proceedings of the royalists, and over all is shed the glory of a good cause.

The resemblance between the heroes of the two campaigns is too striking to require notice—their fate too was the same. Both expiated their services, or shall I say, met their reward by an early death—Rochejacquelin, while yet a boy ; Montrose, scarce on the threshold of manhood.

THE SERVICES OF THE PENINSULAR ARMY.

BY ONE WHO SERVED WITH IT.

It would be considered an observation of no very profound wisdom to remark, that the glory and success of an army mainly depend upon the mental resources and character of its chief; but it is not a principle so generally weighed and accepted, that its conduct and its *happiness* spring from and rest upon the commanders of its several battalions. A right-minded and right-feeling commanding officer will, in a surprisingly short time, reform a corps of the greatest scamps who ever were *permitted* to defy civil and martial law; whilst a wrong-headed indulgence, or an indiscreet zeal will as rapidly disorganise the finest regiment, which a Hougomont-Macdonell, an Andrew Barnard, or a Harry Smith, ever turned out perfect from their hands.

The Emperor Alexander, when in England in 1814, is said to have become so enamoured with the working of that limited authority of which he saw here such glorious results, that he vowed that when he got back to Russia he would get up an opposition to the government there, and place himself at its head! For he added, "That a good autocrat like himself was merely *un heureux accident*—a lucky hit!" He probably read in the secrets of his own heart the dangers of an unchecked human power.

An officer in charge of a regiment possesses a control over the comfort of its men, almost as great as that of his imperial majesty; and he is exposed to two prevailing temptations: on the one hand is the danger that he may too anxiously court at the Horse Guards the reputation of a smart officer, by a tormenting and *fussy* zeal; on the other is the peril that he may seek too sensitively the favour of his people by a sacrifice of discipline to a slovenly slackness and indulgence. Good feeling and common sense are "the opposition" here needed to such abuse of power: of the former there is in general no lack, but of the latter fine quality there is even in Her Britannic Majesty's service sometimes a deficiency.

A lady, a friend of mine, lately represented to her steward in the Highlands, that he would find the management of her estate in every way more easy, if he would but employ under him people who possessed only a *little* common sense. "Vary true, vary true, mileddi," said the old man, "I ken ye're right; but *coomen* sense, mileddi, is na *sa coomen* as your leddiship may think."

The mischiefs of various sorts and sizes, however, which I have known such *very zealous* and such very indulgent officers to produce, I may have, perhaps, many occasions to relate, in these my gossipings of old times and campaigns. I say "perhaps," for I intend to take the privilege of an old pensioner on half-pay; and, having for forty years been bound to eat, drink, dress, talk, or move either in angles, lines, or squares, according to his or her Majesty's regulations, I purpose in future to be my own commanding officer; to do as I please, and say what I like and how I like, "nothing putting down in malice." I trust that the good-natured reader will admit that I have sufficient authority for my very desultory discourse, seeing that Lord Bacon sayeth "That speak of touch" (which I take to mean "gossip") "should be sparingly used: for discourse should be like in a field,

without coming home to any man," and that Madame de Staël has ruled "*Que la conversation (gossiping again) n'est pas comme le chemin, qui conduise à la maison, mais comme un sentier, où on se promène au hasard avec plaisir.*"

Under such high sanctions I shall take the liberty to turn back for a moment to the old-world times of a generation now gone out; and as we are told with much truth, that Young France, with its aspiring young heroes, de Joinville and Co. have a hope, a wish, a longing to be able, on some early opportunity, to return us the visits, which we have from time to time made to them; let us not, while we give them full credit for the will, be too prone to *pooh-pooh* their ability to the deed. Let us rather be *prepared*, and recal to mind the feelings and the glorious facts too, which such threatenings (more openly uttered, but, perhaps, not more mischievously meant) called forth half a century ago, and in the end produced the Peninsular army; and, if my gossipings should go back to almost unbreeched memories, they will be forgiven in deference to another high logical axiom, "*Qu'il faut commencer par le commencement.*"

It would, I believe, be difficult to create in the mind of the young of the present generation, that enthusiastic spirit, which, in the early days of their fathers, had warmed them to military enterprise; and which prepared the nation for such noble struggles as the Peninsular war. The heart of every Englishman beat high with indignation and disgust at the diabolical deeds of the ruffian authors, and instruments of the French Revolution; and the peasant over his newly taxed a/e, as he learned from the weekly journal of his village inn their sanguinary threats of the invasion and plunder of his father-land, clenched his fist in anticipated vengeance, and emptied his jug to the jolly old song:—

"They say they'll invade us, these terrible foes,
They frighten our women, our children, and beaux,
But we always are ready,
Steady, boys, steady,
To fight and to beat them again and again."

The whole island, from north to south, was soon one vast garrison, covered by camps and barracks, and surrounded, for out-works, by our "wooden walls."

Our earliest memories include in every scene of interest or amusement, at reviews and balls, in public parties and the socialities of home, the gay uniform, now so rare, and gayer society of the soldier and the sailor. The defence of the land was the passion as well as the necessity of the hour. The sights and sounds, and pastimes of our boyhood were military, and our very games at school were a lesson and a mimicry of war.

The strongest impression which now remains to me of those stirring times, after a lapse of upwards of fifty years, is the appearance one day of my father (the member of a grave profession) in the smart uniform of a cornet of yeomanry cavalry. I remember the delight and pride, with which I bounded round him in this unwonted and gay attire, and my love for a soldier dated from that hour: but my extasy of that occasion quickly melted itself away into a very alarmed and affectionate admiration, when he announced to me "the oath, which he had just taken, at the town hall, to fight the French, whenever King George the Third, God bless him, should send him to do so." Within the walls of every house such "interiors" could then have been painted.

The eastern coast, most exposed to, and threatened with, attack, was especially characterized by such excitement. Its wide heaths and "walks" were whitened with tents, and re-echoed the sounds of drums and artillery. Columns were seen at exercise of every arm and grade from morning till night—from the gallant linesman, whose service had no limit of time or place in this vast empire, to the volunteer and local-militia-man, whose duties bound them to guard only the *aræ et foci*, the threshold of their homestead, and the altars of their God. In those holy purposes there were no defaulters, no "malingerers." The orders were issued, the arrangements were made, and our "*folk*" were ready too, as soon as an enemy should land, to clear away, lay waste, destroy and burn all that could feed, or serve, or shelter them. Nothing was to be found by them upon the desert, prepared for their reception, but the brave hearts and strong arms of its defenders. I heard an old yeoman, rich by the industry and thrift of a long life and the father of many children, on whom the office had devolved of "head constable of his hundred," give the order, which would have doomed him and them and his whole neighbourhood to temporary destitution, on the instant that the telegraph upon a distant steeple gave the appointed signal.

In the midst of all this, which now sounds so formidable, it is most marvellous, how little there was of fear: there was neither confusion nor alarm. It was, to be sure a comforting reflection, that the adjoining bay was covered by our ships of war, and that Sir Sidney Smith and his men of Acre were there with them. The gallant admiral was said to be one of those ambidextrous heroes, who, "with one foot on the land and the other on the sea, could fight equally well on both." There was about him, too, a romantic and chivalrous gaiety, which joined to his recent exploits in Syria and success against Buonaparte, made him appear to us an invincible defender, and which he also seemed to have no sort of hesitation to consider himself. His inveterate hatred and abuse of the French, to whom he applied every imaginable name of opprobrium, was most amusing. I remember, that the accusation which they had circulated, that he had placed prisoners, whom he had taken, in vessels infected by the plague, most especially inflamed him; and he used to swear, *ore rotundo*, and to the superlative admiration and encouragement of all around, that, if ever he caught that "murderous rascal" Buonaparte, he kept in his possession for him a number of newspapers of all countries, in which "*the lie*" had been repeated: every one of which he should make him eat as his first meal on board a British man-of-war.

Sir Sidney and his merry men added as much to the enthusiasm as they did to the security of the surrounding country. The decks of the Antelope, and the roof-tree of the old hall, where I saw him a frequent and honoured guest, used to vibrate to the dance and our joyous young voices; whilst the camp hard by added its quota to the merry muster. The press-gang or the recruiting party were little needed in that vicinity; every boy, before he was breeched, talked of nothing but war.

It was, indeed, impossible to meet everywhere such brave fellows without catching something of their gallant spirit; and so it was. From reunions and scenes like these sprung up and was hallowed on our very hearths that indomitable patriotism which was as unequalled in its patient and vast sacrifices, as it was in its subsequent triumph and reward. Napoleon on the heights of Boulogne *fell* it, and paused ere

he placed his myrmidons upon its path. Our sailors, ere long, made the ocean our own free warren, as much our own as each village green; and then it was that the laurels which our soldiers had gathered in the East and West Indies, in Egypt, Maida, and Copenhagen, prepared them, as they had long desired, to become more prominent in the contest; when the atrocious invasion of Spain by the great soldier tyrant summoned together, for the first time for a century, an English army worthy of the cause it fought for, and of the land which sent it forth.

Nothing could have been more impolitic than the system, which had hitherto prevailed, of sending forth expeditions of small numerical amount of our own troops, whilst we subsidised at enormous cost vast armies of our allies: the former had generally triumphed if only tolerably commanded, as witness our conquest of all the colonies of the enemy; whilst the latter had almost invariably succumbed before the raw but energetic troops of the French revolution. The natural effect of such unwise neglect of our own admirable soldiery, and consequent seeking the help of others, was, a lamentable waste of our money upon those who served us ill, and a lessening of our own military reputation in the eyes of the continental nations.

Sir Arthur Wellesley, returning victorious from Vimiero, had declared to the government in a most memorable document, that war in the Peninsula should now be made on a larger and bolder scale: that 20,000 British infantry and 5000 cavalry should be the smallest force kept there; that the choicest regiments, with a larger artillery corps and more ordnance, should be sent: that the Portuguese army should be commanded by British officers, and that our commissariat, wretched till he took it in hand, should be made efficient. He concluded with the following remarkable and almost oracular sentence, "that such an army in activity in Portugal would be highly useful to the Spaniards; could defend Portugal against 100,000 French, and *might eventually decide the contest.*"

Luckily for England and the civilized world, this wise counsel was received by Parliament with the attention which it deserved: and better still the great man from whom it proceeded was appointed to the supreme direction and command of the measures which he had suggested: measures which were destined by a gracious Providence to arrest the progress of that visitation, which was spreading over Europe by the edge of the sword, a system of the most disgusting sensuality, violence, and irreligion, *the invariable result*, be it remarked, of French conquest in every age and country. The best way to realise a prophecy is to deserve that it should be fulfilled; in this spirit the duke acted, and proved himself to be a "prophet indeed."

Towards the close of the autumn of the year 1808, my battalion received the long expected order to hold itself in readiness for foreign service. It still numbered in its ranks many who had seen service, and received their *baptême de feu* in Holland, Egypt, and more recently in Germany; and, therefore, we youngsters were not at a loss for needful and learned notes of preparation. Large, therefore, were the orders for canteens, pack-saddles, cloaks of amplest dimensions, bear-skin-beds, and water-proofs of various sorts and denominations. Packages and trunks, freshly painted and white-lettered, overspread the barrack rooms, with pistol-cases, wicker-flasks, and such-like life-preservers, and all so "slick" and new, that it would have seemed, that the ingenious

Mr. Platt had moved his military stores from Bond Street to C— barracks. No sooner did the post convey the awful tidings to anxious mammas, loving sisters, and other fair sympathisers, than down came by mail (not rail) the secret and sacred outpourings of affection. Some from aching hearts full of sweet counsel and parting blessings; and others, less sentimental, in the shape of every comforting vestment, mentionable or unmentionable, in fleecy hosiery, vigonia, or lamb's-wool. Little satiny scented billets, too, must not be forgotten, such as in ordinary times were with us, like other angel-visits, "few and far between" (for we were not a flirting corps): but now the old drum-major, as big with his morning's mail he marched into the mess-room, seemed almost to have caught some soft infection; for though he still presented each common-place epistle of foolscap or bath-post with features as immovable and well-stretched as the heading of his drums, when one of these pretty little notes touched his well pipe-clayed glove, it seemed to soften him; and, as if conscious of the tone appropriate to love's messengers, his usual address of "Ensign A, a letter for you, Sir, if you please, Sir," was given with a petting, protecting sort of soft whisper, and a look—indescribable (for who *did* ever look like Drum-Major Jones),—a look, something as if begotten of that "smile and tear on the cheek of a dear," which in the genus "*look*" was long since immortalized by Cupid's own poet-laureate, Mr. Thomas Moore.

I must here add an important remark in military ethics, and which I then made, namely, that the young gentlemen of *subaltern* rank were the general recipients of these delicate missives, a circumstance which probably somewhat explains the following anecdote. I remember, some years ago walking down St. James's Street with a very gallant friend of mine, whom a brevet had just raised to the rank of colonel, when one of his acquaintances, passing on horseback, called out to him, "*Hallo, H—, I wish you joy, old fellow!*" "*Stop,*" said the new colonel, "*and pray tell me what for?*" "*Oh,*" replied the other, "*I heard that the brevet had raised you to the rank of full colonel.*" "*Is that all?*" said my friend, "*I see nothing in being an old colonel to be very joyful about; make me an ensign once more, and then I will acknowledge your congratulations with my hat off.*"

It may be supposed that, while preparing for a start, we did not omit to speculate, and with much anxiety too, upon the places of our probable destination. A considerable army was already advancing into Spain under Sir John Moore, and, as the government had of late applied its attention chiefly in that direction, thitherward also we turned our thoughts. It was, however, one of the peculiarities of military service in those days, that the expeditions, which had been sent out from time to time, had embraced so wide a range, from the Baltic to the Nile and from the river Plate to the Elbe, that, in guessing upon the chances of our destiny, the notice which we had received set our minds wandering in a manner far more painful and exciting than can be the case, when the preparations regard a service whose nature and locality are at once pointed out. At present all this is generally fixed by rule and roster. A man in Canada, now-a-days, can guess within a little when he shall pay a visit to his friend at Hong Kong; and, though it may not be an agreeable sort of military glory to have the certainty, when the youthful brows are turned from the white cliffs of "*perfidious Albion,*" that, when permitted to return, they will be crowned more luxuriantly with grey hairs than laurels, still such is

now the soldier's condition of enlistment, and he bears the ills he knows of, and not, as was our lot then, the evils which we knew not of. Our *début* in the Peninsular expedition was no uncommon example of this glorious uncertainty, for even while we were afloat our destination underwent in six weeks no less than five alterations.

After the warning order arrived we had time enough, and to spare, "to weary of conjecture:" the baggage had been long all right—bills paid—and, according to the true soldier's device, "*toujours prêt*," all was ready; but we still lingered on, and found ourselves with entire equanimity enjoying the roast-beef and jollity of Christmas-day. On the following morning a merry group were sallying forth with very warlike intentions against snipes and wild-ducks, when at the barrack-gate they were checked in their pace to let pass a dragoon, whose black charger, white with foam, was reeking in the frost; and who, dashing up the hill to the general's door, drew forth and delivered an ominous looking long dispatch,—he received the envelope, on which was first noted the hour of its delivery,—and then departed slowly to "take his ease in his inn." This looked like a concatenation big with our fate, and of reprieve to the wild-fowl, so we returned; but, before we could regain our quarters the *fiat* had gone forth. There was quickly an unusual stir in the barrack-yard, and, as old Cobbett would say, "*the straw began to move*." The orderly drummers were beating for sergeants to muster at the orderly room; corporals, those military mercuries, were hurrying here and there; groups of soldiers were mustering, some grave, some gay; while the poor wives, anxious to accompany their Bills and Dicks, and doubtful who would be of the happy "eight women per company" allowed to embark with the regiment, were already, with corner of apron to the eye, dropping a tear, while they wistfully discussed this very interesting question. Some there were, perhaps, who did not exactly

"By sweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A paradise below:"

but, nevertheless, amongst those humble votaries of "Hymen's gentle powers," I have witnessed, in the hours of trial, the most devoted affection and good conduct:—and of all the sounds of sorrow which has fallen upon my ear, the most difficult to be forgotten was the agonizing shriek which burst forth from the women and children of the regiment collected round the barrack-gates, as the husbands and fathers marched out of them for embarkation.

BRIAN O'LINN ;

OR, LUCK IS EVERYTHING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WILD SPORTS OF THE WEST."

CHAPTER XXV.

Sir William. I tell you he shall marry her, or I'll disinherit him! that's certain. Lookye, Tom, not to make any more words about the matter, I have brought the lady here with me, and I'll see you contracted before we part; or you shall delve and plant cucumbers as long as you live.

Love in a Village.

"UPON my honour," observed the Dwarf, after the surgeon had declared that the struggle was ended, and the mariner no more,— "I never met with a couple of gentlemen, whose lives and departures were more similar and less edifying, than those of the gallant captain, now moribund on the bed there, and a former friend, to whom, in his parting remarks he made a complimentary allusion. Besides drowning niggers and scuttling ships, the last sentence Mr. Wildman delivered distinctly was a request that Mr. Huggins should use his whittle. Dangerfield was also a man of spirit. I recollect the morning he was gibbeted in Cuba, he knocked down the black executioner for the clumsy hitch he put upon the halter, instead of doing the thing ship-shape, and making it a bow-line knot, as he should have done,—that, in the Captain's opinion, being the neatest tie for a hempen cravat."

It was now verging upon eleven o'clock: and when we were about to quit the "George and Garter," it was communicated to Brian that it would be necessary for him to sign a deposition in the case of Huggins; and, to prove his identity, he was required to repair to the station-house where the ruffian was in close custody. The little gentleman volunteered his escort, and we all proceeded to the place where the fighting man was confined.

From his strength, his profession, and general bad character, precautions had been adopted to prevent him doing mischief either to others or to himself. When introduced to the apartment he was confined in, we found him seated on a bench, and handcuffed for better security, with two policemen placed to watch him. In Mr. Ellis, the Pet recognised an old acquaintance, and a brief greeting was interchanged between them. At the Dwarf and me, the criminal looked with the indifference which men bestow on strangers; but as Brian, who had been the last to enter the room, advanced to the table, a countenance, pale and agitated before, became visibly more downcast when the eyes of the murderer and his intended victim met each other's glance. Ellis sat down on the bench beside the Pet, who presently inquired, in a whisper, "whether Wildman was likely to recover?"

"Recover!" returned the runner. "It's seldom that a man who has got a brace of bullets in his body manages to do that. No, Ben; it's regularly up with him; and he's as cold at present, in the 'Crown and Garter,' as any stiff-un ye ever sacked after dark."

"Well," replied the fighting man—across whose mind a gleam of hope appeared to shoot, when assured that his villanous associate was no more—"I hopes he told the truth afore he hopped the twig, and cleared me of hany bad intention, who am as hinnicent as the babe unborn."

"Why, not exactly," rejoined the Bow Street man. "He did mention you, certainly, before he died, in reference to that gentleman; and requested you to use your gully, Ben."

"Use my gully!" exclaimed the Leg-Lane Pet, with innocent astonishment. "Vy, Mister Hellis, the captain must have been raving to have spoken of knives. I'll tell the plain truth, and explain to these here gents, vot brought me to the fields. 'Ben,' says he,—now, gemmen, this is as true as if I vas on oath before the beak, and had reg'larly kissed the calf-skin,—'Ben,' says he, 'I'm goin' to meet that young cove as you knows, that grassed me in the coffee-room; and as he's unkimmon wilent in his temper, vill you come, jist to perwent a turn-up?' So I goes hinnicintly to the fields, to keep peace between 'em—and I'm blest, but here I be's under screw, as if I had come out upon what they calls han evil harrant."

"Lord, Ben," returned the runner, "how men change as they grow older. I mind the time you would go ten miles to get up a fight, and not ten yards to stop one. Well, I hope the beaks at the Bailey will take it in, and it will be all the better for ye."

"But," said the ex-pugilist, "von't it be unkimmon cruel, if a man as goes hout on a peaceable hintention, should be locked up for nothing for a month, and then be shewn up at the Old Bailey among cracksmen and conveyancers. Vy, it vill ruin me as a man of business, and the Fortune of War may jist as vell be shut up."

"Well, don't make yourself uneasy about that, Ben," rejoined the Bow Street functionary.

"Yes, but I ham!" returned the fighting man. "Ven customers inquires arter me, and hears I'm in the cage—vy, von't they toddle to another crib, don't you think? If so be I'm penned until the Sessions, The Fortune may go to Bath. Vat made it the house it his? Vy, the unkimmon ciwility of the missus and myself. If a gent lushed heavy, and lost his legs, vy, his vord to the cabman vas—'Drive me to the Fortune, for that's the ticket, where all is on the square.' Drunk or sober, not a clye was ever cleaned; and they could go to roost, and vake next mornin', thof they had uncounted goold about 'em. Sick or vell, they always were looked arter, and—"

"If, notwithstanding the most delicate attention and the best medical advice, they kicked the bucket, they were respectably interred," observed the little gentleman, in his own peculiar manner, and with a most puissant pinch of blackguard. "None of your trumpery turns out—your mutes, and plumes, and hearse—no unnecessary parade—all private and economic, as it ought to be."

The fighting man started. The colour again receded from his face, and the tremulous twicking of the lips betrayed mental agitation.

"Well," added the runner, "I won't pretend to say how many Ben may have buried in his day, for his was altogether another line of business; but I am ready to bet a horse to a hen, that for one

stiff-un he stuck in clay, he grubbed a hundred out of it. Why, a dozen years ago, he carried on a roaring business. I've heard that he and his pals have lifted as good as ten a-week at times. They would have made a rapid fortune; but the burkers first overstocked the market, and, at last, entirely done up the trade."

"Vere 's the use, Mr. Hellis, of talkin' of vot's gone by?" exclaimed the fighting man. "It's all over; and, may I be scragged, if a toe o' mine has touched what they calls consecrated ground these five years, but vonce, and that vas to hoblige han old customer, who fancied he 'd inwestigat a gent, who died of somethin' that nobody could tell nothing about. But, as I vas a sayin', if I'm clapped under the screw, vy, my vife vill break her 'art, and my bisnis go to the devil."

"No, no," said the man in the blue coat and metal buttons. "Don't ye fret yerself, Ben, about that. Why, the beaks have taken the Fortune under their particular protection; and, when I was coming away, they had found a young lady so fast asleep up stairs, that none of them could waken her. Where is Poll Hargrave, Pet?"

The sudden question again sent the colour from the cheeks of the pugilist; and he disclaimed all knowledge of the hocussed girl.

"I fancied it might have been the Sleeping Beauty the police disturbed," said the runner.

"And vy did the force wisit my house hin my habsince?" inquired the ruffian, in evident alarm.

"To have a friendly look-out after your wife and customers, I suppose," was the reply.

"And vy should they go upstairs, a ransacking of my bedrooms?"

"I imagine by the same right, that they went down stairs to take stock of your cellar."

The Pet turned deadlier pale than before. "Vell," he replied, "they vould n't diskiver hany thing there as had n't paid duty reg'lar."

"Are bones as well as beer exciseable?" inquired the Dwarf, as he took another of his imperturbable pinches of high-toast:

Had a shell popped through the ceiling, and dropped at the foot of the fighting man, his countenance could not have expressed terror more fearfully.

"Bones!" he involuntarily muttered.

"Why yes, Ben. I never like to keep an old acquaintance in suspense. We found Poll Hargrave hocussed above stairs, and the stuff that did it locked in the bar-press of which Mother H— always carried the key, as you know yourself. What was in the cellar, under the flags behind the door?—why, that's the worst of the affair, I fancy."

"Vere is my vife?" exclaimed the Pet.

"In quod," returned the functionary.

"And vere's the Early One?" asked Mr. Huggins.

"Ditto," was the brief reply.

"Then there's no use in coming it Hookey Valker longer," observed the Leg Lane Pet, in a voice of the deepest despondency.

"It's all hup, and I'm safe for scragging!"

"Well, I would be inclined to back your opinion for a five-pound flimsey," replied the Bow Street runner. "But here comes the clerk and the informations, and we'll make the deposition in the office. Good night, Ben! Don't ye be so cast-down. To my knowledge you have had a long and lucky run of it; and out of twenty of your pals—except the Tyburn Tinker, who retired from business in good time—is there one of the score who has not either been lagged or scragged?"

With this consolatory observation, Mr. Ellis followed us to the outer room, where the official papers were duly signed, and an arrangement was made with the police authorities, that they should apprise us of the time the inquest would be holden, so soon after the coroner had arranged it as was possible. We all re-embarked in our respective vehicles as we had arrived—the Dwarf, as the little gentleman carefully buttoned his greatcoat, reminding us, that at "sharp two" we should next day have the honour of an audience.

"As to you," he said, addressing the young Irishman, "I consider that your destinies are completed. The finger of Providence has pointed out the road to fortune; and by a just retribution, the murderer of the father has perished by the orphan's hand. As for you," and the Dwarf directed a minatory glance, and extended his lean forefinger, to render by suitable action his address the more impressive, "every man is the builder of his own fortunes, and yours will rest entirely with yourself. The decision of to-morrow will be final. If you choose wisely, and wed her to whom you shall be presented—"

I shook my head, and the little fellow, with upraised finger, coolly continued—

"A fortune that no Elliott who ever wore or lost a head possessed or dreamed of, shall be yours. If you reject the lady's hand, as quickly as legal forms will permit, all that I possess shall be forthwith transferred to her; and as a farewell gift, I'll present Mr. Francis Elliott with—a shilling!" and the yellow scoundrel made me a profound bow, accompanied by a flourish of hand and foot, which half persuaded me that in early life he must have been a dancing-master.

"With lips apart," and an eye fixed upon the Dwarf in marked anxiety, Brian had listened to the brief address, which at the same time offered wealth, and detailed the penalty attendant on disobedience.

"And for following the course his heart dictates, honour says is right, and Heaven must approve, you will reject him as a castaway?" he said.

The little fellow drew out his snuff-box, applied his fingers to the high-toast, and after a most deliberate pinch, replied to the question with a calmness of tone and manner that was conclusive on the point.

"I will, in that case, take the liberty of doing what seems good to me with mine own—and convert a portionless girl into the wealthiest heiress that ever a booby-headed borderer rejected."

"And you assure me that I shall be independent—nay, opulent?" said the youth, with a look of anxious enquiry.

"You are *sode jure*, already. Homesdale Priory and the Hunt-

gate estates are yours as surely as this snuff-box belongs to me," returned the little fellow.

"Then," exclaimed Brian with an air of triumph, as he caught my hand in his, "to the last guinea, Frank, we'll share good fortune—like brothers as we are in heart. Take to your arms the girl you love, and pitch him, his money and his heiress to the devil!"

"Upon my word," replied the little gentleman, all unmoved, "for some good services I have rendered, I cannot say that I have received a satisfactory return. I and my money are not by any means obliged to you for the pleasant disposition you have made of both; and I think that the vaunted gallantry of Ireland should have prevented you from consigning to Pandemonium a young lady you never saw."

The dryness of the Dwarf's remonstrance provoked a hearty laugh; and as we proceeded down stairs, I overheard him in a low voice observe to his friend the runner,

"That lad is true metal after all—regular Corinthian, without a particle of dross."

The morning, decisive of my fate, dawned upon two private gentlemen whose slumbers had not been unbroken. When the crisis of a man's fortunes is at hand, the feelings which uncertainty produces are more harassing far than when the result, no matter how unfortunate it may be, is known, and the worst that fate can do has been developed. I had already made my election—and mine was the resolution which nothing could or should disturb—and like another Antony, if I had not a world to give up for love, I was ready to abandon advantages held out and undergo the penalties denounced against my disobedience. Still I was unenviably restless; and I prayed heartily for the hour to arrive when the Dwarf should pour out the phials of his wrath, and withdraw the light of his countenance for ever.

Nor was Brian—notwithstanding the assurances of the little gentleman, that his probation had ended—exactly upon a bed of roses. He had sent Mr. Wildman to his account—and, *malgré* the advantages of an Irish education, the first time a man becomes a homicide, he must, to a certain extent, feel some nervousness when the act is recalled to memory. No one, who ever hurried a human being to his grand audit, had less to reproach himself with; and I firmly believe that the ordeal of the inquest, and the silence of Susan Edwards for three days, caused more disquietude to the youthful lover, than a deed warranted by self-defence, and one which the sternest moralist would have pronounced as pardonable. We got the morning papers after breakfast—and during a parliamentary recess, the affair of yesterday had proved an *El Dorado*. All had their own version of the occurrence, with the usual amount of obscure hints of extraordinary disclosures, which might be expected in a day or two, and a promise of "Farther particulars." As yet, no summons from the coroner had arrived—noon came. Brian proposed an hour's stroll in the Park; but Mrs. Honeywood signalled me to her parlour, and whispered me to go back to the place from whence I came. Brian instantly comprehended how matters stood; and after telling me that he should return in an hour, he set out for his former rendezvous—the Serpentine.

I found Miss Harley in the drawing-room. She was shawled and

bonneted—and looked paler, and, as I fancied, prettier than ever. An unexpected meeting between persons circumstanced as we were, discarded formality at once. She placed herself beside me on the sofa, and requested and received a brief narrative of the preceding evening's adventures.

Saint Martin's clock chimed the second quarter before my story ended.

"How quick," said my beautiful companion, and her voice faltered, "does the crisis of our fortunes hurry on! Francis, I adjure you, as you have aught of love for me—as you regard honour—nay, more, by those blessed hopes we cherish in the great hereafter—is there a misgiving in your breast? and would one word that you have spoken, and sworn, and promised, on cooler reflection be recalled?"

I did not answer her, but caught her to my heart, kissed her with rapturous affection, and murmured on her lips the plight of all-enduring love.

"Enough—dear; dear Francis. I am now ready for the trial; and come weal, come wo, I am thine. Nay, love! detain me not. I hear the colonel's bell; and he has already apprized me that some friend's carriage will call for us at one o'clock."

"And have you nerve, sweet Julia, to meet the ordeal?"

"Ere two hours pass," she replied, "the soldier's daughter, rich in nothing but a father's stainless reputation, will claim the husband of her heart—him, whose fortunes, through storm and sunshine, she will share while life continues!"

She flung her arms round my neck—kissed me—"t was the first time she dared so much"—and hurried from the drawing-room.

Within ten minutes I heard Brian's well-known summons on the rapper, and remarked, that after ascending the staircase by four steps at a time, he appeared in high excitement.

"I have seen your father!" he exclaimed.

I stared at the young Irishman in return.

"Do you wish, Brian, that we should enact a scene from 'Hamlet' before we visit that cursed Dwarf? and am I to inquire,

'Looked he pale or red?'

"All I can tell you without entering into particulars about his complexion," returned the youth, "that he whisked by me at the corner of Charing Cross in a cab; or if he did not, his fetch* is indubitably in London, and at this moment, amusing himself with an eighteen-penny drive."

"Pshaw! my father would as much enter into this iniquitous metropolis as he would volunteer to join the Niger expedition."

"Well I'm sorry for it," returned the young Irishman; "all I shall say is, that his ghost is rattling over the stones, and apparently in a devil of a hurry; and, of course, the original he represents will soon be taking his last drive. But, talking about driving, that is a devilish well-appointed carriagewhich has stopped. Some visitor of the colonel's, no doubt."

"Yes—it is a friend's chariot, which Miss Harley expected to call for her and the old gentleman."

* "The 'fetch' is the apparition of the living; and its appearance indicates, that he whose similitude it bears, will shortly die.

"Ay, there they go," as the steps fell. There—he hands her in, stiff as a ramrod. What an ankle! I would have sworn it was Susan's. Lord! I like that old chap. I fancy, Frank, he's just the man who would pop half an ounce of lead into the carcase of any scoundrel who would dare to look crooked at his daughter."

"Unless, my dear Brian, I took the liberty of anticipating him."

"Likely enough that. But Frank, let's have some lunch. It's cursed weakness on my part, but I'll confess it, that I neither slept so soundly, nor made so good a breakfast, as I had done before I shot that scoundrel. But why should I let a thought upon it cross my mind? Is there not more to cause a man self-reproach for demolishing an inoffensive snipe, than for shooting scoundrels who deal in blood by the gallon?"

The appointed interval elapsed—three quarters chimed—a cab was already at the door, and Brian and I stepped into the vehicle. I don't know how he felt, but I know that mine were such feelings as I suppose my ancestors experienced *en route* to Tyburn—and indeed I suspect that the *éclat* of the thing rendered their last drive more agreeable to those lamented gentlemen than mine was. We reached the Dwarf's residence. Bang went a neighbouring clock! and we had hit the appointed two, even to the second. The cursed cabman thundered at the door as if the ghost of a departed footman had transmigrated into his wretched carcase.

"That infernal knock has finished us," I said apart to my companion. But Brian, who was of that school of philosophy peculiar to Ireland, and known by the title of the "Devil-may-care," thought we could not be worse than we were, and it might be serviceable that the little gentleman should fancy we were not afraid. To this loud alarm Cupid promptly replied; and whether my manner evinced disquietude, or the sable functionary anticipated that the cabman's sins would be visited upon me, he observed, as we mounted the staircase, "Don't mind, massa, what him say. Dam rum chap. Him bark worse than him bite. He! he! he!"

On being introduced to the apartment where the little gentleman was evidently waiting our expected visit, we were complimented on punctuality on the score of time, and censured for what he termed an outrage on his knocker—and at a glance, it was quite evident that a most important *dénouement* was about to follow. M. Ellis, who seemed to have been selected as his "Fidus Achates" by the Dwarf, gave us a friendly reception; and a third personage, of grave appearance, and hitherto unknown, was seated at a circular table, literally heaped with parchments. Some of these documents, by their faded ink and dusky complexions evinced undoubted antiquity, while others exhibited a virgin freshness of character that announced them fresh from the scrivener. But the little man's personal appearance was the greatest puzzle of the whole. The Kilmarnock cap, striped dressing-gown, and brimstone slippers were discarded—and there he sat in full dress, a pair of white kids on the table, acting as supporters to his snuff-box, and—tell it not in Gath!—a camellia japonica in his button-hole, than which, a fairer flower was never presented to a murderer by a lady admirer on the day of execution.

What meant these important demonstrations? and I whispered to Brian my dubitations while the Dwarf was pencilling a note, which he dispatched unsealed.

"I think," returned the Irishman, "that he has changed his mind; and when you decline the consort he has good-naturedly selected, instead of making her an heiress, he will himself lead the lady to the altar."

A man who drops into a house for the first time, and like an Irish friar, with his "God save all here, barring the cat!" makes himself quite at home, may be expected in his own domicile to be perfectly at ease—and such was the case with the little gentleman. With a satisfied look, his eye ran over the cumbrous bundles of parchment and separate deeds which were ranged with accurate attention on the table; then with the air of a *petit maître* he glanced at his camellia; next he refreshed himself with a pinch of blackguard, cleared his throat with a hem preliminary, and thus commenced the business of this important day.

"Mr. Francis Elliott and Mr. Brian Huns gate—for from this moment we discard the surname—or more correctly speaking, the *soubriquet* of O'Linn, allow me to introduce you to Mr. Davis Todd, of the firm of Todd, Wilkinson, and Sharpman. To you Mr. Huns gate, I first address myself; and my warrentry for thus designating you, lies in yonder deeds, which, on leisure inspection, will be found not only to remove all the mystery attendant on your birth, but also establish beyond the reach of cavil your indisputable right to the Park and Priory of Holmesdale and the estates appertaining to the same. In obtaining the immediate restoration of property withheld for so many years, no difficulty, I should say, can now exist. Step by step, by the assistance of these valuable gentlemen," and he pointed to the lawyer, and him of Bow-street, "the criminal proceedings by which he who usurped possession, and so iniquitously attained his guilty objects—all these have been carefully traced out; and within a few hours the delinquent will be in the hands of justice."

The Dwarf made a pause, which Brian seized upon as a fit opportunity to express his gratitude.

"Humph!" returned the little gentleman; "I trust that if you consider you owe me any obligations, you will in future adopt some other method of returning them, than by volunteering on the Border to break my neck; and, as a set-off against mulled claret, consigning the donor to the devil. And now, for the present, I have done with you—and must request the attention of your worthy friend and ally, lately fascinated by the lovely and virtuous relict of Colonel Bouverie, and who now wears the rosy fetters of a young lady I have little doubt fully as respectable as the widow of a companion of the Bath."

"You're in for it, regularly," whispered Brian. "D—n it! show fight at once, Frank!"

"Before you proceed farther, Sir," I said, firmly, but quietly, "I beg to tell you that I am not come here to be insulted myself—but far less, to hear the name of one to whom I am honourably engaged coarsely and unnecessarily introduced. There stands my hat; and if the offence be repeated I shall quit the house, and—"

"Pitch me to the devil! as your excellent adviser particularly recommended last night;" and he pointed to Brian, who, never remarkable for facial control, had retired to the window to preserve his gravity. "But, come: if you please, we'll make a bargain. On

my part, one word shall not be uttered to impugn the beauty, or question the high desert of the young lady, at the bare mention of whose name you appear so exquisitely sensitive; while, *per contra*, before you leave, I shall expect you to assign, and as briefly as you please, to my elected heiress, the reasons which may have caused you to reject the honour of her hand."

"Agreed, Sir: and with this understanding, no matter how unsatisfactorily to both the interview may prove, still the feelings of neither will be wounded."

"This document," continued the little gentleman, taking up a freshly-engrossed deed, which appeared to be unusually voluminous, "is the marriage settlement of my adopted daughter, complete, save that blanks for names and dates require to be filled up. By this instrument, I have conveyed absolutely, to the customary uses and in the usual forms, fifty thousand pounds, to be secured upon herself, her husband, and her issue. Will Mr. Francis Elliott graciously condescend to have his name inserted in the blanks left for the fortunate bridegroom's?"

"Sir," I replied, "I humbly thank you for the honour you intended; and I am free to add, that when you stated that none of the house of Elliott had ever realized such fortune, or even thought of it, you only spoke the fact. Forgive me, when I peremptorily decline this munificent proposal. I cannot wed for money; and I dare not, at God's altar, plight my faith to one woman, when my heart was given to another."

"I am answered," said the Dwarf, in his usual manner—and I was surprised to see that he evinced neither displeasure nor disappointment. Coolly depositing the settlement on the table, he took up a small deed, looked on its indorsement, and then continued—

"This document is of a different description. It was, however, intended to form a pendent to that larger deed. This parchment should have been the shibboleth with which the bride of Mr. Francis Elliott would have made her hymeneal visit to the Border, and crossed the threshold of the ancient roof-tree—but no more of that. I told you before—and you listened with incredulity—that your father, for more than thirty years, has unconsciously held a property to which he never had a title. By this deed, all that your father enjoyed and all that you in expectancy looked to, is absolutely conveyed by the rightful owner, to one to whom in a few days, your father must yield possession."

I really could not believe the evidence of my senses, nor imagine how the inheritance of an estate, descending for centuries from sire to son, could now be impugned. The little gentleman marked my agitation, and again proceeded—

"Mr. Francis Elliott has an undoubted right to receive or reject a fortune when it may be offered to him. Let me—without intending to give offence, however—ask him, does he feel warranted for a whim, a fancy—let him call it what he please—to strike, and to the root, at the comfort and independence of his family—and alienate, through obstinate disregard of self-interest, that property which conferred an honourable position on his parents; ay, and the very roof-tree under which he saw the light himself!"

"Your words harass, but do not shake me," I returned. "My

resolution is fixed—and neither personal aggrandizement on the one hand, nor personal privations which may attend my refusal of your splendid offers on the other, can change my determination. Permit me, then, to take my leave; for further discussion between you and me would be idle as it would be painful.”

“Be it so!” returned the Dwarf; “and but one brief ceremony remains:” and, rising from his chair, he showed me to the lobby, pointed out a door at the end of the passage, and then added—

“In that chamber you will find one who, no doubt, considered herself a bride elect. She is alone. Go, and break her disappointment—and do it as gently as you can.”

I would have willingly declined the task; but the little gentleman reminded me that in this I had promised obedience to his wishes: and I proceeded slowly to the apartment.

I know not wherefore that hanging associations should so intimately associate themselves with the Elliots. We were not different from other families, who, in “the olden time,” used sword and lance with scanty ceremony; and Maxwells, and Musgraves, Fosters, Armstrongs, and Fenwicks, as well as we, all contributed in turn, to keep the artist on Harribee Hill* in the practice. I had read, that very morning, a long account of an execution; and as I paced the passage from the Dwarf’s library to his drawing-room, I fancied myself walking in solemn state, from the press-room to the gallows. I paused a moment at the door; opened it desperately; stepped in; and there stood the rejected Mrs. Elliott, looking in fixed attention, on a full-length portrait of the Dwarf; not hearing, or rather not pretending to hear, the entrance of a stranger. Humph! She would not show me a full front it seemed—and the duty of breaking the ice, of course, must devolve on me. I felt my courage oozing; and with as hearty a desire of levitating, as Bob Acres had when he muttered “We won’t run, Sir Lucius!” I took a desperate resolution and advanced boldly to the trial.

Halting within four paces. I coughed: the *trachea* seemed stuffed with bird-lime, as I issued a guttural sound intended to pass for “Madam.” A suppressed “Sir” was responded—and half-a-minute passed. There was no use in standing longer, like an idiot, to play Simple to Ann Page; and, stoutly shortening distance, I placed myself beside the lady’s elbow, and, in plain English and my accustomed tone of voice, requested her to favour me with an audience.

The words were electrical. A half-suppressed scream answered my entreaty; and in a moment—Julia and I were locked in each other’s arms. What lovers, thus circumstanced, think, do, and ejaculate, would be unnecessary to detail; but from the seventh heaven we had reached, a voice from the doorway very speedily recalled us—

“Upon my honour! If this be the approved method adopted by gentlemen to declare off, it is to me absolutely incomprehensible.”

We looked round,—and there stood the little gentleman a looker-on—one toe gracefully protruded, and his arms what are termed a-kimbo.

“Mr. Francis Elliott,” he enquired, “by what authority have you dared to kiss my ward?”

* The site of the gallows, on which Borderers were executed.

"A husband's right; and I'll repeat the trespass in your presence," I answered.

"Cool," exclaimed the Dwarf, "by every thing amatory. And does Miss Harley permit gentlemen dispatched to deliver short messages, to enact a Romeo to her Juliet?" asked the little fellow.

"She has never, Sir, received such messages, nor enacted any character save a daughter's. She has now undertaken a more sacred duty, if such can be; and where her faith is plighted and her heart bestowed, the colder homage of the lip shall never be refused."—And her hand remained where it had been, on my shoulder.

A change came over the Dwarf.—He closed the door and approached us—and for one so methodically and constitutionally frigid, his manner became singularly altered. He came forward—took Julia's hand and mine in his—while, under some secret impulse, we knelt upon the carpet.

"Daughter, of my dearest friend! Son, of my only brother! May Heaven shower blessings on your heads!"

And then, as if he felt that he had exhibited more of humanity than was his custom, he hurried from the room with an assurance that his return would be immediate.

His pledge was faithfully redeemed: and in ten minutes he presented himself a second time,—his companions, Colonel Harley and Brian. From the soldier, I formally received his daughter's hand; and from the young Irishman, the heartiest congratulations. Touching the gentlemen we had left in the Dwarf's study—the lawyer was employed in filling in certain names and dates; and the runner had been despatched on a secret embassy. Himself, the little gentleman, had ordered lunch at the Piazza. It was, as he explained it, to avoid the disgrace attendant upon dining at four o'clock,—the earliest hour tolerated by genteel society now ranging from eight until eleven. This entertainment would have been perpetrated where we were, had not "a concatenation" of misfortunes rendered it impossible.—Cupid had scalded his foot, and was still hopping about, as he best could, upon one supporter—the cook had influenza, and could not have told the difference between Harvey's sauce and hydrocyanic acid—the parrot was moulting, irritable, nervous, and would stand no noise—while the baboon, in some extraordinary evolution, had ingeniously contrived to hang himself as near as possible, and was cut down at the last gasp; but still his recovery was but slow, and with such apologies, true or false, the little gentleman masked his purpose of committing an extravaganza at "The Hummums;" as the same will be duly set forth in the next and last chapter.

PICTURES OF BARBADOS.

BY SIR ROBERT SCHOMBURGH.

WE had both of us become thoughtful; the wind-up of our journey had left its reminiscences, and turned the channel of my imagination to the distant home, and similar pictures appeared to pass before my friend. A stroll through the city was proposed to rally us, and away we sauntered through the narrow streets, across the pride of the Barbadians, Trafalgar Square, to the Cathedral. The night was lovely, scarcely a breeze stirred the feathery leaves of the majestic cabbage palm, and the sound of myriads of insects here broke the silence which prevails during a fine night in northern Europe. Mr. H., who now, for the first time, witnessed a tropical night on *terra firma*, was in raptures: I envied him!—a long life spent in the West Indies and in South America had removed the novelty of such scenes with me. We passed the Queen's House, as the residence of the general in command of the forces is styled, and continued our walk along a number of neat cottages, with small gardens in front, from whence a delicious odour of orange flowers was wafted towards us. We now approached a part of the town where the hum of insects was hushed by the revel connected with a negro dance, and the monotonous sound of the great drum served to keep their feet in time. This dance is a remnant of African custom, and only practised by the lower classes of the negroes. The black aristocracy have long since abolished this barbarian custom, which has been replaced by quadrilles and the fashionable polka.

We followed the sound and soon procured admittance, as the amusement took place *al fresco*. The merry laugh of the assembled dancers, their jokes and witty remarks proved that life's care sat but loosely upon their hearts. The preparations for their ball had not required much study. A noble tamarind-tree, with wide-spreading branches, formed the ball-room, a lantern with a tallow-candle their chandelier; the greater number were in their every-day attire. And with all this simplicity it may be a question whether their mirth was not founded upon a surer basis for real enjoyment, than at Almack's, with its hundreds of wax-tapers, and brilliant assemblage, where many an aching heart is veiled with false illumined smiles. Here all seemed possessed of content, and an earnest desire to amuse themselves.

The grotesque figures of the dance, in some of its motions resembled an Irish jig, in others, by the various contortions of the body, their advance or retreat, the voluptuous dances of southern Europe.

Our appearance amongst them produced many a witty remark. We were at first sight pronounced to be Johnny Newcomers, and the object of our sojourn in the island was loudly discussed, and many a conjecture was ventured. Our presence did not prevent the most absurd observations on this subject. We left the merry party to their amusement, and continued our walk towards Bay Street, which winds along the shore of the roadstead, and consists of a succession of gin and grocers' shops—sailors and soldiers, and a number of tawny beauties of every shade of colour fill this street, which leads to St. Ann's, the spacious garrison.

The Parade ground is one of the finest in the West Indies—the obscurity of the night prevented us judging of the appearance of the barracks; but the sound of insects was here again audible, and formed a strong contrast, when compared with the din of voices in Bay Street, and the merry laugh of the dancers we had just left.

A bright flash, and the boom of a gun told us what the clock had just announced, that it was eight o'clock. The silence which had reigned supreme was now broken by the sounds of trumpets, horns, and drums, and the shrill tones of the fife, which more forcibly pathed itself to the ear,—it was the tattoo of the garrison. I urged my friend to turn homeward, recollecting how injuriously the night air acts upon persons unaccustomed to the tropics. We selected a different way from the one which we came, and passed through several streets enveloped in darkness, but enlivened by the hum of voices of small groups of the inmates from the neighbouring houses, who were enjoying the balmy air, and indulging in gossips on the events of the day. Now and then some noisy negroes, the men shouting, the women screaming, led us to suppose that a murder was being committed, and on coming near we found they were only amusing themselves, or that some favourite relater of negro stories had elicited their applause or wrought upon their feelings to such a degree, that their cries and yells were merely the safety-valves of their excitement. We had apparently missed our way, the streets became narrower and darker, until a heap of ruins stayed our further progress. In the absence of the moon, the darkness was rendered less intense by the beautiful starlight, which enabled us to discover that we were at the spot where, nine months since, the flames committed sad ravages. The blackened walls, in dismal garb, bespoke a mournful tale of blighted joy and human happiness destroyed, where the devouring element had probably in one short night laid waste the accumulated toil of years. In the course of that awful night, one hundred and eighty houses were reduced to ruins; but, despite the fierce rapidity with which the fire had raged, and the imminent danger connected therewith, yet no human life was lost. Those acquainted with the works of Schiller, must have felt impressively his beautiful words in the Song of the Bell:

“ Was Feuers Wuth ihm auch geraubt,
Ein süßer Trost ist ihm geblieben,
Er zählt die Häupter seiner Lieben,
Und sieh! ihm fehlt kein theures Haupt.”

I think it is generally acknowledged, that Port of Spain, in the island of Trinidad, and Paramaribo in Surinam, on the South American continent, are the two handsomest towns in the European colonial possessions. Although Bridgetown cannot vie with either one or the other, it nevertheless has its peculiarities, which are striking to the beholder on first landing after a tedious and monotonous sea voyage. The houses are mostly built of stone, in some instances two and three stories high, and altogether have an English country appearance; so that, were it not for an occasional palm-tree, one would scarcely imagine himself in the town of a West India island. The streets are irregular and narrow, Broad Street forms the only exception, and the view of it from Trafalgar Square is animated and pretty. The inhabitants of Barbados pride themselves upon hav-

ing been the first to erect a statue to the immortal hero Lord Nelson. It occupies the centre of the square which received its name in honour of his greatest victory. The statue is of bronze, and the hero is represented in full uniform. It was erected by public subscription, and the legislature has contributed largely towards the purchase of the space, and the old buildings which formerly occupied the ground that is now called Trafalgar Square.

St. Michael's Church, which, since the island of Barbados was erected (in 1825) the seat of the Bishop for the Windward and Leeward Islands, became the cathedral of the see, is a spacious building, but possesses no architectural attraction. St. Mary's Church has more pretensions to elegance, and St. Paul's Chapel, in the southern part of the town, is really pretty. The Methodists have a very pretty chapel in Bay-street, which has been recently erected.

There are no public buildings within the town itself which claim our attention: the Queen's House has already been alluded to. Whatever other public buildings Bridgetown formerly possessed, which distinguished themselves by their size or style, the hurricane and fire have levelled with the ground.

The two branches of the legislature and the courts assemble in an inconvenient private building. Much is spoken of affording the legislature and judicial bodies convenient room in the public jail, for which purpose material changes are contemplated in its present structure, and it is proposed to build a penitentiary for prisoners and criminals. The legislature has purchased the ground where the late fire, in 1845, laid waste one hundred and eighty buildings, and purpose reselling it, with certain conditions, for erecting buildings according to a prescribed plan.

Broad Street, High Street, and Swan Street, comprise the business part of the town. Here are the stores of the merchants and the shops of the retailers: the former contain provisions, imported chiefly from the United States, and perhaps the produce of the island, warehoused previous to its being shipped on board the vessels lying in the adjacent bay; the latter exhibit such a collection and motley assemblage of goods of the most heterogeneous description, that an English lady, accustomed to shopping in Regent Street or Cheapside, would be greatly amazed. If you desire a rushlight, here it is to be obtained; a zephyr scarf, or an elegant polka mantilla, it is there to be had, just arrived by steamer from London. Penny nails, fresh onions, and watches;—painters' oils and Rowland's macassar,—English potatoes, blondes, and satin bonnets; frying-pans and ladies' corsets; and, in the way of good living, Burgundy and Champagne from the Rhine, and Moselle from Madeira and Monte-fiascore; hams from Westphalia, sausages from Brunswick, and pickled salmon from Old England. In some of the more extensive shops, or rather stores, as they are here called, these various articles are separated, that is, haberdashery and dry goods occupy one portion of the store, and nails, candles, hams, and potatoes, etc. the other.

The city contains some good hotels and private boarding-houses; the resort, however, of the stranger and inhabitant alike, if he can afford it, is the Barbados Ice-house, in High Street. A walk through the streets about noon, when the sun shines bright, and has attained its meridian height; when the glare of the white build-

ings, and a kind of mirage which surrounds the distant objects, apparently increases the heat of the sun's rays; at such a period the luxury of a glass of iced lemonade, or a sherry cobbler, for those who are not pledged to Father Mathew's principles, will be declared nectar. The ice, which is imported from the United States, is very cheap, and within the reach of even the middle classes.

Although the town possesses no great claim to architectural beauty, the villas and country-houses in the immediate neighbourhood are unusually pretty and very convenient. A taste for gardening has sprung up in Barbados, which has been applied with the greatest advantage to embellish their abodes. The houses are generally provided with airy verandahs, or a piazza with an open colonnade, umbrageous trees, chiefly the Barbados evergreen (*Ficus nitida*), and the stately mahogany, shade it against the direct rays of the sun, over which that prince of the vegetable kingdom, the palmetto, waves its mighty pinion-like leaves. Flowers of every variety of hue scent the air with rich fragrance, and the balmy evening breeze renders these verandahs the most delightful resort at the close of the day's labour. The soft rustling murmur of the wind through the slender leaflets of the palm-tree has such a composing effect, that had Wordsworth been acquainted with it, he would have enumerated it with his sleep-inviting images.

Barbados, on its surface, presents certain evidence that it owes its origin to the labours of the coral animals, or zoophytes, and that the island was gradually elevated from below the sea. The coralline rock constitutes the great bulk of the superficial area of Barbados, and occupies about six-sevenths of the whole island. The characteristic feature of this portion, chiefly when viewed from the west, are elevations rising progressively in the form of terraces to the highest ridge of the island: there is little doubt that each terrace proclaims a period of rest during the elevatory movement. One of these terraces, or elevations, surrounds the city amphitheatre-like, and its heights, which vary from eighty to a hundred feet, are crowned with some of the prettiest villas and mansions. Among them are Pilgrim, the residence of the governor; and Bishop's Court, the seat, as the name may denote, of the lord bishop: the prospect from here over Carlisle Bay is highly interesting.

Our evening's walk had already, in some respect, made us acquainted with St. Anne's, the garrison. It is no doubt the most extensive and most commodious military station in the West Indies. The barracks are built of stone, airy and convenient in arrangement; the officers' quarters are spacious, and surrounded with galleries: a good library and billiard-room are attached to one of these buildings. But the great pride of this garrison is the parade ground, which is the most extensive and finest in the West Indies.

The staff of two regiments are generally quartered in the garrison, and the high enjoyment which the excellent musical bands afford to the military, as also to the civilians, are acknowledged by all who have opportunity to hear them. These bands play towards evening in the open air, when the weather permits, four times a week: it is then that the Parade ground presents an animated picture, of an assemblage of equipages, ladies and gentlemen on horseback, the prancing steed of the disciple of Mars, and the humble pedestrian.

The Parade ground opens almost directly on the sea, and the trade wind flows uninterruptedly over it. The delicious and balmy air, after the lord of the day has sunk in the western horizon into the ocean, renders a drive along the sea-shore, towards the bathing establishments, Hastings and Worthing, one of the greatest enjoyment; and if that drive be properly timed on the return to the parade ground, the strains of music will offer a powerful inducement to halt the carriage, and listen to the enlivening airs or charming overtures skilfully executed by the military band. On such occasions, when surrounded by beauty and fashion, one cannot associate the idea of a sojourn under the tropics being connected with sacrifice and resignation.

An invitation to breakfast at an estate in the parish of St. George, gave us an opportunity to see Barbados beyond the precincts of its city. We left early in an open phaeton, and a bright sunny November morning had clad the landscape in its loveliest smiles. A succession of small houses lined the road, built in general of coral-lime stone, with a small garden attached to each: they have a very friendly appearance. The system of disposing of land in small lots is extensively followed in Barbados. Proud to possess a property of his own, the emancipated negro, who has been thrifty in his habits, frequently earned sufficient to purchase an acre of ground, on which he erected a building to afford him shelter and comfort, and the spare land was used for the cultivation of provisions, or, as is likewise the case in many instances, for raising the produce of the country. Frequently the house and land are merely rented, and the rent is paid by labour on the sugar plantation, if the proprietor should be a planter. In this case they form a kind of tenantry, differing, however, from that class in England, in many respects besides colour.

The main roads were in excellent condition in Barbados. The greater part of the island consists of coral-lime stone, in which the roads have been cut, and frequently excavated. The rock serves as a firm base, and material, upon M'Adam's system, having been thrown upon it, they were, at the period of my visit, in a state that would have done honour to Old England. It is said, however, that the softness of the rock, and the numerous hollows which it contains, render frequent repairs necessary. The dazzling white of the limestone proves very distressing to the eyes. We were highly amused when on our excursion to-day we noticed for the first time the shifts of the gentry to protect their eyes, and preserve their complexion. Masks made of white linen or muslin, with a pair of holes for the eyes, and a raised bridge to cover the nose, provided with air holes, may be desirable for that purpose, but they certainly give a most ghastly appearance to the wearer, and disfigure the "face divine." In such a disguise I found it impossible to recognize my most intimate acquaintances.

We passed "the Bell," a fine property of the Earl of Harewood. The dwelling-house, which has no pretensions, and appears merely intended as a residence for the manager of the estate, is surrounded with some of the most stately mahogany trees that I have seen in the island. This useful tree has been introduced in Barbados, and it is asserted that those at the Bell were the first trees which, towards the middle of the last century, were brought to Barbados. It is, however, more likely that the first mahogany trees were planted at

Harrison's, in the parish of St. Lucy, by a descendant of Sir Timothy Thornhill, who, it is said, introduced them from St. Domingo.

The foliage of the mahogany tree is of a darker hue than the generality of other trees, and its noble size and erect growth add much to its stateliness. It is very extensively planted on Lord Harewood's estate, perhaps less for the sake of its wood, than for the shade which it affords.

Our road continued through the valley, one of the most fertile spots in the island. Here it was, that at the time of the settlement of the island, the London merchants who were interested in the scheme of settling at Barbados had their ten thousand acres of land. The direction of the valley is east and west: on the southern side it is formed by the ridges of Christ Church, on the north by the ridge of which Gun Hill is the highest eminence. It is a picture of human industry; and it is really wonderful, that a soil which apparently scarcely covers the bare rock twelve inches deep, should have produced for nearly two centuries and a quarter such astonishing crops. Upon a moderate calculation, that little island has produced, since the cultivation of sugar commenced, annually, thirty millions pounds of sugar, besides cotton, ginger, aloes, and provisions for home consumption.

A field of sugar-canes, chiefly when in bloom, has certainly a beautiful aspect. Imagine, gentle reader, our reeds, with their panicles, or flags, waving in the gentle breeze. Suppose, now, a stronger plant, of a somewhat similar description, but with broader leaves and of a darker green, and in its growth exhibiting that luxuriance which identifies tropical vegetation, where it would appear as if the all-bounteous soil could not afford sufficient room for the plants to expand, offering an entangled maze, almost impenetrable. Over this "green sea," waving to and fro when agitated by the eastern breeze, rises from the mature canes a spire, embellished by a silvery flag, or panicle, much surpassing those of our reeds in size and beauty. It is technically called the arrow.

The valley and the hill-sides alike presented this pleasing picture, only here and there was seen a spot cultivated with yams, or sweet potatoes (*batatas*). The cultivation of the yam is not less interesting in aspect than the sugar-cane, although of a different nature. It is a vine, luxuriant in its growth, with a dark, heart-shaped leaf, each plant occupying a small hillock, which it perfectly covers with its vines. A patch, therefore, of ten acres in extent offers a very peculiar picture. I frequently observed the Indian-corn planted between the rows of yams, or the large-leaved Indian kail.

The Barbados planter excels in the cleanliness of his cultivated fields, scarce a weed is seen, and agricultural industry is everywhere evident: I have not seen it surpassed in any other of the islands, and very few can vie in this respect with Barbados.

We soon after arrived at our friend's, who received us with great kindness and hospitality. The approach to the house was through shrubs and trees. The Arabian jasmin, the Chinese rose (*hibiscus*), the splendid Barbados pride (*Poinciana pulcherrima*), plants which in Europe are known only in stunted specimens found in hot-houses, here formed the luxuriant shrubbery. The verandah was

covered with sweet smelling creepers, which contributed to the coolness within the house.

Our host had a surprise in store for us. Fully impressed with the picture of tropical scenery, which the shrubbery around his residence displayed, he beckoned us to follow him to another spot of ground, surrounded by a wall, which I viewed as a garden. We entered, and from between the adjacent bushes sprang forth a number of hares, alarmed by the noise our approach had caused. A group of fallow deer grazed in the middle of the green sward. Here was tropical vegetation animated with animals from our parks and fields. I understood the hares did very well, and had greatly increased. He had likewise introduced some foxes, but with less success, nevertheless it had afforded him the singular sport of a fox-hunt in the West Indies. The hunters on that occasion were in danger of being pitchforked by the negroes, who finding that in the heat of the chase they spared neither their own nor their masters' cultivated lands, attacked the tropical Nimrods, and drove them out of the field before cover.

Bulkeley's is one of the first settled estates in the island. Samuel Bulkeley landed with Wolferstone, in 1628, and commenced the cultivation of the plantation which still bears his name.

The finest avenues of the Barbados evergreen, a species of fig-tree, leads to the mansion on the neighbouring plantation, Buttal's. Their wide-spreading branches and thick foliage convey the idea of freshness itself. The garden attached to the mansion is replete with highly interesting and curious plants from the neighbouring islands and the South American continent, and although they were not planted by the present proprietor, he takes the greatest care in fostering them. This is very pleasing to a botanist.

We extended our excursion to the parish of St. Philip. On approaching the sea-shore, the fertility so conspicuous in the valley disappears, and we find barren soil, producing only a short useless grass, prickly opuntia, and the poisonous manchineel-tree. Here and there human industry forces from the ground a crop of aloes, a plant which it is known thrives well in dry and barren soil. Strange to say, in the midst of this desert rises a lordly mansion, called Longbay Castle, which appears decidedly out of place. The late proprietor, who had it built under his own direction, spared neither expense nor trouble to ornament the interior in a tasteful style, and during his life it was a show-place, which strangers considered themselves highly privileged in having permission to visit.

Long Bay is unfortunately famed for the number of shipwrecks which have taken place in its vicinity. A coral-reef, which bears the name of the Cobblers, extends from here for some miles into the sea. The most distressing shipwreck on record was that of the *King George*, a slave-ship. At the period when she struck, the most able of her unfortunate human cargo were in irons, and the gratings locked; and, shocking to relate, two hundred and eighty-one were drowned between decks. Eighty-seven women and a man and a boy swam ashore, and thus saved their lives, but it did not release them from the fetters of bondage—they were sold as slaves!

THE NEIGHBOURING FAMILIES.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE DANISH BY C. BECKWITH.

SOMETHING really seemed to be the matter in the horse-pond; but there was nothing the matter. The ducks, as they lay on the water, some standing on their heads—for that they could do—darted off at once to land. Their footmarks could be seen in the wet clay, and their screams could be heard a long way off. The water was set in a great commotion, and it had been as smooth as a mirror. One could see every tree, every bush close by, and the old farm-house with the holes in the gable, and the swallow's nest, but especially the large rose-tree, full of flowers—they hung from the wall almost directly over the water; and there stood the whole like a picture, but altogether upside down. But, when the water was put in a commotion, the one ran into the other, and the whole picture was gone. Two feathers, that fell from the ducks as they flew, rocked finely up and down; when at once they darted forward as if there was a wind, but there was none, and so they lay still, and the water again became smooth as a mirror; one could distinctly see the gable, with the swallow's nest, and the rose-tree,—every rose was reflected in it. The roses were so beautiful, but they did not know it, for no one had told them so. The sun shone in between the fine leaves so filled with odour; and it was for each rose just as for us, when we feel right happy in our thoughts.

"How delightful it is to exist!" said the roses. "The only thing I could wish for is, that I could kiss the sun; because it is so warm and bright. Yes, and the roses down there in the water I would also kiss; they are quite like us. I would kiss the sweet young birds down there in the nest. There are also some above us; they stick their heads out and chirp so gently. They have no down, like their father and mother. They are good neighbours we have, both those above and below. Oh! how delightful it is to exist."

The little young ones, both up and down,—it is true, those below were only a reflection in the water,—were sparrows. The father and mother were sparrows. They had taken possession of the empty swallow's nest from the year before; and there they lived, and were at home.

"Are they ducklings that swim there?" asked the young sparrows, as they saw the duck feathers floating on the water.

"Ask a sensible question when you do ask one," said the mother. "Can you not see that they are feathers—living dresses, such as I have, and such as you will get, but ours is finer. I wish we had them up here in the nest, for they warm one. I should like to know what it was that frightened the ducks. There must have been something in the water, for it was not I. It is true I said "Pip—pip" to you somewhat loud; but it cannot surely have been that. The thick-headed roses ought to know it; but they know nothing,—they only look at themselves, and are scented. I am heartily tired of these neighbours."

"Only hear the sweet little birds up there," said the roses; "they also are beginning to sing. They cannot yet; but they will in time."

What a great pleasure that must be! It is quite amusing to hear such merry neighbours!"

Whilst they were speaking, two horses came galloping along: they were going to be watered. A farmer's boy sat on the one. He had taken all his clothes off, except a black hat, it was so large and broad-brimmed. And the boy whistled as if he were a little bird, and rode out into the deepest part of the horse-pond; and as he came opposite the rose-tree, he broke off one of the roses, and stuck it in his hat. Then he thought he was really smart; and so rode away with it. The other roses looked after their sister, and asked each other whither she was travelling; but none of them knew.

"I should like to come out into the world," said the one to the other; "though here at home, in the midst of our green wood, it is also charming. In the day the sun shines so warm; and at night the heavens shine still more beautiful, that we can see through the many small holes there are in it!"

These were the stars, which they thought were holes, for the roses knew no better.

"We make it lively about the house," said Mother Sparrow, "and swallow's nests bring luck, I have heard folks say; therefore they are glad to have us. But our neighbours there—yes, such a large rose-tree up the wall makes it damp. I hope it will be taken away. Then, at least, there can grow a few ears of corn. Roses are only to look at, and to smell at, or, at most, to stick in the hat. Every year—I know that from my mother—they fall off, and the farmer's wives preserve them with salt. They then get a French name, which I cannot pronounce, nor do I care about it; and then they put them on the fire when they want a fine smell. That is their biography. They are only for the eyes and nose. Now you know that."

When the evening came, and the gnats danced in the warm air, where the clouds were so red, the nightingale came, and sang for the roses: "that *the beautiful* was like the sunshine in this world; that *the beautiful* always lived!" But the roses thought that the nightingale thereby meant its own beautiful song, and that every one might think. It never came into their minds that the song related to them,—that they were the beautiful; but they were glad to hear the nightingale's song; and wondered if all the little unfledged sparrows could also become nightingales.

"I understood very well what that bird sang," said the young sparrows; "there was only one word I did not understand—what is *the beautiful*!"

"It is nothing," said Mother Sparrow,—"it is only a sort of prospect on the top of the manor-house, where the pigeons have their own house, and every day get peas and corn strewed in the yard. I have dined with them, as you shall do also. Tell me your companions, and I'll tell you who you are. Up there at the manor-house there are two birds with green necks and a tuft on their heads; they can spread their tails out as if they were large wheels, and they are of all colours, so that it hurts the eyes to look at them. They are called peacocks; and them they call *beautiful*. They should be plucked a little; then they would look no better than we. I would have pecked them if they had not been so great."

"I will peck them," said the least of the young sparrows, though he was not yet fledged.

In the farm-house lived a young couple. They were so fond of each other; they were so industrious and active; and it was so neat and clean in the room, where the china cups stood on the brown drawers, and samplers, and a portrait of Napoleon, framed and glazed, hung on the walls.

On the Sunday morning the young wife went out, took a whole handful of the prettiest roses, put them in the flower-glass, and placed them in the centre of the drawers.

"Now I can see that it is Sunday," said the husband, as he kissed his sweet little wife; then they sat down, read a psalm, held each other by the hands, and—the sun shone in at the windows on the fresh roses, and on the young couple.

"I am quite tired of looking at that," said Mother Sparrow, who peeped from the nest into the room, and so away she flew.

She did the same the next Sunday,—for every Sunday the young wife put fresh roses in the glass, and the rose-tree always bloomed as fresh as ever. The young sparrows had now got their feathers, and wanted to fly with their mother; but she said, "You stay,"—and so they stayed. She flew; but, whether she flew or not, all at once she hung fast in a horse-hair snare that some boys had fastened on a branch. The horse-hair drew itself tight round the bird's leg,—so tight, as almost to cut it in two: it was a terrible pain—the sparrow was in a fright. The boys ran up to it, and seized the bird, and they seized it so roughly.

"It is nothing but a sparrow," said they; "but don't let it fly again;"—and so they took it home with them, and every time it squeaked they struck it on the bill.

When they came to the farm-yard there was an old fellow standing there, who made shaving-soap, soap-balls, and all kinds of soap for the hands and face. He was one of those merry wandering pedlars; and when he saw the sparrow that the boys had caught, and which they said they didn't care about, he said, "Shall we make it beautiful?" and Mother Sparrow shuddered when he said it. He then took out of his box, in which there lay the finest colours, several pieces of leaf-gold, and the boys had to run into the house and get an egg. He then took the white out, and daubed the bird all over with it, and then stuck the gold-leaf fast on it, so that the whole of Mother Sparrow was gilt; but she thought not of her finery,—she trembled in every limb. The soap-seller then tore a piece of red cloth from the lining of his jacket, clipped it into the form of a cock's-comb, and pasted it on the bird's head.

"Now you shall see *goldcoat* fly!" said he, and he let the sparrow, which had been almost dead, loose, and away it flew in the bright sunshine. How it shone! All the sparrows, even a large crow, and that not a last year's bird, were quite frightened at the sight; but they flew behind it, for they would know what strange bird it was.

"From where! from where!" screamed the crow.

"Wait-a-bit! wait-a-bit!" said the sparrows.

But it would not wait a bit: she flew homeward in anxiety and terror. She was nearly sinking to the earth; and more birds, small and great, pursued it. Some flew quite close up to it, to attack it.

"What a bird! what a bird!" they all screamed.

"What a bird! what a bird!" screamed the young ones as she came

towards the nest. "That is certainly a young peacock,—there are all the colours that hurt the eyes, as mother said. Pip! that is *the beautiful!*" and then they pecked at her with their little bills, so that it was not possible for her to come in, and she was so terrified that she was not able to say "Pip!" any more than to say, "I am your mother."

The other birds now began to peck at her, so that they tore every feather off her, and Mother Sparrow fell down, torn and bleeding, into the rose-bush.

"Poor thing!" said the roses. "Come, we will hide thee. Lean thy little head up against us!"

Mother Sparrow stretched out her wings once more, pressed them again close to her sides, and died with the neighbour family, the fresh, the beautiful roses.

"Pip!" said the young sparrows in the nest; "I cannot imagine what has become of mother. It surely cannot be a trick of her's, that we must now take care of ourselves. She has left us the house as our heritage; but which of us shall have it alone when we get a family?"

"I cannot have you others here, it is quite sure, when I extend my family with wife and children," said the least.

"I shall have more wives and children than thou," said the second.

"But I am the eldest," said the third.

Then they all began to quarrel. They struck with their wings, pecked with their bills, and — one after the other was pitched out of the nest. There they lay, and angry they were; they leaned their heads quite on one side, and blinked with that eye which turned upwards. That was their way of pouting. They could fly a little, and so they exercised themselves somewhat more in the art; and at last they agreed that, in order to know each other again when they met in the world, they would say "Pip!" and scrape three times with the left leg.

The young one that remained in the nest made himself as large as he could, for he was now a house-owner; but, it did not last long. At night the red fire shone through the panes, the flames shot forth under the roof; the dry thatch was soon devoured by the flames, the whole house was burnt, and the young sparrow, too; the young folks, on the contrary, got safely away.

When the sun rose next morning, and everything seemed refreshed, as after a mild night's sleep, there was nothing standing of the farm-house but some black charred beams, that leaned up against the chimney, which was its own master. The thick smoke rose from the bottom of it; but before it there stood the whole rose tree, fresh and blooming, — every branch and every flower was reflected in the still water.

"Nay; only see how beautifully the roses stand there before that burnt-down house!" cried a man who came past. "It is a most charming little picture! I must have it," — and the man took a little book out of his pocket, with white leaves, and he took his pencil, — for he was an artist, — and then drew the smoking rubbish, the charred beams leaning against the chimney, for it leaned more and more; but, first of all, there stood the large blooming rose-bush. It was certainly beautiful, and was alone the cause of the whole ruin being drawn.

Later in the day two of the sparrows that were born there came by.

"Where is the house?" said they,—*"where is the nest? Pip! everything is burnt up, and our strong brother is burnt with it. He got that because he kept the nest. The roses have escaped well,—they stand there yet, with their red cheeks. They do not mourn for their neighbour's misfortune. I will not speak to them. It is ominous here,—that is my opinion."* So away they flew.

It was a fine sunshiny day in autumn: one could really imagine that it was the middle of summer. It was so dry and clean in the court-yard before the large stone steps up to the manor-house, and there were the pigeons,—black, white, and violet, glistening in the sunshine; and the old mother-pigeons strutted about, put up their feathers, and said to the young ones, *"Stand in a group! stand in a group!"* for then they looked better.

"What are those little grey things running about amongst us?" asked an old pigeon, that had red and green colours in his eyes?"

"They are sparrows. Decent birds! We have always been accounted mild, and so we must allow them to pick up a little with us. They don't talk with us; and then they scrape so nicely with their feet!"

Yes, they scraped; they scraped three times with the left leg; but they also said *"Pip!"* and then they knew one another. They were three of the sparrows from the burnt house.

"Here is excellent eating," said the sparrows.

The pigeons walked round about one another, stuck up their breasts, and had their own inward opinions.

"Do you see that proud pigeon?" said one to the other; "and do you see her there, how she swallows the peas? She gets too many—she gets the best!—*coo-coo!* Do you see her there, how bald in the comb she gets? Do you see that sweet, that ill-tempered bird?—*coo-roo! coo-roo!*" and all their eyes glistened with ill-nature. "Stand in a group! stand in a group! *coo-roo! coo-roo!*" without end; and so it will be for a thousand years to come.

The sparrows ate well, and they heard well,—*nay*, they even placed themselves up in the group; but it didn't look well. They were satiated. So they left the pigeons, and muttered their own opinion of them to themselves; then hopped on to the garden-fence, and, as the door to the summer-house stood open, one hopped on to the threshold. He was quite sated, and therefore courageous.

"Pip!" said he; "that I dare do."

"Pip!" said the other; "that I dare also, and a little more," and so he hopped into the room. There was nobody within. The third saw that, and so he flew still further into the room, and said,

"Quite in, or not at all; but this is a queer sort of a nest for folks. And what is that put up there?—*nay*, what is it?"

Directly before the sparrows stood blooming roses; they were reflected there in the water, and the charred beams leaned up against the ruinous chimney. *Nay*, what was that?—how came it into the summer-house at the manor?

All the three sparrows would fly away over the roses and the chimney; but it was a flat wall they flew against. The whole was a painting, a large splendid piece, which the artist had made after his little

"Pip!" said the sparrows; "that is nothing. It only looks like something. Pip! it is *the beautiful!* Can you understand it, for I cannot?" and away they flew, for some one came into the room.

Now passed years and days. The pigeons had coo-cooed many times, not to say grumbled—the ill-natured things! The sparrows had been frozen in the winter, and had lived well in the summer. They were betrothed, or married, or whatever you choose to call it. They had young ones; and every one's young ones was, of course, the prettiest and the wisest. One flew here, and another flew there; and when they met they knew one another by "Pip!" and three scrapes with the left leg. The eldest of them—she was now such an old one—had no nest, nor had she any young ones. She wished so much to see a large city once in her life, and so she flew to Copenhagen.

There stood a large house with many colours. It stood close by the palace and a canal, where there are vessels with apples and pots. The windows were broader below than above; and, when the sparrows peeped in there, it seemed to them that every chamber was like when they looked down into a tulip. There were all possible colours, and fretwork, and in the middle of the tulip stood white persons. They were of marble,—some were also of gypsum; but that makes no difference to sparrow eyes. Above the house stood a bronze chariot, with bronze horses, and the Goddess of Victory, also of bronze, drove them. This was Thorwaldsen's museum.

"How it shines! how it shines!" said Miss Sparrow. "That must be *the beautiful!* Pip! it is larger than a peacock." She still remembered from the time she was a little one what was the greatest and most beautiful thing her mother knew. She then flew straight down into the court-yard. There it was also splendid; palm-trees and branches were painted up the sides of the walls, and in the centre of the court-yard stood a large flowering rose-bush; its fresh branches, with the many roses, leaned over a grave; and she flew thither, for several sparrows went there. "Pip!" and three scrapes with the left leg! She had made this greeting many times during the past years, and no one had understood it,—for those who are separated do not meet every day. This greeting had become a habit; but to-day there were two old sparrows and a young one, that said "Pip!" and scraped with the left leg.

"Ah! is it you? Good day!—good day! They were three old sparrows from the nest, and a little one of the family. "Are we to meet here?" said they. "It is a grand place; but here is not much to eat. It is *the beautiful!* Pip!"

Many persons came from the side chambers, where the magnificent marble forms stood, and they went to the tomb that enshrined the great master who had formed the marble statues; and all who came stood, with glowing faces, around Thorwaldsen's tomb, and some of them gathered fallen rose-leaves, and preserved them. There were persons from distant lands; they came from that great England, from Germany and France; and the most beautiful of the ladies took one of the roses, and placed it in her bosom. The sparrows then thought that the roses were the chief persons here,—that the whole house was built for their sake,—and that they thought was rather too much; but as all the visitors made much of the roses, they would not be behind-hand. "Pip!" said they, as they swept the floor with their tails, and

looked with one eye at the roses. They did not look long, for they were sure that they were their old neighbours,—and that they were.

The artist who had drawn the rose-bush by the burnt-down house had afterwards got permission to dig it up, and had then given it to the architect,—for no roses were more beautiful,—and he had planted it over Thorwaldsen's grave, where, as an emblem of *the beautiful*, it flowered, and gave its red, fragrant leaves to be borne as a remembrance to distant lands.

"Have you got a place here in the city?" asked the sparrows, and the roses nodded. They knew their grey neighbours, and were glad to see them.

"How blissful it is to live and flourish, to see old friends and mild faces every day! It is as if it were a great holiday every day."

"Pip!" said the sparrows. "Yes, they are our old neighbours! we can remember their extraction,—from the horsepond. Pip! how they have arrived at honour! Fortune comes to some while they sleep. But what there is so fine about such a red dab, I don't know! and there sits a withered leaf—I can see that!"

Then they pecked at it till the leaf fell off; but the tree was fresher and greener, and the roses shed their perfume in the sunshine over Thorwaldsen's tomb, with whose immortal name their beauty was united.*

* Thorwaldsen expressed a wish, when living, that a rose-tree should be planted over his grave.

A SUMMER SUNSET.

ADOWN the sky the Sun had travell'd
To the far West, and there he revell'd
Amid the clouds, a curious maze
Of gold and purple, with his rays;
Over the hoary mountain's brow
Threw crimson glances, till the snow
Blush'd rosy red beneath the kiss,
That fell on its pure loveliness,
High in the air, the paly blue
Was deep'ning to a violet's hue;
While stretch'd o'er all the broad expanse,
Hung waves of filmy radiance.
Still lower, mid the burning clouds
He fell; while, with her veiling shrouds,
Evening, on hill, and vale, and stream,
Stole like the dreaming of a dream,
As the Sun set, cool breezes swept
Across the flowers—and they slept;
And Earth sigh'd 'neath his latest glance,
Like lovers' parting utterance.

CLAUDIA MERIVALE.

August 17th, 1847.

MR. STRAGGLES HAS A DAY'S FISHING.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

MR. STRAGGLES contrived to get back from Boulogne, to which place he had been so unceremoniously carried against his will. But if Mr. Roberts, of the Boarding-house, upon the Port, had not kindly given him credit, until he got a remittance from England, he would have been in a sad way. For his friend appeared to be no better off in France than at home, in spite of his gigantic expectations; in fact, he disappeared suddenly one night after a game of billiards at the *Café*, at the corner of the Grande Rue, and was never heard of again. The men who were building the railway-bridge that crosses to Capecure, dragged the harbour; and the gardeners below the ramparts of the Haute Ville, searched the grounds for the body, believing that he had committed suicide, in consequence of his losses that evening, which were known to be great. But as the winners never got anything, it was fairly presumed that Mr. Flitter had never paid them; and as no body was found, it was also, with some plausibility, conceived that he had not made away with himself. In Boulogne, however, he was not.

After the first shock, Mr. Straggles got on well enough. There were some pleasant people at the house, and it fortunately was not a busy time in London, so that he did not fret at his absence. He walked to Portel and Wimereux, and half fell in love with a pretty girl, who waited at the inn at Wimille, on the right hand of the *route* going towards Calais: and if she is there still, she will repay the walk. He went to the balls at the *Etablissement* and *Salle Delplanque*, and knocked more old ladies and chairs over in his polking than had ever been known: he had cheap baths from the little sentry-boxes that wheel down to the edge of the tide: he walked through the mud to the chapel of the hamlet of Jesus Flagellé, and was perfectly scared at the votive offerings hung round it: he joined in all the rows about the parsons, which so interest the English residents; and finally, was sorry when he left. But it was a case of "must;" so he braced up his nerves, and gave his last farewell to his fellow boarders, who ran along the pier by the side of the steamer, to see him off, and finally waved their handkerchiefs from the rounded extremity, until the *Queen of the French* was out of sight, on her way to Folkestone.

For a few weeks after he returned, Mr. Straggles kept very quiet; for his funds partook of what the city articles called "the general tightness of the money-market." He limited his dinner to a shilling, and gave up all notion of cabs anywhere. He found discarded clothes of past gaiety, at the bottoms of his drawers, that would still do—in fact, like old clothes generally, they were wonderfully improved by inaction; for turning an old coat into drawers, is as beneficial as turning a worn horse out to grass. He did without suppers, and never went to the play but with a newspaper order—not an actor's, because he knew he should pay for it with remarkable interest, when the benefits came round. Instead of having his pennyworth of the "Times" every day, he found out some coffee-rooms where he could indulge in the fragrant berry, or whatever it was, at a cheap rate, and could read the papers for nothing; and whenever he felt elastic, and wanted an excursion, he paid

a penny, and rode from London Bridge to Hungerford, and back again, or took a short trip in a parliamentary train, and walked home. But through it all, he was still the joyous Straggles.

It was a touching thing though, when his friends called upon him as they were leaving town. One was going to Gravesend—that was Mr. Knapps, of Mincing Lane; another was on his way to Ramsgate—that was Mr. Howard, of the West End Emporium. Mr. Brown, of Brixton, came to enquire about Boulogne; and Mr. Ricketts, the stock-broker, spoke largely of pheasants in Surrey. In fact, everybody was off somewhere, and Mr. Straggles, not liking to be thought behind them, kept a gun in his chambers, which he always began to oil and polish when any one came to the door—hung up a shooting coat, and fishing basket behind it—threw old gaiters and thick shoes carelessly about the floor; and hoisted an ancient hat, with artificial-fly-hooks stuck all round it, on the back of an old arm chair, telling everybody that he meant “to see what the barbel were like next week,” which, as he had not the least idea, was, in a measure, a praiseworthy and instructive investigation.

“What, going fishing?” asked his friend Mr. Hackle, one day, when he called.

Mr. Hackle was a decided fisherman—that is to say, he believed in the killing properties of baits, that the fish could never possibly, by any chance, have met with before—old cheese, rusty bacon, raw dough, and the like. He never caught a fish, were it only a bleak, but he allowed it to play and flap about on the top of the water, before he pulled it out. He never crossed a rivulet without stopping to watch it with much affection for half an hour, perfectly satisfied, if, at the end of that period, he saw a roach wiggling up against the stream; and he never passed a weedy froggy willow-bordered swamp, but he would say, “I’ll be bound there are some fine jack there.” *Au reste* he wore blue spectacles, and made things he fondly conceived to be flies, from bits of old hat, bed-feathers, and the lining of chairs.

“Straggles,” observed Mr. Hackle; “you coop yourself up too much: quite like a caddis-worm; you want air and exercise; come with me for a day’s fishing. I see you’ve got a basket.”

It was all Mr. Straggles had got in the angling line, and even that had not been purchased for its proper purpose. On short trips, he was accustomed, once upon a time, to carry his wardrobe in it; but now he had given that up. For the rude omnibus cads used to call him a “jolly fisherman,” and “young Ikey Valton,” and the little dirty boys persisted in walking by his side singing “In the days when we went hanging a long time ago,” and Mr. Straggles could never stand the little boys. Once to be sure, he had taken to fish, mildly, in the Serpentine, but the boys drove him away; for they used to come and sit down by his side, entering into conversation, without any encouragement or introduction, recommending him to “pull him out, sir, you’ve got him at last;” telling him, “there’s a bite;” examining his kettle, and committing over-familiarities, until at last they came to pelting his float, which ultimately drove him away.

However, he agreed to go with Mr. Hackle; and he bought a cheap rod and line, at a fishing-tackle maker’s, whose stock was so large that he had been for years selling it off “at an enormous sacrifice;” and who kept a tin fish suspended over his door, which had spun a dozen bilious opposite neighbours away from their abodes, by its restless gyrations.

His friend was to provide baits and appliances generally, and the day was fixed upon.

When the appointed morning arrived, Mr. Hackle made his appearance, so laden with apparatus—rods and poles and rakes and landing-nets; bags and baskets and kettles and a camp-stool—that he looked as if he was about to start on a pedestrian tour round the world, carrying everything with him. Mr. Straggles merely carried his own basket, with some sandwiches in it, from the “splendid glass-of-ale” shop: and then, being told that they were going to a very likely piece of water beyond Hampstead, he started with his friend, guided entirely by him: for if Mr. Hackle had proposed dragging for lobsters at Sadlers Wells, or angling for mackarel in Highgate ponds, Mr. Straggles had that reliance on his piscatorial experience, that he would directly have accompanied him without a misgiving.

They got up to Hampstead pretty well, and without much annoyance. The boys, to be sure, were as vigilant and attentive as ever, occasionally enquiring of Mr. Hackle, in a friendly commercial spirit, “what he would take for his straw hat without the lining?” and they also asked, in allusion to his spectacles, “why he didn’t light his lamps?” and gazing at Mr. Straggles’s tall proportions, they recommended him “to mind he didn’t knock the moon out, when he came back again at night.” But the anglers merely smiled at these sallies, pretending to be highly amused thereby; whereas, internally, such was far from being the case.

It was tolerably hot when they had toiled up the last hill conducting to Hampstead Heath, and as they had still some little way further to go, Mr. Hackle proposed they should ride. Mr. Straggles directly consented, and without much difficulty, they soon found some animals.

There are various localities in the vicinity of London, where donkeys flourish; they have peculiar districts, like hops and sausages. In the suburban ruralities of Primrose Hill many fine studs may be met with: at Blackheath, they form a staple means of peregrination: at Gravesend, they delight the poor deluded people who fancy they are at the seaside, and bear them to shrimp and watercress—devouring localities. Still more distant, at the convivial Margate, they bake in the sun, on the chalk cliffs above the Fort, until they become as tawny as the slippers of their riders; and at Ramsgate, the adjacent bay of Pegwell,—promising and hunger-implying name,—owes much of its commercial importance to the means of transport they afford. But it is at Hampstead Heath alone, that they are seen in all their glory. What matters it if the saddles be old and time-worn—an expanse of calico bound with gay tape, conceals the blemishes and improves the appearance. So have we seen the tail-coat, when somewhat seedy as to the lapels, converted into the dress-garment by a silk facing. If they are idly inclined, are there not boys to run behind, and provoke activity by a pointed stick? originating the offensive but widely-known comparison between donkeys and lollipops, inasmuch as the more they were licked, the faster they went. Did a donkey from Hampstead ever get tired?—did it ever break its knees?—was it ever blind?—did it ever run away?—did it ever shuffle off any other coil than the mesh of string, tape, tin, jack-chain, and old thongs that formed its bridle? Never.

The fineness of the morning, the light air, and the holiday atmosphere

ther, coupled with some pale ale at Jack Straw's Castle, so elevated Mr. Straggles's spirits, that he sang "The Standard-Bearer" louder than ever; and following Mr. Hackle, held his fishing-rod like a lance, and assumed a martial bearing, only interrupted when his feet dragged against the ground, which, from their length, they occasionally did. They crossed the Heath, and wound along the pleasant roads beyond it; and at last stopped at a gate, where Mr. Hackle said they were to dismount, as it must be the one he had been told of by a brother angler. They then sent the boys back to the inn, with directions to bring them some more bottled ale, together with bread and cheese, at two o'clock; and pushing their way through a wet copse, the trees of which caught their tackle every minute, arrived at the edge of a piece of water.

"I say," observed Mr. Straggles, "look at that board: 'Persons fishing in this water without permission will be prosecuted as the law directs.' We must n't try here."

"Oh—that's nothing," said Mr. Hackle: "a mere form. Besides, nobody can see us: we're quite hidden."

"Well, I suppose you know best," answered Mr. Straggles with resignation, as he sat down upon the ground. "Here goes."

Mr. Hackle was less precipitate in his movements: for with your anglers it is a great point to elaborate everything as much as possible. He performed a great many intricate feats with his floats and caps, and split shot, and plummets; and spread everything out with great display at his side. Then he made several small stone dumplings, with a light crust of bran, clay, and gentles, which he distributed, here and there, in the water. After this he took all his hooks out of their parchment envelopes, one after another, and having looked at them, shut them all up again. Then, after plumbing his depth, which he did over every square inch within reach of his rod, he found he had too many shot, and took some off. Then he had not enough, and was obliged to put some on again. Next his top-joint was the wrong one, and all his tackle had to be taken to pieces again. But as all this is a great part of the contemplative man's recreation, Mr. Hackle was rather entertained than otherwise.

"Why wont my float sail along upright?" said Mr. Straggles, pointing to his porcupine's quill, which was lying horizontally upon the water.

"You're too deep," answered Mr. Hackle.

"No, I'm not," said Mr. Straggles, taking him in a moral sense. "I really don't know."

Whereupon Mr. Hackle set him right, put on his bait, and committed it to the depths of the water: upon which, Mr. Straggles, feeling all comfortable, began to sing—

"Upon the tented field a minstrel knight,
His lonely midnight standard-watch is keeping."

"Hush!" cried Mr. Hackle: "you mustn't do that."

"What!" observed Mr. Straggles, stopping suddenly; "not sing? Oh, bother! what did I come out for?"

"To fish," said Mr. Hackle, gravely.

"Well, so I do," returned Mr. Straggles. "Hullo! here he is! I've got him!"

And hereat he pulled out a fish with a jerk that sent it whirling over his head, and even amongst the willows behind him.

Mr. Hackle here uttered those common sounds of regret which are as difficult to spell as the horse-impelling noise which the ostler beat his boy for not knowing how to express in letters on his return from school. "You should play him," he continued, "and draw him out quietly. Ho! there's a bite. Now you see I have him. So ho! some ho! It's a roach."

"How can you tell?" asked Mr. Straggles.

"How should I, but by my eyes. Can't you?"

"Deuce a bit. I've got a fishing book, with pictures, but they're all alike. Pull him up."

"No, no—steady," said Mr. Hackle—for this was evidently the great pleasure. "See how he fights! Now, I have him."

"No, you don't," cried Mr. Straggles, as the fish suddenly vanished; shooting off into deep water. "There! now which is the best way?"

Mr. Hackle was so angry at the failure, that he only replied, "It was all the noise Mr. Straggles was making."

"Well, never mind," replied the other; "be convivial. There's as good fish in the water, I dare say, as ever came out of it. Hurrah! here's another! Why—what the devil is it? a red herring?"

He pulled up the glittering, wriggling fish, as he spoke, and shewed it to Mr. Hackle. It was a gold fish: and almost at the same instant Mr. Hackle caught another.

"That is very strange!" he said.

"But famous—isn't it," observed Mr. Straggles. "Put 'em in the kettle. I've got an old globe at home, and I'll keep them in it. This *is* fishing with a vengeance."

"It's not sport," remarked Mr. Hackle, throwing back the prize.

"Oh, isn't it though. What do you do that for?" said his friend.

"Now: pray keep quiet," exclaimed Mr. Hackle.

"Very well. I will then. Let's see who catches the next. Give them some more bait. That's the thing."

And Mr. Straggles commenced throwing in the dumplings so recklessly, that he was obliged to be severely checked. But they went on fishing, with varied success; now catching bleak, now the gold fish again, and now piebald ones, until the time arrived for luncheon.

"I wonder where the donkey-boys are," said Mr. Hackle, looking at his watch. "They ought to be here."

"I hear them, I think," said Mr. Straggles, "coming through the trees. Yes—it must be them. Hulloo-o-o!"

"Ullo-o-o-w!" cried the boys, in return.

"All right," said Mr. Straggles; and he turned to receive them, when the trees were put on one side, and two men in velveteen jackets and gaiters made their appearance.

"So—we've got you at last, have we?" said one of them. "Now, I suppose we shall find how master's gold fish got into Covent Garden. Out with the handcuffs, Bill; and cripple *him* first."

The man pointed to Mr. Hackle, who, from his display of apparatus, they took to be the ringleader, and they advanced to take him: having been put up to the capture by the donkey-boys, whom they had met at the gate, bringing the ale, which they immediately appropriated. As they advanced towards Mr. Hackle, all the better feelings of Mr. Straggles deserted him. He ought to have stood by his friend, and seen him through it; but his terror was so great,—picturing Newgate,

Norfolk Island, and even the scaffold, all at once,—that he lost all feelings but that of self-preservation. Committing his rod and basket to the water, he darted into the copse, and the next moment was wildly fighting his way through the wet trees and underwood, and trying his strength against that of long blackberry brambles, which, if they did not lie on the ground and coil about his ankles, hung in festoons at the level of his face, and behaved accordingly. He was afraid to look back; but he soon perceived, from the noises behind, that he was pursued, and he redoubled his energy. He went over banks like a bird; stumbled into ditches; recovered his legs and bolted through fences and brushwood clumps as if he had been a hunted hare, until at last he came to a wall, stretching to the right and left so far away, that he could see no end to it. His pursuer was close upon his heels. Fortunately a hurdle was leaning against the wall, forming a rude sort of ladder, up which he hurriedly scrambled, and got to the top just as the fellow came up and tried to clutch his ankle. He had a vague bird's-eye view of a house and pleasure-grounds below him; but without pausing an instant to look where he was going, he leapt wildly away from the grasp of his follower. There was a loud smashing sound of glass, and the following instant Mr. Straggles found himself on the floor of a hot-house, having broken through the roof, and borne down the vine beneath his weight, which, whilst it broke his fall, now formed the bed of crushed bunches of grapes upon which he was lying.

He was directly seized by the men about, including the one that had pursued him. The proprietor of the grounds, who was also a magistrate, was from home at the time: but the round-house was close at hand, and to that dreary dungeon Mr. Straggles was immediately consigned, with the intimation that he would not be long without company, as his accomplice would soon join him. And then they closed the double doors upon him, and left him to his miserable reflection.

He, however, procured his liberty, and was indebted to the "*Gentleman's Magazine*" for the manner in which this was effected. For Mr. Hackle and the magistrate had long known one another as fellow contributors: they had each sent sketches of extinct fonts and unintelligible inscriptions, and enormous rusty keys, the locks whereof had long been missing, to that light periodical; and when the latter returned—which was just as Mr. Hackle was about to be locked up with his friend—he immediately ordered them to be set at liberty; and even prevailed upon them to dine with him. It appeared that a grotto and fountain in his garden communicated with the water in which they had been fishing, but that the depredations constantly committed had got to such a pitch, that he had set his servants to watch, and apprehend all invaders.

And so the affair ended in a laugh, and the gentleman insisted upon Mr. Straggles keeping all the fish he had caught. But they never proved a source of much pleasure to him: he could not regard them without shuddering at his past scrape. And as for fishing itself, he so far hated the very name, that had it been possible for him to have bought up every copy of "*The Complete Angler*," he would willingly have expended his last farthing in so doing, rather than another disciple should be gained to what he termed "the slowest twaddling any rational man could believe he found amusement in."

PIZARRO AND HIS FOLLOWERS.

BY CHARLES WHITEHEAD.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

It is not our purpose, and, indeed, it would be beyond our power, to compress into a few pages an account of the conquest of Peru, by Pizarro and his associates. Our intention is, to furnish a brief and rapid sketch of the earlier exploits of the extraordinary man whose portrait accompanies it. Little that may readily be believed, is told of the early years of Francisco Pizarro, who was born about 1478, at Truxillo, a city of Estremadura, in Spain. Some say that he was deserted by his parents, and—as strange stories will commonly be related of men who have made themselves conspicuous—it is alleged that he had been nursed by a sow. If this tale be true, he, in a certain sense, repaid the obligation; for thus deserted, entirely without education,—he could neither write nor read—he followed the occupation of a swineherd. Of an enterprising spirit, he was naturally disgusted with this idle life, which, however, had supplied him with abundance of leisure to listen to the absorbing accounts of the new world, then so extensively diffused. He abandoned his sordid calling, escaped to Seville, the port of embarkation of adventurous spirits to the west, and we next hear of him in 1510, at the island of Hispaniola, where he joined the expedition to Uraba, in Terra Firma, under Alonzo de Ojeda, whom the famous Hernando Cortés, whose mother was a Pizarro, was to have accompanied. Had he gone, the conquest of Mexico might have been delayed for years. Pizarro partook the disasters of Ojeda's colony, but must have obtained some reputation; for the charge of the settlement was confided to him during the temporary absence of the governor. We next see him associated with the celebrated Balboa, the discoverer of the Pacific, and he was among the first before whose astonished eyes the southern Pacific displayed itself. After the death of Balboa, he was employed in several military expeditions under Pedrarias, and was trained to become the conqueror of Peru. We find Captain Pizarro at Panamá, at the age of fifty, a poor soldier of fortune, but upheld, doubtless, by visions of future wealth; for now the achievements of Cortés communicated a new stimulus to adventure, and southern expeditions over the mighty Cordilleras, became the common talk. Without adequate funds, Pizarro was fain to look around for assistance, and he found it in two persons who must now be noticed. Diego de Almagro, like his new friend, a soldier of fortune, and like him, a foundling, was a gallant officer, open and liberal, but hasty, and of ungoverned passions. Hernando de Luque was a Spanish ecclesiastic, a man of great prudence and knowledge of the world, of influence which his respectability had acquired, and of fortune. These three confederates easily obtained the warrant of the governor to the perilous enterprise they were about to undertake. Luque was to supply the chief part of the money, Pizarro to command the expedition, and Almagro to equip and victual the vessels, which were manned, after some difficulty, by about a hundred desperate adventurers. Pizarro weighed anchor about the middle of November, 1524, and Almagro was shortly to follow him. After encountering almost inconceivable difficulties and dangers,



Engraving of Pizarro

FRANCISCO PIZARRO.

Conqueror of Peru

THIS WAS DISCOVERED HIDDEN IN THE PALACE OF THE VIZCERO AT LIMA

hout which the fortitude of Pizarro never deserted him, although severely taxed by the despair of his men, he came to anchor at a place he called *Puerta Quemada*, despatching a confidential officer, *Montenegro*, to reconnoitre the country, and, if he could, to establish communication with the natives. These were a warlike race, and were not unprepared for the invaders, but they were no match for the Europeans, commanded by so intrepid and skilful a soldier as Pizarro, by whom they were soon discomfited; but who thinking it was done enough for the present, to vindicate the enterprise in the person of *Pedrarias*, the governor of Panamá, returned, and was within a short distance from that settlement. Almagro had sent his associate, and touching at every point previously explored by him, was assailed by the natives at the very spot at which he had encountered his countryman. He drove them back, but was hurt in the conflict. Filled with anxiety for his friend he returned without delay, and learned where he was to be found, and the result of his expedition. Better freighted with gold than his associate, Almagro had gathered further tidings of the great and golden land in the south. Undaunted by difficulties, they swore never to abandon their enterprise.

To overcome the jealous scruples of *Pedrarias*, the governor of Panamá, Pizarro, Almagro, and Luque entered into a solemn pact that the countries and provinces belonging to the empire of which were to be discovered and subdued should be divided equally among them. This document was signed by Luque and Almagro, by three respectable citizens on behalf of Pizarro and Pizarro, neither of those adventurers being able to write his own name.

The conduct of the expedition was entrusted to the last two, who sailed from Panamá, each in his own vessel, under the direction of *Abolomew Ruiz*, an experienced and able pilot. They carried with them only one hundred and sixty men. The two captains sailed for *Rio de San Juan*, where Pizarro disembarked, surveyed a small village and secured a considerable booty in gold ornaments.

This welcome spoil, it was agreed, must tempt adventurers to the standard at Panamá, to which place Almagro returned with assurance to collect reinforcements. The pilot Ruiz was to reconnoitre the country further south, leaving Pizarro to explore the interior of the country. Ruiz met with several adventurers on his return, all tending to inflame hopes of success, and Almagro returned with refreshments and reinforcements. They came only in time; Pizarro and his band had been sorely reduced by the dangers and hardships undergone. Many of the Spaniards fell a prey to the boisterous gator; but nothing could subdue the undaunted spirit of their leader. They now embarked again, and, after being tempest-tossed, took refuge in the island of *Gallo*. Here they stayed a fortnight, and resuming their voyage and advancing along the coast, struck with evidences of a higher cultivation, both in the country and its inhabitants. Villages became more frequent, and now a town appeared, consisting of two thousand houses, well arranged in streets, with a numerous population in its suburbs decked in golden ornaments and precious stones. These the Spaniards beheld with delight, assured that at length they were about to reach the promised land. But now multitudes mustered along the shore, and Pizarro, who had landed, being beset by superior

numbers, might have been, with his followers, destroyed but for a fortunate and ludicrous accident. This was a fall from his horse by one of the cavaliers, which so surprised the natives, who could not conceive how what appeared to be one being should be so suddenly divided into two, that they fell back in affright and confusion, and left a way for the Spaniards to regain their vessels. But now the real difficulty seemed to commence. A power such as the adventurers had at their disposal could not hope to contend with such a numerous host of natives; or, if so, how could it make further progress; for as the voyagers pursued their course fresh towns sprang into sight. Many despaired and would have abandoned the enterprise; but Almagro once more proposed to return to Panamá and enlist volunteers, a course by no means approved by Pizarro, who liked not ever being left behind. The discussion grew into a quarrel. Swords were drawn by the angry disputants; but they were at length, to appearance, reconciled, and Almagro's plan was decided upon. They now retraced their course, but perceiving that the natives were thoroughly alarmed, and were menacing them from the shore, they decided on returning to the little island of Gallo, the best refuge in their miserable condition. This resolution of the two leaders was distasteful to their followers, especially to those who were to be left with Pizarro. They remonstrated, and pronounced the whole adventure from beginning to end a failure and a cheat, as did Raleigh's captains and followers his expedition ninety years later. Some wrote letters to their friends to inform them of their deplorable state, and complaining that they were about to be sacrificed by their leaders. These were seized by Almagro, who did not suffer them to reach their destination,—all but one, which a soldier ingeniously folded in a ball of cotton, intended to be taken to Panamá as a present to the governor's lady, as a specimen of the products of the country.

"Look out, señor governor,
For the drover while he's near;
Since he goes home to get the sheep
For the butcher who stays here."

These lines were contained in the letter. They were doggerel, but they were emphatic and significant. Pedrarias had been succeeded in the government of Panamá by Don Pedro de los Rios, into whose hands the letter came, and who was so dissatisfied at the result of the expedition, which seemed only too conspicuous on the wasted countenances of the followers whom Almagro had brought back with him, that he would not listen to the applications of Luque and Almagro for his further encouragement of the design. He resolved on despatching an officer to Gallo with two vessels, charging him to bring back any Spaniard he should find yet alive on that inhospitable island.

Pizarro and his followers, indeed, were suffering all the deprivations and miseries incident to such a barren spot as that on which they were placed. Natives there were none to fear, for they had quitted on the landing of the strangers, but they had to endure hunger more acute than they had ever before experienced. Crabs and shellfish, and these rarely found, formed their chief food. It was the rainy season, and incessant storms invaded them to the skin. Half-naked, half-famished, no wonder the great majority of these unhappy

wretches hailed with rapture, Tafur, the governor's officer, when he appeared with his two well-victualled vessels. The pangs of hunger appeased, the only thought was to embark, and quit the fatal island for ever.

The only thought? Not so. These vessels had brought letters for Pizarro from Luque and Almagro. They besought him to sustain his courage, and to persist in his design. To return would be to ruin the enterprise. They pledged themselves to supply him, in a short time, with all needful means of pursuing it. This sufficed for Pizarro. He had not thought of returning. The venture he had entered upon was too vast, even if nature had predisposed him to the sudden relinquishment of his deliberate plans. "Drawing his sword, he traced a line with it on the sand from east to west. Then, turning towards the south, 'Friends and comrades!' he said, 'on that side are toil, hunger, nakedness, the drenching storm, desertion, and death; on this side, ease and pleasure. There lies Peru with its riches; here Panamá and its poverty. Choose, each man, what best becomes a brave Castilian. For my part, I go to the south.' So saying, he stepped across the line." Ruiz, the pilot, was the first to follow his example, Pedro de Candia, the second. Eleven others passed the line, and elected to share the fortune of their chief, whatever it might be. The names of this heroic handful of men have been commemorated and transmitted to posterity with honour, which their devotion nobly earned. The pilot, Ruiz, however, was permitted to return, that he might assist Luque and Almagro in their application for further aid, although Tafur looked upon the resolution of Pizarro and his companions as an act of madness, was hardly persuaded to leave them a part of the stores he had brought with him, and truly foretold that the obstinacy of the adventurers would fill the governor with indignation. That functionary, on Tafur's return, flatly refused to render further aid to men who were so insatuated; but was at length induced, by certain prudential considerations submitted to him, to consent that a vessel should be despatched to the island of Gorgona, to which the chivalrous little band had succeeded, by the means of a raft, in transporting themselves, and which offered some advantages over the isle of Gallo, or "The Hell," as they called it. But month after month passed away, and although the chief occupation of their time was to keep watch on the ocean, the expected vessel did not appear. During this time, nothing was omitted by Pizarro that might sustain the courage of his men. Matins were said, and the evening hymn to the Virgin was duly chaunted; the festivals of the church were daily remembered and celebrated, and by these means a religious character was communicated to his enterprise, suggestive of confidence in the Almighty. After seven tedious months, the friendly vessel hove in sight. It brought no recruits, but by its means the existence of the rich southern empire might be ascertained. Pizarro lost no time in going aboard, and, once more under the pilotage of Ruiz, he steered for the land of Tumbez, which he had been told by some friendly Indians would at once bring them into the long-desired kingdom of the Incas. After twenty days, the voyagers entered the bay of Guayaquil, and pursuing their romantic course, at every league of which signs of civilization were presented to them, they anchored at length off the island of Santa Clara, at the entrance of the bay of Tumbez, for which

place they steered on the following morning. As they approached, they saw a town of considerable size, seated in the middle of a fertile meadow, apparently highly cultivated. Many of the buildings in the town seemed to be of stone and plaster. At a certain distance from the shore, Pizarro beheld standing towards him several *balsas*, or large rafts. He ran alongside this Indian flotilla, and invited the chiefs, who were on an expedition against the island of Puná, to come on board of his vessel. The Peruvians were wonder-struck with all they saw, and were easily persuaded by Pizarro to return to land to report what they had seen, and to furnish his vessel with refreshments; his wish being to enter into a friendly communication with the natives.

In a short time several *balsas* steered for Pizarro's ship, freighted with bananas, yuca, Indian corn, sweet potatoes, pine apples, coconuts, and other rich productions of that fertile valley; multitudes of natives collected along the shore, looking on the while with the utmost astonishment. Pizarro examined with curiosity and sagacious interest the llama, several of which had been brought out to him. The mixture of wool and hair on the "little camel," which furnished the natives with the materials for their fabrics, excited his admiration, nor did he fail, on his return to Spain, to impress its importance upon the Emperor Charles V., who could not fail of seeing its valuable properties.

There was an Inca noble in Tumbez at the time. He had come out with the *balsas*, and evinced great curiosity to see these extraordinary strangers. Pizarro saluted him as one conscious of his rank, shewed him all parts of his vessel; explained, through his Indian interpreters, whatever struck the Peruvian's attention, and satisfied by the same means his numberless questions. He told him that he was a servant of the most powerful monarch on the earth, and that he had come hither to assert his master's lawful supremacy. He said further, that the Peruvians worshipped an evil spirit, and that it was part of his mission to extend to them a knowledge of the true and only God. The Indian prince listened with deep attention, but ignorant, doubtful, or discreet, he returned no reply. He dined with the Spaniards, approved the strange dishes, and was delighted with the wines, which he declared were far superior to the beverages of his own country. He invited his entertainers to visit Tumbez, and on taking leave, Pizarro, among other presents, gave him an iron hatchet, which had captivated his fancy, the use of iron being unknown in Peru.

The Spanish leader, on the following day, sent one of his men named Molina on shore, accompanied by a negro, and charged with a present of swine and poultry, which were strange to the new world. The present was acknowledged by a fresh supply of fruits and vegetables, and Molina the bearer was full of what he had heard and seen. On his landing he had been surrounded by the natives, who were beyond measure surprised at his strange dress, the fairness of his complexion, and his long beard. Nor were they less astonished at the complexion of the negro, which they believed to be dyed, and which they attempted to rub off. The swine and poultry were inconceivable to them, and when the cock crew they inquired what he was saying. Molina was then taken to the house of the ruler of the district, and described

the *curaca* as living in great state, with porters at his doors, and with a quantity of gold and silver vessels from which he was served. He saw a fortress of stone in the Indian city, and near it a temple resplendent with gold and silver; in a word, his account seemed so hyperbolical that Pizarro gave little credence to it, and sent on the next day Pedro de Candia, a confidential person, on whose report he could rely. This knight, clad in complete armour, girded with his sword, and an arquebuse on his shoulder, excited, from the lustre of his accoutrements, more astonishment and admiration than Molina had done. They had heard of the wonderful properties of the arquebuse from the friendly Indians who had accompanied Pizarro, and requested Candia "to let it speak to them." The flash and report of the piece, as at the same moment the target the knight aimed at was shivered to atoms, struck them with dismay. Some fell to the ground, others approached the knight hesitatingly and with aspects of awe, but were at length reassured by the smiling expression of his countenance. That Defoe had ever read any account of this incident is most unlikely: all will remember the behaviour of Crusoe's man Friday on a like occasion. Candia's report was even more startling and attractive than that of Molina; the temple, he averred, was, as it were, tapestried with gold and silver, and imitations of fruits and vegetables, worked in fine gold and silver, shone and glowed in the convent gardens. An old writer says that the Spaniards were nearly maddened with joy on hearing these tidings. Pizarro offered thanks to heaven for this brilliant realization of his dreams. "It was manifestly the work of God."

Possessed of all the information he for the present required, Pizarro weighed anchor and steered towards the south. Wherever he touched, the same friendly and hospitable treatment awaited him, the natives bringing out to him all the luscious varieties of fruit and vegetables of the country. "All were eager to have a glimpse of the strangers, the 'children of the sun,' as the Spaniards began already to be called, from their fair complexions, brilliant armour, and the thunderbolts which they bore in their hands." There was a general belief, too, of the courteous gentleness of their manners; but, as Prescott remarks, "The iron-hearted soldier had not yet disclosed the darker side of his character. He was too weak to do so. The hour of conquest had not yet come." There were credible accounts of a powerful monarch and of a splendid capital. There were abundant evidences of civilization and power, that superadded certainty to these accounts. Why need he prosecute his discoveries? Having penetrated nine degrees farther in these southern seas than any former navigator, he willingly listened to persuasions that he should return. Touching at Tumbez on his homeward voyage to Panamá, he complied with the request of some of his followers, that he would leave them at the Peruvian city. He had a wise reason for this. He knew on his return he should find them familiar with the language and manners of the natives. He obtained permission to carry with him two or three Peruvians, that they might be instructed in the Castilian. After an absence of eighteen months, Pizarro and his hardy band were safely moored in the harbour of Panamá.

Their arrival so long delayed created no ordinary sensation. They had now to tell of the sufferings and the vicissitudes they had under-

gone; but they had also to relate that all their disasters had been cheerfully borne, because a great purpose was in view, which purpose had been happily accomplished. To Pizarro and his two associates, Luque and Almagro, this was indeed a moment of triumph. Who could now derisively tell them that they had indulged the dreams of madmen or of fools; or that they were at once avaricious and reckless projectors who had been actuated by the basest cupidity? It is true, they were unable to obtain effectual assistance, their credit having been sorely strained by their past exertions, and hope seemed almost an extravagance, for the governor even now, doubtful of the greatness of the discovery, or, perhaps, astounded by its magnitude, not only gave them no encouragement, but listened to their applications with a deterring coldness.

The three confederates at length agreed, on the suggestion of Luque, to apply to the crown, who was chiefly interested in the success of the enterprise, and who was more likely to entertain their proposals, because the Emperor Charles V. was known to be sufficiently sagacious to see the importance of the expedition, and his own preponderating share of interest in it, and because it was of course in his power to supply adequate means for its accomplishment. But the question now was, which of the three should repair to Spain. Luque was tied to Panamá by his professional duties; Almagro, the blunt, ill-favoured, illiterate soldier, was unfit, and felt his unfitness, to play the courtier before Charles V. Pizarro's education was almost equally defective, but his person was good, his presence was commanding: he had great plausibility, and when earnest on a subject, could speak even with eloquence. Almagro, the frank soldier, urged his associate to undertake the mission. There is reason to believe that Pizarro was honest in the reluctance he expressed to go upon this service. Luque, it is plain, distrusted him. "God grant, my children," he said emphatically, when he gave his consent, "that one of you may not defraud the other of his blessing." In the spring of 1528, Pizarro sailed from Panamá, taking with him some of the natives, a few llamas, several fine fabrics of cloth and ornaments and vases of gold and silver, as vouchers for the marvellous tale he had to tell.

Here we close; for it was not our intention to carry his history further. Invested by royalty with the title of Governor of New Castile—for so Peru was now called,—his career as an adventurer, properly so termed, ceases; and the captain-general of a province can hardly with propriety be said to lead followers. Of the worthiest, and although not the most splendid portion of his life—for the darkest shades of his character appeared with the first brightness of his fortune—we have given an outline. The brief task was suggested to us by a perusal of Mr. Prescott's History of the Conquest of Peru, a work which displays, and in the very highest degree, the best qualities of the historian. To a knowledge which instructs him where the most various and the most valuable materials are to be found, Mr. Prescott brings a patience which will not confess itself wearied, while any remain to be made available. But the labour that we know has been employed is nowhere apparent in the text. On the contrary; the style is so fresh and smooth, and there is such a lucid order in the narrative, that one might imagine the work had been as easily written as it is read.



The Wandering Fiddler

London Richard Bentley 1847

THE WANDERING FIDDLER.

BY ABRAHAM ELDER, ESQ.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY J. LEECH.

Two young men were sitting, in the evening, in a small well-furnished lodging in London, wine and glasses on the table, and the atmosphere redolent of cigars. "John," said one of them, taking up a violin that was lying by him, "you seem dull and flat this evening, give us 'The sea! the sea!' and you shall have my best accompaniment;" and then he flourished away the air upon his instrument.

"Dull and flat," said the other: "is it not enough to make one dull and flat to see one's best friend perfectly ruined?"

"You mean me, I suppose," said the first.

"Of course I do. You had a small independence yesterday, and to-day you have not a farthing."

"Not so bad as that quite. I have got twenty pounds—twenty pounds, well stretched, ought to last some time."

"But what will you do then? You must do something. How will you pay for your lodging and your food?"

"Lodging!—why, I must certainly give up my present lodging, but I suppose I shall find something else. Who ever heard of a gentleman being obliged to sleep in the street! And as for living—why, I know many men about town that have not a shilling, that wear kid gloves, and appear to enjoy themselves amazingly. I suppose their secret is not very abstruse."

"Oh! not at all," said the other: "running into debt, and not paying,—cheating,—and spunging upon their friends."

"That won't suit me, Tom. What say you to teaching a class of young gentlemen to play upon the violin?" Here he drew his bow across his instrument, and treated his friend to an air, with elaborate variations and almost impossible fingering. "What think you of George Postern, Professor of the Violin.—I have it now, I will teach dancing; I can soon learn a few steps." Here he went through the pantomime of a dancing lesson. "How grand that would be, 'Monsieur Postern de Paris.' Push the Madeira this way, my dear fellow; this jumping about makes me thirsty. But, what's the matter now? you do not seem to be interested in my performances: you are in low spirits,—Love is it? I'll cheer you up then. I'll play you the identical quadrille that you danced with Isabella, the night before last," and his violin accordingly went to work.

"How provoking you are. To-day you are just a beggar, and you are as merry as if you had come into a large fortune."

"A beggar! I am the real and rightful owner of the property of Broadacre."

"Well, I believe you are the rightful owner; but another has legal possession."

"That's very true; but there is many a man with a large property that gets nothing to spend from it."

"But what do you intend to do?" asked the other; "tell me without any foolery."

"Well, I'll tell you what, Tom, I think I shall leave London, and travel; the very sight of your face makes me melancholy."

"What, you think you will be able to travel about, without money in the same style that you have done the last five years! How do you intend to live? You appear to have as much idea of real life as a novel-reading, boarding-school miss."

"Live! I intend to eat, drink, and sleep, and play the fiddle, and what can I wish for more.—Good night, Tom! I'm off to bed. Have you got a pocket-book with you? Just chalk down that you are engaged to dine with me at The Crown, on the 10th of September next, —private room—bottle of champagne—punch, and some of our old songs dished up again. It's some time hence, to be sure; but I am going on my travels: this constant smoke of London sticks in my throat."

The next day, in a small town about ten miles from London, a man with a green shade over his eyes, was seen walking up the main street, playing upon the fiddle. He was followed by a few boys, and now and then he stopped his music to pick up a halfpenny. When he came to an open space, that was less crowded by passers by, he leant his back against the wall, and continued the simplest and most well-known country airs. The group around him gradually increased, for the musician had both the power and the will to please his audience; and a handful of halfpence and two sixpences soon rewarded his toil. This flourishing state of affairs, however, was here interrupted by a man in authority, of the constable, or beadle species, who acquainted our hero that he had orders to take up any trampers or beggars that were found within the parish. The musician stoutly denied that he had ever begged.

"We will soon see that," said the man in authority. "The petty sessions is now sitting, and I will just take you before them." The accused was immediately ushered into the justice-room, where the magistrates were sitting behind a table, at which was seated the justice clerk.

"I found this man, sir, collecting a crowd in the streets, and stopping up the way," said the constable.

"There was no thoroughfare where I was playing," observed the musician, making a bow to the bench.

"He is just a common beggar, sir," said the constable.

"I never begged in my life," replied the musician.

"Never begged in your life!" repeated the chairman in an incredulous tone.

"I never have begged," said the fiddler with rather a proud air. "I could produce a witness here in court that I have no necessity to ask charity of any man, and if playing upon a fiddle be a crime, the Lord help the wicked."

"There is no statute against that," said one of the magistrates, smiling. "Come, produce your witness."

"Oh! sir," said the fiddler, with a sigh, "I fear that a poor man's witness will hardly be listened to here."

"Rich and poor shall have equal justice here," said the chairman.

"What if my witness should take up ten minutes of your honour's time, would you hear him to the end without interruption?"

"We promise that," said the chairman.

The fiddler took his violin from the case.

"Fiddlestick," said the clerk.

"That's what it is," replied the fiddler, and, putting his instrument to his shoulder, he played a few bars of a simple air, then the same with wild and beautiful variations, then the same again with different variations, scattering thousands of little sparkling notes around the simple air, and giving a specimen of the most difficult fingering within the reach of art.

"I humbly submit to your worships," said the fiddler, boldly placing his hat in the centre of the magistrates' table, "that my witness has proved that I have no necessity to be dependent upon charity."

"What do you put your hat there for?" said the clerk crossly.

"In case any gentleman present should think that there was any value in my humble performance."

The magistrates laughed, and there was some silver dropped into the hat.

"Will your honours permit my witness to return thanks for the kind manner in which you have heard him?"

They nodded, and he played a plaintive tune, with the best execution that he was master of. Applause followed, and another shilling was thrown into the hat.

The fiddler took it out and laid it on the table, saying, "all paid for before."

"This is a very unusual mode of giving evidence," said the chairman; "however, my brother magistrates and myself are of opinion that it is satisfactory." The fiddler bowed and retired.

"So I am now considered by the world," thought he to himself, "a mere beggar, rogue, and vagabond, and such like. Fiddling the justices may do for once. It's a bad look out, I am afraid."

He took a turning leading into the country, while these desponding thoughts were passing through his mind. At length he saw a comfortable farm-house, distant about a field from the road, with some children at play before the door. He walked down there, and seating himself upon a fallen tree, began playing to his juvenile audience, accompanying his instrument with his voice. He sang them a song of "Little Red Riding-hood." The child's voice in a high treble, while the wolf spoke in the deepest bass of his instrument. And when he sang "High diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle," his instrument mewed like a cat, and barked like a dog, to the delight of his hearers.

"Mother! mother! mother! come and hear the funny man."

Mother was pulled out of the house, but the mother was as sad as her children were merry. "We have nothing to give you," said she, "you have come to a lone house and a cold hearth stone."

"Never mind," said the fiddler, "I have made a good morning's work, and I will sit here for an hour and play with your pretty children; but if you will give me a bit of dry straw to-night, to keep me out of the public-house, I will be grateful to you."

There was not a child's song that the fiddler did not sing to them, or a queer sound that the fiddle could make, that they did not hear,—a pig was killed, first he grunted, then he squeaked, and then squealed, ducks quacked, turkeys gobbled, the show-man blew his trumpet, the boy with the white mouse played his hurdy-gurdy. Such a delightful funny man was never seen before.

The mother thanked him. "You are kind, kind to my children. We can give you nothing. Our last shilling went for rent yesterday, the

last rent we shall probably ever pay; but if you will share our dinner, you are welcome, but it is the bare, bare potatoes."

"Thank you kindly," said the fiddler. "Now, Johnny," said he to the elder boy, "come with me, and I will tell you a secret."

He took the boy aside, and slipping some money into his hand, said, "Run and buy a piece of bacon, and we'll slip it into the pot without any one seeing, and when your daddy comes home, he'll find a nice dinner. Won't that be fun?" and he gave Johnny a poke in the ribs.

Away ran Johnny. Where can he be gone to? Nobody finds it out; farmer comes home,—out tumbles the bacon with the potatoes—great surprise and rejoicing: Johnny calls it a grand potato, and then tells all about it. Farmer's wife affected, and almost makes a scene; farmer calls the fiddler a right good fellow, but adds, that there is only one thing about him that he does not like, which is his fiddle.

"My fiddle!" said the traveller with surprise. "Why that is my better half. What harm can it possibly have done to offend you?"

"Nothing," said the farmer; "but our landlord spends all his time in fiddling, and leaves us to the mercies of his agent; who, because we would not graze his horses for nothing, has raised our rent, and we are just ruined."

"Spends his time in fiddling, does he?" said the traveller. "I'll fiddle him. Where does he live?"

Farmer and fiddler spent the evening together like old friends, and in the morning the traveller started forth on his expedition to fiddle the landlord.

It was with unpleasant feelings that he found himself entering the landlord's grounds in the guise of a mere vagrant trespasser, momentarily expecting a rebuff from constable or pampered menial. However, undisturbed and unnoticed he reached the front entrance. As he stole his way up to the door, he certainly did hear the sound of a violin. A window on the side of the front door was partially open, and though there was a gauze blind behind it, this was not sufficiently close to prevent our wanderer from getting a tolerable view of the performer within. He was a short man, with a bald head, bowing and jerking his head and body in time with the music, and at times drawing his head up to the fullest height, when he thought the music favoured such a position.

At length he took the opportunity of a pause for turning over a leaf, to treat himself with a pinch of snuff. Our fiddler seized this opportunity, and taking up the air at the point where the little gentleman broke it off, he continued with scarcely audible loudness. The effect upon the little man was singular enough; the pinch of snuff was interrupted in its way from the box to his nose by gesticulations in tune with the music. At first the little man appeared to be thinking that he was humming the tune to himself, for he shewed no surprise at the music continuing without his agency, but as the music grew louder he started and looked a little about him; at length he got up and went to the door; the music all the time getting louder, and, as the door opened, the traveller's violin gave out its full volume, like a burst of sound rushing in by the opening of the door.

"Emma, who is that playing the violin in the house?"

"Nobody but you, papa." Indeed all was silent now.

He sat down again, and as he looked at the notes the music again

stole into his ears. Again he bobbed and bowed, with the pinch of snuff in his hand still unsnuffed. Again he walked to the door.

"Emma, who *is* that playing the violin in the house?"

"Nobody but you, papa," was again the reply.

Again he walked back again. The music was heard gently stealing upon him again. He flourished again his head and hands, and again put his hand upon the door, but did not open it, apparently thinking that Emma would repeat the same story. He fidgeted about the room. At length he went to the window, not with the expectation of seeing any one there, but apparently merely to look out at the landscape, while he enjoyed his pinch of snuff, which he still held between his finger and thumb. His eyes now fell upon the wandering fiddler, who had just stopped playing. The squire threw up the sash, and, stretching his bald head out of the window, cried out, "You are a wonderful man—a very wonderful man. Play that again."

Upon which the fiddler began, in the very worst style of street twang, "There was an Old Woman in Rosemary Lane."

"Stop, my good man; for Heaven's sake, stop." The violin was silent.

"Would your honour like to hear 'Cherry Ripe?' it is a wery fashionable tune in London."

"Play this," said the little man, leaning out of the window with his violin, and playing the tune he was employed at before.

"Oh, that's a wery easy one," said the fiddler, running over the air in his very best style of execution.

"You are a wonderful man. Come in here, come in here, and we'll play a tune together. Will you have something to eat and drink first?"

"Thank your honour kindly," said the fiddler; "it's all that a poor fellow like myself gets to live upon."

"A poor trade that street fiddling, is not it?" asked the little man.

"Not so very bad," said the fiddler; "I had rather be a fiddler than a farmer any day. I had rather have this little violin than twenty thousand farms."

"That's a very odd sentiment—a *very* odd sentiment. Now, why would not you like to be a farmer?"

"I'll tell you for why," was the answer. "It was only yesterday that I fiddled up to a comfortable farm-house. The old people were not about, so I played and sung little songs to the children for half an hour or so. At length out comes the wife, and says, 'You're a wery good man to play like this to the children; but we've no money at all to give you; but if you like to share our dinner, you are welcome; but it's only the bare—bare potatoes.' So I gives one of the boys some money (for I had made a good morning's work of it), and sends him to buy some bacon, and slip it into the pot without any one seeing. Now, sir, when the bacon tumbled out of the pot along with the rest of it, and they heard where it came from, the wife took my hand in both of her's. I heard a sort of choking sound in her throat, and a large hot tear dropped upon my wrist. Don't know, sir, whether it was gratitude for the trifle, or whether it was shame in receiving charity from a trumper, or it was that her heart was just a bursting,—and a wery little made it bubble over."

"And what did the farmer say?" asked the little man.

"The farmer, sir, said wery little; but if he was rich, and I was in distress, I should just know where to go to."

"Did you ask them what made them so poor?"

"I did, sir. They said that their father and grandfather had had the farm before them, and just because they would not graze two of the agent's young horses for nothing, he had rose the rent upon them, and they were just ruined. Their last farthing they paid in rent the day before, and next half-year's rent they had no hopes of being able to meet."

"But where was their landlord all this time?"

"That's just what I axed, sir. They said that he was a good enough sort of man, but that they could not get to see him. He left all to his agent."

"Do you remember the farmer's name?"

"Not wery well, sir. It was Toddle, or Poddle, or some such thing; but the name of the farm was Two Elms. I remember that well."

"Two Elms!" exclaimed the little landlord.

"Ay, that's the name, sir, sure enough. It make my heart ache to think of it. I have a great mind to teach their little boy to play upon the fiddle; it would be a sort of rise in the world to him, to what his prospects are now." Then putting his violin to his shoulder, he played and sung in the regular street twang—

"And then he'll be rewarded, and have his heart's delight,
With a fiddling all the morning, and a drop of gin at night."

"That's a very vulgar tune," said the little man.

"It is, sir; most of my friends is vulgar. It's the vulgar people that shells out the coppers; twenty coppers goes farther than the gentleman's sixpence. That style of music, sir, costs a little more in rosin, but it pays best."

"I wonder that a man of your musical talents should ever think of playing in the street."

"Tried playing in a room once, but it did not answer."

"How so?"

"Baker got troublesome, sir, and the furniture, though wery accommodating in their own way, would not help me out with the rent."

"Let me hear whether you can play this piece of music," said the little man. The fiddler performed it with great execution.

"You're a wonderful man, and here is five shillings for you."

"Don't want the money," said the fiddler; "it's easy enough for me to pick up a shilling or two. I had rather that you would promise to speak to that poor farmer's landlord."

"I'll do both," said the little man.

So the fiddler took his departure, playing a merry tune, while the little man put his bald head out of the window, and watched him till he was out of sight, repeating to himself, "That is a wonderful man."

After passing through several country villages, our fiddler came to another town. He was just taking his fiddle out of its case to commence operations, when a gentleman with several ladies passed him. One of the ladies offered him a sixpence.

"I thank you, madam; I never take any money that I have not earned by my fiddle."

"Let's have a tune, then," said the gentleman. He played them a single Swiss air in his best manner.

"That was beautifully played," said the gentleman.

"It's worth more than a sixpence," said the first lady, changing it for a shilling.

"I think so, too," said the gentleman, giving another.

The fiddler picked up two or three halfpence in going down the street. At length he made a stop before a superior description of house, with a porch before the door, and a row of evergreens in front of the wall; but the owner, a large fat man, made his appearance at the window, called him an idle vagabond, and told him to be off, at the same time throwing out a half-penny, of which the fiddler took no notice.

"Why don't you pick up the half-penny, you fool?"

"If you do not want my music, I do not want your money," was the reply, a sentiment that was received with great applause by the few idle people that had collected round him. When he had gone through the town, he went to try his luck at the Manor House that was situated in a small park behind the church. He never liked going up a gentleman's grounds; he always felt that he was then a trespassing trumper, probably in the eye of the law a rogue and vagabond,—liable to be ejected by dog, constable, or liveried menial.

His first notes, however, before the door, brought to one of the upper windows the bright black eyes of the young lady that had offered him the sixpence as he came into the village. He determined to give them a sample of his best.

The same party that met him in the road had now come down to him, some standing on the steps of the door, some at the lower window.

"Pray what's your name?" asked a fair-haired laughing girl, after his performance had been sufficiently applauded.

"I am known by no other name than the wandering fiddler."

And he avoided further questioning by playing another air. It required no great observation on his part to observe that the dark-haired lady, that first noticed him in the road, appeared to take great interest in him and his performance. He detected her more than once stealthily attempting to look behind or under the green shade that he wore over his eyes; and when he played, her interest in the music was intense. It was clear that she suspected him to be in disguise, and something superior to what his dress showed. The squire also was probably of the same opinion, for he invited the fiddler to join his family in the drawing-room.

After he had played two airs in his best style and most careful execution, the little fair-haired girl, who had questioned him before, renewed her attack.

"You are quite a different sort of person from any wandering fiddler that I have ever seen before. You really must tell us the history of your life."

"With great pleasure, madam. I have got it set to music, and I sing it as I do when I go through some of the villages." Then assuming the vulgarest street twang, and playing with the worst possible taste, he gave the following account of himself:—

"I was born respectably all in the town of Rye;
Mother she sold sausingers, and father sold pig's-fry.
Then we lived in happiness and in prosperity.
But one Mrs. Dorothy Fudge, who lived just hard by,
She had a tabby cat, and dog, and a monkey.

One day this tabby cat nobody could spy;
 She swore 'twas put in sausers by mother, dad, and I.
 And nobody our sausers any more would buy,
 They were afraid of eating Dorothy's tabby.
 So, straightway of a broken heart my father he did die,
 And mother upon that account very much did cry;
 And I bought me a fiddle to live melodiously;
 With a titum, tiddle, tiddle, little, tum te ty;"

and he concluded with a number of quaint and extraordinary flourishes upon his violin.

Great was the shouting of the children, who had joined them in the drawing-room when he brought this anomalous piece of music to an end. "Sing us another song!—sing us another song!" they all cried together.

"I will sing you each a song," said the fiddler; and he treated them to a similar entertainment that he had given the children at the Two Elms Farm, concluding with the little song of "The Babes in the Wood," which he played and sang so plaintively that he sent the children all crying to bed.

One of the party made some observation upon his performance in French. To warn them that he understood the language, he suddenly changed from what he had been playing to a little French *chanson*, accompanying his instrument with his voice for the first two or three verses.

"You understand French then," said the squire.

"I have wandered in France with the instrument," was the reply.

"Where else have you travelled?" asked the fair-haired girl.

An air from "Der Freischutz," the first verse or two sung in German, was the reply.

"Oh, that's Germany! Where else have you been?"

The instrument replied with a Swiss mountain song.

"Well, and where else?"

An Italian opera air was the reply of the violin.

"Pray give us some further account of your travels?"

The violin now turned topsyturvy became a guitar, accompanied by his voice in a foreign language.

"I suppose this must mean Spain?"

The fiddler nodded, and putting his instrument to his shoulder again, gave them "Auld Robin Gray" in his best and most careful style of execution, and when he came to the part where the poor girl's misfortunes began, the notes assumed a tremulousness as if the intensity of grief almost denied them utterance. Great were the praises that were lavished upon him when he concluded, for his audience had lived for many years in Scotland, and the air reminded them of days long gone by.

"That is beautifully played, indeed," said the dark-haired beauty. "Did you ever wander as far as the Highlands?"

The fiddler made no reply, but set to work with the pegs of his instrument, screwing one down and another up, then trying the notes, and then screwing away again, till he had got matters to his liking. Then getting up from his chair, his fiddle gave one prolonged bass note very disagreeable to the ear; then upon another string he played a Highland pibroch, the bass note continuing to act the part of drone. During the whole time he was playing, he continued walking up and down the room

with bent knees and toe and heel following in one straight line. The imitation of the bagpipes was so close that the deception would hardly have been discovered if the instrument had been out of sight.

"Ah! that is the Highlands, indeed,—our own bonny Highlands; these are the real pipes, and the true piper's walk."

Extraordinary as it may seem, this mimicry of what musicians describe as the vilest musical instrument that ever was invented, gave more satisfaction to this family of taste and refinement than the most beautiful airs he had played upon the violin—the most perfect instrument that is known. While the bagpipe notes were ringing in their ears, the fresh breeze from the blooming heather was blowing on their cheeks, and scenes of long bye-gone days were present to their view. Friends and relations who had been long gathered to the dust were restored for a few transitory moments to health and enjoyment. But when the music stopped, the heathery mountains, the rapid stream, and the joyful forms of the friends of their childhood faded away again in the dark shadows of the past.

The fiddler now rose to take his departure. He had been engaged to play at a baymaking dance at Farmer Robins's who lived a mile out of the town, and he would be sorry to keep the company waiting.

"Our good wishes attend you," said the squire. "I have no wish to pry into your secrets, whatever they may be, but we would be happy to be of assistance to you if we knew how. What say you to our getting up a concert for you in the town-hall? I think that we could procure you an audience, and I am sure that you would give them satisfaction."

"With regard to my secrets," replied the fiddler, "I can only say that I am just what I represent myself to be—an itinerant fiddler, and I have at present no other means of subsistence but what I earn by wandering about with my instrument; with regard to the concert, it would be too great presumption for a street fiddler to think of it. I understand, however, that there is to be a public ball here next Friday. If I might be allowed to be present to accompany the orchestra, and play between the dances, I shall feel very grateful."

"I will try if I can manage it for you," said the squire, at the same time dropping a sovereign into the fiddler's hat.

He now took his departure, and, on his way towards Farmer Robins's, he stopped and played occasionally as he passed through the streets. He found his rustic company assembled and waiting for his arrival, and amongst them was a poor boy of about thirteen years of age, who, he was told, was the son of a poor pedlar who had died suddenly a day or two before in a neighbouring cottage. He liked the appearance of the lad, and told the farmer that if he would get the pedlar's little stock sold and invested in the savings' bank in the boy's name, till he was of age or in want, he would take charge of him in the meantime, and make him his travelling-companion.

The dance went on merrily, the fiddler sitting on a stool under an old oak tree: and in the course of the evening he had the satisfaction of seeing his friends, the squire and ladies from the manor-house, amongst the spectators. Shortly after their departure, he looked into his hat to see how his contributions were getting on, and, finding a half-crown there, he threw it out saying, "Somebody has given me a bad penny!"

"You great silly man," said a buxom country-girl, "it's a half-crown!"

"I never take silver at haymaking dances," was the reply.

"It was one of the ladies from the Manor-house that put in the half-crown."

"Oh! that's quite a different thing," said he; and he put the silver in his pocket.

Besides the half-crown, he earned that evening one shilling and ninepence in copper, for which he expressed his gratitude.

The fiddler's fame now spread far and wide, everybody talked of the wonderful talents of the mysterious wanderer. When he played in the streets, he did, indeed, obstruct the thoroughfare, but no constable or magistrate interfered. When he played before a house, instead of being turned away, he was shewn into the parlour. Numerous messages he received to come to play in this house and in that house, and a silver shower was falling pretty steadily into his hat. He was, however, perfectly aware that it was not simply his musical accomplishments that effected all this. But there was, in the first place, the mystery,—the green shade,—the general impression that he was by birth and education a gentleman,—his rejecting the silver at the haymaking,—his continual refusing to pick up half-pence that he had not first played for,—his kindness to the pedlar's boy—and, indeed, to many others; and, secondly, the variety of his performances. When he put his violin to his shoulder, no one could guess what was coming from it. He thus kept up a constant expectation of something new.

He now announced, wherever he went, that it was his intention of leaving the place on the Saturday next, and that he would enter the neighbouring town at two o'clock on that day. He took occasion to fiddle opposite the inn at the time of the coach starting, to get an opportunity of impressing this fact upon the coachman and guard. He also spent a pint of beer upon the carrier for the same purpose. He knew that his fame had gone before him, and a good entrance into the town he thought would be greatly in his favour.

The ball in the town hall took place in due time. The fiddler ensconced himself under the orchestra, in a door-way that led into a small inner room, as much out of notice as possible. The squire and his ladies, as might be expected, soon found him out, and the fair-haired lady, looking into his hat, exclaimed: "Bless me! who in the world has put a halfpenny into your hat?"

"I put it in myself, ma'am, it is the nest-egg."

The first quadrille was danced, and when it was concluded, the last note of the music appeared to be prolonged in a most unaccountable manner, but so faintly that it almost appeared to be only the impression of the sound that was left on the ear. Presently the tune that had just been concluded broke forth again, but in a different key, and then the air with a number of fanciful variations. Then the air was played in a different manner altogether, with variations altogether new. The company, who from the commencement of his playing, were gradually crowding around him, were much astonished at the taste with which he played and the wonderful command he had over his instrument: and when he concluded, shillings and sixpences showered into his hat, which was placed on the ground beside him. The next dance, a waltz, was treated in somewhat the same manner, the last note was prolonged, and then the air broke out in a new form, was tossed about and played with, and then decked out in a new costume, to have other tricks played with it.

The third dance now drew to a conclusion. The company began as before to crowd round the wandering musician; but the last note was not prolonged as before. To look at the musician, one would have imagined that he was not aware that his turn had come again. He was leaning back in his chair with his instrument in one hand and his bow in the other, apparently looking intently at the tips of his hob-nailed shoes.

"I think he is going to sleep," whispered one young lady to her partner.

"I think he is fuddled," whispered a dowager to her neighbour. "These fiddlers are very much addicted to it."

Presently his instrument went up to his shoulder, and his bow was laid across it, suddenly a fragment of a merry laughing air rung out so clear and sharp that it startled the whist-players in an adjoining room. It ceased as suddenly as it began, and the bow dropped again upon his knee. The bow now again crossed the strings, and gave forth a fragment of a most mournful dirge. Again the bow was lowered, and there was a pause. Again the merry air was repeated, but with a gentler, milder touch, but for the concluding notes were substituted the concluding notes of the dirge. The merry tune now broke out into all manner of fanciful variations, but never whole or unbroken, for the mournful notes of the dirge were continually thrusting themselves in. Sometimes was heard the beginning of the dirge, and then the merry laughing notes would overpower it, and trip along singing its joyful carol like the blithesome heart of thoughtless youth rejoicing in its way. But then again and again the mournful notes would creep in, deaths, sickness, or misfortunes were trampling down its spring flowers. Sometimes in the high treble the merry notes were chirping, sometimes in the tenor, or again running down into the base. Sometimes the manner of his execution was altered, as if the mirthful air was seeking a new direction: but ever would the mournful sounds intrude and mix themselves up with the rejoicing, though never able to overpower it; gradually the music became less loud, till at length it faded away into silence.

After a pause, the mournful dirge was repeated, but in a softer, gentler tone, like the sad feelings of one that feels himself left alone in this dreary world, after that which made all his joy and pride had been taken away from him; but neither could the grief remain unalloyed, for the merry tune continually crept mildly in, like gleams of sunshine flitting over the dreary waste. High and low the measure wandered, sometimes slow, sometimes fast, sometimes in one manner, sometimes another; but ever the gleams of sunshine flitted over him, though they could not brighten up his landscape. The music again faded away, and fell to silence. Again a pause.

The merry tune was now resumed, but the execution was entirely changed. There is now no softness in the air. All is harsh and coarse, with strong emphasis upon particular notes; there is a boisterousness and unevenness in his execution. It is more like the shouting of the reveller, than the merry carolling of early youth. The air is played chiefly upon the tenor and bass notes, and the mournful air continually growling in like the consciousness of utter ruin breaking in upon the drunken excitement of the gambler, or the voice of guilt whispering into the ear of the reveller, "*I am ever by your side.*" In vain the shouting is loud, and the sound of forced laughter boisterous; the demon is ever

there, and the skull grinning in the corner. Suddenly, in the midst of a wild tumult of notes, the musician stopped suddenly.

After a pause, the dirge was played again, but not with the softened notes of hallowed grief, but like the voice of despair, violent, loud, and irregular, the merry tune ever breaking in upon it, as it seemed, in a tone of mockery and sardonic laughter.

Then a pause.—The two airs are now mingled together in an extraordinary manner, as if striving for victory. At length the merry tune has it all to itself, chirping and carolling its joyous notes in the high treble. Gradually it comes down again; the contest is renewed, and at length the dirge groans out unrestrained its voice of mourning. Again a pause.—Now the merry air is played simply by itself, as at the beginning. A pause, and the dirge is in like manner repeated as at first. Great applause and commendation followed this performance, attended by a substantial shower of silver into the wanderer's hat.

It would be in vain to describe in words the different freaks of the musician,—his fantasias or unearthly Paganini notes, with which he wiles away the time between the dances.

At length his friends from the Manor House persuaded him, with some difficulty, to sing one of the little comic songs that he had amused the children with the night or two before, which afforded high amusement to his present more adult audience.

The ball was now drawing to a close, and the last quadrille was about to be danced, when the fiddler, having finished his flourish, thus addressed the circle that surrounded him:—"Ladies and gentlemen, I feel so grateful to you for your kindness and liberality to me this evening, that I will attempt to play you a piece of music that I never attempted before in public. It is the tune that Patrick O'Howlegan played on the pipes when he made the table dance. The story goes, that he was engaged to play at a ball, but, arriving a long time before his company, his fingers itched to begin his tunes. So he determined to play to the table. At first, the table took no notice of him or his music; then it seemed to get a little fidgetty or ricketty, as they call it in a table; then it kicked out its right foot like this (giving a jerk out with his own foot) repeating the kick at regular periods in tune to the music; then the left foot kicked out, and it went right, left, right, left; then the third leg kicked out, and it went one, two, three, one, two, three; then the fourth leg, one, two, three, four, one, two, three, four; and it waltzed round the room at a terrible pace, till it tripped over the coalscuttle, and smashed itself to pieces against the fire-place. The landlord brought an action against Paddy, and got damages; and it is said, that the Irish chancellor granted an injunction against Patrick Howlegan, to restrain him from ever playing that tune again in a furnished apartment." Loud cheers, and cries of "Bravo, fiddler."

"The gentlemen in the orchestra are tired; and with your permission, ladies and gentlemen, I will endeavour to twist the tune into a quadrille."

"You must bring your fiddle into the middle of the room," cried several voices.

The musician declined producing his worsted stockings and hobnailed shoes to the broad lamplight.

"You must, you must!" and several of the young people of both sexes took him by the arms and by the coat, and fairly pulled him off

his chair, and led him to the middle of the room, and there they seated him again.

"I am getting quite nervous," said he; "I really cannot do it, Patrick O'Howlegan was the prince of pipers, and I am but a poor trumper."

After a little pressing he consented, on condition that nobody should dance that was not merry, and that they would humour the music as far as they could.

The dance commenced; it was rather a funny quaint air, but nothing extraordinarily merry in it. At length there popped in a little jerking note, most of the dancers took the hint and gave a kick, the second time they kicked all well together—they kicked in the grand rond—they kicked in the pastoral—the kicks grew double and treble and fourfold, and on the last "grand rond" they all fairly kicked themselves out of breath, and sank down exhausted on the benches, when the notes of the fiddle were fairly drowned by the merriment and laughter of both dancers and spectators.

It was a heavy hat when he lifted it from the ground to take his departure.

The following morning, at an early hour, he was on the tramp, he had engaged to be at the next town by two o'clock. When he arrived at a lonely part of the road he observed two ill-favoured looking men sauntering on before him, they presently stopped and joined his company.

"You made rather a nice thing of it, I should think, at that last town," said one of them to the fiddler.

"I should *rather* think I did," said the fiddler; "that ball last night was the primest go of all. I put my hat on the ground by my side, and the great nobs of the county kept shelling their silver into it, till it was nearly half full of metal—no copper there—all silver, with just a yellow-boy here and there, like plums in a pudding. If my hat had not been a right good eight-and-sixpenny one the crown would not have stood it. As it was, I do not know how ever I should have walked home if I had not got some people there to give me two or three five-pound notes in exchange. Very pleasant it was, walking home afterwards with my hands in my pockets, making the money chink as I went along."

While the fiddler was relating this apparently innocent tale, the two men repeatedly winked to one another. When he had concluded, one of the men familiarly nudged his elbow, saying, "We will do you the kindness to help you to carry some of that money for you—so fork out, or you are a dead man."

The fiddler gave a long whistle of derision, saying, "You really do not suppose that I am green enough to carry money about me. Did you never happen to hear of such a thing as a post-office order? It's the finest thing in the world; you just go into the post-office,—shell out your money—tell them the name of a person a hundred miles off that you wish to send the money to—give the post-master a sixpence or two for his trouble, and then walk out again as light as a feather. It's very convenient, is n't it?"

"Well, I don't know," said one of his companions, apparently thinking to himself.

"Do you know," continued the fiddler, "that I rather expected to meet you somewhere about here to-day. There has hardly been a coin

dropped into my hat the last two days, without your having counted it. Good morning to you."

A party were now seen descending the opposite hill; they turned out to be people coming to meet the wanderer. The foremost of them was a stout agricultural-looking man, with a red waistcoat. "You are the fiddler that was at Two Elms?—Thought so.—I'm the farmer's brother—all right now—got back to the old rent again—landlord kind—agent gone to the —. Says you did it all with your fiddle.—Must come to my house and bide there while you stay in the town."

The fiddler thanked him; for which he nearly got his hand squeezed off.

The plot now thickened; the entrance to the town was absolutely crowded. Everybody was talking about the mysterious performer; and those that had been at the ball of last night described him as something almost supernatural; and, besides, everybody expected him at two o'clock. When he produced his instrument to commence operations, there was hardly room for him to move his elbow for the crowd. Here Bobby, the boy he had taken charge of, proved himself of great value in collecting the contributions in a little tin box. Invitations without end poured in upon him, to play at this person's house, and that person's house, all which he accepted, but always played in the streets as he went from one house to another. The manager of the playhouse offered to make him leader of his orchestra, which was, of course, declined; but the fiddler offered to play him one tune upon the stage, in his proper character of tramping fiddler, with Bobby and his tin box by his side, for five pounds. The manager laughed at his impertinence; but, after some time, having consulted his better-half, or some such personage, he thought it would pay, and accepted the fiddler's offer, who, however, stipulated that not only he was to appear on the stage in his own proper dress, but that his fee was to be put into the tin box by some one present in the ordinary manner.

Our hero performed with great applause, and brought the manager a full house. He was introduced upon the stage, in the middle of a play, to a turgid character called the King of Mesopotamia, as the "minstrel from the far west;" and at the conclusion of his performance, his majesty dropped the five sovereigns into the tin pot, saying, "minstrel, take this guerdon." Ten minutes after he was fiddling again in the streets.

At a day and hour appointed sometime beforehand, he made his appearance at the next town. His entry was alike triumphant, and he filled his tin box in like manner, with great honour and glory to himself. The musician continued travelling round from time to time, always taking care that his fame should precede him, and that the exact time of his entry into each place should be known beforehand. At length he thought of returning, visiting again the same places that he had passed through before. The manager got him to play again, but now at ten pounds a night. The fiddler played for him each of the four nights that he remained in that town. Again he visited the manor house, nor did he forget his friend the farmer at Two Elms, where he just got in time for the harvest home, and there he fiddled to the reapers all the evening.

He arrived in London again on the 9th of September. He first called upon a private friend with whom he had previously deposited

his clothes and other articles, and to whom he had consigned his earnings day by day. He then established himself in a room at the Crown, and wrote the following letter:—

"DEAR TOM,

"Don't forget that you are engaged to dine with me to-morrow at six o'clock.

"Ever yours,

"GEORGE POSTERN."

Tom arrived at the hour appointed, and was delighted and surprised to see his friend looking so flourishing. Dinner was served, Bobby waiting behind his master. "That's not one of the regular waiters here, is it?" said Tom, when the lad had left the room.

"Oh! that's my valet," said the fiddler; "he is rather young, to be sure; but he is very trustworthy; he has been in the habit of being trusted with untold money."

"But where does all the money come from?"

"Oh, it does not cost much; but really I *could* not go on any longer without a servant."

"Now the cloth is off," said Tom; "I will tell you some news. Sniggins, who got hold of your property of Broadacre, has no more right to that property than I have."

"Well, I knew that two years ago,—what of it?"

"Why, it can be *proved* that he has no right to it!"

"There is something in that, however."

"But there is one great difficulty in the way, it will cost you at least forty or fifty pounds to establish your claim. How in the world are we to manage that? You know I cannot help you."

"I think I have got rather more than that in my pocket just now," pulling out a purse heavy with gold on one side, and stuffed full of bank notes at the other. The fact is, I have got plenty of money,—indeed, I don't know that it is worth while my bothering myself about this little property, except, you know, it is a sort of family thing,—one ought not to let a property go out of one's family."

The next morning they consulted their lawyer, who said that he thought it very probable that Sniggins would give up the property quietly, rather than subject himself to a criminal prosecution. The lawyer judged correctly, and George Postern became the undisputed owner of Broadacre; and our wandering fiddler immediately started for his new possession. He did not, however, take the shortest road to Broadacre Hall, but contrived that the manor house should come in the way.

He drove up to the door in an elegant equipage, and sent in his card,

MR. POSTERN,

Broadacre Hall.

Neither the squire nor the fair-haired lady recognised him in his new character of a country gentleman; but the dark-haired lady blushed up to the eyes when he entered the room. His visit was first extended from a few hours to a few days, then to a few weeks, and at the end of the month Mr. Postern departed to take formal possession of Broadacre Hall, attended by the black-eyed lady, in the character of Mrs. Postern.

THE FLÂNEUR IN PARIS.

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A TRAVELLER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SECOND LOVE."

Olla podrida.—A Parisian Sunday.—Religious Feeling,—Vanity and Puffing as connected therewith.—A word about Puffs.—Churches,—The Madeleine,—Nôtre Dame de Lorette.

It is a well known fact that a *flâneur* not only can never be cured of his bad habits of *flânerie*, but finds all the many defects inherent to such a mode of proceeding growing upon him more and more. As he goes on in his rambles he becomes more capricious, more desultory, more *décousu* in his observations, as well as in his wanderings; and when he turns out to be completely confirmed in his bad practices, his whole life, as his state of mind, appears but a vast medley—an *olla podrida* of action and of thought. So it is with the *flâneur* in his desultory scraps: as he goes on and approaches the term of his journey, he finds himself becoming more desultory and unconnected than ever. The subjects over which he glances his eye assume a mere *olla podrida* consistency. Classification, order, method, arrangement—in fact, every good quality of a good orderly straightforward going man disappears for ever. The bad habits of the *flâneur* are indeed confirmed. But like all persons grown old with bad habits, he no longer attempts to defend them, he leaves the world to take them as it finds them; and, perhaps, if he reflected at all, he would be inclined to brazen out all censure on the subject audaciously. The *flâneur* then must be supposed to have grown audacious. He will not even attempt to offer an apology to his reader—will his reader forgive him,—for flying off in all that follows at diverse tangents from one subject to another? His eye has glanced, all at once, upon a Parisian Sunday: and without a word more, to a Parisian Sunday he turns his listless attention.

The brightest effect of a Parisian Sunday, in a picturesque point of view, under the influence of a cheerful sky, has been already described; but this is viewing the Parisian Sunday in its outward physical form; if it be analyzed morally—we do not mean with regard to its morality, but in its inward character—the effect it produces upon the mind is entirely the reverse of an agreeable one. There is, perhaps, no day in the week so intensely annoying to the Parisian, as well as to the foreigner, as a Sunday in Paris. Let it not be for a moment supposed, that any allusion is made here to the Sunday in itself, the Catholic Sunday, the Sunday of repose and prayer, of religion and the Church; the sketch to be given is of the *bourgeois* Sunday, the Sunday in a clean shirt and its best pair of trousers,—the Sunday, in fact, in Sunday trim. Formerly, under the Restoration, the Sunday had an undeniably religious tint: police ordinances, in conformity to the general spirit of the government, kept rigorous watch over the solemn observance of this weekly ordinance of the church. The church-bells called the devout to prayer; the churches were filled; the shops were closed; one knew and felt that it was a religious festival. The day had an impress of devotion; the springs and causes of which, being more of a political than of a religious nature, must not be too deeply traced; but the day

had at least a characteristic aspect, which it is far from possessing now. True! the shops are even now very frequently closed in all the greater streets; and every year adds to the number of tradespeople, who thus mark their consciousness that Sunday is to be looked upon as a day of repose. But let it not for a moment be supposed that the feeling, which prompts the tradesman to close his establishment for a whole day is a feeling of devotion, or even a feeling of forbearance towards the hard-worked shop-people under his employ. Divine service is very little considered in the matter; and for the poor subs it is then only considered as a *dies non*—i. e. a day for which they are not to be paid. The feeling which dictates the closing of the shop is a feeling of vanity. "We will let all Paris, and more especially our neighbours, see that we are rich enough, and well-to-do enough, and fine people enough not to want to work on a Sunday," is the notion of the ambitious shopkeeper. "It is all very well for little pettifogging hard-working shop-people to keep their shops open on a Sunday: they want to scrape together every *sou* they can, poor things; but we must let everybody understand that we do not, that *we can afford* to keep holy the Sabbath day." But then the tradesman, who is less well off, does not see why he should be outdone by his wealthier neighbour, why he has not just as much right to be a gentleman on a Sunday. He does not choose that any more brightly gilded nose should be turned up at him, because he is not quite so thriving. He also closes his shop, and asserts his competence to enjoy Sunday gentility. And so it goes on lower and lower down in the scale of the aristocracy of trade, until the practice of closing shops on Sundays becomes very general. In fact, it is *the fashion* among the trading classes—the fashion of vanity not of cant, as it is alas! only too often in some neighbouring lands.

Taking it all in all, however, the Sunday in Paris, now-a-days, has very little to do, in most classes, with a Catholic *fête*: it is an interruption—a day lost and unaccounted for, among the other days of the week. All is without order, settled habit, or devotional feeling. In one corner the stranger may find a group of workmen employed upon their usual avocations of building or masonry—in another the works neglected. One street looks lifeless and deserted; while the next is still like a bazaar. In general, however,—by what idea, or order of things, it does not well appear,—the greater part of the Parisian working classes take their Sunday on a Monday; some, however, adopt another day; and, if this confusion goes on increasing, as it has commenced, there is every chance of finding, in a short time, that the Parisian week consists of seven Sundays, or rather, to speak more correctly, of never a Sunday at all.

Sunday is the grand day for the exhibition of all that is ridiculous and conceited in dress or pretension. The *Boulevards* are crowded with idle loungers starched with all the stiffness of affecting to be what they are not—the streets with bustling asserters of the freedom of elbowing—the wine-shops with drunken coachmen—the *guinguettes* with quarrelsome students, *artisans à la jeune France* talking insane republicanism, and affected *grisettes* fed with rancid *omelettes*, and moderated in their notions of freedom by moral *sergents de ville*, and pert *agents de police*.

Sunday is not only shorn of all its religious attributes in Paris, but becomes in its turn the extinguisher of all life and spirit, of all activity and intelligence, of all poetry and art. Talent roams the streets with a

look of spleen; and genius puts its hands in its pockets and whistles the *Parisienne*. The artist, whose *atelier* was all the week the rendezvous of amateurs, the circle of animated conversation, the natural soil of wit, puts on his uniform as National Guard, and goes to his exercise. The musician, whose compositions, or whose execution charmed your ears at the opera, or in the concert room, may be seen elbowing his way to a theatre, with his wife on his arm, and a child in each pocket, to see a representation composed of some twelve to twenty acts, arranged for a Sunday public, and making up in quantity whatever deficiencies it may present in quality.

Sunday is the day of the National Guard, and the Reviews—the day when your friends borrow your money, your creditors bring in your bills, your tradesman is impertinent, because, forsooth, he is a gentleman; and, in his truly Parisian idea, considers impertinence as synonymous with gentility. If you are in love, it is on a Sunday that your lady-love is sure to play the *coquette*; if you are married, your wife is quarrelsome and capricious for want of her usual routine; and your children cry for their expected treat of *bonbons*; if you have your own establishment, a spunging friend is sure to drop in to dinner, and, most assuredly, the most boring of the whole set of your acquaintance. Sunday is the day for pickpockets at the Louvre—the day of accidents on the railroads—the day of quarrels, extravagancies, mystifications, jealousies, and duels.

On Sunday every one is out of his element. During the week the courts of law and justice are in full clamour; the Exchange is crowded; the Deputy sits in the Chamber; the public offices work their multifold machinery with all hands employed; the children take their lessons, or walk out with their maids; and the mistress of the house has got rid of her husband, and receives her visitors at her ease. But on a Sunday all the world has a holiday; and, where there is no established system of religious observance, no fixed rule for the regulation of the duties of the day, every one is dissatisfied with himself and ill at ease. Husbands stay at home from their avocations, and children from school: no wonder then that wives are put out of their way, scold husband, children, and servants, and quarrel with themselves.

On Sunday, too, the pretty *marchandes* of the different shops, so neat, so elegant, so truly Parisian in their *piquante coiffure* and smart apron on a week-day, become great ladies. Their grace and ease is lost in stiff affectation, overcharged hats, and mimicked manners; and, instead of looking like so many attendant fairies, as they do behind their glittering counters, they have all the air of caricature engravings in a journal of fashions. Your tradesman, who, on a week-day, is a man of intelligence and even of talent in his apron or his false sleeves, and with his cap on his head, makes you a stiff bow in his black suit on Sunday, in the garden of the Tuileries, and takes half an hour to put his hat on his head again—for his hat is too small, and his head is all befripped. As to his week-day smile of satisfaction, it is a matter of impossibility for him to attempt it. His well-starched collar scrapes his face, all bleeding still from close shaving; and, if he ventures upon seen farce at one of the playhouses, he looks on without stirring a muscle all the energy of despair; for he is dying to laugh and dares not forstarch. This is the very man who may in himself alone be taken a very good type of a Parisian Sunday.

It has been remarked that it is seldom a religious feeling which induces the Parisian shopkeeper to close his shop on a Sunday. The *flâneur* ought humbly to join his hands, and, on his bended knees, solicit the pardon of that devout and doubtless sainted tradesman, who on the Boulevard des Capucines has his Sunday shutters decorated with biblical inscriptions, and across the front of his shop, painted in large letters, the words, "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's." We will not profane the rest of the text. Warnings to keep holy the Sabbath day are mixed up in this good man's shop windows with the price of plums—moral lessons with sugar-candy—preachments with preserves; and the wanderer may learn at the same time how he should save his soul, and buy cheap sweets. Far be it from the *flâneur* to insinuate that the biblical inscriptions are intended to catch the wandering eye, and thus attract an attention, that otherwise might not have been bestowed, to the grocery advertisements. No! doubtless the advertisements about *bonbons* and dried fruits, are intended first to arrest the wanderer's attention, and thus gently and sweetly lead him to the consideration of the awful truths of the Christian faith. They are meant, of course, as the sugar-plums to carry down the black dose of religion—the piece of sweetmeat to induce the child in morality to swallow the bitter pill of sound doctrine. Why, when we see a long-winded moral advertisement, warning gamblers from the error of their ways, and telling them how an unlucky Creole, a victim to the hideous vice of gaming, lost all his patrimony, and was forced to sell dirt-cheap a cargo of preserves of the isles, "which Mr. So and So, will retail to his customers for next to nothing"—why, we ask, should we be so wicked as to look upon it as a puff? No! We must exempt this sanctimonious sweet-seller from our charge of *vanity*, brought against the Parisian tradespeople, for shutting their shops on Sunday. If his shop shutters are closed on Sunday, it is from religious motives; and the scriptural scraps painted thereon, are intended really and truly to warn the *flâneur* of the error of his ways, and not at all for the sake of striking public attention and serving as a puff.

We are irreverent enough to regard this painted and public evidence of so much moral sensibility as hypocrisy, as a show, as a standing advertisement, as a bait, as a means, in fact, of forwarding by publicity the tradesman's interest, which some maliciously disposed people may suppose to be the case, we should be inclined to say that the French have already gone far beyond us—us, "the nation of shopkeepers!"—in the art of puffing. Complicated as may be the system of puffing employed among us, it is straightforward, downright, open, gross and clumsy, when compared with the inventive *ruses* adopted by the French to establish the puff indirect. Religion and Sunday example was new among Parisian puffs until lately; but another style of puff appeared not many years ago upon the Parisian *tapis*, which will show to what a pitch of perfection the French have carried the system. A very mediocre novelist published a very mediocre novel. It was one of the favourite stories of incest, adultery, assassination, "thunder, and bloody-bones," so suited to the taste of the Parisians. I believe it was called the "Modern Atrides," or something of the kind. The scene was laid in England. Shortly after, a letter appeared in a newspaper, and was copied into the other daily prints, purporting to come from London, to complain that the secret history of a noble family in England had been grossly re-

vealed in this novel, and, to threaten that prosecutions for defamation, challenges, and all manner of revenges would be showered down upon the head of the infamous author. This letter was translated into the English papers; and conjecture was immediately abroad as to who this noble family might be. These remarks were again courteously translated into the French. The author's life was said to be in danger. The French papers attacked the profligate, debased, and murderous English aristocracy. The English papers replied. Every body was curious to read the book which had raised this flame. The book was bought; and the trash was read. The author got fat upon his supposed persecution. The puff had answered—and all the better, as it had been never paid for, and had been fostered by genuine dupes. Be this a little specimen, *en passant*, of the perfection in the manufactory of puffs to which Frenchmen are daily rising—Englishmen look about you!

The transition from Sunday's observance to churches is not quite so *brusque* and disconnected as the *flâneur* at first anticipated that his transitions would be, in spite of the intervening little frisk about puffing. About two of the Parisian modern churches the *flâneur* has a word or two to venture in all humility.

Much has been said in other countries respecting the extreme beauty of the newly-opened church of the Madeleine. The *flâneur* is equally disposed to admit the fact of much beauty in design and execution; but he must admit the fact as if he were speaking of a heathen temple—a public building of some profane kind or other—a museum—a picture-gallery—a glyptotheké, after the fancy of the King of Bavaria—but not of a church. So much exists in the mind, in the idea, in the imagination—call it what you will—in early sympathies—in all the associations of one's youthful dreams—in one's first awakened poetic feelings—that a model of a heathen temple tends, in spite, to destroy every effort to quell what we would willingly term “a mere fancy,” every religious aspiration with which we ought to approach a place of worship dedicated to the God of Christianity. Before entering we stare upon the figure of our Saviour in the middle of the pediment without being able, much as we may be disposed to entertain other ideas, to suppose that it is not intended for that of an Apollo. The eye wanders still further on—the Cherubim and Angels, frolicking along the rich frieze around the building, amidst garlands of flowers, are quite unmistakable and undeniable Cupids. It is impossible to get rid of the impression—the temple before us is a temple dedicated to a mythological divinity, where a man must worship classically, if he can worship at all, and offer a burnt-offering to the arts.

The mystic, heaven-aspiring, overpowering effect of the richly-sculptured, yet gloomy Gothic pile, which rises toweringly to the eternity of space as it leads the imagination to an eternity of time, and which involuntarily humbles the soul in devotion, and inspires reverence and awe, is replaced, when we contemplate the Madeleine, by a very different effect—one which calls for admiration, it is true, but the admiration of man's works alone—but excites no feeling of elevated, and yet, at the same time, humbled consciousness, that it is the house dedicated to the God of religion, that we approach. Facing the Madeleine, also, as seen through the vista of the Rue Royale, and across the Place Louis Quinze, stands another temple—the temple of the divinity whose idol has been set up in France, under as many various, and often hideous forms as that of

the Indian Vishnu—the temple of the Constitution—in a word, the Chamber of Deputies. The two *soi-disant* classical buildings stand face to face; and the feeling involuntarily forced upon the mind is that, in this theatrical country, patriotism and religion are encouraging each other to spout as well as to pray, all for effect!

When we enter the interior of the religious temple the same feeling of dazzled and startled admiration overpowers us, and disturbs, if it does not annihilate at once, all sentiment of devotional fervour. The temple becomes more and more heathen in its attributes. Those elegant white columns, all fluted with gold—those luxuriantly-carved ceilings all painted, and gilded, and adorned in the gaudiest taste to be found in classical antiquity—those white marble statues, standing out in brilliant relief from their ground of dulled gold—that profusion of coloured marbles of every device and every form, studded over the building—those marble balustrades—those gilded capitals—are all rich, magnificent, glorious. But what is the impression they convey?—What is the worship to be performed in this temple of wealth?—What are the rites? Surely this is the house of a god of splendour and riches, to whom his adorers are expected to sacrifice white bulls with gilded horns, bedecked with gold-embroidered robes, and behung with garlands of roses around their brawny necks! Such ceremonies, one cannot help fancying, would be alone in character and in harmony with the interior of that gorgeous temple.

Let us wander up the centre of this Christian church, for our eyes are naturally attracted by that great central picture which seeks to inundate our sense of sight with such gaudy colouring, over the high altar. What there meets our view? It is with fear and trembling that we venture upon giving an answer that might, however unjustly, lay us open to the accusation of being profane. And yet the impression bestowed by that great painting is unavoidable—and we will be *true*. We are immediately seized with the idea that a great mythological picture of Olympus—a fitting decoration for a heathen temple—is staring us in the face. That noble figure in the centre, with flowing beard, is surely a Jupiter—that commanding, and seemingly-inspired being standing near, is doubtless the Apollo of this Olympic scene—close by is a Venus or a Juno—the other heathen divinities are grouped around in flowing robes. But if we would close our senses to all this, how can we do it any longer when our eye falls upon that figure occupying so conspicuous a place in the foreground? It is reclining upon clouds—a gorgeous red velvet mantle, studded with gold bees, is spread over its shoulders—an eagle stands by its side—its brow is wreathed with laurels—it seems perfectly well at ease in such godly company, and is evidently one of themselves. There can no longer be any doubt. It is the God Mars: he is evidently in his place in the Olympus: he has every right to be there among the other gods, for he is a god himself! But no! We look again upon those features—they are too well known to be mistaken—it is Napoleon! How then did he come there in the midst of all these heathen divinities? A veil then falls from our eyes—we recognize that it is no classical Olympus that the painter has designed to place before us. But let it not be said that it is *we* who are profane. It is not we who have placed Napoleon on the first step of the throne of heaven. It has been said, in reply to the burst of indignation with which this odious deification has been witnessed, and it will be doubtless said again, that Na-

pooleon is in his place in that great picture of the awful hierarchy of heaven—that Napoleon was the original founder of the Church of the Madeleine (although, by the way, his intention appears to have been that of establishing a temple of military fame—a temple, not a Christian church—and that his original idea has been thus perfected) and that it has been the constant custom of all Christian painters to introduce the portrait of the founder of a church into the picture intended to decorate the high altar. Yes! But how have these founders been represented? On their bended knees—in supplicating attitude—in a state of prostration—holding out in deep humility a model of the church dedicated to the worship of the God of Christianity: not flaunting in their pride in the midst of saints and angels, to say nothing of the representations of the Godhead—not staring with proud eagle-eye as would they say, “Here we are at home; for we are one of you.”

But let us calm down our feelings and not get into a passion. It is a feeling very little becoming a place which, whatever be the sentiment with which it has been completed and adorned, has been dedicated and blessed as a Christian place of worship. Let us *flâner* on still further from this great gaudy ball-room of Parisian devotion, to its snug little, elegant, richly-decorated *boudoir*. There is nothing to be seen about the exterior of the church of Notre Dame de Lorette but what will shock good taste by its deformity; and so let us enter the interior. This is the praying *boudoir* of the ladies of the Chaussée d’Antin, the moneyed devotees of the banking world—pious *danseuses* from the opera—and even *demoiselles* of a still lighter reputation, if they be sufficiently well “supported” to pay for a chair in the chief aisle and hang an illuminated missal by a gilded chain to the back of it. And how admirably is this omnibus-oratory, which is decked out with all the glitter that formerly decorated the private oratories of queens, princesses, and noble *châtelaines*, adapted to the tastes of these fair devotees—these Magdalens of the day—who only need so charming a background to show off their new finery, and their white hands, and the beauty of their eyes, and who are delighted to find so convenient a public occasion for exhibiting the rounded grace of the form, or the turn of a neck, or the delicacy of a foot, as they kneel before their chair at a high mass at Notre Dame de Lorette. How sweetly all this colouring and gilding, and gaud and glitter, and velvet and gold fringe, makes a framework to the picture they present. No! just we must be—Notre Dame de Lorette is the prettiest, most fanciful, the tastiest *boudoir* for public praying that it is possible to conceive.

One little anecdote will serve to illustrate the degree in which this charming little retreat for profane piety is considered as a fashionable resort, or, to speak more correctly, as a resort of fashion. The *flâneur* will not warrant its authenticity—as he warrants the authenticity of his other illustrative anecdotes—for he has not witnessed the fact with his own eyes; but he knows his dear Parisians, and their tastes, habits, and ways of thinking and doing, and he is every way disposed to credit it himself. How far his readers may be inclined to follow him in his disposition of credulity, he must leave to their own judgment: he cannot tell to what an extent he may have any claim upon their sympathy. The pictures of female saints, with which the walls of this *boudoir priant et prêchant* were originally decorated, were painted, he has been told upon very good authority, in all that grace of fashionable conception which was needed to

be in harmony with the whole spirit of the building. Unfortunately the period when these pictures were commenced was an epoch of taste in dress, which modern fashion condemns as peculiarly questionable—and assuredly the *flâneur* will not quarrel with this dictum of modern mode—in fact, the age of the *gigot* sleeves. Praise be to the Goddess of Fashion! although so powerless she be in these degenerate days, the *gigot* sleeves “went out.” But the saints of Notre Dame de Lorette were no less out of the *mode*: the very character of the place was in danger of being compromised. An innovation was imperatively necessary. Good taste demanded it: and it was determined that the costumes of the saintly personages, inshrined in the fashionable sanctuary, should be submitted to the caprices of the day. The female saints were all retouched in time. The *manches plates* assumed their due supremacy: the Madonnas were dressed *comme il faut*, and the Magdalens *coiffées à la mode*. Happy innovation! Triumph of good taste! Unfortunately fashions will again change; and probably, the holy pictures must be again retouched. If such be the case, the *merveilleuses* of the Chaussée d’Antin, and the *élégantes* of the equivocal neighbourhood of that church which has given its name to a certain class of females, may deck their persons after these new models of dress, as after the *vignettes* of a *journal de modes*, instead of amending their morals.

And these are the two great new thickly-frequented churches of modern Paris. *Ex ungue leonem!*

ODE TO SLEEP.

COME, lead me to a mossy bed
Adorned with flowers of every hue,
Where trees their verdant foliage spread
Athwart a couch of thyme and rue.
Lay me beside that prattling stream
Where oft in boyhood’s tender years
I’ve stretched myself to think and dream
Of future hopes, unmixed with fears.

And thou, O balmy God of Sleep!
Approach upon thy downy wings;
Breathe incense, and my senses steep
In soft and languid murmurings,
The brooklet rustling through the reeds,
And trickling down its pebbled bed,
Now washing o’er the tangled weeds,
Invite thee to my pillow’d head.

And bring with thee that airy group
Of shadowy dreams to haunt my couch,
The softest, sweetest of the troop
That wait on thy oblivious touch.
Bid them to fan the air in love,
Scattering ambrosial odours round,
And bearing nectar from above,
Lay it beside me on the ground.

And with thy charm’d lethean wand
Recal bright visions of the past;
And eke the God of Love command
His rosy fetters round me cast.
Radiant with smiles, CEnone’s shade
In winning loveliness draw nigh,
Such as I saw the lovely maid
When first she taught my heart to sigh.

THE DEMON BOWLER.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

My first bat—that is, the first worthy of being called a bat—I took to school with me as a present from my mother, to mitigate my grief at leaving home. Never shall I forget the delight with which I gazed upon the beautiful finish and magnificent make of my loved bat; and how I fancied to myself the envy of my school-fellows when I produced it on the playground, where I felt assured that, with such an ally, victory was certain.

Dangerous bat! Little did my fond mother think what a fatal gift she had presented me with; for the instant I became, in my own right, the proprietor of the best bat in the school, I threw my whole soul into the game. Everything in the world took, to my imagination, the form of a game at cricket. Every man had an innings. He who had the most successful hits was of course the winner; but, however dextrous and fortunate, Death at last bowled him out. Some men went in and achieved nothing but hard labour, and were finished off without a single stroke in their favour.

Notwithstanding this enthusiasm, I must confess that I was not a crack player. All my labour never placed me first. I saw worse men, with worse bats, achieve greatness: I was but a second-rate. How I laboured, but in vain! My score was always the least, and yet I certainly had the best bat.

I joined a celebrated club when I became a young man. I was received rather, as they were pleased to say, as a good fellow, than a good player. I bowed to the compliment that marked me as not what I wished to be; and I felt a sad disappointment chill my very heart.

Matches, many and victorious, were played by our club, but I did not aid much by my score; but more than once nearly lost to others their triumph, through some slip or awkwardness of my own. But they still called me a good fellow, and worked the harder to make up for my incapacity. Our side won, but I was a miserable, dejected man, when I read my name tacked to two or three runs. Oh! what would I have given to have received the applause bestowed on the hero of forty runs. Why was it? My turn-out was unexceptionable: men copied my running shoes: my jacket and trousers were an admiration; my bat perfection: I was the very picture of a cricketer, but, alas! very little more than a picture.

I sat in my chambers pondering on my ill-luck after a day of triumph to my club, but not to me. I must confess that I was bowled out without the satisfaction of a single stroke. I could not help it. A mist seemed to obscure my sight as a celebrated bowler sent in his first ball. I never saw the ball. I heard the whistling sound of its course, and saw the stumps fly into the air from the palpable and violent hit. A roar of laughter sounded from the populace: I felt myself a degraded muff, unfit ever to put on even the outside of a cricketer. My friends crowded round me, but I would not be consoled. I had only one burning desire, which was, to have the head of the aforesaid wonderful bowler just within arms-length

of my best bat. I felt convinced I should not have missed that. I returned home completely chapfallen, and felt too agitated to sleep; so threw open the window, and sat down to brood over my ill-luck, and bite my finger-nails to the quick.

What burning thoughts rushed through my brain. I pondered, until I was nearly mad, upon other people's triumphs and my own disgrace. I confess I swore little mental oaths, for I had been sacrificing, in my chagrin, rather too liberally to the rosy god.

I looked upon the broad quadrangle of my inn, where the moon shed its light calmly and tranquilly upon the worn pavement. No light, however, glimmered in the numerous chamber-windows: it was late, and everybody had retired for hours. A calm and oppressive silence reigned around, but there was a storm raging in my bosom. I was not a cricketer. I had been laughed at—beaten. I almost took a dreadful oath that I would burn my bats, stumps, and all my useless paraphernalia. What right had I to put on the insignia of a member of the noble science, disgracing it and myself. Miserable batter! the glory had departed from my house.

I threw myself back in my chair with a savage groan, which resounded through the solitary chamber. On the instant I heard a knocking at the door as if some one was applying his knuckles on the panel. I pricked up my ears; for the hour was certainly most unseasonable: my heart fluttered most tumultuously and unaccountably; for I hardly felt alarmed, yet I experienced a most peculiar feeling. I could scarcely collect presence of mind enough to bid the knocker come in; but I did so after a little hesitation.

My lamp, which was burning, low, flickered with rather an uncertain light, but with quite power enough for me to see the door in the distance open very slowly, and give entrance to the figure of a man.

He bowed most politely, and placing his hat and gloves methodically on the table, he approached me.

I felt a little startled at his appearance, for his face was anything but prepossessing: for, upon close inspection, I perceived that his continual smile played only about his mouth, as if to show his white and glistening teeth: the upper part of his face, particularly his brows, being contracted by an expression of pain and disquiet.

He approached with a noiseless tread, motioning me, at the same time, to resume my seat, which I had risen from on his entrance. I accordingly did so, and he coolly took a chair and seated himself opposite to me, then, placing his hand familiarly on my knee, said, with a most fascinating smile,

"My dear sir, I am a stranger to you; and my visit is, I dare say, at an unseasonable hour, according to fashionable ideas, but I am a very old-fashioned fellow, and think no hour can be bad in which I can do good. I am aware of your melancholy failure to-day,—in fact, I may say, I hope without offence, for I mean none,—ridiculous failure."

I winced at his impertinence, and felt very much inclined to kick him, had I not been influenced, as it were, by a spell cast over me by his appearance and strange address.

"I feel," continued he, "that your situation is both ridiculous and painful; for not being able to do what some of the greatest fools

on earth excel in is ridiculous, and to a sensitive mind like yours decidedly painful.

"I, therefore, have come, although I confess unseasonably, to offer you my aid in achieving the principal object of your life—to make you a conquering cricketer. In these modern days, when men laugh at anything in my line, which I will explain to you in a minute or so, it is difficult to persuade them to trust in one; but I feel a sympathy towards you, for you are decidedly one of the 'fallen, fallen, fallen;' beaten, disgraced, and laughed at by grooms, pot-boys, chums, and fair ladies, which last is most grievous and annihilating to a man of your complexion and age. If this is not the very devil, what is? Now, I have come in a most friendly way to offer you a salve for all your wounds; to cover your head with an undying wreath, and make you the envied of all the clubs, in the universe, both single and married, and the desired of all 'elevens,' however celebrated.

"My terms are as low as possible for such a large grant; and I am prepared to qualify you in the twinkling of an eye, and make you second to none. I feel you will be slow in belief of my power to do so, but the bond shall be drawn up so that if you do not become what I promise you you shall be, the penalty of the bond becomes null and void.

"Thus, then, if you will sign a bond that will not touch or endanger any of your worldly goods, but merely consign yourself to me after death, I am ready to perform my part of the bargain without delay. To-morrow, I know, you are engaged with your eleven to play an eleven that has always threshed yours most heartily, and indeed feels a contempt for you as a club. Now, what would you not give to be the main instrument of their downfall to-morrow, and of achieving a grand triumph before the multitude which is expected on the ground. I have the power to make you do so if you come to my terms: if you do not do as I promise you, your part of the agreement becomes mere waste paper,—think."

As he concluded, he threw himself back in the chair and smiled in my face.

There certainly was a curious, creeping feeling over my flesh when his hand touched my knee, and I felt alarmed when I found that his face never, with the exception of the smile, remained for one instant alike. What could he be? The devil? ridiculous! What could he be then?—a hoaxer, no doubt. My anger instantly rose, and I felt inclined to knock him down, but was much astonished and alarmed to find I had not the power to do so. Yet I thought if such a thing were possible that he had the power to endow me with a conquering arm, how gladly would I consent to his terms; to triumph over those whose scorn had placed a burning brand in my bosom. As these thoughts rushed hurriedly through my brain, he fixed his eyes upon me with a most unmistakable sarcastic look.

"I perceive," said he, "that it is not my terms, but my ability you doubt; but I can assure you that, although I cannot give you any references as to character from individuals who have dealt with me, as my transactions always speak for themselves; it being always 'no cure no pay' with me; for my bond is nothing unless I fulfil the contract to the letter—you may place full confidence in me. On my own part I will take care of myself.

"If you will allow me to show you an article I have here, manufactured by myself, I think we may do business together." As he spoke he unfolded a parcel which he drew from an unconscionably long tail pocket. He untied the different wrappers in the most tradesmanlike manner, and at last discovered to my astonished eyes, a remarkable-looking cricket-bat.

"This article," continued he, "I can offer you, with the positive assurance of its being in every way all right; warranted never to miss, and make nothing under a three-run hit; so that you may remain in as long as you may wish, or as your legs will allow you. This bat has belonged to all the celebrated cricketers of the day, who have all dealt with me, more or less. The hotter the day the better will this bat play; as that kind of atmosphere suits the wood of which it is composed. This is the secret of the apparent madness, to the uninitiated, of men choosing to play a match when the heat has been almost intolerable; in fact, warm enough to drive a nigger to the shade of a palm-tree. Look at the result. Not a knot disfigures its smooth surface—the handle laced to a miracle; and the slight and graceful turn of the back vies with the beautiful line of the *Venus de Medici*; but its beauty is its least merit.

"Here's the bat. Here's the little agreement," continued he, pushing the bat into my unnerved hands, and placing a small slip of paper before me. "Sign it, the bat is yours until I want it again. No qualmishness I beg, for I really have too much to do to wait for your wavering resolution."

An odd sort of vertigo seemed to be reeling my head round as I almost unconsciously took the pen in my hand. I signed the paper. I saw the signature was red, and supposed I had dipped by mistake in the red-ink bottle. As I finished my last down stroke, the paper slipped from under the nib of my pen, and I was alone. I heard no door close—no creaking footstep; but my friend had gone. But there was the bat firmly grasped in my hand, and the moonlight shining on my writing-table.

The next morning dawned. How sweet and refreshing was the morning air to my fevered head! I prepared for my jaunt to join my club, as I had promised; ever and anon looking to see that the strange-looking bat had not vanished. But no,—there it stood, in all its perfect beauty, and I had not been deceived. How extraordinary! Would it do all that had been promised? Should I have the glory of seeing my rivals' chagrin? It did not seem possible: it was some dream. Devils no longer came visibly upon earth to tempt mortals. Besides, I had never heard of a cricketing devil.

But devil or no devil, there was a bat of unexampled beauty; so, *nil desperandum*, I must go—I must play—my fate was sealed. I packed up all my traps and prepared to depart, but found the door locked inside as usual. A shudder came over me at the discovery. I felt that my friend of the bat must have been more than mortal to have entered through the keyhole; and there was the chair placed exactly as he had taken it from its usual standing and sat down in it. "What's done cannot be undone," I muttered to myself, with no pleasant feeling, as I shouldered my bat and emerged from my chamber.

I soon reached the place of rendezvous, and was greeted by the

merry voices of my companions, who were already seated on the coach which was to convey us to our place of destination. They bantered me upon my dilatoriness, and the fear they were in that such a valuable member should be missing at the muster to meet our formidable opponents; at the same time hoping that I had saved up my runs for to-day, as I had not used up any the day before.

I bore all this like a martyr, and trembled in fear that my promised triumph might vanish at the very moment that I hoped to astonish the field.

We bowled merrily down the road through the pleasant little villages, all looking peaceful and happy as the invigorating morning sun shone brilliantly upon their flower-decked casements. The children gambolled after us as we passed, and the echo of their ringing laughter followed us long after the turning of the road shut them from our sight. How enviable did they appear to me—happy and innocent; whilst I, the fool of pride and paltry ambition, had become the victim of the —. But I dared not think: I clutched my bat tighter as I recalled to my memory the insults of yesterday; notwithstanding which a heavy and oppressive feeling seemed to throw a shadow over my mirth.

My companions soon perceived my dullness, and laughed at my lowness of spirits, bid me hope for better things, and said they would feel satisfied if I even got three runs.

We reached the ground, a lovely village green, surrounded by the little white-washed cottages that peeped at us from amidst most patriarchal-looking trees; the bells were ringing from the moss-grown tower of the venerable church in honour of our arrival. Everybody seemed to have put on their holiday faces to greet us.

Our opponents soon followed, coming in little groups over the fields and through the shady lanes. We were all soon shaking hands with the jollity of feeling that inspires such a meeting upon such a spot, determined upon a day of enjoyment. The village belles formed themselves into picturesque little groups around the field of action, and many a bright look was sent to inspire our opponents, who were playing upon their own ground. Such an audience, you may be sure, made me feel tenfold the desire to distinguish myself; and, if all turned out according to the promise of my last night's visitor, I felt that my desperation would not allow of any regrets.

After the usual preliminaries had been settled, and all had taken their places, our side going in first, and our best men at the wickets, the bowler, a powerful man, with the frame of a Hercules, approached to his task. My heart shrank within me as I heard the whistle of the ball, as he delivered it with the force of one fired from a culverin. It was blocked by the wary batter, but with a shock almost enough to shake his shoulders from their sockets.

Again he bowled, when, to my astonishment, I saw the stumps fly like chips, and our best man had not got one run. Cheers ran round the circle as our man threw down his bat with a burning blush upon his angry brow. Well did I understand his feelings, for I had so often been placed in the like situation. The hopes of our club fell below zero, especially when they saw unfortunate me take up my bat in my turn.

At that moment a sort of desperation seized me, as I saw the smiles of the other club-men, and the despairing looks of my own dear friends. I stood erect in my faultless dress by the side of the stumps, with my bat elegantly poised in my hand. The magnificent bowler looked with a sinister eye upon my attitude, and I thought a smile of contempt curled his lip, and I made no doubt that my fame had gone before me, and he held me as almost unworthy of his prowess. Wait a bit, thought I to myself, as I stooped to take my position; but as I did so guess my feelings, and the thrill that rushed to my very heart, when I felt a warm pair of hands grasp the handle of the bat in the spaces of the handle left by mine. I turned my eyes down, but saw nothing but my own round the handle. Strange! dreadful! but I must go on. The bowler's arm was in motion; I saw the dreaded ball rush on its rapid course through the air; my bat raised itself, and with itself my arms, and dealt such a blow upon the whistling missile, that it flew far away in the distance, far beyond the chance of being caught. I flew with almost winged feet along my course;—again—again—again—again!

Five runs! Huzza shouted the excited gazers. Huzza! shouted the astonished members of my own club.

The bowler looked puzzled. He seemed suddenly to feel that he had been hoaxed, and appeared to lose confidence accordingly. He however, nerved himself for his next ball, and most beautifully and scientifically did he deliver it; but my magic bat hit it with such a tremendous blow, that its velocity made it almost indistinct. At last its course was distinguished by the astonished scouts, but it was handled only after six more runs were scored to me.

Our opponents began to look a little blank, whilst my own side looked at me as if they thought that they must have changed me by some accident on the road down; for it was impossible that I could be the poor and timid player that was looked upon as naught among players. They looked at each other with unbelieving eyes, and seemed to hug themselves, as they saw the downcast look of the vaunting club at my unexpected success and prowess.

But I had only just begun. The great bowler tried all his best manœuvres, but in vain. My bat sent the ball flying hither and thither; the scouts got redder and redder in their faces; the bowler's arm became powerless.

"Forty runs!" cries the scorer. I saw nothing but the round orbs of my friends, which were gradually distending with astonishment, as they saw me polish off one bowler after another. As for my own part, I felt myself getting red-hot. I glowed with delight and exertion. The cheers of the populace maddened me. I felt no fatigue. Hour after hour flew by; I drank draught after draught, but my thirst seemed unquenchable: still my spirit upheld me, and I stuck to my bat.

The twilight gradually settled down upon the scene as I achieved eighty runs, to the despair of the village club. For a long time both sides had done their work quite mechanically, as if they had been spell-bound by the magic of my bat. All eyes were fixed with a stare upon me in perfect wonderment.

At last, a figure, with careful step and well-poised ball, took his place at the bowler's stand. I shuddered as I looked upon him; his scrupulously elegant cricketer's costume, and the deep shadow

cast from the broad brim of his straw-hat, could not hide from me the bright eyes and sardonic smile of my last night's visitor.

Fatigue and excitement had long hushed the murmurs and the applause of the lookers on. My preternatural tenure of my post had stilled them into silence; so that I was surrounded by hundreds of distended eyes that had long become painful to my sight, when my occupation allowed me an opportunity of a furtive glance at them.

They watched with quickened glances the approach of the new and mysterious bowler. Not a breath nor a word broke the silence of the evening. All around looked like pale statues waiting the wand of the enchanter to release them or give them vitality.

A tremor passed through my frame as I saw his hand preparing to launch the ball. The magic bat quivered in my hand—it refused to move—and the ball struck with superhuman force upon the stumps, which, the next moment, lay shivered at my feet. The bat became, as it were, animated, and twined itself round my wrists.

The shout that followed my downfall was tremendous. The bowler walked up to me with perfect unconcern, and passing his arm through mine, led me unresistingly through the crowd, which a rapidly falling darkness turned into phantoms. The moment he touched me, a parched and burning feeling seemed to scorch me, and a liquid fire ran through my veins.

"You 've had your game," he hissed into my ears; "and had not I had the foresight to be on the ground, you would never have finished. Your exertion, as it is, has completely finished you; therefore I claim you while your remaining strength allows me to walk you off. You are not the first man I have bowled out. You have beaten all those fools,—I have beaten you. Of course, you pay me the forfeit: come, stir your *stumps*, for I shall not accept *bail*; and you are now going where you will make a *long stop*: for, you see, I've not only bowled but *caught you out*."

I felt that I was in the power of the fiend, and for what? I looked back despairingly to the fast fading crowd of my friends. They seemed to take no heed of me, and I was lost.

A thought of resistance rushed into my brain; I endeavoured to struggle with my tormentor. He only smiled at my puny efforts; yet I persevered, and in a moment burst from my bonds. In my struggle I awoke myself, and found that I was seated by the window of the chamber, where I had slept all night after the day of my mortifying defeat. Heated as I had been, the cold had seated a fever in my blood, which had carried out the full vigour of my dream.

The cold grey light of morning saw me crawl, almost crippled, to my bed, from which I did not rise for some weeks, as the penalty of my folly: and when, in after years, I became a rising man in the game of the world, I looked back with horror to the *Dream of the Demon Bowler*.

SKETCH OF PERSONAL ADVENTURES DURING A TRIP OVERLAND FROM SYDNEY TO PORT PHILLIP.

It was in the early part of the year that business of importance called me to Port Phillip, and having no desire to try my patience by a trip down in one of the trading vessels, I determined to take advantage of a party of friends, who were proceeding as far as the Murrumbidgee river, (about two hundred and forty miles on the route to the Port,) and make an overland journey. Early in April we started, five in number, well mounted and better armed. Leaving Sydney rather late in the day, we slept at Campbelltown that night, a little better than thirty miles from our starting-place. By daylight the next morning we were astir, and I may say astride. The Razor-back mountain was to be crossed, and Berrima reached that night, if possible. Light was necessary; the track, for road there was none, was bad; the mountain was infested by bands of bush-rangers, and the hanging rock in the neighbourhood of Berrima was a celebrated place of resort for them.

Razor-back mountain we reached soon, by hard riding, and we commenced toiling up its precipitous ascent. It is not of very great height, but exceedingly steep, so much so, that the mind seems to doubt the possibility of loaded waggons crossing it. But with a double team of oxen, the bullock-driver, accustomed to the route, thinks little of ascending, descending being still more easy. A large tree is felled, made fast by means of chains to the dray, and with the assistance of the oxen, the load moves down with comparative ease, constantly withheld by the weight behind. The view from the summit of the mountain is grand in the extreme; beneath, valleys of immense depth seem ready to engulf you; beyond, rise precipitous mountains covered to their summits with waving forests; and in the distance the Blue Mountains form a back-ground seemingly ascending to the vault of heaven itself. After gazing for a short time on the scenery around, we pushed on at speed, breakfasting and dining at bush-inns, on salt pork, mutton, and damper, together with tea—that never failing resource in Australia—and arrived, a short time after dusk, at Berrima, a small county town, possessing a large gaol, and one or two fair places of refreshment.

The country between Razor-back and Berrima is hilly and barren; here and there, however, a few homesteads were to be seen, with a little vegetation surrounding them. The entire country at this period looked bad, as it was suffering under the effects of years of continued drought. A little before daylight, on the 12th of April, we left Berrima, and arrived at Goulbourn that evening, after traversing a country of extreme sameness in appearance, much parched up. The vast plains of Goulbourn particularly attracted our attention, seeming like a boundless sea as far as the eye could reach, without tree, shrub, or any living thing upon its surface. Such is not the case, however, as, in favourable seasons, the plains are covered with flocks and herds.

Goulbourn, a small assemblage of plain wooden houses, interspersed with an odd brick one, we found a scene of indescribable confusion.

A powerful party of mounted and armed bush-rangers (escaped convicts) were in the vicinity, led by the notorious Kangaroo Jack, a bold and daring felon, who had been several years at large, and had defied the utmost efforts of the authorities to hunt him down; notwithstanding large rewards had been offered for his apprehension. The inn at which we stopped, M'Kellor's, was crowded with ladies who had taken refuge there with their families, but still they did not think themselves safe, as Jack had threatened to pay a visit to Mr. Sullivan who was agent to some Sydney bank. A small detachment of military, who were in charge of a convict party, occupied the town, together with a strong force of mounted police, who are all picked men from different foot regiments, armed and disciplined as light dragoons. Our quarters were not of the best that night, although we had to pay dearly enough, a very bad shake down was all we obtained. Daylight broke the following morning on dismayed faces. Rumours of war to the knife were rife. M'Leod, one of my companions, laughed at most of the tales we heard, assuring us that great part was exaggeration; but the landlord, whom he knew, insisted that many and daring murders had been just committed by the desperate band then in the neighbourhood. Acting by his advice, we determined to start at once, and overtake the Yass mail, a four-horse, low, open vehicle, which had started but a short time previous, under the protection of two mounted police; all that could be spared at Goulbourn.

Finishing a hearty meal, and looking well to our arms, we were soon dashing along as fast as the powerful horses that carried us could move, and came up with our object after a hard ride of seven or eight miles. As soon as we were descried, the mail pulled up. Three passengers whom it contained looked most wickedly to their well appointed arms, and the mounted police drew up on either side. M'Leod, however, rode forward singly, and soon undeceived them as to our identity.

Our company was exceedingly acceptable, and we continued to move forward at a rapid rate, till within some eight miles of Gunning, a small village on the track to Yass. Passing a bush-inn at the above named distance from Gunning, M'Leod recommended us to try some refreshment in the way of brandy, which he assured us we could obtain better there than at any place on the road. Complying with the invitation, Mr. C— and myself adjourned, together with M'Leod, within the precincts of a most miserable log hut, and there found the recommendation given was in part correct. After a delay of a few moments, we were again on the road, at an Australian settler's pace, namely, a hard gallop; but had not proceeded far when our attention was attracted by the galloping of horse, a short distance on our right. Owing to the closeness of the bush skirting the track, we were unable to discover our neighbours, but were soon undeceived as to their intentions, by the crack of a rifle and a loud ringing "coohy," a description of shout, which is heard a great distance in an uninhabited country. Dashing the spurs into our horses, we went along at a tremendous pace in pursuit of our fellow-travellers; but as we were ascending the breast of an elevation, our ears were saluted by the report, in front, of fire-arms, and on reaching the crest of the hill, an unexpected sight opened upon us.

Beneath, in a small valley, at the distance of a few hundred yards, lay the mail overturned, the two leaders shot, our late companions

standing or lying wounded around, and the two mounted policemen dead or dying under their wounded horses. For an instant, our wish to afford assistance overcame every other thought; but we were soon recalled to a sense of our personal danger, by seeing several of the fourteen or fifteen men that surrounded the vehicle, spring upon their horses. Behind us, advancing at the top of their speed, were four mounted and armed men. Unslinging our rifles, we paused for a second—a sheet of flame issued from our pieces, and the two foremost of the bush-rangers in front, men and horses, rolled upon the ground. At this moment of danger C— proved himself what he was, a brave and determined Scotchman. Calling on us to follow, he turned from the road, and faced across an open forest country which extended on our right, but, almost the instant we turned, the crack of several pieces was heard; M'Leod's left arm, with which he was guiding his horse, fell broken to his side, and a ball wounded my horse slightly in the neck. Seizing the reins with the other hand, M'Leod followed C— across a large dead tree that lay directly in the path. Well for us was it, that our horses were accustomed to the bush. Fast and powerful on they swept, followed for at least four miles, by the best mounted of the band; but ours was a race for life and death, and nobly did our horses do their duty, for at the above-named distance the greater number of the bush-rangers were entirely thrown out, and the remainder gave the chase up in despair.

Changing our course a little to the left, we made for Gunning, and reached it in a short time. Only four mounted policemen were at the barracks, the remainder were out in pursuit of the band we lately encountered, and not a sufficient number of men could therefore be mustered, to proceed to the assistance of our friends. Our fears for their safety were however set at rest late in the evening, by seeing them enter Grosvenor's inn, (where we had put up,) in a most miserable plight, one of them wounded in the thigh, the other with the track of a bullet indelibly impressed on his neck. The passengers by the mail had escaped with a broken leg falling to the lot of one of them. The mounted policemen were no more, having had their brains actually beaten out, after having been wounded and taken prisoners; and the mail-bags were nowhere to be found. Early the following morning, eight mounted policemen, who had been sent for by express, arrived from Yass, accompanied by a number of well-armed mounted settlers, for the purpose of proceeding in search of Kangaroo Jack and his associates. Not thinking our presence necessary, and well knowing the probability of an unsuccessful termination to the pursuit, owing to the knowledge the bush-rangers possessed of the country, C—, M—, and myself determined to proceed on our journey; leaving M'Leod and our other companions to enjoy the comforts of Grosvenor's inn, and recover from the effects of their wounds.

In pursuance of our resolution, we started about mid-day and arrived at Yass on the evening of the 14th. This small border-town or rather village, is nearly two hundred miles from Sydney, and the last out-town or even collection of houses on the track to Port Phillip, which is at a further distance of four hundred and fifty miles. It is pleasantly situated on a gentle declivity, bordering the vast plains of

Yass; and contains a few houses, the principal part of which are inns. An Israelite landlord of the name of Moses served our turn, and supplied our wants, not forgetting to charge us the reasonable sum of fifteen shillings each, for our horses' accommodation for the night.

On we pushed the following morning, at an early hour for the Murrumbidgee river, determined to reach it that night if possible. After dining at Bogolong on usual bush fare, we began to perceive evidence of our approach to the Murrumbidgee towards evening, in the numerous patches of verdure that became apparent. Some time before dusk we saw the river, flowing placidly along, through an alluvial valley, bordered with tall white gums of noble dimensions: the water in its bed was, however, particularly low, owing to years of continued drought. Darkness came on before we could reach our destination, and notwithstanding C—'s knowledge of the track we lost our way, wandered from the beaten road, and did not pick ourselves up till we found ourselves on the banks of the river. C— seemed to have some knowledge of the locality, and informed us, that we were in the vicinity of a small station, the property of a man well known in the neighbourhood, under the cognomen of Sugar O'Brien. Immediate resort was had by M— to the bushman's means of discovering if he is within hearing of any fellow creature; placing his hands to his mouth, the next moment he made the arches of the forest ring with his shrill "coohy," startling the feathered denizens from repose, and making the hills on the off side of the river re-echo back the sound; again and again the experiment was tried, till a cry loud and clear was wafted to our ears, with the breath of the cool night breeze: answering cries reverberated through the forest till in about the space of ten minutes we stood upon the threshold of O'Brien's habitation. Guided by his directions, we took a fresh departure, and after leading our horses for about four miles, we at length reached Green's inn, on the banks of the Murrumbidgee, close to the general crossing place. By the word inn, my readers must not imagine I mean what in England that word is understood to convey; I apply the word in its Australian acceptation, meaning thereby, as the case may be, a log, slab, bark, or weatherboard edifice, covered with bark, and through the sides and roof of which the winds of heaven have free ingress and egress; the floor as nature made it, the windows unglazed, with a gunny-bag or sugar-mat for a shutter, and the door most probably a sheet of box-bark.

After a supper of salt-pork, mutton, and sea-biscuit (as we preferred the latter to the bad flour of which the damper was made), we diligently applied ourselves to Green's bad sherry, at twelve and sixpence per bottle, notwithstanding our day's ride of nearly seventy miles, it being our last night in company, my friends' route and mine separating at that point. Morning dawn found us dwelling on scenes of the past, and recounting plans for the future, as, in consequence of the vast quantity of sand-fleas that inhabited the bed-places, composed of a hay-pack laid upon a sheet of bark, supported by four forked ticks, with transverse pieces laid across, we found it impossible to obtain any rest. Plunge in the half-dry current of the river renovated our system, and after partaking of some greasy fritters, mutton-chops, and tea, separated on our several routes.

Previously to departing from Green's, I had taken C—'s advice as to

my course, having promised to call at a station of M'Leod's on the Hume, to give some necessary directions, which he wished at once carried into effect. I had more readily undertaken the task, as I was assured it would rather shorten my journey, the general track bending too much to the westward. C— gave me a minute description of the country, mentioning the run of the hills, and falls of land. Having never travelled, however, for days together in the bush of New Holland alone, far from any human habitation, I was not without anxiety, with regard to my first essay. The natives were in force between the Murrumbidgee and the Upper Hume, and most hostile at the latter place to the whites. I had fully one hundred and fifty miles to travel before I could meet with any station, which in those parts of the country exist only on the principal rivers, owing to want of water. I had with me two small compasses, which I had bought in Sydney; and I had provided myself at Green's with four days' provisions. My arms consisted of a pair of double-barrelled nine-inch pistols, with spring bayonets, and a capital rifle. My horse was an exceedingly powerful and hardy animal, such as can almost only be found in Australia. After travelling a few miles along the track, I turned more to the eastward and struck into the pathless forests that cover that part of the country, my black tin quart pot sounding an accompaniment to the jig-jog pace of my horse. A few hours passed away, the sun had risen high in the heavens, and poured its vivid rays upon me; the misty haze, the common attendant of great heat, pervaded the atmosphere; the song of the wild birds of the forest was hushed. Choosing a well-shaded spot, I dismounted, unsaddled my horse, tethered him, and soon had a fire kindled, with my tin pot of water on it, in preparation for a draught of that really refreshing beverage, tea, which I have found often renovate me completely, after a day of the severest fatigue. Two hours of rest sufficed, man and horse were refreshed, and again by the aid of my compass, I was wending my way over arid hills and parched valleys, shadowed by the tall and distended branches of the blue and forest gums, relieved from a sombre appearance by the distant view of the tall white trunks of the box-tree. The tit-tat of the Australian wood-pecker sounded clear and distinct, amidst the stillness of the forest, making you believe at times that you heard the measured stroke of the woodman's axe.

Solitude complete, entire, reigned around; far from the haunts of civilized man, I was traversing a country gradually becoming wilder and more sterile; the white cockatoo hovered above, piercing the air with his shrill and discordant cry, the bright green plumage of whole swarms of parrots glittered in the rays of the sun, and the disturbed kangaroo rat, bounded from his covert as I passed along. Still my untired horse plodded his way, till twilight warned me to seek for some place of repose for myself, and refreshment for my horse. I searched long in vain, sterile hills surrounded me, a trace of verdure was almost unseen, white calcareous stone covered the surface of the earth. At length I was cheered by the sight of a thick cluster of mimosas, the tender shoots and green leaves of which form in the desert hills of Australia, at times, a most acceptable substitute for grass. My horse was soon unsaddled and tethered in a place where there was no fear of his becoming entangled, and ascending some of the surrounding mimosas, I soon provided for him that which would assist in renova-

ting exhausted nature. After providing for the wants of my steed, I turned my attention towards my own, a fire was kindled by the aid of my match-box, and a few rotten sticks, and in a short time I was seated on a prostrate limb of a box-tree, satisfying my appetite from a piece of salt-pork, and some damper, washed down with green tea. Darkness overspread the forest, and anxious to guard against attracting the attention of any of the scattered aborigines, who at times traverse this portion of the country, I extinguished my fire and prepared for rest.

At the foot of a forest-gum I lay wrapped in my warm possum-skin cloak; but before lying down to rest I looked well to my arms, placing my holsters with my pistols beside me, and my rifle in the hollow of an adjacent tree, which had been partly burned, in order to preserve it from the night dew. Long and sound did I sleep, the moon being high in the heavens when I awoke. I arose; the sky was almost without a cloud, the silver rays of the orb of night were brightly reflected from the white stems of the surrounding box-trees, the vistas of the forest were exposed to my view almost as clearly as by day, and my horse was still feeding on what I had provided for him. Seating myself on the same branch that had served for my dinner-table, my thoughts turned on the scenes of my youth, and the land of my birth. My early craving after novelty and information, became remembered, I looked,—dreamed of futurity, the result of years of travel and dearly bought experience, and lost in thought, I sank into a slumber, and awoke but to find the sun chasing the gloom of early dawn from the earth.

The birds of the forest were offering their tribute of affection to the exhilarating rays of the sun, and the valleys re-echoed back their matin song. My early frugal meal was soon completed, and having saddled my horse, and made other necessary arrangements, I was soon lost amid the mazes of the forest. My journey throughout this day was pretty similar to that of the previous one; my attention, however, was frequently engaged by what at a distance I considered to be an assemblage of natives; on approaching, the cause of my alarm invariably proved to be the blackened and grotesque trunks of trees, which, during the preceding summer, had undergone the action of fire, in some of the extensive conflagrations the forests of Australia are subject to, from various causes, but particularly owing to an existing desire of the aborigines to provide fresh green food for the kangaroo, by the destruction of the old and unpalatable herbage. Towards evening I rapidly approached a high range of hills, which after running parallel to the Hume for some distance, ultimately join the highest range in the southern part of New Holland, the Snowy mountains.

The country was gradually acquiring an appearance of verdure, and losing the barren desert look of the hills I had been traversing the previous day. Two hours before dark, the clouds began to lower, and soon after, a heavy drizzling rain to fall. I continued my way notwithstanding, entering a gully which apparently ran in the direction of my route; it gradually began to widen and grow deeper, till, having proceeded some distance, I found a deep and rocky ravine intersecting it; with considerable difficulty I succeeded in effecting a passage, and continued my journey. The gully had by this time increased into a valley, the sides of which rose rocky and perpendi-

cular, the summits covered with majestic iron bark trees. Fallen timber, however, strewed the ground in all directions, and complete darkness was rapidly setting in, when just as I turned the angle of a rock, where the valley tended to the eastward, I found myself in the immediate vicinity of a party of aborigines, seated around their fires. Instantly checking my horse, my rifle was unslung, but more with the hope of selling my life dearly, than with any prospect of escape; a death-like pause ensued, I found that I was unperceived, and quietly alighting, I cautiously retraced my steps, leading my horse, and anxiously guarding against any collision with the dead and fallen timber that lay in heaps around, lest I might alarm my dangerous neighbours. In a few moments I arrived on the brink of the precipice I had crossed but a short time previous, excessive darkness prevailed, and I at once perceived the impossibility of crossing.

Few can imagine the appalling difficulty of my position; with a deep and almost impassable precipice in front, and perpendicular hills on either side, I lay completely at the mercy of the aborigines in my rear, if they became conscious of my vicinity. I was, however, aware of the dread the aborigines entertained of night, and that knowledge gave me confidence. Still I durst not touch bridle or saddle of my horse, and there on the brink of a deep gully we both stood, the rain falling heavily. After the lapse of an hour, previously securing my horse, and looking well to my pistols, which I took with me, I ventured down the valley again, to reconnoitre. Cautiously I stole towards the encampment, under cover of the rocky side of the gully, till I had approached to within a distance of about two hundred yards, crouching beneath the trunk of a burned tree, I became a spectator of as wild a scene as nature can well offer. Upwards of a dozen fires occupied the entire breadth of the valley, and now and again they shot up a lurid blaze, illumining the space around, showing distinctly the rocky faces of the precipices, and their over-hanging forests, the dark and dusky forms of the savages, as they sat, or walked before their fires, being thrown out in bold relief, with their tall spears planted in the ground beside them. In my contemplation of this sight, I almost unconsciously, owing to extreme fatigue, seated myself on the limb of a tree close behind me, but had scarcely done so, before it gave way with a crash, and I measured my length on the ground. Quick as thought, the entire party of the aborigines (all of whom, numbering about thirty, seemed to be men) were on their feet, and the discordant yells of their *dingoes* rang what I considered to be my death-peal amongst the surrounding rocks. It was not a time to hesitate, and I recklessly plunged from my covert in the direction where I had left my horse, but had hardly done so, before the fierce and demonlike whoop, that issued from the crowd of my foes, told me I was discovered. Pursuit immediately followed, and I had hardly passed the angle of the valley, before I heard the sound of footsteps close in my rear; finding all hopes of reaching my horse vain, I threw myself beneath a fallen tree, and in little more than an instant, my pursuers passed me extremely close, their cries resounding through the valley. Still as death I lay for a few moments, when my attention was attracted by the loud and crashing sound of the breaking of dead branches, as if by the passage of a heavy body, and immediately my horse plunged wildly by, with broken bridle, and five or six spears sticking in him.

Not hearing the returning footsteps of the aborigines, I considered they were searching for me in the vicinity of the deep cross gully where they had discovered my horse, I crept from beneath the tree that had saved my life, and on hands and knees approached the side of the valley. The night, which had previously been calm, with heavy drizzling rain, began to get blustering, and the wind sighed heavily through the branches of the tall white gums. As I crept along the face of the cliffs that overhung the gully, I discovered, to my pleasurable surprise, a cleft that seemed to offer some hope of successful ascent. Slinging the holsters which I had kept my pistols in, round my neck, I gave myself unreservedly to the task; and, owing to my desperate efforts and personal agility, I soon attained a considerable altitude above the valley; the ascent, however, momentarily became more difficult, till I found further advance completely barred by a perpendicular rock.

Hope almost deserted me, but I despaired not. A tree which had its base, some fifteen feet beneath where I stood, suggested itself as a means of escape; advancing to the point of a projecting rock, I was enabled to seize one of its branches and by the assistance of it, slung myself into the tree. Having obtained a footing I soon climbed to a level with the summit of the hill, which was about thirty feet from the foot of the tree, and when I had done so, I found myself not more than twelve feet from *terra firma*. I knew well that if I could attain a footing on the land which was level with me, and at such a short distance, that I should be safe, as the natives would undoubtedly wait till morning before they left the valley in pursuit, and by that time I might be many miles away, leaving a long trail after me, which in all probability would be obliterated by the rain before morning. I looked down and endeavoured to peer into the gloom; but the valley, six or seven hundred feet beneath, was involved in impenetrable darkness, the fires being shut out from my sight by an intervening projection of the land. The answering cries of the aborigines re-echoed through the rocks, and were borne to my ears, on the wings of the fitful gusts, that had commenced to eddy through the valley.

I remained rocking in my aerial abode till I heard the noises produced by the body of the returning aborigines; their search seemed still to continue, till they came to a stand directly beneath me, their joyous yells giving notice that they had made some discovery; well knowing their extraordinary sagacity, I felt satisfied they had found a top riding coat which I had thrown off to aid my ascent. Hesitation was no longer to be thought of, as they might follow on my trail, up the cleft I had come, and where the difficulty of my position had caused me to leave many marks behind, which they could not fail to observe. The darkness was so very great that I could not even discover what sort of footing I should obtain on the verge of the cliff; as, however, all beneath was rocky, I inferred, that was the same. Collecting all my energies for a desperate attempt, I steadied myself on a branch, made a spring, and the next instant stood in safety on the desired spot, notwithstanding the tree gave considerably with me, when I made the spring. I was now comparatively beyond the reach of danger; I thought not of my dripping clothes, and shivering frame, my heart swelled with triumph within me, under the consciousness of having escaped what I had previously looked upon as inevitable death.

I leant over the edge of the precipice, but could only hear confused sounds beneath.

Turning my attention to the course I ought now to pursue, I calculated, as well as possible, the direction my route lay, but was only able to come to a conclusion on this point, by referring to the run of the gully I had previously traversed, as I was unable, from the excessive darkness, to apply for guidance to my compass. Having partly satisfied my mind on this point, I examined my holsters, to see that no wet had penetrated through the possum-skin that covered the tops of either of them: finding that all was right I plunged into the forest that covered the surrounding hills, with the intention of increasing my distance as much as possible before morning, from the scene of such dangerous adventures. I knew that the terror which the aborigines excited in my horse, had precluded all hope of recovering him, if alive, at least for the present, and even if such was not the case, the danger of remaining in the vicinity till morning was too great to be thought of.

On, on, I sped, ascending steep hills, and constantly coming in contact with fallen timber, owing to the extreme darkness of the night. I found, however, that I was traversing a range of hills which were gradually attaining a great altitude, till they almost became mountains. After journeying on for about nine or ten miles, as I calculated, which consumed fully five hours, the moon arose, partly obscured by fleecy clouds, the rain still continuing to fall heavily. I soon discovered that I was keeping considerably too much to the eastward, and in order to make the Hume, that it would be necessary to bend considerably towards the southward. Accordingly I did so, but soon found my progress stayed in that direction by deep vast gulfs and precipices, which the little light the moon conveyed, rendered more frightful. For an hour I examined the southern extremes of the summits, but failed to discover any probable passage down which I durst venture.

Extreme fatigue, after a thirteen hours' journey on horseback, and the exciting scenes I had passed through, was fast overpowering me; my clothes were completely dripping, my boots full of water, still I felt an irresistible desire to sleep, and in order to nerve myself for the forthcoming day, I determined to gratify nature. I possessed no heavy clothing, my possum cloak had been left strapped on my saddle, my top-coat at the foot of the precipice, when in such imminent danger; I was merely clad in a light shooting-coat. Having searched for some time around, I discovered the standing trunk of a burned tree, which was hollow; at the foot was an opening, and into this I squeezed myself till I attained a sitting posture, with my feet and legs projecting into the rain, which also descended rapidly on my head and shoulders, through the open top of my place of shelter; yet this was the best place I could discover for sheltering me from the cold night wind, which blew in heavy gusts, and with piercing effect, owing to the elevation of the range of mountains. But a short time had elapsed, before I sunk into an uneasy sleep, in which I must have continued nearly three hours, as when I awoke, day was breaking; I tried to move, being seated in a pool of water, but my limbs were completely benumbed, I could not stir. Ten minutes had passed over, before, with considerable difficulty, I succeeded in edging myself out of my strange habita-

tion; the joints of my limbs refused their functions at first, and it was only with the aid of the tree I was enabled to stand upright. Every thread on me was completely saturated, and the light-coloured shooting-coat I wore torn and besmeared with mud and charcoal. The cold breeze of the morning actually seemed to pass through my body. I kneaded my knees, pressed them, succeeded in restoring motion, walked, and then ran till my breath failed, in the hope of restoring warmth to my shivering frame. I dared not light a fire, it was as much as my life was worth, the smoke would have been certain to attract the attention of the aborigines, owing to the elevated position I was in. Partially I succeeded in my object, and then set about discovering a way by which I could descend from the range, and pursue my route.

After a walk of a couple of miles, I came to a crossing range, along which I went, and found it descended into the level country in the direction of the Hume. My compass pointed me out my course, for, owing to the occurrences of the previous night, I was debarred from profiting by the information C— had given me, as I was now many miles from the line of country I had been advised to travel in, and which the information given to me, concerned. Rapidly I pushed along through a varied country, free from the excessive drought that prevailed at some distance on the other side of the mountains.

Noon found me at least twenty-five miles from the range, advancing towards the Hume, which I proposed making, in the first instance, and then travelling along its banks till I came to some settler's station. I had partaken of nothing since the previous day, and I now began to feel the cravings of hunger. My stock of provisions had passed from my possession, with my horse. I dared not use my fire-arms, and even if I did, the probability was, it would have been of no use, seeing but few birds, and having nothing but pistols with ball, to fire with. Falling in with some mimosa trees, I succeeded in obtaining a small quantity of dried gum from them, with which I partly allayed my appetite. The day, which from about seven o'clock had been fine, became gloomy, and about one o'clock, it commenced raining. My clothes, which had dried upon me, soon became completely wet again. I continued, however, to press on, and about half-past five o'clock, I caught a sight of the Hume, from a small elevation, as its swollen tide rolled along. It was a happy moment, and, although I could not hope to gain the shelter of an abode that night, still I cheerfully reconciled myself to both hunger and the prospect of passing another night amidst heavy rain, lightly clad, exposed to all the inclemency of the weather, with the conviction, that, before the following day would be far advanced, I should be able to reach some place of safety and hospitality.

Before darkness had completely set in, I endeavoured to discover some place that would shelter me for the night, and succeeded in discovering a large fallen gum-tree, burned hollow within, sufficiently large to admit of my introducing my whole body into it. I soon took advantage of my discovery, and ensconced myself from the falling rain and chilling night breeze. Still I could not sleep, my whole frame was benumbed; by fitful starts, I had sunk into short but unrefreshing pauses of temporary insensibility, when about midnight I was

awakened by the loud and continued howl of dogs. I crept from my miserable bed; the ground around was actually flooded with the heavy rain, the moon had not yet arisen. Again the sound reached my ears, seeming to come down the valley through which the river flowed, it was not the cry of the native dog, but I feared it came from the "dingoes" of the aborigines; long and anxiously did I listen to the frequently repeated howls.

At first I proposed to myself to proceed down the river in a contrary direction to that from whence the sounds seemed to emanate; the probability of being in the vicinity of some station then presented itself to me, and I resolved to venture along the bank in order to discover in what neighbourhood I really was. Cautiously I groped my way along till I found myself directly opposite to where the cries still continued to come, I looked in vain for the fires of the aborigines; no light was to be seen. I remained an hour at the foot of a white gum, till the moon rose, shedding a scanty light through the misty clouds, on the scenery around, and there joyously I perceived directly opposite to me two or three slab huts. My loud and startling "coohy" sounded through the forest, and I had but a short time to wait before men's voices were heard, and an inquiring shout saluted my ears. Having made my position known, I was informed that, in consequence of the swollen state of the stream, it would be almost dangerous to cross it, but that owing to my miserable position, the attempt would be made.

A canoe formed out of the trunk of a tree, with its two ends square, covered with a piece of green hide to prevent its filling, was soon launched, and by the aid of a rope that extended across the river, and was fastened on either side, it was soon hauled across, close to where I stood. Having entered I seated myself at one end, while my conductor stood at the other; gradually we moved out, till we got into the strength of the stream, which was such that the end of the canoe at which my conductor sat, was, in consequence of his retaining the frail bark against the current, buried under water, so that he was compelled to let go, and permit us to float down with the stream, with the canoe half filled. Dreading a collision with some of the logs that crowded the stream, we took advantage of a near approach to a point of land, to jump out, and swim for the bank, which we succeeded in gaining, but in a most miserable plight; having thrown off my coat, waistcoat and boots, in the canoe, and my pistols having been left behind also. A five minutes' walk across a fenced-in paddock brought us to the station, which I found to belong to a Mr. Riddell. Here I was most hospitably received, furnished with clothes, and after a good rest, I crossed the river the following day, with a party of eight mounted men to proceed in search of my horse, whose body I found with torn saddle, and plundered saddle-bags, some distance down the gully where I had experienced so much danger.

On my return I obtained the loan of a horse from the superintendent of Mr. Riddell's stations, and in company with Mr. M'Intosh, a squatter, and two other companions, proceeded on my journey to Port Phillip, calling at M'Leod's station, which was further down the river, and reached Melbourne without any adventure worth relating, on the evening of the sixth day.

J. B.

THE COFFIN-MAKER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN OF PUSHKIN

BY THOMAS B. SHAW.

" See we not coffins day by day,
Hoar signs of earth's decrepit dotage !

DERJAVIN.

THE last load of the goods and chattels belonging to Adrian Prokhoroff, the coffin-maker, was piled up on the hearse, which now played the part of a waggon, and the pair of rusty jades which dragged it had set off from the Basmannaia to the Nikitskaia, whither the coffin-maker was about to move with all his household. Having shut up his shop, he nailed to the gate of the house a notice, that it was to be sold or let on lease, and betook himself, on foot, to his new quarters. As he approached the neat little yellow house, which he had so long coveted, and which he had at last purchased for a tolerably heavy sum, the old coffin-maker felt with astonishment that his heart was not filled with delight, as he had so often anticipated. As he crossed the strange threshold, and found his new dwelling in all the uproar and confusion of removing, he sighed for the tumble-down old abode, where, during the space of eighteen years all had been kept in the most strict order ; and he began to scold his two daughters and his maid-servant for the slowness of their movements, himself setting also vigorously to work to help them. In a short time order was established ; the shrine with the images, the press with the crockery, the table, sofa, and bed, took up their proper positions in the various corners of the back-parlour ; in the kitchen and front room were displayed the productions of the master's trade : * coffins of all colours and all dimensions, and presses full of mourning hats, cloaks, and torches. Over the door dangled a sign, representing a bloated Cupid holding a reversed flambeau, with the inscription, " Coffins, plain and fancy, made, lined, and covered ; and second-hand ones sold, lent on hire, and repaired." The young ladies retired to their own room ; Adrian walked round and inspected his dwelling, then sat down by the window, and ordered the *samovar*† to be got ready.

The enlightened reader is aware, that Shakspeare and Walter Scott have both represented their grave-diggers as people of a merry and sportive disposition, in order that, by means of the opposition between the nature of the workman and the character of his work, they might more powerfully strike our imagination. Our respect, however, for truth, will prevent us from following their example, and compels us to confess that the temper of our coffin-maker was in perfect unison with

* The coffin is in Russia generally painted some exceedingly bright and striking colour, as rose, sky-blue, scarlet, &c. ; and the funeral procession is led by a number of persons (generally soldiers hired for the purpose), dressed in broad flapped hats, long mourning cloaks, and bearing torches. These men are what we call in England " mutes."

† " Samovar," literally " self-boiler." The Russian tea-urn ; differing from the English utensil, in being heated by lighted charcoal burning in a kind of little grate at the bottom of a chimney traversing the whole apparatus perpendicularly. The samovar is universally used in Russia by all ranks.

his melancholy trade. Adrian Prokhóroff was almost invariably gloomy and pensive. He seldom broke silence except to scold his daughters, when he found them interrupting their work to look out of the window at the passers-by, or to demand for his goods the most exorbitant price from those who had the ill-fortune (or, as it sometimes occurs, the satisfaction) to require them. And thus it happened that Adrian, as he sat by his window, and emptied his regular seventh cup of tea, was as usual plunged in melancholy reflections. He was thinking of a violent shower of rain which a week before had encountered the funeral of a retired brigadier, and had deluged it at the very beginning of the procession. Many of his best cloaks had been so shrunk by it as to be almost ruined, and many of his hats had been soaked quite out of shape. He foresaw with horror an unavoidable outlay, for his old stock of funeral apparatus had returned home in a most pitiable condition. He hoped to recover some of his loss by the funeral of old Triukhína, the merchant's widow, who had been at death's door for a whole twelvemonth. But Triukhína was dying in the Razguliáia, and Prokhóroff was afraid that her "heirs and assigns," notwithstanding the old lady's formal promise that he should have the job, might think it superfluous to send for him from such a distance, and might deal with the nearest undertaker.

These meditations were unexpectedly interrupted by three free-masonic knocks at the door. "Who is there?" asked the coffin-maker. The door opened, and a person, who could be known at one glance for a German working-man, entered the room, and with a joyous air approached the coffin-maker. "Excuse me, my good neighbour," said he, with that droll accent and pronunciation which we Russians have never, to this day, learned to hear without laughing, "excuse me if I disturb you. I was very anxious to make your acquaintance. I am a boot-maker; my name is Gottlieb Schultz, I live over the way there, in that little house opposite your windows. To-morrow I celebrate my silver wedding,* and I am come to beg you and your daughters to dine with us in a friendly way." The invitation was graciously accepted. The coffin-maker entreated the boot-maker to sit down and take a cup of tea; and, thanks to the open-hearted temper of Gottlieb Schultz, they soon began to entertain a friendly conversation. "And how go your affairs, my dear sir?" enquired Adrian. "Why, he, he!" replied Schultz, "pretty fairish for that. I can't complain. But my trade is a different thing from yours; the live man can get on without boots, but a dead one can't live without a coffin."—"That's a real fact," remarked Adrian; "at the same time, if the live man has nothing to buy boots with, why, saving your presence, he goes barefoot; but the dead beggar can get himself a coffin for nothing." In this fashion the conversation was still prolonged between them for some time; at last the boot-maker rose and said farewell to the coffin-maker, renewing, as he did so, his invitation for the morrow.

The next day, exactly at twelve o'clock, the coffin-maker and his daughters came out of the gate of the new house, and crossed the street to their neighbour's. I will not describe either Adrian Prokhóroff's Russian kaftan, nor the European costume of Akulína and Dária, for

* Silver wedding, *silburna zocszrit*, the celebration among the Germans of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the wedding-day. The golden wedding, that of the fiftieth.

I intend on this occasion to depart from the custom so universal among the romance-writers of the present day. I consider it necessary, however, to remark, that both the young ladies wore yellow bonnets and red shoes, a degree of splendour which, with them, was always reserved for very high and solemn occasions.

The close and narrow lodging of the boot-maker was already filled with guests, for the most part German tradesmen, with their wives and foremen; the Russian dignitaries were represented by one officer, Iúrko, a Finn gentleman, holding the office of *búdotchnik*,* who had managed to acquire, despite his somewhat undignified profession, the particular friendship of the host. For twenty-five years he had served with honour and distinction in that profession, like the postilion in Pogoriélsku's tale. The conflagration of the year 1812, which annihilated the ancient metropolis of Russia, involved in the common ruins his yellow *búdka*. But immediately on the evacuation of the city by the enemy, there arose on the same spot a new and commodious edifice, painted grey, with white columns of the Doric order, and Iúrko began once more to walk backwards and forwards before the door, *with armour of donlas and bright battle-axe*. He was acquainted with the greater part of the Germans who resided in the neighbourhood of the Nikítskii gate; some of them were, indeed, in the habit of occasionally passing the night at Iúrko's,—I mean the night which intervenes between Sunday and Monday. Adrian immediately made acquaintance with this individual, shrewdly foreseeing that he was a person of whose good offices one would have need sooner or later; and when the guests sat down to table, the new friends were placed next to each other. Mr. and Mrs. Schultz and their daughter Löttchen, a young lady of seventeen, dined in company with the guests, and found time to exercise the duties of hospitality, and to help the cook to wait at table. The beer flowed abundantly; Iúrko ate for half a dozen; Adrian kept pace with him; his daughters displayed their most *recherché* airs and graces; the conversation in German grew louder and louder. Suddenly the host begged the attention of the company, and uncorking a well-sealed bottle, loudly announced in Russian, "To the health of my good Louisa!" Bang went the gooseberry wine. The host then tenderly kissed the still blooming cheek of his "fat, fair, and forty" spouse, and the guests with uproarious enthusiasm drained their glasses to the health of the good Louisa. "To the health of my kind guests!" exclaimed the entertainer, uncorking a second bottle;—and the guests thanked him, emptying their glasses once again. Then toasts began to follow each other without intermission; they drank the health of each guest separately; they drank to Moscow, and to a whole dozen of German towns; they drank to all the guilds in general, and to each in particular, they drank the health of the masters and foremen. Adrian topped away with the most zealous industry, and grew exhilarated to such a degree, that he proposed some merry and face-

* "*Búdotchnik*," a soldier of the police, performing the duty of a street watchman. The word is derived from "*búdka*," signifying one of the little wooden houses so frequently to be met in every Russian street, in which live a pair of these guardians of the peace, one of whom is always on duty before the door, dressed in a species of uniform, and armed with a battle-axe. They arrest drunkards and uproarious persons, imprisoning them for the night in their *búdka*, inflicting the slighter punishments ordered by the police, &c.

tious toast. Suddenly one of the guests, a stumpy baker, raised his glass and roared out, "To the health of the good folks we work for, *unserer Ländleute!*" This proposition, like all the others, was accepted with unanimity and delight. The guests began to bow to each other, tailor to boot-maker, boot-maker to tailor, baker to both, everybody to baker, and so on. Iúrko, amid these mutual salutations, cried out, turning to his neighbour, "Come, old boy! drink the health of your customers, the dead 'uns!" Everybody roared with laughter, but the coffin-maker accounted himself insulted, and looked sulky. No one, however, remarked this, the party continued to drink, and it was not till the bells were ringing for evening service that they rose from table.

The guests separated late, and, for the most part, in a very merry humour. A stumpy baker and a book-binder, whose countenance had the air of being "splendidly bound in red morocco," politely conducted Iúrko to his budka, exemplifying, on this occasion, the Russian proverb, "paid debts are pretty deeds." The coffin-maker got home drunk and angry. "Who says, I should like to know," he grumbled aloud, "that my trade is not as good as another? What, is a coffin-maker the hangman's fellow? What do they laugh at, the outlandish heretics! What, is a coffin-maker to be a Christ-tide tom-fool? I meant to ask them to my house-warming, and give them a feast,—ay, galore! but now, I'll see them— I'll invite those that I work for; good, Christian dead 'uns!"—"Why, master," said the maid-servant, who was pulling off his shoes and stockings, "what stuff is that you're talking? Cross yourself, master; cross yourself. Ask dead people to a house-warming! why, 'tis horrid to think of!"—"By the mass, but I will ask them," rejoined Adrian, "and for to-morrow, too. Do me the honour, my kind masters and mistresses, to come and sup with me to-morrow evening; I will treat you as well as I can." With these words the coffin-maker got into bed, and was instantly fast asleep and snoring.

It was still dark when they came to wake Adrian. Old Mrs. Triukhina had just given up the ghost, and a special messenger on horseback, sent by her steward, galloped up to Adrian's house with the news. The coffin-maker gave this herald of good tidings a *grívennik*,* to drink his health, dressed himself hastily, took a *drójki*, and set off for the Razguliáia. At the gate of the departed he found the police already in attendance, and the shop-keepers as busy and noisy as ravens which have just caught the smell of a dead body. The corpse of the old woman was lying on a table, as yellow as wax, but as yet undisfigured by corruption. Around her were thronging her relations, neighbours, and servants. All the windows were open; tapers were burning round the corpse, the priests were reading the prayers. Adrian went up to Triukhina's nephew, a young shopkeeper in a fashionable frock-coat, and informed him that coffin, tapers, pall, and all the rest belonging to his department, would be immediately supplied in the most respectable style. The heir thanked him in a careless tone, saying, that no difficulty would be made about the price, which would be left to the undertaker's conscience. The coffin-maker, according to his custom, swore solemnly that he would not ask too much; he exchanged a significant glance with the book-keeper, and departed to

* Grívennik, a small silver coin, ten kopéks silver.

take in hand the commission. All day long he was galloping on a drojki backwards and forwards between the Razguliáia and the Nikítskaia; by the evening he had got everything in order, and he returned home on foot, having dismissed his izvóschik.* It was a moonlight night. The coffin-maker arrived safe and sound at the Nikítskaia gate. As he passed the Voznesénia, he was hailed by our old friend Iúrko, who recognised the coffin-maker, and wished him good-night. It was now getting late. The coffin-maker had just reached his own house, when suddenly he fancied he saw somebody approach his gate, open the wicket, and disappear into the yard. "What's all this?" thought Adrian. "Somebody else wants me? Or is n't it a thief that has just got into the house? Perhaps it is some lover of my sluts of daughters! It can be no good!" And the coffin-maker was about to call his friend Iúrko to help him. At this moment a new figure approached the wicket, and was just about to enter, when, apparently spying the master of the house, who was running off to call for assistance, he stopped, and took off a three-cornered hat. The face of the stranger seemed not unknown to Adrian, who, however, in his agitation, had hardly time to recall the features. "You have done me the honour of a call," said Adrian, puffing and blowing; "have the goodness to walk in, sir."—"No ceremony, old boy!" replied the unknown, in a hollow voice; "after you,—after you; you must show your guests the way." Adrian never stood much upon ceremony; so he opened the wicket and mounted the stairs, followed by the stranger. Adrian fancied he heard people walking in the rooms. "What devilry is all this!" thought he, as he hastily entered,—his legs bent under him. The room was full of dead people! The moon shining brightly through the window illuminated their blue and yellow faces, their sunken mouths, their dim, half-shut eyes, and their sharp and pointed noses.—Adrian with horror recognised in them the people whom he had buried in the course of his business, and in the guest who had entered the house with him, the brigadier whose funeral had been caught in the violent shower. The whole party, ladies and gentlemen, surrounded the coffin-maker, making low bows and compliments; except one poor devil, who had lately been buried free of expense, and who now, conscious and ashamed of his ragged habiliments, would not approach, but stood bashfully in a corner. All the others were respectably dressed; the ladies in caps and ribands, the gentlemen in uniforms, but with unshaven beards, the shopkeepers in their holiday kaftans.

"Look ye, Prokhóroff," said the brigadier, speaking in the name of all the honourable company; "we have all arisen at your invitation; and we have left at home only those who really were not presentable, who were quite ruined,—for some had absolutely nothing left but bones, and not a particle of skin on them: and there was even one of them who could not find it in his heart to stay away; so anxious was he to come . . ." At this moment, a little active skeleton elbowed his way through the crowd, and came up to Adrian. The skull grinned courteously at the horror-struck coffin-maker. Tatters of bright green and scarlet cloth and rotten linen dangled here and

* Izvóschik, the driver of a hackney drojki or other hired vehicle. The Russian cabman.

there about him, like rags upon a pole, and the leg-bones clattered loosely in huge jack-boots, like pestles in a mortar. "Don't you know me, Prokhóroff?" said the skeleton. "You surely have not forgotten Peter Petrovitch Kurílkin, half-pay sergeant in the Guards, to whom you sold, in the year 1799, the first coffin you ever made,—don't you remember? you sold him a fir-wood article for an oak one!" With these words the goblin expanded his bony arms,—but Adrian, assembling all his force, shrieked out and pushed him off. Peter Petrovitch staggered, fell, and broke all to pieces, the fragments being scattered about the floor. There arose among the dead guests a murmur of indignation; they all stepped forward in defence of their comrade, hustling Adrian with loud threats and abusive exclamations, and the poor host, deafened by their screaming, and almost stifled, lost his presence of mind, fell crash among the bones of the half-pay sergeant of the Guards, and fainted.

The sun had long flung his beams upon the bed on which lay the coffin-maker. At length he opened his eyes, and saw before him his maid blowing up the lighted charcoal under the samovár. With horror Adrian recalled to mind all last night's agonies. Triukhína, the brigadier, and Sergeant Kúrilkin, all dimly flitted before his imagination. He waited in silence for the maid-servant to begin the conversation, from which he hoped an explanation of the consequences following his night's adventures.

"How long you have slept, goodman Adrian Prokhórovitch," said Axinia, as she gave him his dressing-gown. "Our neighbour the tailor has been here, and our búdotchnik stepped in to tell you that to-day is the birth-day of the ward-officer, but you slept so fast that we did not like to wake you."

"And has nobody been here about Mrs. Triukhína's funeral?"

"Funeral? Why, is she dead?"

"Why, you thickheaded slut! did you not help me yourself yesterday to get the things ready for the funeral?"

"Lord, master, are your wits woolgathering, or has yesterday's wine not gone out of your head yet? There was no funeral yesterday that I know on. You were drinking all day with them Germans, and you came back as drunk as a fiddler, rolled into bed, and there you have been snoozing till this blessed minute; and the bells are ringing for mass."

"The devil I have?" said the delighted coffin-maker.

"'Tis truth!" answered the handmaid.

"Well, if so, get me some tea, and look sharp: and call my daughters."

CAPTAIN SPIKE;

OR, THE ISLETS OF THE GULF.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PILOT," "RED ROVER," ETC.

But no—he surely is not dreaming.
 Another minute makes it clear,
 A scream, a rush, a burning tear,
 From Inez' cheek, dispel the fear
 That bliss like his is only seeming.

WASHINGTON ALSTON.

CHAPTER XII.

A MOMENT of appalled surprise succeeded the instant when Harry and Rose first ascertained the real character of the vessel that had entered the haven of the Dry Tortugas. Then the first turned toward Jack Tier and sternly demanded an explanation of his apparent faithlessness.

"Rascal!" he cried; "has this treachery been intended? Did you not see the brig and know her?"

"Hush, Harry—*dear* Harry!" exclaimed Rose, entreatingly. "My life for it, Jack has *not* been faithless."

"Why, then, has he not let us know that the brig was coming? For more than an hour has he been aloft, on the look-out, and here are we taken quite by surprise. Rely on it, Rose, he has *seen* the approach of the brig, and might have sooner put us on our guard."

"Ay, ay, lay it on, maty," said Jack, coolly, neither angry nor mortified, so far as appearances went, at these expressions of dissatisfaction; "my back is used to it. If I didn't know what it is to get hard raps on the knuckles, I should be but a young steward. But, as for this business, a little reflection will tell you I am not to blame."

"Give us your own explanations, for without them I shall trust you no longer."

"Well, sir, what good would it have done, *had* I told you the brig was standing for this place? There she came down, like a race-horse, and escape for you was impossible. As the wind is now blowing in' the Molly would go two feet to the boat's one, and a chase would have been madness."

"I don't know that, sirrah," answered the mate. "The boat might have got into the smaller passages of the reef, where the brig could not enter, or she might have dodged about among these islets, until it was night, and then escaped in the darkness."

"I thought of all that, Mr. Mulford, but it came too late. When I first went aloft, I came out on the north-west side of the lantern, and took my seat, to look out for the sloop-of-war, as you bade me, sir. Well, there I was sweeping the horizon with the glass for the better part of an hour, sometimes fancyin' I saw her, and then givin' it up; for to this moment I am not sartin there isn't a sail off here to the westward, turning up toward the light on a bowline; but if

there be she's too far off to know any thing partic'lar about her. Well, sir, there I sat, looking out for the Poughkeepsie, for the better part of an hour, when I thought I would go round on t'other side of the lantern and take a look to windward. My heart was in my mouth, I can tell you, Miss Rose, when I saw the brig; and I felt both glad and sorry. Glad on my own account, and sorry on your'n. There she was, however, and no help for it, within two miles of this very spot, and coming down as if she despised touching the water at all. Now, what could I do? There wasn't time, Mr. Mulford, to get the boat out, and the mast stepped, afore we should have been within reach of canister, and Stephen Spike would not have spared *that*, in order to get you again within his power."

"Depend on it, Harry, this is all true," said Rose, earnestly. "I know Jack well, and can answer for his fidelity. He wishes to, and if he can he *will*, return to the brig, whither he thinks his duty calls him, but he will never willingly betray *us* — least of all *me*. Do I speak as I ought, Jack?"

"Gospel truth, Miss Rose, and Mr. Mulford will get over this squall, as soon as he comes to think of matters as he ought. There's my hand, maty, to show I bear no malice."

"I take it, Jack, for I must believe you honest, after all you have done for us. Excuse my warmth, which, if a little unreasonable, was somewhat natural under the circumstances. I suppose our case is now hopeless, and that we shall all be soon on board the brig again; for Spike will hardly think of abandoning me again on an island, provisioned and fitted as is this!"

"It's not so sartain, sir, that you fall into his hands at all," put in Jack. "The men of the brig will never come here of their own accord, depend on that, for sailors do not like graves. Spike has come in here a'ter the schooner's chain, that he dropped into the water when he made sail for the sloop-of-war, at the time he was here afore, and is not expecting to find us here. No, no, he thinks we are beating up toward Key West at this very minute, if, indeed he has missed us at all. 'Tis possible he believes the boat has got adrift by accident, and has no thought of our being out of the brig."

"That is impossible, Jack. Do you suppose he is ignorant that Rose is missing?"

"Sartain of it, maty, if Mrs. Budd has read the letter well that Miss Rose left for her, and Biddy has obeyed orders. If they've followed instructions, Miss Rose is thought to be in her state-room, mourning for a young man who was abandoned on a naked rock, and Jack Tier, havin' eat something that has disagreed with him, is in his berth. Recollect, Spike will not be apt to look into Miss Rose's state-room or my berth, to see if all this is true. The cook and Josh are both in my secret, and know I mean to come back, and when the fit is over I have only to return to duty, like any other hand. It is my calculation that Spike believes both Miss Rose and myself on board the Molly at this very moment."

"And the boat; what can he suppose has become of the boat?"

"Sartainly, the boat makes the only chance ag'in us. But the boat was riding by its painter astern, and accidents sometimes happen to such craft. Then we two are the wery last he will suspect of havin' made off in the boat by ourselves. There'll be Mrs. Budd

and Biddy as a sort of pledge that Miss Rose is aboard, and as for Jack Tier, he is too insignificant to occupy the captain's thoughts just now. He will probably muster the people for'ard, when he finds the boat is gone, but I do not think he'll trouble the cabins or state-rooms."

Mulford admitted that this was *possible*, though it scarcely seemed probable to him. There was no help, however, for the actual state of things, and they all now turned their attention to the brig, and to the movements of those on board her. Jack Tier had swung to the outer door of the house, as soon as the Swash came in view through it, and fortunately none of the windows on that side of the building had been opened at all. The air entered to windward, which was on the rear of the dwelling, so that it was possible to be comfortable and yet leave the front, in view from the vessel, with its deserted air. As for the brig, she had already anchored and got both her boats into the water. The yawl was hauled alongside, in readiness for any service that might be required of it, while the launch had been manned at once, and was already weighing the anchor, and securing the chain to which Tier had alluded. All this served very much to lessen the uneasiness of Mulford and Rose, as it went far to prove that Spike had not come to the Dry Tortugas in quest of them, as, at first, both had very naturally supposed. It might, indeed, turn out that his sole object was to obtain this anchor and chain, with a view to use them in raising the ill-fated vessel that had now twice gone to the bottom.

"I wish an explanation with you, Jack, on one other point," said the mate, after all three had been for some time observing the movements on board and around the Swash. "Do you actually intend to get on board the brig?"

"If it's to be done, maty, My v'y'ge is up with you and Miss Rose. I may be said to have shipped for Key West and a market, and the market is found at this port."

"You will hardly leave us *yet*, Jack," said Rose, with a manner and emphasis that did not fail to strike her betrothed lover, though he could in no way account for either. That Rose should not wish to be left alone with him in that solitary place was natural enough; or, might rather be referred to education and the peculiar notions of her sex; but he could not understand why so much importance should be attached to the presence of a being of Jack Tier's mould and character. It was true, that there was little choice, under present circumstances, but it occurred to Mulford that Rose had manifested the same strange predilection when there might have been something nearer to a selection. The moment, however, was not one for much reflection on the subject.

"You will hardly leave us *yet*, Jack?" said Rose, in the manner related.

"It's now or never, Miss Rose. If the brig once gets away from this anchorage without me, I may never lay eyes on her ag'in. Her time is nearly up, for wood and iron wont hold together always, any more than flesh and blood. Consider how many years I have been busy in hunting her up, and how hard 't will be to lose that which has given me so many weary days and sleepless nights to find."

Rose said no more. If not convinced, she was evidently silenced, while Harry was left to wonder and surmise, as best he might. Both

quitted the subject, to watch the people of the brig. By this time the anchor had been lifted, and the chain was heaving in on board the vessel, by means of a line that had been got round its bight. The work went on rapidly, and Mulford observed to Rose that he did not think it was the intention of Spike to remain long at the Tortugas, inasmuch as his brig was riding by a very short range of cable. This opinion was confirmed, half an hour later, when it was seen that the launch was hooked on and hoisted in again, as soon as the chain and anchor of the schooner were secured.

Jack Tier watched every movement with palpable uneasiness. His apprehensions that Spike would obtain all he wanted, and be off before he could rejoin him, increased at each instant, and he did not scruple to announce an intention to take the boat and go alongside of the Swash at every hazard, rather than be left.

"You do not reflect on what you say, Jack," answered Harry; "unless, indeed, it be your intention to betray us. How could you appear in the boat, at this place, without letting it be known that we must be hard by?"

"That don't follow at all, maty," answered Jack. "Suppose I go alongside the brig and own to the captain that I took the boat last night, with the hope of finding you, and that failing to succeed, I bore up for this port, to look for provisions and water. Miss Rose he thinks on board at this moment, and in my judgment he would take me at my word, give me a good cursing, and think no more about it."

"It would never do, Jack," interposed Rose, instantly. "It would cause the destruction of Harry, as Spike would not believe you had not found him, without an examination of this house."

"What are they about with the yawl, Mr. Mulford," asked Jack, whose eye was never off the vessel for a single moment. "It is getting so dark that one can hardly see the boat, but it seems as if they are about to man the yawl."

"They are, and there goes a lantern into it. And that is Spike himself coming down the brig's side this instant."

"They can only bring a lantern to search this house," exclaimed Rose. "Oh! Harry, you are lost!"

"I rather think the lantern is for the light-house," answered Mulford, whose coolness, at what was certainly a most trying moment, did not desert him. "Spike may wish to keep the light burning, for once before, you will remember, he had it kindled after the keeper was removed. As for his sailing, he would not be apt to sail until the moon rises; and in beating back to the wreck the light may serve to let him know the bearings and position of the reef."

"There they come," whispered Rose, half breathless with alarm.

"The boat has left the brig, and is coming directly hither!"

All this was true enough. The yawl had shoved off, and with two men to row it, was pulling for the wharf in front of the house, and among the timbers of which lay the boat, pretty well concealed beneath a sort of bridge. Mulford would not retreat, though he looked the fastenings of the door as a means of increasing his chance of fence. In the stern-sheets of the boat sat two men, though it was not easy to ascertain who they were by the fading light. One was known to be Spike, however, and the other, it was conjectured, must be Don Juan Montefalderon, from the circumstance of his being in

the place of honour. Three minutes solved this question, the boat reaching the wharf by that time. It was instantly secured, and all four men left it. Spike was now plainly to be discerned by means of the lantern which he carried in his own hands. He gave some orders in his customary authoritative way, and in a high key, after which he led the way from the wharf, walking side by side with the Señor Montefalderon. These two last came up within a yard of the door of the house, where they paused, enabling those within not only to see their persons and the working of their countenances, but to hear all that was said ; this last the more especially, since Spike never thought it necessary to keep his powerful voice within moderate limits.

"It's hardly worth while, Don Wan, for you to go into the lighthouse," said Spike. "'Tis but a greasy, dirty place at best, and one's clothes are never the better for dealin' with ile. Here, Bill, take the lantern, and get a filled can, that we may go up and trim and fill the lamp, and make a blaze. Bear a hand, lads, and I'll be a'ter ye afore you reach the lantern. Be careful with the flame about the ile, for seamen ought never to wish to see a light-house destroyed."

"What do you expect to gain by lighting the lamps above, Don Esteban?" demanded the Mexican, when the sailors had disappeared in the light-house, taking their own lantern with them.

"It's wisest to keep things reg'lar about this spot, Don Wan, which will prevent unnecessary suspicions. But, as the brig stretches in toward the reef to night, on our way back, the light will be a great assistance. I am short of officers, you know, and want all the help of this sort I can get."

"To be sincere with you, Don Esteban, I greatly regret you are so short of officers, and do not yet despair of inducing you to go and take off the mate, whom I hear you have left on a barren rock. He was a fine young fellow, Señor Spike, and the deed was not one that you will wish to remember a few years hence."

"The fellow run, and I took him at his word, Don Wan. I'm not obliged to receive back a deserter unless it suits me."

"We are all obliged to see we do not cause a fellow-creature the loss of life. This will prove the death of the charming young woman who is so much attached to him, unless you relent and are merciful?"

"Women have tender looks but tough hearts," answered Spike, carelessly, though Mulford felt certain, by the tone of his voice, that great bitterness of feeling lay smothered beneath the affected indifference of his manner ; "few die of love."

"The young lady has not been on deck all day ; and the Irish woman tells me she does nothing but drink water—the certain proof of a high fever."

"Ay, ay, she keeps her room, if you will, Don Wan, but she is not about to make a dupe of me by any such tricks. I must go and see to the lamps, however, and you will find the graves you seek in the rear of this house, about thirty yards behind it, you'll remember! That's a very pretty cross you've made, señor, and the skipper of schooner's soul will be all the better for your setting it up at the foot of his grave."

"It will serve to let those who come after us know that a Chris-

sleeps beneath the sand, Don Esteban," answered the Mexican mildly. "I have no other expectation from this sacred symbol."

The two separated, Spike going into the light-house, a little in a hurry, while Don Juan Montefalderon walked round the building to its rear in quest of the grave. Mulford waited a moment for Spike to get a short distance up the stairs of the high tower he had to ascend, when placing the arm of Rose within his own, he opened the door in the rear of the house, and walked boldly toward the Mexican. Don Juan was actually forcing the pointed end of his little cross into the sand, at the head of his countryman's grave, when Mulford and his trembling companion reached the spot. Although night had shut in, it was not so dark that persons could not be recognised at small distances. The Señor Montefalderon was startled at an apparition so sudden and unexpected, when Mulford saluted him by name; but recognizing first the voice of Harry, and then the persons of himself and his companions, surprise, rather than alarm, became the emotion that was uppermost. Notwithstanding the strength of the first of these feelings, he instantly saluted the young couple with a polished ease that marked his manner, which had much of the courtesy of a Castilian in it, tempered a little, perhaps, by the greater flexibility of a Southern American.

"I see you," exclaimed Don Juan, "and must believe my eyes. Without their evidence, however, I could scarcely believe it can be you two, one of whom I thought on board the brig, and the other suffering a most miserable death on a naked rock."

"I am aware of your kind feelings in our behalf, Don Juan," said Mulford, "and it is the reason I now confide in you. I was taken off that rock by means of the boat, which you doubtless have missed; and this is the gentle being who has been the means of saving my life. To her and Jack Tier, who is yonder, under the shadows of the house, I owe my not being the victim of Spike's cruelty."

"I now comprehend the whole matter, Don Henriquez. Jack Tier has managed the boat for the señorita; and those whom we were told were too ill to be seen on deck, have been really out of the brig."

"Such are the facts, señor, and from *you* there is no wish to conceal them. We are then to understand that the absence of Rose and Jack from the brig are not known to Spike."

"I believe not, señor. He has alluded to both, once or twice to-day, as being ill below; but would you not do well to retire within the shade of the dwelling, lest a glance from the lantern might let those in it know that I am not alone."

"There is little danger, Don Juan, as they who stand near a light cannot well see those who are in the darkness. Besides they are high in the air, while we are on the ground, which will greatly add to the obscurity down here. We can retire nevertheless, as I have a few questions to ask, which may as well be put in perfect security, as at where there is any risk."

The three now drew near the house, Rose actually stepping within its door, though Harry remained on its exterior, in order to watch the proceedings of those in the light-house. Here the Señor Montefalderon entered into a more detailed explanation of what had occurred on board the brig, since the appearance of day, that very morning. According to his account of the matter, Spike had immediately called

upon the people to explain the loss of the boat. Tier was not interrogated on this occasion, it being understood he had gone below and turned in, after having the look-out for fully half the night. As no one could, or would, give an account of the manner in which the boat was missing, Josh was ordered to go below and question Jack on the subject. Whether it was from consciousness of his own connection with the escape of Jack, and apprehensions of the consequences, or from innate good-nature, and a desire to befriend the lovers, this black now admitted that Jack confessed to him that the boat had got away from him while endeavouring to shift the turns of its painter from a cleet where they ought not to be, to their proper place. This occurred early in Jack's watch, according to Josh's story, and had not been reported, as the boat did not properly belong to the brig, and was an incumbrance rather than an advantage. The mate admired the negro's cunning, as Don Juan related this part of his story, which put him in a situation to throw all the blame on Jack's mendacity in the event of a discovery, while it had the effect to allow the fugitives more time for their escape. The result was, that Spike bestowed a few hearty curses, as usual, on the clumsiness of Jack Tier, and seemed to forget all about the matter. It is probable he connected Jack's abstaining from showing himself on deck, and his alleged indisposition, with his supposed delinquency in this matter of the boat. From that moment the captain appeared to give himself no further concern on the subject, the boat having been, in truth, an incumbrance rather than a benefit, as stated.

As for Rose, her keeping her room, under the circumstances, was so very natural, that the Señor Montefalderon had been completely deceived, as, from his tranquillity on this point, there was no question was the case with Spike also. Biddy appeared on deck, though the widow did not, and the Irish woman shook her head anxiously when questioned about her young mistress, giving the spectators reason to suppose that the latter was in a very bad way.

As respects the brig and her movements, Spike had got under way as soon as there was light enough to find his course, and had run through the passage. It is probable that the boat was seen; for something that was taken for a small sail had just been made out for a single instant, and then became lost again. This little sail was made, if made at all, in the direction of the Dry Tortugas, but so completely were all suspicions at rest in the minds of those on the quarter-deck of the Swash, that neither Spike nor the Mexican had the least idea what it was. When the circumstance was reported to the former, he answered that it was probably some small wrecker, of which many were hovering about the reef, and added, laughing, though in a way to prove how little he thought seriously on the subject at all, "who knows but the light-house boat has fallen into their hands, and that they've made sail on *her*; if they have, my word for it, that she goes, hull, spars, rigging, canvas, and cargo, all in a lump, for salvage."

As the brig came out of the passage in broad day, the heads of the schooner's masts were seen as a matter of course. This induced Spike to heave-to, to lower a boat, and to go in person to examine the condition of the wreck. It will be seen that Jack's presence could now be all the better dispensed with. The examination, with the soundings, and other calculations connected with raising the ver-

sel, occupied hours. When they were completed, Spike returned on board, run up his boat, and squared away for the Dry Tortugas. Señor Montefalderon confirmed the justice of Jack Tier's surmises as to the object of this unexpected visit. The brig had come solely for the chain and anchor mentioned, and having secured them, it was Spike's intention to get under way and beat up to the wreck again as soon as the moon rose. As for the sloop-of-war, he believed she had given him up; for by this time she must know that she had no chance with the brig so long as the latter kept near the reef, and that she ran the constant hazard of shipwreck while playing so near the dangers herself.

Before the Señor Montefalderon exhausted all he had to communicate, he was interrupted by Jack Tier with a singular proposition. Jack's great desire was to get on board the Swash; and he now begged the Mexican to let Mulford take the yawl and scull him off to the brig, and return to the islet before Spike and his companions should descend from the lighthouse. The little fellow insisted there was sufficient time for such a purpose, as the three in the lantern had not yet succeeded in filling the lamps with the oil necessary to their burning for a night—a duty that usually occupied the regular keeper for an hour. Five or six minutes would suffice for him; and if he were seen going up the brig's side, it would be easy for him to maintain that he had come ashore in the boat. No one took such precise note of what was going on as to be able to contradict him; and as to Spike and the men with him, they would probably never hear anything about it.

Don Juan Montefalderon was struck with the boldness of Jack Tier's plan, but refused his assent to it. He deemed it too hazardous, but substituted a project of his own. The moon would not rise until near eleven, and it wanted several hours before the time of sailing. When they returned to the brig, he would procure his cloak, and scull himself ashore, being perfectly used to managing a boat in this way, under the pretence of wishing to pass an hour longer near the grave of his countryman. At the expiration of that hour he would take Jack off, concealed beneath his cloak—an exploit of no great difficulty in the darkness, especially as no one would be on deck but a hand or two keeping the anchor-watch. With this arrangement, therefore, Jack Tier was obliged to be content.

Some fifteen or twenty minutes more passed, during which the Mexican again alluded to his country, and his regrets at her deplorable situation. The battles of the 8th and 9th of May, two combats that ought to, and which will reflect high honour on the little army that won them, as well as on that hardly worked, and in some respects hardly used, service to which they belong, had been just fought. Don Juan mentioned these events without reserve, and frankly admitted that success had fallen to the portion of much the weaker party. He ascribed the victory to the great superiority of the American officers of inferior rank; it being well known that in the service of the "Republic of the North," as he termed America, men who had been regularly educated at the military academy, and who had reached the period of middle life, were serving in the stations of captains, and sometimes in that of lieutenants; men who, in many cases, were fitted to command regiments and brigades,

having been kept in these lower stations by the tardiness with which promotion comes in an army like that of this country.

Don Juan Montefalderon was not sufficiently conversant with the subject, perhaps, else he might have added that when occasions *do* offer to bestow on these gentlemen the preferment they have so hardily and patiently earned, they are too often neglected in order to extend the circle of vulgar political patronage. He did not know that when a new regiment of dragoons was raised, one permanent in its character, and intended to be identified with the army in all future time, that, instead of giving its commissions to those who had fairly earned them by long privations and faithful service, they were given, with one or two exceptions, to strangers.

No government trifles more with its army and navy than our own. So niggardly are the master-spirits at Washington of the honours justly earned by military men, that we have fleets still commanded by captains, and armies by officers whose regular duty it would be to command brigades. The world is edified with the sight of forces sufficient, in numbers, and every other military requisite, to make one of Napoleon's *corps de armée*, led by one whose commission would place him properly at the head of a brigade, and nobly led, too. Here, when so favourable an occasion offers to add a regiment or two to the old permanent line of the army, and thus infuse new life into its hope deferred, the opportunity is overlooked, and the rank and file are to be obtained by cramming, instead of by a generous regard to the interests of the gallant gentlemen who have done so much for the honour of the American name, and, unhappily, so little for themselves. The extra-patriots of the nation, and they form a legion large enough to trample the "Halls of the Montezumas" under their feet, tell us that the reward of those other patriots beneath the shadows of the Sierra Madre, is to be in the love and approbation of their fellow citizens, at the very moment when they are giving the palpable proof of the value of this esteem, and of the inconstancy of popular applause, by pointing their fingers, on account of an inadvertent expression in a letter, at the gallant soldier who taught, in our own times, the troops of this country to stand up to the best appointed regiments of England, and to carry off victory from the pride of Europe, in fair field-fights. Alas! alas! it is true of nations as well as of men, in their simplest and earliest forms of association, that there are "secrets in all families;" and it will no more do to dwell on our own, than it would edify us to expose those of poor Mexico.

The discourse between the Señor Montefalderon and Mulford was interesting, as it ever has been when the former spoke of his unfortunate country. On the subject of the battles of May he was candid, and admitted his deep mortification and regrets. He had expected more from the force collected on the Rio Grande, though, understanding the northern character better than most of his countrymen, he had not been as much taken by surprise as the great bulk of his own nation.

"Nevertheless, Don Henrique," he concluded, for the voice of Spike was just then heard as he was descending the stairs of the lighthouse, "nevertheless, Don Henrique, there is one thing that your people, brave, energetic, and powerful as I acknowledge them to be, would do well to remember, and it is this—no nation of the numbers

of ours can be, or ever was conquered, unless by the force of political combinations. In a certain state of society a government may be overturned, or a capital taken, and carry a whole country along with it, but our condition is one not likely to bring about such a result. We are of a race different from the Anglo-Saxon, and it will not be easy either to assimilate us to your own, or wholly to subdue us. In those parts of the country, where the population is small, in time, no doubt, the Spanish race might be absorbed, and your sway established; but ages of war would be necessary entirely to obliterate our usages, our language, and our religion from the peopled portions of Mexico."

It might be well for some among us to reflect on these matters. The opinions of Don Juan, in our judgment, being entitled to the consideration of all prudent and considerate men.

As Spike descended to the door of the lighthouse, Harry, Rose, and Jack Tier retired within that of the dwelling. Presently the voice of the captain was heard hailing the Mexican, and together they walked to the wharf, the former boasting to the latter of his success in making a brilliant light. Brilliant it was, indeed; so brilliant as to give Mulford many misgivings on the subject of the boat. The light from the lantern fell upon the wharf, and he could see the boat from the window where he stood, with Spike standing nearly over it, waiting for the men to get his own yawl ready. It is true, the captain's back was toward the dangerous object, and the planks of the bridge were partly between him and it; but there was a serious danger that was solely averted by the circumstance that Spike was so earnestly dilating on some subject to Don Juan, as to look only at that gentleman's face. A minute later they were all in the yawl, which pulled rapidly towards the brig.

Don Juan Montefalderon was not long absent. Ten minutes sufficed for the boat to reach the Swash, for him to obtain his cloak, and to return to the islet alone, no one in the vessel feeling a desire to interfere with his imaginary prayers. As for the people, it was not probable that one in the brig could have been induced to accompany him to the graves at that hour, though everybody but Josh had turned-in, as he informed Mulford, to catch short naps previous to the hour of getting the brig under-way. As for the steward, he had been placed on the look-out as the greatest idler on board. All this was exceedingly favourable to Jack Tier's project, since Josh was already in the secret of his absence, and would not be likely to betray his return. After a brief consultation, it was agreed to wait half an hour or an hour, in order to let the sleepers lose all consciousness, when Don Juan proposed returning to the vessel with his new companion.

The thirty or forty minutes that succeeded were passed in general conversation. On this occasion the Señor Montefalderon spoke more freely than he had yet done of recent events. He let it be plainly seen how much he despised Spike, and how irksome to him was the intercourse he was obliged to maintain, and to which he only submitted through a sense of duty. The money known to be in the schooner, was of a larger amount than had been supposed; and every dollar was so important to Mexico at that moment, that he did not like to abandon it, else, did he declare, that he would quit the brig at once, and share in the fortunes of Harry and Rose. He courteously ex-

pressed his best wishes for the happiness of the young couple, and delicately intimated that, under the circumstances, he supposed that they would be united as soon as they could reach a place where the marriage rite could be celebrated. This was said in the most judicious way possible; so delicately as not to wound anyone's feeling, and in a way to cause it to resemble the announcement of an expectation rather than the piece of paternal advice for which it was really intended. Harry was delighted with this suggestion of his Mexican friend—the most loyal American may still have a sincere friend of Mexican birth and Mexican feelings, too—since it favoured not only his secret wishes, but his secret expectations also.

At the appointed moment, Don Juan Montefalderon and Jack Tier took their leave of the two they left behind them. Rose manifested what to Harry seemed a strange reluctance to part with the little steward; but Tier was bent on profiting by this excellent opportunity to get back to the brig. They went, accordingly; and the anxious listeners, who watched the slightest movement of the yawl, from the shore, had reason to believe that Jack was smuggled in without detection. They heard the familiar sound of the oar falling in the boat, and Mulford said that Josh's voice might be distinguished, answering to a call from Don Juan. No noise or clamour was heard, such as Spike would certainly have made, had he detected the deception that had been practised on himself.

Harry and Rose were now alone. The former suggested that the latter should take possession of one of the little bed-rooms that are usually to be found in American dwellings of the dimensions and humble character of the light-house abode, while he kept watch until the brig should sail. Until Spike was fairly off, he would not trust himself to sleep; but there was no sufficient reason why Rose should not endeavour to repair the evil of a broken night's rest, like that which had been passed in the boat. With this understanding, then, our heroine took possession of her little apartment, where she threw herself on the bed in her clothes, while Mulford walked into the air, as the most effective means of helping to keep his eyes open.

It was now some time past ten, and before eleven the moon would rise. The mate consequently knew that his watch could not be long before Spike would quit the neighbourhood—a circumstance pregnant with immense relief to him at least. So long as that unscrupulous, and now nearly desperate man remained anywhere near Rose, he felt that she could not be safe; and as he paced the sands, on the off, or outer side of the islet, in order to be beyond the influence of the light in the lantern, his eye was scarcely a moment taken away from the Swash, so impatiently and anxiously did he wait for the signs of some movement on board her.

The moon rose, and Mulford heard the well-known raps on the booby-hatch, which precedes the call of "All hands," on board a merchant-man. "All hands up anchor, ahoy!" succeeded, and in less than five minutes the bustle on board the brig announced the fact, that her people were "getting the anchor." By this time it had got to be so light that the mate deemed it prudent to return to the house, in order that he might conceal his person within its shadow. Awake Rose he would not, though he knew she would witness the departure of the Swash with a satisfaction little short of his own. He

thought he would wait, that when he did speak to her at all, it might be to announce their entire safety. As regarded the aunt, Rose was much relieved on her account, by the knowledge that Jack Tier would not fail to let Mrs. Budd know everything connected with her own situation and prospects. The desertion of Jack, after coming so far with her, had pained our heroine in a way we cannot at present explain; but go he would, probably feeling assured there was no longer any necessity for his continuance with the lovers, in order to prevail on Rose to escape from Spike.

The Swash was not long in getting her ground tackle, and the brig was soon seen with her top-sail aback, waiting to cat the anchor. This done, the yards swung round and the top-sail filled. It was blowing just a good breeze for such a craft to carry whole sail on a bowline with, and away the light and active craft started, like the racer that is galloping for daily exercise. Of course there were several passages by which a vessel might quit the group of islets, some being larger, and some smaller, but all having sufficient water for a brigantine of the Molly's draught. Determined not to lose an inch of distance unnecessarily, Spike luffed close up to the wind, making an effort to pass out to windward of the light. In order to do this, however, it became necessary for him to make two short tacks within the haven, which brought him far enough to the southward and eastward to effect his purpose. While this was doing, the mate, who perfectly understood the object of the manœuvres, passed to the side of the light-house that was opposite to that on which the dwelling was placed, with a view to get a better view of the vessel as she stood out to sea. In order to do this, however, it was necessary for the young man to pass through a broad bit of moonlight; but he trusted for his not being seen, to the active manner in which all hands were employed on board the vessel. It would seem that, in this respect, Mulford trusted without his host, for as the vessel drew near he perceived that six or eight figures were on the guns of the Swash, or in her rigging, gesticulating eagerly, and seemingly pointing to the very spot where he stood. When the brig got fairly abeam of the light, she would not be a hundred yards distant from it, and fearful to complete the exposure of his person, which he had so inadvertently and unexpectedly commenced, our mate drew up close to the wall of the light-house, against which he sustained himself in a position as immovable as possible. This movement had been seen by a single seaman on board the Swash, and the man happened to be one of those who had landed with Spike only two hours before. His name was Barlow.

"Captain Spike, sir," called out Barlow, who was coiling up rigging on the fore-castle, and was consequently obliged to call out so loud as to be heard by all on board, "yonder is a man, at the foot of the light-house."

By this time, the moon coming out bright through an opening in the clouds, Mulford had become conscious of the risk he ran, and was drawn up, as immovable as the pile itself, against the stones of the light-house. Such an announcement brought everybody to leeward, and every head over the bulwarks. Spike himself sprung into the lee main-chains, where his view was unobstructed, and where Mulford saw and recognized him, even better than he was seen and

recognized in his own person. All this time the brig was moving ahead.

"A man, Barlow!" exclaimed Spike, in the way one a little bewildered by an announcement expresses his surprise. "A man! that can never be. There is no one at the lighthouse, you know."

"There he stands, sir, with his back to the tower, and his face this way. His dark figure against the white-washed stones is plain enough to be seen. Living or dead, sir, that is the mate!"

"*Living* it cannot be," answered Spike, though he gulped at the words the next moment.

A general exclamation now showed that everybody recognized the mate, whose figure, stature, dress, and even features, were by this time all tolerably distinct. The fixed attitude, however, the immovable, statue-like rigidity of the form, and all the other known circumstances of Harry's case, united to produce a common and simultaneous impression among the superstitious mariners, that what they saw was but the ghostly shadow of one lately departed to the world of spirits. Even Spike was not free from this illusion, and his knees shook beneath him, there where he stood, in the channels of a vessel that he had handled like a top in so many gales and tempests. With him, however, the illusion was neither absolute nor lasting. A second thought told him it could scarcely be so, and then he found his voice. By this time the brig was nearly abreast of where Harry stood.

"You, Josh!" called out Spike, in a voice of thunder, loud enough to startle even Mrs. Budd and Biddy in their berths.

"Lor' help us all!" answered the negro, "what *will* come next t'ing aboard dis vessel! Here I be, sir."

"Pass the fowling-piece out of my state-room. Both barrels are loaded with ball; I'll try him, though the bullets *are* only lead."

A common exclamation of dissatisfaction escaped the men, while Josh was obeying the order: "It's no use;" "You never can hurt one of them things;" "Something will befall the brig on account of this;" and "It's the mate's sperit, and sperits can't be harmed by lead or iron," were the sort of remarks made by the seamen during the short interval between the issuing the order for the fowling-piece and its execution.

"There 'tis, Captain Spike," said Josh, passing the piece up through the rigging, "but 't will no more shoot *that* thing, than one of our carronades would blow up Gibraltar."

By this time Spike was very determined, his lips being compressed and his teeth set, as he took the gun and cocked it. Then he hailed. As all that passed occurred, as it might be, at once, the brig even at that moment was little more than abreast of the immoveable mate, and about eighty yards from him.

"Lighthouse, there!" cried Spike. "Living or dead, answer, or I fire!"

No answer came, and no motion appeared in the dark figure that was now very plainly visible, under a bright moon, drawn in his relief against the glittering white of the tower. Spike dropped the muzzle to its aim and fired.

So intense was the attention of all in the Swash, that a wink Harry's could almost have been seen, had he betrayed even the

slight sign of human infirmity at the flash and the report. The ball was flattened against a stone of the building, within a foot of the mate's body; but he did not stir. All depended now on his perfect immovability, as he well knew, and he so far commanded himself as to remain rigid as if of stone himself.

"There! one can see how it is — no life in that being," said one. "I know'd how it would end," added another. "Nothing but silver, and that cast on purpose, will ever lay it," continued a third. But Spike disregarded all. This time he was resolved that his aim should be better, and he was inveterately deliberate in getting it. Just as he pulled the trigger, however, Don Juan Montefalderon touched his elbow, the piece was fired, and there stood the immovable figure as before, fixed against the tower. Spike was turning angrily to chide his Mexican friend for deranging his aim, when the report of an answering musket came back like an echo. Every eye was turned toward the figure, but it moved not. Then the humming sound of an advancing ball was heard, and a bullet passed, whistling hoarsely, through the rigging, and fell some distance to windward. Every head disappeared below the bulwarks. Even Spike was so far astonished as to spring in upon deck, and, for a single instant, not a man was to be seen above the monkey rail of the brig. Then Spike recovered himself, and jumped upon a gun. His first look was toward the lighthouse, now on the vessel's lee quarter; but the spot where had so lately been seen the form of Mulford, shewed nothing but the glittering brightness of the white-washed stones!

The reader will not be surprised to learn that all these events produced a strange and deep impression on board the Molly Swash. The few who might have thrown a little light on the matter were discreetly silent, while all that portion of the crew which was in the dark, firmly believed that the spirit of the murdered mate was visiting them, in order to avenge the wrongs which had been inflicted on it in the flesh. The superstition of sailors is as deep as it is general. All those of the Molly, too, were salts of the old school, sea-dogs of a past generation, properly speaking, and mariners who had got their notions in the early part of the century, when the spirit of progress was less active than it is at present.

Spike himself might have had other misgivings, and believe that he had seen the living form of his intended victim, but for the extraordinary and ghost-like echo of his last discharge. There was nothing visible, or intelligible, from which that fire could have come, and he was perfectly bewildered by the whole occurrence. An intention to round-to, as soon as through the passage, down boat and land, which had been promptly conceived when he found that his first aim had failed, was as suddenly abandoned, and he gave the command to "board fore-tack;" immediately after his call was to "pack on the brig," and not without a little tremour in his voice, as soon as he perceived that the figure had vanished. The crew was not slow to obey these orders, and in ten minutes the Swash was a mile from the light, standing to the northward and eastward, under a press of canvas, and with a freshening breeze.

To return to the islets. Harry, from the first, had seen that every thing depended on his remaining motionless. As the people of the brig were partly in shadow, he could not, and did not, fully understand

how completely he was himself exposed, in consequence of the brightness of all around him, and he had at first hoped to be mistaken for some accidental resemblance to a man. His nerves were well tried by the use of the fowling-piece, but they proved equal to the necessities of the occasion. But when an answering report came from the rear, or from the opposite side of the islet, he darted round the tower, as much taken by surprise, and overcome by wonder, as any one else who heard it. It was this rapid movement which caused his flight to be unnoticed, all the men of the brig dodging below their own bulwarks at that precise instant.

As the lighthouse was now between the mate and the brig, he had no longer any motive for trying to conceal himself. His first thought was of Rose, and, strange as it may seem, for some little time he fancied that she had found a musket in the dwelling and discharged it, in order to aid his escape. The events had passed so swiftly that there was no time for the cool consideration of anything, and it is not surprising that some extravagances mingled with the first surmises of all these.

On reaching the door of the house, therefore, Harry was by no means surprised at seeing Rose standing in it, gazing at the swiftly receding brigantine. He even looked for the musket, expecting to see it lying at her feet, or leaning against the wall of the building. Rose, however, was entirely unarmed, and as dependent on him for support as when he had parted from her, an hour or two before.

"Where did you find that musket, Rose, and what have you done with it?" inquired Harry, as soon as he had looked in every place he thought likely to hold such an implement.

"Musket, Harry! I have had no musket, though the report of fire-arms, near by, awoke me from a sweet sleep."

"Is this possible? I had imprudently trusted myself on the other side of the lighthouse, while the moon was behind clouds, and when they broke suddenly away its light betrayed me to those on board the brig. Spike fired at me twice, without injuring me; when, to my astonishment, an answering report was heard from the islet. What is more, the piece was charged with a ball cartridge, for I heard the whistling of the bullet as it passed on its way to the brig."

"And you supposed I had fired that musket?"

"Whom else could I suppose had done it? You are not a very likely person to do such a thing, I will own, my love, but there are none but us two here."

"It must be Jack Tier," exclaimed Rose, suddenly.

"That is impossible, since he has left us."

"One never knows. Jack understood how anxious I was to retain him with us, and he is so capricious and full of schemes, that he may have contrived to get out of the brig, as artfully as he got on board her."

"If Jack Tier be actually on this islet, I shall set him down as little else than a conjurer."

"Hist!" interrupted Rose, "what noise is that in the direction the wharf? It sounds like an oar falling in a boat."

Mulford heard that well known sound, as well as his companion, and, followed by Rose, he passed swiftly through the house, out at the front next the wharf. The moon was still shin

bright, and the mystery of the echoing report and answering shot was immediately explained. A large boat, one that pulled ten oars at least, was just coming up to the end of the wharf, and the manner in which its oars were unshipped and tossed, announced to the mate that the crew were man-of-war's men. He walked hastily forward to meet them.

Three officers first left the boat together. The gold bands of their caps showed that they belonged to the quarter-deck, a fact that the light of the moon made apparent at once, though it was not strong enough to render features distinct. As Mulford continued to advance, however, the three officers saluted him.

"I see you have got the light under way once more," observed the leader of the party. "Last night it was as dark as Erebus in your lantern."

"The lighthouse-keeper and his assistant have both been drowned," answered Mulford. "The lamps have been lit to-night by the people of the brig which has just gone out."

"Pray sir, what brig may that be?"

"The Molly Swash, of New York; a craft that I lately belonged to myself, but which I have left on account of her evil doings."

"The Molly Swash, Stephen Spike master and owner, bound to Key West, and a market, with a cargo of eight hundred barrels of flour, and that of a quality so lively and pungent that it explodes like gunpowder! I beg your pardon, Mr. Mate, for not recognizing you sooner. Have you forgotten the Poughkeepsie, Captain Mull, and her far-reaching Paixhans?"

"I ought to ask your pardon, Mr. Wallace, for not recognizing *you* sooner, too. But one does not distinguish well by moonlight. I am delighted to see you, sir, and now hope that, with my assistance, a stop can be put to the career of the brig."

"What, Mr. Mate, do *you* turn against your craft?" said Wallace, under the impulsive feeling which induces all loyal men to have a distaste for treachery of every sort; "the seaman should love the very planks of his vessel."

"I fully understand you, Mr. Wallace, and will own that, for a long time, I was tied to rascality by the opinions to which you allude. But, when you come to hear my explanation, I do not fear your judgment in the least."

Mulford now led the way into the house, whither Rose had already retreated, and where she had lighted candles, and made other womanly arrangements for receiving her guests. At Harry's suggestion, some of the soup was placed over coals, to warm up for the party, and our heroine made her preparations to comfort them also with a cup of tea. While she was thus employed, Mulford gave the whole history of his connection with the brig, his indisposition to quit the latter, the full exposure of Spike's treason, his own desertion, if desertion it could be called, the loss of the schooner, and his abandonment on the rock, and the manner in which he had been finally relieved. It was scarcely possible to relate all these matters, and altogether avoid allusions to the schemes of Spike in connection with Rose, and the relation in which our young man himself stood toward her. Although Mulford touched on these points with great delicacy, it was as a seaman talking to seamen, and he could not entirely throw aside the frankness of

the profession. Ashore, men live in the privacy of their own domestic circles, and their secrets and secret thoughts are "family secrets," of which it has passed into a proverb to say, that there are always some, even in the best of these communities. On shipboard, in the camp it is very different. The close contact in which men are brought with each other, the necessity that exists for opening the heart and expanding the charities, gets in time to influence the whole character, and a certain degree of frankness and simplicity takes the place of the reserve and acting that might have been quickened in the same individual, under a different system of schooling. But Mulford was frank by nature, as well as by his sea-education, and his companions on this occasion were pretty well possessed of all his wishes and plans, in reference to Rose, even to his hope of falling in with the chaplain of the Poughkeepsie, by the time his story was all told. The fact that Rose was occupied in another room, most of the time, had made these explanations all the easier, and spared her many a blush. As for the men-of-war's men, they listened to the tale with manly interest and a generous sympathy."

"I am glad to hear your explanation, Mr. Mate," said Wallace, cordially, as soon as Harry had done, "and there's my hand, in proof that I approve of your course. I own to a radical dislike of a turn-coat, or a traitor to his craft, Brother Hollins,"—looking at the elder of his two companions, one of whom was the midshipman who had originally accompanied him on board the Swash—"and am glad to find that our friend Mulford here is neither. A true-hearted sailor can be excused for deserting even his own ship, under such circumstances."

"I am glad to hear even this little concession from you, Wallace," answered Hollins, good-naturedly, and speaking with a mild expression of benevolence, on a very calm and thoughtful countenance. "Your mess is as heterodox as any I ever sailed with, on the subject of our duties, in this respect."

"I hold it to be a sailor's duty to stick by his ship, *reverend and dear sir*."

This mode of address which was used by the "ship's gentlemen," in the cant of the ward-room, as a pleasantry of an old shipmate, for the two had long sailed together in other vessels, at once announced to Harry, that he saw the very chaplain for whose presence he had been so anxiously wishing. The "*reverend and dear sir*" smiled at the sally of his friend, a sort of thing to which he was very well accustomed, but he answered with a gravity and point that, it is to be presumed, he thought befitting his holy office.

It may be well to remark here, that the Rev. Mr. Hollins was not one of the "launch'd chaplains" that used to do discredit to the navy of America, or a layman dubbed with such a title, and rated that he might get the pay and become the boon companion of the captain, at the table and in his frolics ashore. Those days are gone by, and ministers of the gospel are now really employed to care for the souls of the poor sailors, who so long have been treated by others, and by treated themselves, indeed, as if they were beings without souls altogether. In these particulars the world has certainly advanced, though the wise and the good, in looking around them, may feel more cause for astonishment in contemplating what it once was, than to rejoice

what it actually is. But intellect has certainly improved in the aggregate, if not in its especial dispensations, and men will not now submit to abuses that, within the recollection of a generation, they even cherished. In reference to the more intellectual appointments of a ship of war, the commander excepted, for we contend he who directs all ought to possess the most capacity, but in reference to what are ordinarily believed to be the more intellectual appointments of a vessel of war, the surgeon and the chaplain, we well recollect opinions that were expressed to us, many years since, by two officers of the highest rank known to the service. "When I first entered the navy," said one of these old Benbows, "if I had occasion for the amputation of a leg, and the question lay between the carpenter and the doctor, d—e, but I would have tried the carpenter first, for I felt pretty certain he would have been the most likely to get through with the job." "In old times," said the other, "when a chaplain joined a ship, the question immediately arose whether the mess were to convert the chaplain, or the chaplain the mess, and the mess generally got the best of it." There was very little exaggeration in either of these opinions. But, happily, all this is changed vastly for the better, and a navy surgeon is necessarily a man of education and experience; in very many instances men of high talents are to be found among them; while chaplains can do something better than play at backgammon, eat terrapins, when in what may be called terrapin-ports, and drink brandy and water, or pure Bob Smith.*

"It is a great mistake, Wallace, to fancy that the highest duty a man owes is either to his ship or to his country," observed the Rev. Mr. Hollins quietly. "The highest duty of each and all of us is to God; and whatever conflicts with that duty must be avoided as a transgression of his laws, and consequently as a sin."

"You surprise me, reverend and dear sir! I do not remember ever to have heard you broach such opinions before, which might be interpreted to mean that a fellow might be disloyal to his flag."

"Because the opinion might be liable to misinterpretation. Still, I do not go so far as many of my friends on this subject. If Decatur ever really said, 'our country, right or wrong,' he said what might be just enough, and creditable enough, in certain cases, and taken with the fair limitations that he probably intended should accompany the sentiment; but, if he meant it as an absolute and controlling principle, it was not possible to be more in error. In this last sense, such a rule of conduct might, and in old times often would, have justified idolatry; nay, it is a species of idolatry in itself, since it is putting country before God. Sailors may not always be able to make the just distinctions in these cases, but the quarter-deck should be so, *irreverend and dear sir.*"

Wallace laughed, and then he turned the discourse to the subject more properly before them.

"I understand you to say, Mr. Mulford," he remarked, "that, in your opinion, the Swash has gone to try to raise the unfortunate Mexican schooner, a second time, from the depths of the ocean?"

"From the rock on which she lies. Under the circumstances, I

* In the palmy days of the service, when Robert Smith was so long secretary of the American Navy, the ship's whisky went by this familiar sobriquet.

hardly think he would have come hither for the chain and cable, unless with some such object. We know, moreover, that such ~~was~~ his intention when we left the brig."

"And you can take us to the very spot where that wreck lies?"

"Without any difficulty. Her masts are partly out of water, and we hung on to them, in our boat, no later than last night, or this morning rather."

"So far, well. Your conduct in all this affair will be duly appreciated, and Capt. Mull will not fail to represent it in a right point of view to the government."

"Where is the ship, sir. I looked for her most anxiously without success, last evening; nor had Jack Tier, the little fellow I have named to you, any better luck, though I sent him aloft, as high as the lantern in the lighthouse, for that purpose."

"The ship is off here to the northward and westward, some six leagues or so. At sunset she may have been a little further. We have supposed that the Swash would be coming back hither, and had laid a trap for her, which came very near taking her alive."

"What is the trap you mean, sir—though taking Stephen Spike alive is sooner said than done."

"Our plan has been to catch him with our boats. With the greater draught of water of the Poughkeepsie, and the heels of your brig, sir, a regular chase about these reefs, as we knew from experience, would be almost hopeless. It was, therefore, necessary to use head-work, and some man-of-war traverses, in order to lay hold of him. Yesterday afternoon we hoisted out three cutters, manned them, and made sail in them all, under our luggs, working up against the trades. Each boat took its own course, one going off to the west end of the reef, one going more to the eastward, while I came this way, to look in at the Dry Tortugas. Spike will be lucky if he do not fall in with our third cutter, which is under the fourth lieutenant, should he stand on far on the same tack as that on which he left this place. Let him try his fortune, however. As for our boat, as soon as I saw the lamps burning in the lantern, I made the best of my way hither, and got sight of the brig just as she loosened her sails. Then I took in my own luggs and came on with the oars. Had we continued under our canvas with this breeze, I almost think we might have overhauled the rascal."

"It would have been impossible, sir. The moment he got a sight of your sails he would have been off in a contrary direction, and that brig really seems to fly whenever there is pressing occasion for her to move. You did the wisest thing you could have done, and barely missed him as it was. He has not seen you at all as it is, and will be all the less on his guard against the next visit from the ship."

"Not seen me. Why, sir, the fellow fired at us twice with a musket; why he did not use a carronade is more than I can tell."

"Excuse me, Mr. Wallace; those two shots were intended for me, though I now fully comprehend why you answered them."

"Answered them! yes, indeed; who would not answer such a salute, and gun for gun if he had a chance? I certainly thought he was firing at us, and having a musket between my legs, I let fly in return, and even the chaplain here will allow that was returning 'good for evil.' But explain your meaning."

Mulford now went into the details of the incidents connected with his coming into the moonlight at the foot of the lighthouse. That he was not mistaken as to the party for whom the shots were intended, was plain enough to him, from the words that passed aloud among the people of the Swash, as well as from the circumstance that both balls struck the stones of the tower quite near him. This statement explained everything to Wallace, who now fully comprehended the cause and motive of each incident.

It was now near eleven, and Rose had prepared the table for supper. The gentlemen of the Poughkeepsie manifested great interest in the movements of the Hebe-like little attendant who was caring for their wants. When the cloth was to be laid, the midshipman offered his assistance, but his superior directed him to send a hand or two up from the wharf, where the crew of the cutter were lounging or sleeping after their cruise. These men had been thought of, too, and a vessel filled with smoking soup was taken to them by one of their own number.

The supper was as cheerful as it was excellent. The dry humour of Wallace, the mild intelligence of the chaplain, the good sense of Harry, and the spirited information of Rose, contributed, each in its particular way, to make the meal memorable in more senses than one. The laugh came easily at that table, and it was twelve o'clock before the party thought of breaking up.

The dispositions for the night were soon made. Rose returned to her little room, where she could now sleep in comfort and without apprehension. The gentlemen made the disposition of their persons that circumstances allowed, each finding something on which to repose that was preferable to a plank. As for the men, they were accustomed to hard fare, and enjoyed their present good luck to the top of their bent. It was quite late before they had done "spinning their yarns" and "cracking their jokes" around the pot of turtle-soup, and the can of grog that succeeded it. By half-past twelve, however, everybody was asleep.

Mulford was the first person afoot the following morning. He left the house just as the sun rose, and perceiving that the "coast was clear" of sharks, he threw off his light attire, and plunged into the sea. Refreshed with this indulgence, he was returning toward the building, when he met the chaplain coming in quest of him. This gentleman, a man of real piety, and of great discretion, had been singularly struck, on the preceding night, with the narrative of our young mate; and he had not failed to note the allusions, slight as they were, and delicately put as they had been, to himself. He saw at once the propriety of marrying a couple so situated, and now sought Harry with a view to bring about so desirable an event, by intimating his entire willingness to officiate. It is scarcely necessary to say that very few words were wanting to persuade the young man to fall into his views; and as to Rose, he had handed her a short note on the same subject, which he was of opinion would be likely to bring her to the same way of thinking.

An hour later, all the officers, Harry and Rose, were assembled in what might be termed the lighthouse parlour. The Rev. Mr. Hollins had neither band, gown, nor surplice; but he had what was far better, feeling and piety. Without a prayer-book he never moved; and he

read the marriage ceremony with a solemnity that was communicated to all present. The ring was that which had been used at the marriage of Rose's parents, and which she wore habitually, though not on the left hand. In a word, Harry and Rose were as firmly and legally united on that solitary and almost unknown islet, as could have been the case had they stood up before the altar of mother Trinity itself, with a bishop to officiate, and a legion of attendants. After the compliments which succeeded the ceremony, the whole party sat down to breakfast.

If the supper had been agreeable, the morning meal was not less so. Rose was timid and blushing as became a bride, though she could not but feel how much more respectable her position became under the protection of Harry as his wife, than it had been while she was only his betrothed. The most delicate deportment, on the part of her companions, soon relieved her embarrassment, however, and the breakfast passed off without cause for an unhappy moment.

"The ship's standing in toward the light, sir," reported the coxswain of the cutter, as the party was still lingering around the table, as if unwilling to bring so pleasant a meal to a close. "Since the mist has broke away, we see her, sir, even to her ports and dead-eyes."

"In that case, Sam, she can't be very far off," answered Wallace. "Ay, there goes a gun from her at this moment, as much as to say, 'what has become of all my boats.' Run down and let off a musket: perhaps she will make out to hear that, as we must be rather to windward, if anything."

The signal was given and understood. A quarter of an hour later, the Poughkeepsie began to shorten sail. Then Wallace stationed himself in the cutter, in the centre of one of the passages, signalling the ship to come on. Ten minutes later still, the noble craft came into the haven, passing the still burning light, with her top-sails just lifting, and making a graceful sweep under very reduced sail, she came to the wind, very near the spot where the Swash had lain only ten hours before, and dropped an anchor.

THE BOLD SEA WAVE.

BY G. LINNÆUS BANKS.

OH ! strong and brave, is the bold sea
wave,

And free as the wingless wind ;
With sunny tides o'er the deep it rides,
And the white spray leaves behind :
Then the sun goes down, and his lordly
crown

We cease for a while to see ;
But the bold bright wave still tunes its
stave

In the deep ears of the sea.
When the storm comes out, and voices
shout

For help, o'er the gurgling main,
Till the stars that gave their light to
the wave,
Are frighten'd in again—

Then the bold wave's heard, like a wild
sea bird,

Carceing on its way,
Till it gains the shore, and raves the
more,

When its locks with rage turn grey
Then here's to the brave, the bold sea
wave,

That hath many a true heart borne,
And laid it low in the depth below,
Like an infant newly born ;
While commerce brings to our ships'
free wings

The aid of a golden sail,
May its might increase, for truth and
peace,
Till the one mind shall prevail.

A GALLOP THROUGH SOUTHERN AUSTRIA.

BY J. MARVEL.

SOUTH and East of Vienna stretches a great and fertile country, little known to the trading world, and, save at the hands of some few old-fashioned travellers, little known to the reading world. On the north it is bounded by the Carpathian mountains, which here and there thrust down their rocky fingers, and lay their league-wide, giant grasp upon the plains. Eastward, Wallachia and Moldavia lie between it, and Russia, and the sea. South and west it stoops down to the level of the Adriatic, and follows the rugged bank of the Save as far as Belgrade, and sweeps along the north shore of the Danube, till the Danube turns into Turkish land, and turbans and sabres are worn on the north and the south banks of the river. To the north-west, this country leans its fir-clad shoulder on the magnificent mountains of the Tyrol; and beyond the Tyrol is the kingdom of Bavaria, whose capital is fair Munich, seated on the lifted plains.

Hungary—for that is the name of this country—is populated with an industrious, well-made, hardy, adventurous people. They speak a rich, musical, flowing language, of Eastern forms, under Roman dress, not easy to be learned. They have a nobility and a peasantry, and the last can not be land-owners; so that a system obtains of dependence so entire, as to make a curious little relic of the old feudal socialism. There is a king, too, who rules by courtesy, through a chancery at Vienna.

The kingdom has records not ignoble, for it has reached even to the Black Sea, and sometime to the Baltic. It has had Sigismund for ruler—a sort of Edward the Confessor—and Matthias Corvinus, of whom this glorious memory remains, in way of proverb, “King Matthias is dead, and Justice is dead with him.”

Pesth, a city of 50,000 inhabitants, is the capital of Hungary; it lies along the Danube, over against the old capital—Buda. Both cities have their libraries and learned men.

But the true Hungarian belongs to the country, and not to the city. Agriculture is his profession, and for its pursuit he has as rich fields as are to be found in Europe. He cultivates maize, besides the grains of the north. He has the richest of pasturage, and when a herdsman, his flocks count by thousands. As a hunter, he has bears, and foxes, and deer, upon the mountains, and salmon and otter in the rivers. As a miner, he has every mineral of ordinary traffic, as well as the opal and chalcidony.

There belongs a simple quietude to this people, which is charming. They go little abroad. You scarcely see them, save the tall grenadiers enrolled for defence of the Lombard kingdom, and an occasional braided coat in the streets of Prague, or of Vienna. They fish,—they hunt,—they cultivate their land. The corrupt civilization which sweeps in the track of travel, has not overrun them. Those intent upon the glories of the East, indeed, pass down to Belgrade; but it is upon the Austrian boats of the Danube.

Their dress has simple quaintness; you lose sight of the method of enlightened Europe. Habits, too, are old, and partake of their earnest character. Old legends live in night-songs; old wrongs are redressed with usury.

— A traveller brings always home with him, go where he will, a multitude of regrets; and this is one of mine, that I could not range through the eastern valleys of Hungary,—down to Semlin,—up to Transylvania,—back through the vineyards of Tokah, and the worm-eaten libraries of Pesth.

There was a frouzy-haired, stout man, not a year ago, at the Hôtel Metternich, at Trieste, who secured for our party—Cameron, Monsieur le Comte B., and myself—one of the government post-coaches, to go on to the Austrian capital, just as lazily as we wished. The two-headed black eagle on the yellow coach-door, gave us the dignity of Government patronage; a huge roll of paper we carried, would secure us relays of horses in every post-town between Trieste and Gratz; and our profound ignorance of the language would insure to every begging, red-coated postilion, a plump "Go to the devil," from our wicked friend Cameron.

Our coach was chartered for the whole route, and we could loiter as long as we chose, provided we could make the postman understand our wretched German, or ourselves understand their wretched French or Italian.

Every European traveller has heard of the awful caves of Adelsberg in Illyria,—and to the awful caves of Adelsberg we wanted to go.

The porter waved his hand to the postilion; the postilion cracked his whip; and so, we dashed out of the court of the great inn of Metternich. And so we passed, slowly and toilingly, over those mountains that shut up the city of Trieste and its bay, from that of Southern Austria which is called Hungary. The long, blue waters of the Adriatic stretched out in the sunshine behind us, and the shores of Dalmatia lifted out of their eastern edge. We made the rascal that drove us stop his horses a moment, when we had gained the full height. Thence we could see—one side, the little dot of a city where we ate so villainous a dinner the day before at the Metternich—glistening by the side of the Gulf of Venice. The other way, looking north and east, we saw green Hungary. Down, down we went galloping into its bosom—beautiful hill-sided—sweet sounding Illyria.

In the *caserne* at Venice, and all through Austrian Lombardy, I had seen the tall, Hunnish grenadiers with their braid-covered coats; now I saw them loitering at home. And at each post-station they sat on benches beside the long cottages, and stretched their fine muscular limbs lazily into the sunshine. While I was looking at the grenadiers, Cameron was feasting his eyes on the full proportions of the ruddy Hungarian girls. He told me they had bright, open faces, and a dashing air, and moved off under the trees that embowered the cottages with the air of princesses.

At the very first stopping-place after we had gone over the hills, there came up to me such a winning little beggar as never took my money before. Italy, with all its *carità*, and *pel' amore di Santa Maria*, makes one hard-hearted. I kept my money in my breast-pocket, buttoned tight over my heart. I had learned to walk boldly about, without losing a button for a pleading eye. The little Hungarian rogue took me by surprise: I had scarcely seen him, before he walked straight up beside me, and took my hand in both his, and kissed it; and then, as I looked down, lifted his eye timidly up to meet mine; and he grew bolder at the look I gave him, and kissed my hand again—*molle meum levibus cor est violabile telis*—and if I suffer this I shall be conquered, thought I; and looked down at him sternly. He dropped

my hand, as if he had been too bold; he murmured two or three sweet words of his barbarian tongue, and turned his eyes all swimming upon me, with a look of gentle reproach that subdued me at once. I did not even try to struggle with the enemy, but unbuttoned my coat, and gave him a handful of kreitzers.

Now, before I could put my money fairly back, there came running up one of the wildest-looking, happiest-hearted little nymphs that ever wore long, floating ringlets, or so bright a blue eye; and she snatched my hand, and pressed her little rosy lips to it again and again—so fast, that I had not time to take courage between, and felt my heart fluttering, and growing, in spite of myself, more and more yielding, at each of the beautiful creature's caresses; and then she twisted the little fingers of one hand between my fingers, and with the other she put back the long, wavy hair that had fallen over her eyes, and looked me fully and joyously in the face—ah! *semper—semper causa est, cur ego semper amem!*

If I had been of firmer stuff, I should have been to this day five kreitzers the richer. She ran off with a happy, ringing laugh, that made me feel richer by a zwanziger; and there are twenty kreitzers in a zwanziger.

I had buttoned up my coat, and was just about getting in the coach, when an old woman came up behind me and tapped me on the shoulder, and, at the same instant, a little boy she led kissed my hand again. I do not know what I might have done, in the current of my feelings, for the poor woman, if I had not caught sight, at the very moment of this new appeal, of the red nose, and black whiskers, and round-topped hat of Cameron, with as wicked a laugh on his face as ever turned the current of a good man's thoughts. It is strange how feelings turn themselves by the weight of such trifling impulses. I was ten times colder than when I got out of the coach. I gave the poor woman a most ungracious refusal. Ah! the reproaches of complaining eyes! Not all the pleasure that kind looks or that kind words give or have given in life, can balance the pain that reproachful eyes occasion—eyes that have become sealed over with that leaden seal which lifts not; how they pierce one by day-time, and more dreadfully by night—through and through! Words slip, and are forgotten; but looks, reproachful looks, frightful looks, make up all that is most terrible in dreams.

As we dashed into the court-yard of the inn at Adelsberg, troops of the Illyrian peasantry, in tall, steeple-crowned hats, came staring about us; and the maids of the inn, dressed for a fair day, overwhelmed us with a flood of their heathenish dialect. A short, wild-looking fellow, with a taller hat than any in the crowd, could interpret for us in a little Italian. He was to be our guide for the caves. The great hall of the inn had a deal table stretching down the middle, and from the hall opened a corridor, out of which were our sleeping-quarters for the night.

The sun had gone down when we had finished the dinner of broth and chops, and our steeple-crowned guide came in with his—*Servitore, Signori.*

Now, the count's idea of the cave was formed by casual recollections of the dim catacombs under the capital, and of the Pont Neuf, when the Seine was so low as to leave dry ground between the pier and the shore, on the side of the Cité;—Cameron was thinking of Rob Roy's Cave under the lea of Ben Lomond, which—though a very fair sort of cave in its way, might, if the stories of some Edinbro' bloods were

true, be stowed away—Inversnaid, Loch Lomond and all—in the crevices of the great Illyrian cavern we were going to see.

My own notions had a dreamy vagueness; and though I was fuller of faith than the French count, yet my hopes were not strong enough to stave off the fatigue that came upon us, even before we had reached the grated door, in the side of the hill, that opens to the first corridor.

We had wound, by the starlight, along the edge of a beautiful valley, —Boldo—that was the guide's name—and myself in front, and Monsieur Le Comte with Cameron behind, when we came to where the path on a sudden ended in the face of a high mountain;—so high, that in the twilight neither Cameron, nor myself, nor Le Comte, who was taller than both, could see the top.

Boldo pulled a key out of his pocket, and opened the door of the mountain.

This sounds very much like a fairy story; and it would sound still more so, if I were to describe, in the extravagant way of the story-writers, how the guide, Boldo, lit his torch just within the door, and with its red light shining over his wild, brigand face, and flaring and smoking in great waves of light over the rocky roof, led us along the corridor. It was a low and dismal den, and even the splash of a foot into one of the little pools of water that lay along the bottom, would make us start back, and look into the bright light of Boldo's torch for courage. By and by, the den grew higher, and white stalactites hung from it, and as the smoke laid its black billows to the roof, their tips hung down below it, like the white heads of crowding genii.

Gradually the corridor grew so high that the top was out of sight; and so broad, that we could not see the sides. Presently, over the shoulders of the guide I saw a dim, hazy light, as if from a great many lamps beyond us, and soon after, Boldo turned round with his finger on his lip, and we heard plainly a great roar—as if of a river falling.

Then we walked on faster, and breathing quick, as the light grew stronger, and the noise louder. We had not walked far, when we found ourselves upon a narrow ledge, half up the sides of a magnificent cavern: fairy tales could not depict so gorgeous a one for the habitation of fairy princes. Above our heads, sixty feet and more, great, glittering stalactites hung down like the teeth of an *Ænean* hell: below us, by many feet, upon the bottom of the cavern, a stream broad and black was rushing, and in the distance fell into some lower gulf, with a noise that went bellowing out its echoes among the ghostly stalactites of the dome. Across the water a narrow bridge had been formed, perhaps eighty feet in length, and two old men in cloaks, whom we now and then caught sight of, groping on the opposite cliffs, had lighted tapers along its whole extent; and these were flickering on the dark waters below, and were reflected upon the brilliant pendants of the vault, so as to give the effect of a thousand.

There we stood—trembling on the edge of the cliff—the red light of Boldo's torch flaring over our little group; Le Comte had for some time banished his habitual sneer, and his eyes wandered wondering up and down, with the words at intervals escaping him—*C'est magnifique!—vraiment magnifique!*

Cameron stood still, scowling, and his eye flashing.

"*Non è una meraviglia, Signore?*" said Boldo.

My eye wandered dreamily,—now over the earnest faces of the Illyrian, the Frenchman, the Scotchman—now over the black bridge be-

low, mouldering with moisture, on which the tapers glistened, throwing the shadows of the framework darkly down upon the waters. The two old men were moving about like shadows; their tapers shed gleams of light upon the opposite side of the cavern: Boldo's torch glared redly on the side that was nearest us; the lamps upon the bridge sent up a reflected ray, that wavered dazzlingly on the fretting of the roof: but to the right and to the left, dark, subterranean night shut up the view; and to the right and to the left, the waters roared—so loudly, that twice Boldo had spoken to us, before we heard him, and followed him down the shelving side of the cliff, and over the tottering bridge we had seen from above.

The old men gathered up the lights, and we entered the other side a little corridor, and walked a mile or more under the mountain;—the sides and roof all the way brilliant as the sculptured marble. Here and there, the corridor spread out into a hall, from whose top the stalactites hung down and touched the floor, and grouped together in gigantic columns. Sometimes the rich white stone streamed down from the roof in ruffles, brilliantly transparent;—sometimes, as if its flintiness had wavered to some stalking hurricane, it spreads out branches and leaves, and clove to the crevices of the cavern, like a tree growing in a ruin. Sometimes, the white stone in columnar masses, had piled up five or six feet from the floor, and stood solemnly before us in the flare of the torch, like sheeted sentinels. Sometimes, among the fantastic shapes would be birds, and cats, and chandeliers hanging from the roof; and once we all stopped short, when Boldo cried, "Leone!"—and before us lay crouching a great white lion!

Farther on—two miles in the mountain—one of the old men in the cloaks appeared in a pulpit above us, gesticulating as earnestly as the Carmelite friar who lifts up his voice in the Coliseum on a Friday. Presently he appeared again,—this time behind the transparent bars of a prison-house, with his tattered hat thrust through the crevices, imploring *carità*; and I will do him the justice to say, that he played the beggar in the prison with as much *naïveté* as he had played the friar in the pulpit.

We had not gone ten steps farther, when Boldo turned about and waited until Cameron and Le Comte had come fairly up; then, without saying a word, but with a flourish of the torch that prepared us for a surprise, wheeled suddenly about, turned a little to the right, then to the left,—stepped back to one side, lowered his torch, and so ushered us into the splendid *Salon da Bal*. The old man had hurried before us, and already the tapers were blazing in every part, and the smoke that rose from them was floating in a light, transparent haze, over the surface of the vault.

The fragments of the fallen stalactites had been broken into a glittering sand, over which the peasantry come once a year, in May, to dance. Masses of the white rock formed seats along the sides of the brilliant hall.

Now, for the last mile, we had been ascending in the mountain, and the air of the ball-room was warm and soft, whereas before it had been cold and damp; so we sat down upon the flinty and the glittering seats, where, once a year, the youngest, the most charming of the Illyrian girls do sit. The two old men had sat down together in a distant corner of the hall.

Four hours we had been in the mountain, and it was past midnight when we were back at the inn.

A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY THROUGH NORMANDY.

BY ODARD.

FROM Granville to Avranches you pass through a country of the most luxurious beauty; deep though not sombre woods stretch away on all sides, their continuity pleasantly broken here and there by patches of the richest cultivation. As you leave Granville and advance deeper into the Avranchin, the women's coiffures begin to rise until near Avranches, where they soar to a portentous altitude, reminding one of the gradual elongation of the London footmen as you pass westward from Russell-square, culminating at last in the powdered Anakims who lounge in the halls of May Fair or loom over Belgravian carriages. The Avranchin ladies spend so much attention and money upon their heads, that they have none left of either for the lower parts of their persons, and the contrast between the meanness of the one and the pomp of the other is often ludicrous in the extreme. Every minute you meet peasant girls, round whose heads float clouds of fine lace resting on the sides and summits of mountains of snowy muslin, while their limbs move under a gown of the very coarsest material, and their dear little feet are absolutely bare. The cherished head is rioting aloft in the pride of muslin and vanity of lace, while the neglected feet are left to shift for themselves and form an intimate acquaintance with the vulgar high road, and any truant stone they may come across.

Over all this tract, now the garden of Normandy, spread some fifty years ago the broken forces of the Vendéans, starving, half-clothed, bleeding, and diminishing every moment by twos and threes as the butchers of the republic gained on them. But the sighs and groans of the suffering loyalists are forgotten. Far different sounds awake the echoes now. They thrill only to the delicious music of nightingales, innumerable as on the banks of Jordan; and, as if to compensate for the havoc spread here once by the hand of man, nature has been doubly lavish of her favours, and spread her richest, greenest mantle over the scene.

At the south-eastern extremity of the territory of the Avranchin, rises its capital Avranches. The town is situated on a hill, up the sides and brow of which the houses ascend rather irregularly. On the top stands the residence of the sub-prefect of the department; the view from this point is very beautiful. Before you is the bay of Caudebec, in the midst of which rises up the granite cone of the Mount St. Michael. To the right, far as the eye can reach, fine rich forests clothe the country to the horizon; the wild romantic coast of Brittany runs off to the left, while beneath you is the picturesque town itself.

There are people living still who can tell you of the magnificent cathedral which stood on this spot at the end of the last century, an object of solemn beauty from all the country round. Close by were the conventual buildings, and both they and the cathedral were encircled by the rich woods of the archbishop's grounds, pierced here and there with grave vistaed walks. These last have been done up in the most approved modern style as a promenade for the townspeople. The revolutionists left just enough of the conventual build-

ings to form a basis for the present barracks. The cathedral itself underwent entire and absolute demolition. Its very site can now only be determined by a large oblong stone which was formerly placed at the front of the western portal, and by an oversight escaped the general destruction. On this stone knelt Henry the Second in the year 1172, while the pope's legate absolved him from the alleged murder of Thomas à Beckett. The stone is enclosed by chains which at once secure it from profane footsteps and attract the attention of the stranger. It is close in front of the sub-prefect's house—one of those unspeakable French mansions which in warm weather with their closed white jalousies, sill-less windows and unbroken surface of blank wall glare at you, a great white cube, in the sun,—fit representation of the substituted order of things, it occupies the site of the vanished Norman cathedral.*

At the period of the conquest of England Avranches and the surrounding territory belonged to a Norman baron named Hugh, who had acquired the surname of Lupus, on account of the frequent and extravagant feasts he gave, and the freedom with which he indulged on these occasions. He was one of the richest, bravest, and most powerful barons at the rendezvous of Lillebonne. His sisters had formed alliances with several of the principal seigneurs in Normandy, and he held a high place in the estimation of the Conqueror, whose half-sister his father had espoused. Hugh Lupus and his relatives did good service at Hastings, and the fairest shire in bonnie England was the reward of his valour. William, sensible how much the peace and security of the empire towards the west depended on the stability and strength of the district bordering on the inimical territory of Wales, and to encourage and enable his nephew, to whom that important trust was confided, to discharge it efficiently, he erected the county of Cheshire into a palatinate,† the charter of creation expressing that Hugh Lupus was "to hold it by the sword as freely as William held his kingdom of England."‡ Regal privileges were conferred upon him, such as the right of pardoning treasons, murders, and felonies, appointing the judges and justices of the peace, &c., so large an authority being given "in order that the Earl might be more watchful in its defence, and that the inhabitants having justice administered at home, might not be obliged to go out of the country, and leave it open to the incursions of the enemy."

Although the great bulk of the invading army led by William the Conqueror was strictly Norman, yet it is well known that several of French provinces contributed contingents. Accordingly on the allotment of lands, after the conquest of the country, some of them became the property of warriors who had not before been subjects of

* It will hardly be believed that this magnificent building was purchased by a shoemaker for three thousand francs, that is, one hundred and twenty-eight pounds! He sold the materials by retail, and thus amassed a considerable sum; the wood, stone, and mortar, in the estimation of the revolutionists, recovering their natural value when no longer wearing the form of the house of God.

† For the same reason Durham, as bordering on the hostile country of Scotland, was also created a palatinate.

‡ A "sword of dignity" was presented to Hugh at the time the charter was sealed, and all writs in the palatinate ran, not *contra coronam regis*, but *contra dignitatem gladii Cestrie*. This charter and sword are still extant. The sword is preserved in the British Museum. The hilt, which is decorated with pearls, bears the inscription *Hugo Comes Cestria*.

the duke, that is, not Normans. It followed, that in most of the counties, there was more or less an infusion of blood which could be traced neither to the Saxon nor the Norman races. Cheshire, less than any other, if at all, exhibited this intermixture. Hugh was accompanied to his palatinate by his numerous relatives and neighbours from the Avranchin; among them the entire county, divided into fiefs, was distributed: so that Cheshire may be said to have been entirely peopled, a short time after the conquest, by the invader Saxons, and the Norman invaders alone.

Many of the ancient historians concur in describing Cheshire as exhibiting, above every other part of England, in a remarkable degree, several of those characteristics most distinctive of the Norman race, such as refinement, hospitality, bravery; and I do not think it fanciful to refer this peculiarity to the circumstances under which it was peopled by the new race.

Old Speed, in his quaint language, calls Cheshire "the seedplot of gentility;" Camden says that county "always sent forth more gentry than any other part of the kingdom." Selden writes to the same effect, and Fuller, in his "Worthies," tells us that the Cheshire gentry were ever remarkable for four things—their numbers, their antiquity, their hospitality, and (that essential attribute of the gentleman) their loyalty; and in reference to their hospitality, some of which he wishes were planted in the south, he mentions that forty of the Cheshire gentry bore wheat-sheaves in their coats of arms, that device in heraldry denoting a person given to hospitality.* I need hardly say what frequent testimony history bears to the bravery of the Cheshire gentlemen and yeomen—Audley, Dalton, Warburton, Calveley, Knowles, Delves, Foulshurst, Hawkstone—are names that have rung on other fields besides that of Poitiers, and to come a little nearer our own times, when Lord Hartford took Edinburgh, in May 1544, he thought he owed so much to the Cheshire troops, that he knighted eighteen gentlemen of that county on the spot, and to seven more he gave the SS collar and the silver spurs.

"In many a bloody field since conquering William came,
Her people she hath proved to her eternal fame;
All children of her own, the leader and the led,
The mightiest men of bone in her full bosom bred.
Their yeomanry they still endeavour to uphold
For rightly, whilst herself, brave England was of old;
And our courageous kings us forth to conquest led—
Our armies in those times ne'er through the world so dread,
Of her tall yeomen were, and footmen for the most;
Who with their bills and bows may confidently boast
Our leopards† they so long and bravely did advance
Above the fleur-de-lys even in the heart of France,"‡

Two other points may be noticed in which the inhabitants of this county have always exhibited their especial Norman origin, viz. their love of genealogies, and their excellence in horsemanship.

A desire of preserving an authentic history of his descent characterised the Norwegian noble from the very earliest times. We are

* See also Kent's "Grammar of Heraldry," under the name *Reincourt*.

† In royal blazonry, the terms leopard and lion were used indifferently by the heralds. *Selden*.

‡ Drayton's "Polyolbion."

told that those songs with which the northern bards regaled the heroes at their "feasts of shells," were but versified chronicles of each ancestral line, symphonied by their stirring deeds. Through the oak-fire's uncertain flame, the chieftain saw descend the shadowy forms of his fathers, they came from the halls of Odin as the harper swept the strings, and deployed before their descendant, "rejoicing in the sound of their praise." No parchment told his lineage to the warrior of those days, but the heroic names were branded each night upon his swelling heart, by the burning numbers of the bard.

Thus did the northman chronicle his ancestry in those unlettered times, and when the oak-fire was extinguished, the shell thrown by, and the "night came" no more "with songs." When we reach the age of records, we find this love of lineage availing itself of the new method of commemoration. This strong ancestral spirit of the Norman may be traced partly to the profound sentiment of perpetuity which formed the principal and noblest element of the Teuton character, and partly to the nature of the property to which he was linked by the immemorial customs of his race. The feudal system prevailed from the first among the Teutons. Now the feud was not like any other property. It had constant need of a possessor to defend it, to do it services, to fulfil the obligations inherent in the tenement, and to maintain its position in the general association of the lords of the soil. Hence the feud was identified in a kind of way with its possessor. The same identification had subsisted with the preceding proprietors, and would subsist with those who were to follow; thus by this connection with one enduring object, the fleeting generations were connected together, and seemed also to endure. The means too by which the feud was originally acquired served to give an interest and value to the Teuton genealogy which we shall vainly seek in that of other nations, save the Hebrews, among whom genealogies connected with those stupendous promises on which the hope of the world hung, were naturally kept with a trembling and awful regard. Among the cultivated classes of the Greeks and Romans, whose faith had sunk under an accumulation of conflicting creeds, or succumbed before a monstrous mythology: with them the future world lived only in the fictions of the poets; and how could they care to perpetuate the names of an ancestry whom throughout eternity they were to meet no more?

The Teuton feud could only be acquired in the first instance by personal merit; the manner of the grant was by words of gratuitous and pure donation, implying no return on the part of him who held it, but a continuation of the valour and loyalty to which he owed the gift at first.

The possession of land being thus necessarily associated with superior worth, we can understand the affectionate regard with which the Teuton warrior was accustomed to gather up each link of the ancestral chain, riveted as they were to the same soil which, while it reminded the son of his duty, recalled the merits of the father, and would endure an abiding incentive to future generations to emulate the virtues of the past.

This inveterate spirit of family, inherent, as I have said, in the Teuton races, and fed by the territorial system I have described, received naturally a development coincident with that of the system by which it was nourished, and as the Norman, arrested in his pro-

gress by the ocean, was the first of the Teuton race to lay aside its nomade character and settle into forms of society, still bearing the national stamp, we are prepared to find this spirit more strongly manifested in him than in any of the other branches of the great northern tree. When we view the Normans at their first settlement in France, the feudal system appears among them in a state of complete maturity. Just about the time of the Norman conquest of England, surnames began to be adopted, and with those whose merits entitled them to the possession of lands, they were generally taken from the soil, the name of the feud being written over (*sur*) the name, thus Dutton de Hugh. This practice had a wider and far more important effect than that of securing mere family distinctions. Formerly the merits, of which the feud was the representative, was associated only with the ancestors who had acquired, or the descendant who actually held it; but now this mode of taking title from the soil placed the possessor of an ancient territorial name in some sort beyond the reach of fortune. The soil might now by caprice, by law, by any of the thousand vicissitudes of human affairs be transferred to other hands, be owned by stranger blood, but now too, there was something of which accident could not deprive him; the territorial name remained linked indissolubly and for ever, with all the ennobling ancient associations,—the valour that none could hope to shake, the honour that none might dare to stain, the loyalty that would not be questioned. Victor Hugo says the angels call us by our christian names. I should rather think they call us by our surnames, when we are so blessed as to be noticed at all.

Few indeed are the feudal names that have survived the ordeal of the eight centuries since the conquest, the destroying crusades, the exterminating war of the roses, the jealous axe of the Plantagenet and the Tudor; but those few are the natural nobility of the land; and heralds will tell you that the noblest families now are those who bear territorial names, Ratcliffe of Ratcliffe, Wolseley of Wolseley, Warburton of Warburton, Hampden of Hampden; these are names which suggest not the policy of William the Third, the profligacy of Charles the Second, the caprice of James the First, but lead us back at once to the far times when worth and valour were the avenues to honour.

This ancestral spirit glowed at the time of the Norman conquest with the ardour of a passion, and, as may be imagined, was largely imported into Cheshire, with its almost exclusive Norman colonization; and there is no county in which the records of the respective families have been preserved with so much care.

Horsemanship too has always commanded in Cheshire an especial regard,—another derivative quality. The horse formed a most important part of the property of the early Teuton, as we might imagine in a people addicted to war and the chase. The stealing of a horse was visited with the heaviest penalties; and when a man was unable to ride he was thought no longer fit to live. Their love of horses was even manifested in their names. Horsa and Hengist both signify a horse, and all the names ending in *mar* and *met*, such as Waldemar, Hincmar, have a similar import. They were in the habit also of signalling the scene of a great victory by carving a horse out of an adjoining mountain, as the chalk horse near Edin-

ton, in Berkshire, marks the site of Alfred's victory over the Danes. To the Norman skill in horsemanship history testifies the Cheshire knights in olden time succeeded, and if the reader has ever had the good fortune to follow Joe Maiden and the "Cheshire," I think he will bear witness that the gentlemen of that county have not yet forgotten how to ride.

* * * * *

A drive of five leagues from Avranches brings you to the edge of the vast plain of alternate sand and water, from the midst of which rises the Mount St. Michael.

Looking from the hill at Avranches, it seems close under you, though actually several miles off, and the real distance is added to considerably by the hilly and difficult nature of the country through which you must pass to reach it, involving a *trajet* of five leagues, as I have said above.

The isolated position of the Mount, and the strange, uncertain outline it presents, gives it quite a weird supernatural appearance; moreover, the eye's first measure of its distance was so deceitful, that it seems to shift and retire before you, descending from the high levels of the surrounding country. As you advance, it appears to recede like those magic castles in old romances, that always defying yet always eluding the knights-errant, sometimes led them such a weary life. You cannot help thinking that if there be an enchanter surviving in the nineteenth century, this must be his den. So deceitful is its aspect, so mysterious its air, that you are agreeably surprised to find it does not vanish away altogether, but even suffers you to approach it without any extraordinary manifestations. Three different tracks lead to the Mount from the margin of the plain. It is said that the intermediate spaces are composed in many spots of unfathomable quicksands, and that any deviation from the beaten way might plunge the traveller deeper than those who "sleep 'neath Elsinore." These dangerous approaches are in such good keeping with the magical character of the place that I regret to throw a doubt upon their reality, but truth compels me to express my opinion that these perils have been formed out of the credulity of the traveller, by the imagination of the guides. As I approached I saw scattered at intervals over the sands, stationed so as to command the avenues leading to the Mount, several dark forms that might well have seemed outposted evil spirits, placed there by the magician to sentinel his home. The moment my cabriolet appeared on the track leading thither, these demons made a simultaneous charge at me, and, howling in a most unearthly way, came bounding and careering over the unfathomable quicksands with the most perfect impunity. No wonder, you will say. Nay, but they turned out not to be spirits after all, they had only like Shelley's lover at the lady's window, "a spirit in their feet."

My coachman seemed quite prepared for the attack, and immediately put his horse into a gallop; the unfortunate animal did his best, but Tam O'Shanter's "noble Maggie" would not have had a chance. A little stream ran at the bottom of the Mount, and remembering to what Tam owed his deliverance from the Bogies, I looked to its ripple with a kind of hope; but before we could reach the stream they were upon us, no devils at all, but worse, the foulest, most hideous, shameless women I ever beheld; one flung herself upon

the shafts, another grasped the bridle, a third clung to one of the wheels, and a fourth jumped fairly into the cabriolet. They then burst into a demoniacal scream, the purport of which was that one of them must guide me through the Mount. Not knowing of any spell by which to exorcise these worse than devils, I gave myself up; but not so the driver, he knew how to manage them. By means of the triple stimulant of a kick, a lash, and a shout, simultaneously administered, he induced his horse to make a gigantic effort; one bound carried us through the water, leaving the aspirant guides sprawling on the sand, a second placed us within the portal of the fortification. Here we were met by a hideous antiquity, an old woman whom it appeared my driver always patronized as a guide. To her I resigned myself, and was led off in triumph, amidst the most dreadful vituperations I ever heard, howled out by the rejected candidates, who had now recovered themselves, and had caught a glimpse of my capture through the portal.

The Mount consists of a huge granite rock of an irregular conical form, about the height of the great pyramid. Its base is encircled by a continuous rampart of extraordinary strength. Above the ramparts a wretched village, containing three hundred inhabitants, has grown up, the houses of which placed one above the other, like a Chinese perspective, and hooking on to projections of rock and occasional ruins of an ancient fortress, cling to the side of the Mount in an indescribable manner. Above the village stands the present fortress in very tolerable preservation, and the whole is surmounted by a venerable cathedral surrounded by conventual buildings.

You wonder how all these establishments, of such opposite natures, can have been brought together in this out-of-the-way place. The history is this:—

In times of remote antiquity, the Mount St. Michael stood in the midst of a vast forest, part of the Bocage; at that period it was consecrated to the god Belenus, a Celtic idol. His shrine was here, and his worship was conducted by pagan priests who resided on the Mount. In process of time the forest fell beneath the incursions of the sea and was replaced by a great extent of sandy plain, from the centre of which arose in lonely grandeur this Mount and a second smaller one, at a little distance. When christianity visited these benighted lands, St. Michael (who is called in ecclesiastical history the saint of high places) made it his first business to dislodge the false god from his lofty position. Having put a speedy end to Belenus, he buried him close by, under the smaller mount, which still remains in testimony of this achievement, and is called in consequence Tomba Beleni or Tombelaine.*

The next archangelic feat was to destroy a fiery dragon who resided close by, and spread destruction over the neighbourhood. The struggle took place on the summit of the Mount. It does not clearly appear why the dragon quitted his strong position below, and came up to the saint's especial sphere, but certain it is that St. Michael vanquished and slew him on the very spot where the cathedral now stands. It was built by St. Aubert, bishop of Avranches

* Some accounts give a different etymology to *Tombelaine*. They say the people had been accustomed to call these two mounds rising from the sand, the Two Tombs; and to distinguish them, the larger was called Mons Tumba, the small Mons Tumbella, or Tumbellana; hence *Tombelaine*.

to commemorate the above exploit, and was dedicated to the valorous archangel. Its erection was speedily followed by the establishment of a body of monks, for whom conventual buildings were provided. And, in order to guard them in this exposed position, and also to make so important a post available for the defence of the kingdom, a fortress was erected round the church and the conventual establishment, and the base of the Mount was fortified by strong ramparts. The tide brings the sea twice a-day entirely round the Mount, twice a-day it is surrounded by a plain of dry sand. Its position thus at once insular and continental must have given it immense advantages, and indeed rendered it absolutely impregnable in times before the invention of gunpowder, but now a few mortars placed on the main land, which is about a quarter of a mile distant, would, during the time of tide, reduce it to a heap of ruins, leaving no shelter for its defenders, perhaps not a soul for its defence when the retreating waters again left the way open.

From time to time, peasants migrated to the Mount, from the neighbouring country, and were permitted to build some few cottages on the small space between the ramparts and the fortress. The monks having obtained the relics of St. Aubert, and deposited them in the church, the place acquired a high reputation for sanctity. Many a royal pilgrim came here, age after age, to prostrate himself before the shrine. Louis the Eleventh visited the spot twice. His reverence for it induced him to found a new order of knights, deriving their title from the place. They were called the Chevaliers of St. Michael. Its strength as a fortress was often put to the test. Henry the First held out here for some time against his brothers, and when most of the other fortresses were thrown open to the conqueror of Agincourt, Mount St. Michael remained firm, and resisted successfully two long and severe sieges in 1417 and 1423, under the command of the gallant d'Estouteville.

Such is the history of those heterogeneous masses of stone and mortar from which Mount St. Michael derives so strange a physiognomy, and which at a distance, together with the isolated position of the place, invest it with so much mystery and attraction; but oh! when you reach it! I have often been disenchanted, often, but seldom have the visions of my imagination been so entirely and miserably snubbed by the reality. You enter the fortifications by a series of three strong portals; over the second frown two strong pieces of artillery left behind him (*à ce qu'on dit!*) by Henry the Fifth, with the stone bullets still in their mouths; besides these the arms of the Chevaliers of St. Michael are carved in the wall. The third portal is in excellent preservation, and is defended by a portcullis none the worse for its years and services. This was all very well, but I had been instructed to expect, on emerging from the last gateway, that I should enter an odoriferous street, perfumed with the fragrance of the almond, the fig-tree, and the olive, shading with rich foliage the romantic cottages on either side; instead of this, I found myself in the most miserable hamlet I positively ever saw; the cottages were dismal tumble-downs of unspeakable shapes and sizes, surrounded by heaps of filth, from which arose ineffable smells. The inhabitants of these loathsome dens were squalid, half-dressed, and hideous to a degree that cannot be told; a savage silence reigned throughout, unbroken except by the sound of the unceasing looms, and the clank of

chains from the prison above. I was summoning courage to proceed, when the guide directed my attention to the village inn!—one of those delectable dens, where, on a little table at the door, a specimen of the dainties within, were ranged little collections of dry shell-fish alternating with decaying heaps of fruit; over the door, in horrible irony, was inscribed, “Café de la Gaieté!” This was almost too much, but by a superhuman effort I roused my sickening soul, and rushed through the pestilential street till I reached the gate of the fortress. This somewhat restored me, with its massive flanking towers and small low doors it wears a truly feudal aspect. The church too, which is of the earliest Norman period, with the peculiar disposition of the pillars of the crypt, well repays inspection, though the interior is almost entirely concealed by a framework of wood which the dilapidated condition of the central tower has rendered necessary as a support. I should mention a very remarkable cloister, in connection with the church, whose double ranges of pointed arcades and exquisitely sculptured foliage bespeak a Moorish architect. They are composed of free stone, which must have been brought from a considerable distance, all the rest, and the other buildings of the Mount, being entirely of granite. There is something very curious in the presence of this *bijou* of Saracenic architecture in the midst of all the stern Norman handiwork.

I had hoped to wander undisturbed through the conventual buildings, but I found it difficult even to obtain a sight of them, for they and the fortress have been converted into a state prison. Till lately both male and female offenders were confined here, but a short time ago it was judged expedient to transfer the latter to Bicêtre. I had heard a great deal of the hall of the chevaliers, where the order held their chapter, and had hoped to tread its aisles in peace and quietness, but I found this was not shown to strangers, being used as a place where the principal criminals, are kept at hard labour at the looms. However I persuaded my guide to give me a glimpse, and a nobler hall was never “condemned to uses vile.” It is divided into four aisles by three ranges of columns supporting a vaulted roof, and has an air of peculiar grandeur and refinement. The place resounded with the harsh sounds of the looms, which are kept perpetually at work. And this was the Mount St. Michael that looked from Avranches so mysterious and inviting. I came thinking I should have pased through an odoriferous and romantic village to the stillness of uninvaded cloisters, and the quiet of stately halls, where I might have lingered and walked with the free step of a Briton, I found a squalid and pestilential hamlet, and a prison resounding with the toils of criminals, while the genius of captivity brooded like a curse over all.

Be Yarrow stream unseen, unknown—

It must, or we shall rue it.

We have a vision of our own,

Ah! why should we undo it!

Having now reached the westernmost point of Normandy, my pony received instructions to turn his head eastward, and regain Seine. I proposed to finish my wanderings at Havre, and take vantage of a friend's yacht, which awaited my coming, moored the harbour.

Mortain was the first town I reached from Avranches. So

days might be well spent in lingering through its delightful environs, which strongly remind one of the valleys of the Bernese Oberland, or the *entourage* of Tivoli. It offers several very interesting relics of the middle ages, especially the two old abbeys of Blanche and Savigny in the neighbourhood. One tower, standing upon a rock connected with the adjoining mountain only by a narrow path, is all that has been suffered to remain of a strong fortress formerly situated here, and which has often received within its walls the English princes. The remainder has been demolished, to make way for the house of the sub-prefect.

From Mortain we proceeded to Vire, the capital of the Bocage. It is situated on an eminence, surrounded on three sides by deep ravines. On the highest point stand the ruins of a Norman fortress, whose surrounding grounds have been modernized into a promenade whence the view is magnificent. You look upon the wild and romantic scenes which fed the "fine frenzy" of the poets Castel and Chénedollé; and those valleys at your feet, "fit nurse for a poetic child," inspired the gay numbers of Oliver Basselin. There in the fifteenth century wandered the poetic miller, composing his joyous songs, whose theme was principally the charms of his native place, not forgetting its excellent wines. These valleys were called the Vaux de Vire, and hence the *vaudevilles*, originally applied to Basselin's gay and popular ballads. The lover of ancient domestic architecture may enrich his portfolio from the streets of Vire. They abound in specimens still in excellent preservation.

Falaise comes next in our progress towards the Seine. It is raised on an elevated platform, and is called from the *falaises* with which it is surrounded. History has embalmed its name as the birth-place of William the Conqueror, and the native town of his mother, Arlette Vertprey. Duke Robert's heart would be in no danger in these days. The Falaisean ladies are exceedingly plain. We may think them expiating, in the nineteenth century, the rare beauty of the maiden of the eleventh. The old château which formed the model for most of the strongholds in England, is a fine relic of the middle ages. It stands on an elevated promontory surrounded by profound ravines, and is so strong in itself and its position, that you do not wonder it braved nine consecutive sieges. They show you the small room, or rather cellar, where the Conqueror first saw the light, and the window, looking out on the mills and tanneries of the Val d'Ante, where Duke Robert caught his first glimpse of the tanner's lovely daughter. The finest portion of the château is the tower built by Talbot in 1418, after the capture of Falaise by Henry the Fifth, when he was made governor of Normandy. Its four stories and winding stairs still remain, and are in excellent preservation. In one of the suburbs of Falaise called Guibray is held a famous fair, which was established as long ago as the time of the first Dukes of Normandy, and ordinarily continues for a week. The church of Guibray possesses a curious painting of that clever fellow, St. Denys, who was in the habit of going about with his head in his hand.

We then reach Evreux, one of those spots in Normandy whose names are preserved in English families and on English soil. It was the cradle of the Devereux, premiers viscounts of England. The cathedral here offers a most interesting study of comparative architecture. The nave belongs to the eleventh century. In the trifor-

rium and the clerestory windows rules the agave; the *flamboyant* style, with many delicate sculptures, appears in the transept and the northern portal; while that of the east exhibits classic improprieties of the *renaissance* and subsequent epochs. The church of St. Taurin is well worth the inspection of the ecclesiologist,—presenting in the apse and part of the northern transept a rare relic of Byzantine architecture,—round arches, separated by Moorish shafts, and faced with mosaics of red and blue cement. This is said (on what authority I know not) to belong to the time of Duke Richard the Second.

At Venon we regain the Seine. This is a name that, like Evreux, has been transferred to the British soil, or, as Monsieur Frère expresses it, one of those places “où l’aristocratie anglaise, semblable à l’aigle qui vient retrouver son nid sur le sommet de hautes montagnes, arrive chaque année, et cherche au milieu des ruines, les dernières traces de la présence de ses ancêtres.” The present Lord Vernon is descended from the lord of this place in the time of William the Conqueror, whom he accompanied into England, and afterwards settled in Cheshire with Hugh Lupus, who appointed him one of the barons of his parliament. It derives a very ancient physiognomy from its narrow tortuous streets and wooden houses. As I rode into the town, I saw two of these in the same street profusely decorated with flowers. Enquiring the cause on my arrival at the Grand Cerf, I learned that it was the celebration of a custom as old as Normandy itself, and now only preserved at Vernon, by which the houses of the betrothed are always adorned with flowers from the hands of their friends, during the two or three days preceding their marriage.

How pleasant, amid the stern utilitarianism of our day, are such occasional memorials of those so long gone by! We are transported over wide spaces of intervening years to the soft simple manners of olden time. We are connected by these traces of affectionate feeling with once loving breasts that have been dust for centuries. Nor has this custom (as may be said of most old customs) less of meaning than of grace. Their happiness was, like our own of to-day, best emblemized by the fading flowers. Every blossom that decked their homes represented the lover’s joy—glowing, fresh, and perishable—and seemed a kindly warning to their most blissful hour, that happiness and beauty do not last for ever; or, as is expressed in one reading of the proud motto borne by the ancient lords of the place,—*Ver non semper viret*.

Here my faithful pony and I parted company: as I was about to take to the water, I needed him no more. After many charges that he should be well cared for, and hopes that his future treatment might be as good as his merits deserved, he passed into stranger hands. In justice, however, to his virtues, I must take the liberty of adding, that he invariably exhibited the most undeniable medicinal tastes, being always ready to stop when abbey or cathedral engaged my attention; nor can I remember any one occasion on which he showed an impatience to proceed until I had fully sated my curiosity. If such a disposition can recommend him to the traveller, I dare say he may still be found with mine host of the “Grand Cerf.”

From Vernon we float down the river by Pressagny, Portmort, and Bonaffles to Petit Andely. Here frown the haughty ruins of the Château Gaillard. Of their extent, commanding position, and im-

posing appearance, no language can convey an idea. It was a favourite spot with Cœur-de-Lion—the delight of his heart. Many of his charters bear date from this his loved fortress, and in his public acts it is often designated as “his beautiful castle of the rock.” It owed its origin to the mistrust Richard entertained of his powerful neighbours, whose attempts in this direction were effectually controlled by this formidable fortress; and it owed its name of Gaillard to its situation of proud mockery and defiance. This great fortress was begun and completed in the space of twelve months. Richard only lived two years after its completion.

In the hands of the Lion-Heart, this impregnable castle gave secure possession of the Norman province; but it was of no avail to his careless dastardly son, who refused to allow more than a handful of troops to garrison this most important point of the territory. How brave they were, and how well they fought, every reader of Du Moulin's history knows. They loathed the wretched, blood-stained John; but for the sake of the father's memory, they fought for the fortress he had raised and loved so well. At last, Roger Lacy, who commanded the garrison, terminated a useless contest, by surrendering, and the Château Gaillard fell. With it fell Normandy; but before this time the inhabitants of the province had in a great measure lost their especial Norman character. The peculiar stamp of that race disappeared gradually, as its best blood was drafted into England. French influences and French feelings had extensively circulated; and when the province came into the hands of Philip Augustus, it was more like the falling in of a French fief on the death of its lord than the re-annexation of that bold and independent territory which was wrung by the great Rollo from Charles the Simple. For a brief space it seemed from the prowess of Henry the Fifth, of Talbot and Norwich, that the old lords of the soil were about to resume their sway; but it was not to be. In fact, when Philip Augustus gained possession of Normandy, the cycle of its achievement as a separate power was fulfilled. Three hundred years before it was separated from France, and so severed to become, as it were, a cradle for the great Norman spirit, where, apart and alone, it might be fostered and matured, might grow to a knowledge of its strength, a sense of its destiny, and be purified from the last alloy of its early Norman condition. After the lapse of a century and a half the province sent forth its sons, like Death on the pale horse, “conquering and to conquer.” Hauteville le Guichard gave a king to Sicily; not long after, the son of Arlette had founded the largest empire the world ever saw. A century and a half more, and these derivative kingdoms had drawn off most of her children; and when Philip Augustus placed his banner on the walls of the Château Gaillard, the purpose of the province was effected, and it returned to its natural geographical position as an integral part of the French empire.

The landscape round the Château Gaillard is magnificent, and never was a finer landscape adorned with a more picturesque ruin. And how is the glory and interest of the still life enhanced by that of the heroic yet mournful memories that the place brings before us. Here Roger Lacy, his hatred of the man merged in his honour of the king, held out a long and fruitless siege for the wretched John. Here the exiled David Bruce held for a brief space the pageant of a court. Here the frail daughters of Burgundy, Margaret and Blanche,

were imprisoned by their dishonoured husbands; and it witnessed the murder of the latter, when Louis the Tenth found she lived too long, and stood in the way of his marriage with Clementia of Hungary. Charles the Bad was also a captive here for some time, being arrested by order of King John in 1356. In 1418, it resumed its original destination of a fortress: down went the *fleur-de-lys*, and the gules of France resumed their acquaintance with the lion standard. In 1449, it changed masters for the last time; and finally, it was reduced to its present state of ruin by virtue of an ordonnance of Henry the Fourth for destroying all the strong fortresses in France, considered dangerous, within the terms of its provisions.

Now leaving the Château Gaillard, we pass under fantastic chalky cliffs, which rise on either side, and seem to have been infected by their neighbourhood to the chateau,—with so bold and arrogant an air do they wear their crown of dark forests. We then enter an archipelago of green willowy islands, through which we make our way to Roquette, with its large vine fields. Next, by a succession of villages, to l'Andelle, whose river joins the Seine at the foot of the Côte des deux Amans.

The catastrophe which befel the two lovers was a long, long time ago; for Marie of France put the whole thing into verse in the thirteenth century. I will indulge myself in the relation here, only requesting that, should it prove too much for your feelings, you will call to mind the extreme remoteness of the period, and that cases might possibly be found since that time, where the lot of lovers has not been uniformly satisfactory. In these days, when young ladies are not so difficult of attainment, though the story has lost nothing of its interest, I grieve to say, it has of its moral.

In the times, then, of parental tyranny there lived a certain king, whose daughter was young and “beautiful exceedingly.” Upon obtaining the hand of this lady her royal progenitor had laid a most fantastic condition, which was, that the aspiring lover should take the princess in his arms, and run without stopping to the summit of a mountain which rose behind the tyrant’s palace. In all ages, nature seems to provide a certain number of *green* young men, and several upon this occasion presented themselves. Some only got through the first stage of the probation, that is, took the lady in their arms, then, cooling at the height of the mountain, put her down again. Others tried it, but failed. At last, an adventurous knight appeared, who seemed destined to achieve the difficult exploit. He took the young lady in his arms, and started;—but, instead of doing as young Lochinvar did, and as he ought to have done (for the lady really liked him), jumping on his charger and taking another direction, the simple youth actually assailed the hill. He reached the top, but that was all: he laid her gently down,—and then died. I trust I need hardly say that she was too much of a lady to survive her gallant knight: she died on the spot too. The remorseful parent endeavoured to offer some atonement for his fatal absurdity, and accordingly erected a grand monastery over a tomb where the lovers lay. All traces of the monastery have long since vanished, though the touching tale survives, embalmed in the tender verse of Marie of France.

My wanderings were now terminated. There only remained to float down the historic river by Elbæuf, Rouen, St. Georges de

Bocherville, Jumièges, Caudebec, and Lillebonne to Havre. I mentioned in the beginning of these notices that my last visit should be to the burial-place of Agnes Sorel, whose memory is connected with the final expulsion of the Saxo-Normans from Normandy. I, therefore, stopped as I passed Jumièges a second time for this purpose.

The choirs and the Lady-chapel of the cathedral are gone. In the last lay the heart of Agnes. She had endowed this monastery with large estates, and the grateful monks requested that thus much of their benefactress should remain with them, whilst it was decided that at the church of Losches in Touraine her beautiful body should be surrendered to decay. They erected a monument here, where Agnes appeared in effigy offering her heart to the Virgin. The effigy was destroyed by the Huguenots, who at the same time committed horrible excesses in the convent. The monument survived until the revolution, when it shared the fate of the effigy. The monument bore an inscription in the following terms:—"C'y git Damoiselle Agnes Sewrelle (Sorel) en son vivant Dame de Breanté, d'Issoldun, et Vernon sur Seine, piéteuse aux pauvres, laquelle trespassa le neuvième jour de Fevrier en l'an 1448."

The title "Dame de Breanté," that is, Lady of the Manor of Breanté, has misled many French writers. They generally entitle her "*Dame de Beauté*," which, however, as Mr. Galley Knight observes, is "not far from the mark."

How few the women who are disposed to turn to good account the influence they may acquire over man. Indeed, most women are incapable of doing so. Furnished by nature with no sympathies for man's higher aspirations, they reluct at purposes they cannot comprehend, and whose pursuit competes with their affection; and thus as the bracelets of the Sabines slew Tarpeia, the love that should have adorned, crushes him. Then of the few who naturally respond to man's loftier aims, most are too timid to encourage them. They conceive their soft dominion is put in jeopardy by the admission to his heart of such formidable competitors as ambition, general benevolence, or the like. They do not understand that lofty desires and a life of earnest action are the best allies of love. As the heart becomes nobler, its love becomes nobler also; deeply and truly it cannot love unless it aspires too. Thus most women fail of their mission. They regard the love they waken as an end; they should look upon it as a means to make man a nobler being. They were sent to make us not so much lovers as heroes; and some such there are, of that rare order to which belonged Lady Elizabeth Hastings, of whom Congreve said, that "to love her was a liberal education."

Well was it for France that Agnes Sorel trusted to the love of Charles,—that she felt the desire that glory might be its associate in his heart, without becoming a rival, and even if it should, she was one who cared not for an undivided empire, unless it were a noble one. And she had her reward. It was the love of Agnes that drew Charles the Seventh from the ignoble luxury of his retreat, and matched the Sybarite of Chinon with the conqueror of Agincourt. It was the love of Agnes which awakened that energy before which even Talbot and Warwick recoiled. She lived to see her lover honoured and victorious, and to feel that she was only the dearer to him now, because he was conscious he deserved her. Oh, that we had here

the investigation and industry of a Niebuhr to hunt out or invent some facts, to devise and marshal cunning arguments, whereby we might be led to assent to Schiller's view of this question, that the king was not married, and that he offered his hand to the saviour of his country.

" Zieren wurde sie
Den ersten thron der Welt-doch sie verschmaht ihn,
Nur meine liebe will sie seyn und neissen."

Surely the German ingenuity would be better employed thus than in pulling to pieces our dear old school-room faith in the kings of Rome, and dissipating so many of our boyish illusions, whose beauty was better than all his truth; but, under present circumstances, with our present lights, we cannot get Marie of Anjou out of the way. And if it be said, therefore, that my observations on the influence of woman are misplaced, by reason of Agnes' position, let me remind you that it was at the earnest and repeated solicitations of Marie that she came to the court of Charles; that the beautiful maid of honour ever found her best friend in the Queen; and it is not too much to ask you to look upon the favourite with the eyes of the loving wife.

Agnes was born at Fromenteau in Touraine, 1409. She was of surpassing beauty; her complexion, in particular, has been spoken of as something unearthly,—her intellectual qualities were of an equally rare order, and her admirable natural abilities were seconded by a most careful education. At the age of fifteen she was appointed maid of honour to Isabel de Lorraine, Duchess of Anjou, one of the most distinguished women of her time. When this lady visited the court in 1431, Agnes, called *La Demoiselle de Fromenteau*, accompanied her. The beauty of the demoiselle was then in its meridian splendour, and nothing could equal the refinement and liveliness of her mind; her conversation was so superior to that of the women of the day, that a contemporary author says she was regarded as a prodigy. Such a being might have won a more difficult heart than that of the young king; and Charles the Seventh became desperately enamoured of Agnes. The queen was also greatly attracted towards her, and appointed her to the same post near her person, that she held with the Duchess of Anjou. These feelings never underwent a change. To the last the queen and Agnes continued on terms of the strictest amity.

Charles was known to be brave. He had proved this at the siege of Montereau, where he scaled the walls, sword in hand, and exposed himself to the greatest danger, performing prodigies of valour. However, his spirit had been gradually sinking under a series of disasters, and after the fatal battle of Verneuil, he gave himself up to despair. Vainly did the queen endeavour to rouse him. She dwelt upon his responsibility to France, the claims of his people, his own great name—but her words fell upon a dull cold ear. The loved Agnes tried her skill in vain. She brought all the powers of language to aid the cause of honour and of France. She painted in glowing colours the misery of the land; the boasts of the haughty Bedford; the domineering English troops; his own shaded reputation. Long and faithfully she urged him. She appealed to the love he professed to cherish,—to her deep affection for him—all in vain.

As Agnes was one day urging the king to shake off his despair, an

* "Die Jungfrau von Orleans." Act 1, Sc. 1.

astrologer chanced to be introduced, of whom she inquired her destiny. The answer was, that she should long enjoy the love of a great king. Agnes, seizing the opportunity, rose, advanced towards Charles, and making a profound obeisance, demanded permission to withdraw to the English court in order to fulfil her destiny. "Sire," she said, "the prediction can only have reference to King Henry, for you are about to lose your crown, and he to unite it with his own." It is supposed that the prediction was an artifice contrived by Agnes as a last resource; however, it succeeded. "These words," says Brantome, "so violently affected the king, that he burst into tears, and rushed from the chamber; then taking courage, he quitted the chase, and his cooks, and his gardens, and his goodness and valour speedily succeeded in driving the English out of France."

There are two spots in Normandy to which the true lover of the glory of France must ever reverently advert, the Place de la Pucelle, at Rouen,—the ruined church of Jumièges. The names of Joan of Arc and Agnes Sorel, are indissolubly interwoven with the glory and the very existence of France. The love of the one, the devotion of the other, prevailed against the *prestige* of the Saxo-Norman race, and wrung from the bravest troops that ever raised the lion-standard, the fruits of Cressy, Poitiers, and Agincourt. And what was their reward! "That admirable heroine," to use the words of Hume, "to whom the more generous superstition of the ancient world would have erected altars, was, on the pretence of heresy and magic, delivered over to the flames, and expiated by that dreadful punishment the signal services she had rendered to her prince and her native country." Scarcely less dreadful was the "punishment" of Agnes. It came, too, from one who, next to Charles, owed her most.

The king's successes and the expulsion of the English, drew to Agnes the favour of France, with the exception of the Dauphin. He conceived a hatred towards her as violent as his father's love, and the brutality of the future Louis XI. shewed itself one day at Chinon, when Louis actually forgot himself so much as to strike her. Agnes retired to a castle which the king had given her at Losches; here she remained absent from the court for five years. Towards the end of the year 1449, at the earnest entreaty of the queen, she was induced to return to court. She subsequently went to reside at Mesnil, close to Jumièges. Charles retired to winter at the latter place, after the taking of Rouen, and Agnes occasionally attended his court while there. One morning a messenger came to announce that she was taken suddenly ill. The king hurried to Mesnil. She was in the agonies of death; after six hours of dreadful suffering exhausted nature granted a moment's respite. She blessed her lover's name;—she thanked him for his unchanging affection, then, calmly laying her head on his shoulder, she smiled and expired.

"In questa forma,

"Passa la bella donna e par che dorma."

She was poisoned!* Every one suspected from whose hand the poison came; and the subsequent life of Louis the Eleventh confirmed the surmises his ill-concealed hatred to Agnes had given rise to.

Her death called forth unaffected and universal regret. Her loveli-

* I have here adopted the account given by many historians, that Agnes Sorel was poisoned by order of Louis the Eleventh.

ness and her rare qualities of mind and heart, had won upon all ranks and orders. Until the revolution, there was preserved in the chapter-house at Losches a manuscript containing a thousand Latin sonnets in praise of Agnes, all acrostics, and written by a monk of the place. Francis the First has recorded his sense of the debt which France owed to Agnes in the following lines:—

“Gentille Agnès plus d’honneur tu merites
La cause étant de France recouvrer
Que ce que peut dedans un cloître ouvrir
Clause novain ou bien dévot hermite.”

* * * * *

Thus I have accomplished the task with which I first set out, which was, to commence my Norman wanderings with those scenes associated with the name of Rollo, and terminate them here where we reach the period when France became entirely separated from the race which he first led to her soil.

The reluctance with which this separation was regarded, and the tenacity with which England adhered to the claims whose assertion cost her so much treasure and blood, is witnessed by the length of time that the *fleur-de-lis* was retained in the national blazonry; but time has taught us to regard the question with wiser eyes, and to view in this circumstance, which our ancestors regarded with so much regret, one of the conditions of England’s progress and prosperity. We perceive that her attention, now liberated from continental concerns, was at once turned to her maritime interests, which henceforward were better understood and more steadily pursued; and we observe that the nation, as soon as she had rested from civil wars, began at this period to flourish all at once, and rose to a position in Europe vastly more considerable than when her princes were possessed of a larger territory and her councils distracted by foreign interests.

* * * * *

Fresh blew the breeze from the eastward,—gallantly rode the yacht upon the waves,—proudly floated the Union-Jack upon the winds of France. I again tread the deck of an English vessel, and grasp the hand of a friend. Now, boys, stand to the anchor:

“Once more we’ll mate our spirit
With the spirit of sea!”

but before we are under way, a word about Havre.

Havre is well known to our travelling countrymen. Few of us have not been through it some time or other, on our way eastward. Few of us have prolonged our stay beyond what was absolutely necessary. The minimum of interest is its portion, and that interest entirely of to-day,—the most commonplace of to-day. The spirit of traffic impregnates the very air; every object suggests the idea of vendor and purchaser; the stamp of *l s d* is on all things,—all ends of life are resolved into—to buy, to sell. Here commerce sits upon a throne; with one hand she receives the mingled produce of the western world, with the other she commits it to the Seine, and distributes it over Europe.

The secret of Havre’s prosperity is revealed in Napoleon’s characteristic description. “Havre, Rouen, and Paris, are a town of which the Seine is the street.” We are amazed, however, to find that its obvious destination, as the western port of France, was not entirely recognised until so late as 1787. It is true that by virtue of its posi-

tion and natural capabilities, it had been gradually rising from the time of Francis the First, and by degrees eclipsing its neighbour Dieppe; but it was not until Louis the Sixteenth lent it his especial countenance, enlarging the harbour, strengthening the fortifications, and originating many other improvements, that its ancient rivals sunk under the competition. Nantes and Bordeaux declined into comparative unimportance, and Dieppe was reduced to a mere fishing-port. One antiquity Havre does possess; that is the fair of Ingouville, which is still held in the eastern suburb. It is, however, now but a shadow of what it was,—a poor collection of toy booths and merry-go-rounds. Here, again, is the Present elbowing out the Past. It was fairs that gave the first rude idea of the great system to which traffic was reducible, and suggested the means of its development. In their arms, as it were, the spirit of commerce was born, nursed, and introduced to the world. Here we find the offspring grown to gigantic maturity, while the mother that gave birth and nursed, is despised and put by. Ever in the presence of the more powerful life of Havre's commerce, the fair of Ingouville is dwindling away, and soon will become extinct.

The defences of Havre present an admirable specimen of modern fortification. They were designed and executed under the superintendence of that consummate master in the art, Napoleon. To the uninitiated these defences have anything but a formidable appearance; and as I leaned over the yacht's side I amused myself in conjecturing the astonishment of a warrior of the twelfth or thirteenth century, could he have looked upon them with me, at hearing that this town was almost impregnable. He would see nothing between its suburbs and the surrounding country but low, circular mounds, and slopes of slight elevation. "Where," he would ask, "is the massive tower—where the lofty battlement enabling you to command an approaching enemy?—Where the high wall which alone can secure a town against surprise?" His astonishment, however, would cease when I led him to view the component parts of the defences; the moat so wide and deep, the high wall unseen until you are close beside it, and the rows of mysterious hollow tubes, every one of them following your change of position, like the eyes of a portrait, all seeming placed on purpose to guard the particular point you are approaching—he would cease to be surprised when he inspected these details, and learned the modern contrivances for destruction; and, above all, that subtle agent which has rendered this new style of fortification necessary, and, at the same time, made it so effective. He would see that the towers and battlements, on which a tempest of stones and arrows might have rained for years, would be altogether ineffectual against artillery, and he would understand that the elevation to command the enemy's approach must be attained by a rampart of such material as to be insensible to the tremendous missiles of modern invention. It is true that a town is as liable to surprise now as in the middle ages, and therefore a high wall remains as essential an ingredient of modern, as it was of mediæval fortification. While, then, it is necessary to retain this feature common to the defences of both periods, it becomes also necessary to conceal the wall so as to protect it from the new agent which human ingenuity has placed in the power of the besiegers of to-day. This difficulty the anti-gunpowder warrior would see, on inspecting these defences closely, has been mastered by the cunning of modern fortification in this simple manner.

Instead of the slight arrow-proof parapet wall of the middle ages, the parapet is now a huge bank of earth twenty feet thick. This is faced externally by a *wall*, which must be so high as to render the chance of an enemy entering by surprise hopeless, and so concealed that no part of it can be seen from any spot in the neighbourhood within range of artillery. To effect this the foundation rests in the bottom of a ditch, so deep that one half of the wall is sunk below the level of the country; the remaining half which rises above the general surface of the ground is protected by raising the outer edge of the ditch, and in order that the cannon of the garrison may command this elevated portion, as well as the whole surrounding country within its range, the rampart is raised somewhat above the summit of the wall with which it is faced, consequently the besiegers are everywhere open to the fire of the fortress, and cannot approach without being exposed to almost certain destruction. On the other hand the very summit of the rampart is all that is visible to an advancing party, and as the rampart is composed of earth with an external slope, it is very little affected by cannon shot, which merely bury themselves in the earth and do hardly any damage.

Thus have the arts of defence kept equal pace with those of destruction; but between them both all that was picturesque in military architecture has vanished for ever. Here, as in other departments, each step of progress has trampled upon some flowers of the Past. The frowning castle is no more; and huge mounds of earth have succeeded to the lofty ramparts of the middle ages. Gunpowder was to military what dissent has been to ecclesiastical architecture. Little deemed Schwartz when engaged with his dread invention in the laboratory at Cologne, that he was making out the death-warrant of embattled tower and graceful parapet. Nor did Luther, when preaching his first sermon against indulgences, imagine that he was sounding the knell of the cathedral. No more shall we see the according piety of an entire district represented in one of those magnificent structures, that at once evidenced and called to unity, rebuked presumption, commanded humility, and raised to prayer. The minster and the battlement belong to other generations. Such will be raised no more!

THE WANTON SUN-BEAM.

I CAME upon her quickly! She was sitting
 Upon a bank embrown'd in the shade:
 All round about, the sun-beams bright were sitting,
 But did not dare to come where she was laid:
 But, like some gleaming guards about a portal,
 Who watch, but yet to enter are afraid,
 So they, as angels bright around a mortal,
 Did keep around and guard that lovely maid.
 But one bright sun-beam pierced the twilight bower:
 He thrust aside the leaves that made that shade;
 And softly, as the zephyrs touch a flower,
 He fell into her arms, and o'er her bosom stray'd:
 And wanton kiss'd her cheek, her lips, her hair,—
 "Oh, Jove!" I cried, "that I a sun-beam were!"

MR. STRAGGLES IS PREVAILED UPON TO GO A SHOOTING.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

THERE are certain things, the appearance of which on the stage of a theatre, during the performance of a pantomime, ensures their doom, either to total destruction, insult, or treatment of the worst description. As examples, we may mention sedan-chairs, frying-pans, bandboxes, and old ladies. For the first, we know, will be broken in at its top by the reckless attempts of the clown to obtain a seat to which he has no right; the second will have its bottom knocked out in forming a species of pillory necklace for the maltreated pantaloons; the next will be crushed and comminuted to atoms in that ill-organized outburst of the popular fury, in which, at the same time, fish and images always come off so poorly; and the last—the defenceless old lady—will have to undergo such a series of frights, ill-usage, and even violence, in comparison with her years, that the extent of suffering which female heroism can support under certain circumstances is really marvellous to contemplate.

Just as these things are upon the mimic stage, so was Mr. Straggles upon the theatre of real life. With every good intention and caution in the world, he was constantly in trouble. Whether acting for himself, or striving to stand in the shoe of another, he always, so to speak, put his foot in it. He was the sedan-chair that only led to the injury of the person he tried to succour: he was the frying-pan that was sure, somehow or another, to hamper those he associated with: he was, in a row, the human bandbox that always came off worst; and it is a question if the clown ever felt so wickedly towards the old ladies, as did the impudent boys in the street whenever he appeared. And so, with his constant dilemmas, it is a wonder he ever engaged in any expedition at all. But his nature was so inclined to festivity and relaxation, that his perpetual scrapes had little effect upon him; indeed, he was always ready for anything in the way of an excursion at the slightest hint,—a want of funds being his only stumbling block.

It was a very slow time in town. The leaves had fallen at Vauxhall: and such people as were left living on one side of the squares began to see those on the other, once more, through the withering foliage. Nearly all the theatres were shut; so there was nowhere to go at night, and it was too chilly and dreary to sit at home, and not cold enough to have a fire. People fought against coals and candles as long as they could, apparently in the belief that they could drive winter back by thus opposing his firmest allies: but the water was cold in the wash-hand stand in the morning, and the toilet was more hurried than in ordinary; and those, who still would not yet demean themselves by yielding to another blanket, were glad to throw their dressing-gown upon the bed. The paletot of last spring was pulled from its closet to see what it looked like: forgotten trowsers of once-loved winter check were hunted out from the depths of wardrobes; and collections of stout boots, discarded for the gaiety of the summer-sunlit pavements, once more came

into favour, as they were passed in review with respect to their capabilities of new soling. Dingy muslin curtains, that it was not worth while washing, gave place to newly dyed moreen; and you began your dinner in daylight, went on with it in neutral gloom, and finished it with candles, which, as soon as lighted, made the black fireplace doubly gloomy, in spite of the dismal little soot-peppered ornament of snipped silver-paper that hung from its bars.

Mr. Straggles sat at dayfall, at this season, in his chambers, thinking what to do. Inclination said, "Go and have a mild cigar and opera at *The Eagle*;" prudence suggested it were better to stay at home and work. But everything looked so cheerless in the cold twilight, that he was about to rush out to avoid all chance of autumnal suicide, when he heard the wheels of a cart stop in front of his house, and two minutes after the porter brought him up three partridges, with a note tied round their necks. Having spent the usual time in wondering who could have sent them, he broke the seal, which bore the impression of a percussion-cap several times applied, and read as follows:—

"DEAR OLD STRAGS:

"Herewith you will receive a leash of birds—not 'three partridges,' as, I know, you will already have called them. And now to business. Where these came from there's more than you can have a notion of—the poultry-shop at the bottom of Holborn Hill, if it was to rise and fly away wouldn't give you an idea of our coveys. So the governor hopes you'll come down and have a shy at them, in return for your kindness in seeing about his commissions in London. We can find you a gun, but you must bring everything else. The Brighton railway's the nearest line, and get down at Heyward's Heath. So, mind you come, and

"Good afternoon,

"Yours no end,

"Bramblesly, Oct."

"JOE."

The birds and the note put Mr. Straggles to much perplexity. For, in the first place, you cannot send a more distressing present to a man in chambers, who dines out, than a leash of birds. He does not know what in the world to do with them. The first day he hangs them up to look at, and hopes that somebody will call to see them, and believe in his connexions. On the second he begins to think whom he shall present them to, and the inquiry puzzles him until the third, when he wavers between six friends of equal claims upon his attention. Arguing the case occupies two days more, until at last they get very high: and not having any servant to send, on the instant, with them, and mistrusting other methods, he gives them to his laundress, who sells them to the poulterer, and where they go to after that, the dealer only knows.

This was one cause of distress to Mr. Straggles; the other was, that his experience in shooting was limited. He knew that to let off a gun, you put a percussion-cap on a little knob, and pulled a thing underneath; and then, if you had previously rammed some powder down the barrel with a bit of paper, it made a bang and kicked against the shoulder, but to this was his knowledge confined. As to taking an aim at anything, he might as well have attempted to shoot the moon, at which, in its commonly received sense, he might

have succeeded. So he made up his mind to go to a shooting-gallery, thinking that after a dozen shots, at three half-pence each, he should be ready for anything. So have we known landmen about to take a voyage, go off quite contented with a sixpenny hand-book of swimming.

There is, in Leicester Square, a remarkable establishment, appropriated to many purposes in its different compartments. It was once the repository of Miss Linwood's needlework—a popular exhibition which, however, we never saw ourselves, nor, remarkably enough, did we ever know anybody, who, being driven to the point, could say he had either; but which is believed to have been immensely popular with well-regulated country families visiting London once a year as a compulsory pleasure. At that time a little Turk upon horseback used to trot across three panes of glass in one of the windows every half minute, to the delight of the passengers, especially the boys, who always enter keenly into everything exhibited for nothing. But when the needlework went, the Turk went with it; and then the establishment became so divided by different interests, that few could tell whether it was a theatre, a wine vaults, a billiard-room, a coffee-shop, a gunsmith's, or a Royal Academy; or, if they could, they never knew, amidst the ascending and descending steps, and doors and passages, which one must take to get anywhere. The Egyptian Hall is as mystic in this respect as is the interior of the Pyramids. Nobody ever went to see Tom Thumb without finding himself amongst the Ojibbeways by a wrong door; and the visitor to the Model of Venice, having been so confused as to pay separately for the Speaking Machine, or the Fat, or Mysterious, Lady, ultimately, never got there at all. But the Piccadilly labyrinth is nothing to the one in Leicester Square. A confusion of sounds tends further to bewilder the visitor: the noise of everything is heard everywhere else. The click of billiard-balls; the music of *poses plastiques*; the thwacking of single sticks; the cracking of rifles, and the stamping of delighted Walhallaists, all mingle with each other; and it is only by taking refuge in the lowest apartment, which partakes of a coffee-room, a cabin, and a cellar, that you find repose. But Mr. Straggles had been told there was a good gallery here, and with some trouble he at last found his way to it.

It was a large room, divided down the middle; one half being taken up with swings, ropes, bars, ladders, and various contrivances for performing fearful feats of strength with; and the other was appropriated to shooting against an iron target at the end. A gentleman in shirt-sleeves, whose life was passed in loading fire-arms, received Mr. Straggles as he entered.

"I want to shoot," observed Mr. Straggles, with assumed indifference.

"Yes, sir; rifle, sir?" said the assistant.

"Yes, a rifle," replied Mr. Straggles, unconcernedly. He supposed it was all right, having some vague notions of rifles, and game, and Hurons, and dead shots, from Mr. Cooper's novels. But he would have answered the same had the man suggested a musket or a blunderbuss.

"Stop a minute, sir," said the man, as he painted the target with whitewash. "Now it's ready."

Mr. Straggles took the gun, and aimed at the target in the most approved style. He was one of those gentlemen who constantly take aim with their walking-sticks at different objects, to impress bystanders with a belief in their sporting propensities.

"You haven't cocked it, sir," said the man.

"Oh," replied Mr. Straggles, "to be sure; that's it. Now then."

As the sight of the gun described various flourishes about the bull's eye, Mr. Straggles pulled the trigger, and a black mark appeared on the extreme verge of the target.

"That's not so bad; is it?" asked Mr. Straggles.

"Very good shot, sir," said the man.

"And all the shot are together; ain't they?"

"Beg your pardon, sir?"

"I mean all the shot went out of the barrel in a heap."

"No, sir," said the man smiling. "Rifle, sir, 's loaded with ball."

"Oh, to be sure it is! What a fool I am," returned Straggles.

"Yes, sir," said the man.

Mr. Straggles fired away his eighteen-pennyworth with varying success, and was then recommended to try and hit the swinging bird, which hung from a string before the target. But this he could by no means accomplish, and the bullets went into the floor, and ceiling, and wall, and everywhere, in fact, but near the wooden pigeon.

"It's very difficult," he said. "I think it must be because I shut my eyes, to keep the cap from flying into them, when I pull the trigger."

"Very likely, sir," said the man. "Gentlemen are often taken so, when they're not used to it."

"Oh, I'm used to it enough," said Mr. Straggles, quite indignant; "but I'm nervous. I never could bear anything swinging before my eyes. That hit him though."

By chance it did. By the common laws of motion the bullet was compelled to go somewhere, and that time it went against the bird. The man complimented Mr. Straggles; and he was so pleased with his skill, that he wrote to Joe Tollit the next morning accepting his invitation; and giving up cigars for the time, spent all his money in shots until the day arrived.

In one of the streets between the squares of Soho and Leicester, Mr. Straggles found out a valuable shop, which exists still, for we passed it the other day. It was particularly calculated to attract incipient sportsmen, for the window was filled with every implement for the field, set forth in the most alluring manner. There were guns, air-canes, and pistols; flasks, cartridges, and cap-holders; together with packets of gunpowder, and, in a corner, such piles of catherine wheels and crackers, that had the house taken fire, there is no knowing where the neighbours would have been blown to. And to excite timid sportsmen there were labels such as these:—"Look! twisted barrels, patent breech, and back action—and all for 4*l.* 10*s.*!" or, "The real pheasant astonisher—only thirty shillings!" and to an air-gun was affixed,—"Fancy stunning down a bird with this, and no keeper the wiser—three guineas!" whilst a brace of pistols was labelled,—"Men of England! have you your wives' or sisters' honour at heart? Buy these for two pound!" Mr. Straggles was

overcome by the friendly nature of these communications, and he bought several accoutrements, including a packet of cartridges, one of which amused him all night in dissecting, and wondering what its contents of shot, sand, and little net-work wire cage could be meant for. And when he considered that his arrangements were perfect, he put himself into the third class of a slow train, and got out at the station nearest to Bramblesly, that evening. The evening passed in chat with his friends, and about half-past ten—an wholesome country hour—he retired to bed, all ready for his first appearance, as a sort of Young Hawthorn, on the morrow.

With the first beams of the rising sun, Joe Tollit was at his bedroom door; and as soon as Mr. Straggles was dressed, he set him to punch an old hat into small discs for wadding, which occupied him until breakfast. During this meal, Joe was constantly clicking the guns, to see that they were all right, to the great terror of Mr. Straggles, as the barrels were generally pointed to his head. They were not loaded to be sure: of that he was aware: but empty guns occasionally did such wonderful things, that he was very glad when the direction was altered. And at last, after breakfast, they went and let the dogs loose, and started for their day, Mr. Straggles being accommodated with a double-barrelled gun, which he had as much notion of handling as if it had been a cornet-à-piston, and knowing this, he turned it off, saying, "Ah! if that had been a rifle I could have shewn you something."

It was not all fun at first. They had to walk over ploughed fields, and into swamps, and through dreadful hedges, composed entirely of blackberries, holly, and stinging nettles. And Mr. Straggles did not understand the dogs as he ought to have done. He had formed his notions of their attitudes from a tin pointer on a chimney-pot behind his chambers; and not seeing them copy this exactly, he occasionally gave them a kick on, when they stopped, thinking that they were pointing at rubbish; and then he was rebuked by Joe. For take it as a rule, that in certain sports, as well as at whist, your dearest friend will insult you, and you have no appeal. Now and then some birds rose, and went whir-r-r-ring off, one of whom Joe generally brought down; but if he did n't, Mr. Straggles was so long taking his aim to make sure, that they got away comfortably, before he fired, into foreign covers, and he felt small. But he was still self-confident outwardly, and always said, "Ah, they'd better not come in my way again."

They did not, however, come to the countless flocks of birds Joe had spoken of, although the man with them beat the bushes into splinters. Indeed, it seems an immutable fact in all sporting invitations, that hopes held forth are seldom realized. For if a man tells you as an inducement that somebody caught twelve dozen gudgeon at a particular pitch the day before, be sure you will never get a bite. Rabbits vanish under ground, like barbel worms before a lantern, at the approach of a visitor: no one who had expressly asked a friend to course, ever found a hare: and we should mistrust that day's subsistence which depended upon all the birds brought down on estates where they were said to be as thick as flies in a sugar tub.

After going on for sometime without a chance, during which Mr. Straggles longed to shoot at the small birds, but was not allowed, Joe came to the conclusion that they had been frightened into other covers.

"There's a shaw over there," he said, as they at last halted to take some refreshment, "which, I know, swarms with them."

"Ah!" gasped Mr. Straggles, as he put down a little tub, from the cork-hole of which he had been taking a long pull of ale, "well, let's go there."

"But you see it's not the governor's land: it belongs to Worthy, the brewer."

"Well, then, let's stop here. It's very jolly. Have you heard 'The Standard Bearer?'"

Joe would not say he had not, because he foresaw Mr. Straggles would offer to sing it, and then the day would end in conviviality. So he said he knew it well, and so nipped the symphony in the bud, which his friend was beginning to hum; and then he added,—"Our lands join, to be sure; so if we skirt the copse, we may do something. Come on."

They started off again, but with no greater success. Still they kept hearing shots around them, which proved there must be some birds somewhere, until Joe got desperate, and, crossing the boundary, plunged into the adjoining property, telling Straggles to follow him, as well as he could, through the tangled brake.

"I say, Joe!" said Mr. Straggles suddenly, from the centre of a nutbush.

"Well—what is it?" asked his friend, who was down in a quarry.

"I see a pheasant,—shall I shoot him?"

"Of course; but put him up first."

"No; I can hit him better as he sits. Here goes."

Mr. Straggles took his aim, and pulled the trigger. Bang—bang! went both barrels in rapid sequence; and the echoes carried out the sound into a prolonged rumble like thunder round the corner of the world.

"Why—I say Joe—I'm d——"

We break off: there is no occasion to state what Mr. Straggles said he was.

"Well—what's the matter?" inquired his friend.

"Why—he's sitting there just the same as ever: not even frightened."

Joe climbed up the side of the old quarry, as his friend spoke, and looked in the direction of the furzes.

"Why, Strags," he said, "that's a wooden dummy, put up there to trap the poachers. What a pity to have wasted your powder and shot upon it."

"Never mind," replied Mr. Straggles: "'on we goes again," as they say," and he was getting ahead with the effects of the ale, "I'll punish 'em yet."

"Hush!" said Joe, "I thought I heard voices."

"No," said Mr. Straggles: "echoes, Joe, nothing more. Listen."

And hereupon he imitated a cornet-à-piston, with the air of "The Standard Bearer," and waited for the echo. But there was none.

"Ah! that's nothing," he said. "Some echoes only repeat voices, not notes. There!" he continued, as he gave the finishing ram down to his charges. "I should think that would do it."

"I'd rather keep away from you," said Mr. Tollit, "if you've no objection."

"Not at all," observed Straggles.

"I'd rather. Then, if I hit a bird, we shall be sure about who's done it."

The pair accordingly separated. They forced their way through the copse, and were now upon a ridge of furze-field that sloped down towards another shaw similar to the one they had just left. Mr. Straggles was first, and was pushing vigorously on, when a pheasant rose from the lea below them, and the same instant a voice exclaimed, "Mark!"

"Go on!" cried Joe, earnestly. "Here! Juno! Rover! come here. Strags, do you hear? go on! go on!"

"I'm a going," said Mr. Straggles, misunderstanding him; and again, *bang—bang!* went both his barrels, and the bird fell.

Elated with his success, he rushed towards where he conceived it would be found. He bounded over the fern like a fawn—pushed through the furze as if his legs had been adamant, and rushed through the saplings like a thunderbolt, until he came to the clump of nut-trees into which the bird had fallen. As he drove through it, a gentleman and two keepers received him.

"Oh!—that's it, is it?" said the gentleman. "And pray, sir, who are you?"

Mr. Straggles was so frightened that he could scarcely speak. He had read of affrays with poachers, in the newspapers, and imagined that he was to be shot forthwith.

"Where is your licence, sir?" continued the gentleman.

A flash of hope illumed Mr. Straggles' mind. He called to mind a legend he had heard, that nobody could ask you for the licence without shewing their own; so he gasped forth,

"Show me yours first?"

The gentleman directly complied; and took from his pocket a flimsy piece of paper, printed upon with green ink, acknowledging the receipt of four pounds and tenpence from the owner.

"And now, sir, let me see yours?" he continued.

Poor Mr. Straggles! He might as well have been asked for a thousand pound bank-note. Anything like a licence could not be found; and, although he called Joe as loud as he could, and explained that he was a friend of a neighbour, the gentleman would not believe him. But he told his keepers to take him into custody; and between them both Mr. Straggles was walked off from the copse, and, for lack of a round-house, deposited as a poacher, in a high walled-in coal-yard of the gentleman's house.

And so passed the first day of Mr. Straggles' shooting expedition. What adventures the last gave rise to; with his subsequent day with the barriers, remain to be proved.



MR. JOHN DUNCAN.

(Formerly of the 1st Life Guards)

THE AFRICAN TRAVELLER.

nearly all naked, the younger part in particular. The intense heat caused such a sensation of laxativeness, as to render me incapable of doing any thing requiring the most trifling exertion. We lay off this place fourteen days. On the 16th inst. we passed close under the lee of Fuego. Although it was evening, the wind from the island was so hot as almost to cause suffocation; even the water at eight fathom was at 87°. On the 24th, we came in sight of land beautifully covered with trees; an hour afterwards we got sight of Sierra Leone. It is certainly a beautiful place. It is a very fertile country; all sorts of fruit grow here in abundance. The soil is red and rich, though round the settlement mountainous. Pine apples grow here wild. We remained here eight days, took in stores, Kroomen, and coals. The people seem much the same as Europeans in their manners and customs. Our three steamers excited great interest here; we had been expected some time previous to our arrival. A great many of the most respectable inhabitants came on board; they had prayer-meetings several times during our stay for our welfare. I was very much surprised to find an old pensioner from the Life Guards living here. I met him several times, and invited him on board. I introduced him to Captain Trotter, and also to the two Ashantee princes, whom we were taking back from England to their native country. They had a long discourse respecting the Ashantee war; the Guardsman had volunteered out of his original regiment (the 1st Life Guards) into the 4th, and consequently was engaged in the Ashantee war, and had fought against their father.

During our stay at Sierra Leone we had one of the heaviest tornadoes experienced there for many years. It was certainly awful; several houses were burnt, and several lives lost; but we were very fortunate, and sustained no injury. In fact, since we left Old England we could not have been blest with a more favourable voyage. On Monday the 6th of July we anchored off Cape Miserada, where we remained a day and a night. It is an American settlement, and seems to be a splendid place; the governor came on board. I believe the place is very poor, as the settlement is new. There were three American and one English ship lying in harbour. The whole coast here looks most beautiful. It is covered with trees of the most luxuriant foliage. Pine apples here are sold two for one penny, chillies and all sorts of pepper and ginger are equally cheap. But potatoes are a dollar per bushel, and flour 6½d. per pound. The next place we anchored was called Sinou, or Singou. We remained here about a week. We arrived at Cape Coast on Monday the 18th July, and anchored opposite the castle. It appears to be amongst the most healthy stations on this coast. Here we landed the two Ashantee princes. They are both very intelligent young men, and very liberal. They were brought to England as hostages some six years ago. The people here speak English pretty well; but they seem of nearly the same disposition as they are all along the coast—they will cheat whenever they have the opportunity. Cut money is current here, and also English coin, with the exception of the smaller silver coins, 3d. and three-halfpenny pieces. But copper is the best of all coin here. At Cape Coast Castle you will get as much from the country people for a penny of copper, as you will for cut money; that is, a dollar cut in four parts or pieces of thirteen pence each.

We sailed from Cape Coast on the 30th of July for Acera, which

place we reached the following morning. Mr. McLean, widower of the late poetess L. E. L., was passenger on board the *Albert* to Accra, of which place he is governor. We remained at Accra about one week. I was sent ashore at the latter place two days to purchase hats for the crew of the *Albert*. I had here an opportunity of observing the manners and habits of the people. Being desired by Captain Trotter to call on the governor, and request him to furnish me with a guide to such places in the town as would be most likely to supply me with the hats (or plait), with a few exceptions I found them a set of what I may term (as far as their knowledge went,) a set of accomplished rogues.

We sailed from Accra on the 4th August, and arrived outside the bar on the 9th, off Cape Nunn, crossed the bar, and entered the mouth of the river on the 13th. Here we grounded our ship purposely, to repair our rudder. We commenced our voyage up the river Nunn on the 19th of August. We were now proceeding on our journey so much dreaded by the people. I forgot to state, after our crossing the bar, while we lay in the mouth of the river, we lost our mathematical instrument-maker (a German named Bach). Poor fellow! he had been ill only a few days; it appeared he had, previously to his joining the expedition, been very intemperate.

This river is certainly far beyond the conception of any person who has not seen it. So far as we have yet proceeded, the trees overhang the river on both sides without intermission, trees, too, of great variety and richness of foliage, and underwood so close that the eye cannot penetrate two yards. Beautiful plantain trees hanging with fruit, and cocoa-nut trees all the way, intermix with the palm, date, lemon, orange, lime-trees, mangroves, with a great many other species of trees. The current here is nearly five miles per hour, but very smooth; we passed several huts, and small villages containing ten or a dozen huts. The huts are very small, and made of clay and cane, woven or worked something like a hurdle in England. The inhabitants seemed very much afraid of our steamers. In some places they deserted the village altogether, and in other places, where we landed, they armed themselves with what arms they had got, generally a piece of iron shaped something like a sword, with a wooden handle resembling that of a table-knife. They were very friendly, when they found we were not hostile to them. But all were very covetous; where we did not land in passing some of the little villages, we threw some cotton handkerchiefs in the water for them; they immediately sprang in the water and swam like ducks. The name of one of the principal villages where we stopped is called Kiambli,—the king dressed himself to come on board. His state dress consisted of a drummer's old jacket, and a red petticoat, and an old white hat without any crown. His attendants were quite naked, with the exception of a handkerchief tied round the loins. A great many of them wear as an ornament a piece of thick wire, generally copper, round the ankles, something similar to the irons worn by convicts in the dockyards in England. But when his majesty was nearly alongside, he took fright at the paddle-wheels, they disturbed the water so much. I intended to take a drawing of his majesty. I did take one of his villages, as well as several others where we stopped. On the 20th of August, in all the villages we passed the inhabitants seemed very suspicious of us. They all armed themselves with what weapons they possessed, old spears, knives, pieces of iron rudely fashioned in the

shape of swords. On the 22nd, Sunday, we lay at anchor during the whole of that day, all our four vessels, the Wilberforce some distance astern. On the Monday morning we got the steam up about eight o'clock, waited for the Wilberforce to come up the river; but after waiting two hours we proceeded back down the river in search of her, leaving the schooner *Amelia* at anchor, having towed her all the way after we entered the river. We fired several guns for the Wilberforce, fearing she might have grounded, as the river is very shallow in some places. In such a woody country the report extended a great way, and every village we passed was entirely deserted, and the inhabitants had run into the bushes behind. Even their canoes had been sunk, lest we should take them away. After we had explored so far down the river as to be certain that the Wilberforce must have gone on by some other branch, we turned back and went up another stream in search of her. We passed a great number of huts all deserted. We returned after half a day's sail in fruitless search after the Wilberforce; we should have proceeded on in the same channel, had we not left the Soudan and the schooner *Amelia* with directions to await our return. The place where they lay was about four miles from the village where poor Lander was killed. We took the *Amelia* in tow once more, and proceeded on up the river, which was still very rapid. During our absence the Soudan had sailed, knowing that owing to the small power of her engines she was unable to proceed against such a powerful stream at the same rate as the *Albert*, although we had the *Amelia* in tow. She, however, proceeded so far as to gain intelligence of the Wilberforce, the captain of which, (William Allan) had left a note with one of the chiefs of the numerous villages we passed. She immediately returned upon receiving the note from the Wilberforce, to let us know that she was before us, and that all was right. Unfortunately she had run aground; when we came up to her we towed her off, and, anxious to proceed, though now it was between seven and eight o'clock and quite dark, we determined to sail during the night; but we ran on a bank, as also did the *Amelia*, which cost us a great deal of trouble. As soon as we got into deep water we anchored until morning, the 25th of August. We found the people apparently more civilized, and more reconciled to us than lower down the river. Numbers of them came alongside in their canoes, with plantains and yams, poultry, and goats for sale, several of which we purchased with handkerchiefs, (money is of no value here,) anything of wearing apparel, or cowries, a small shell commonly found in the East Indies. We gave away a great many cowries and handkerchiefs at several places where we stopped for a few minutes. At one village where we stopped the force of the current drove us upon the bank, where we were detained above an hour and a half. A great many of the natives came on board. The inhabitants were very kind, and rendered us all the assistance in their power to get the vessel off. The captain threw them half a gallon of cowries, which they considered a great insult. They are very superstitious and very covetous, and will take anything you give them from your hand; but if you throw it on the ground to them, it is considered as a very great insult; consequently we gave them a quantity more cowries into their hands, and they seemed very much pleased.

26th August, we had a very pleasant day's sail, the river still enriched with the finest and richest foliage in the world. We arrived at

Ebo about four o'clock, and found the Wilberforce had arrived there the night previous. On the following morning we had his majesty the King of Ebo, with his retinue, composed chiefly of his sons and daughters, on board. His majesty was dressed in an old military coat given him by Captain Allan, who had accompanied the last Niger expedition with the unfortunate *Lander*. He had also an old military cap and a pair of red trousers, but was bare-footed. Some of the sons, the princes, were naked: none of them had any more clothing than a handkerchief round their loins; and all the sons and daughters under seventeen or eighteen years of age were entirely naked. It appears that circumcision is a practice here as well as among the Jews. They have a superstitious idea of charms: they wear a sort of amulet round their neck composed of some fine cut into small strips and twisted, ornamented with cowries. One of the daughters of the king had an ulcer on the knee, apparently from a recent bruise. Our doctor, Mr. William, asked why the supposed preventive the amulet, had not the desired effect in curing her knee: to which question they seemed at a loss to reply. Lieutenant Fashington took it off her neck, making a motion or pretence to throw it over board. The princess evinced great uneasiness at the circumstance, but showed great satisfaction upon it being placed again round her neck. The doctor touched the wound with caustic, and dressed it with sticking-plaster, which in all probability would soon heal the wound. The old king seems to take very little notice of his offspring, which is very numerous, he having upwards of two hundred wives, and probably as many concubines.

It was rather amusing to see so much formality and ceremony exercised upon receiving his majesty on the quarter-deck of the *Albion*, the same rules having been observed as if we had been receiving the Lord High Admiral of England on board. The king was not at all averse to the abolition of the slave trade, more especially when he was shewn a number of presents which he was to receive on his acquiescence in this measure. The next day, Saturday, the 28th of August was the day appointed for his majesty to sign a treaty and receive his presents. True to his appointment, he was on board as early as seven o'clock in the morning, with a host of sons and daughters. Some of the latter, as marks of distinction to shew their royalty, though not more than eight or nine years of age, wore large pieces of elephant's tooth round the ankle; that custom and their system of tattooing, or marking themselves on the face and arms, are the most absurd customs observed on this part of the river, or in King Ebo's dominions.

The gentlemen of the several ships forming the expedition having held a privy council or committee, his majesty was ushered into Captain Trotter's cabin, where, immediately upon being seated, he desired some wine, which was immediately supplied him. I had then an opportunity of drawing his portrait, which was a very troublesome task, he seemed so very uneasy. I had on the previous morning taken a portrait of one of his numerous sons, which I shewed him. He was very much pleased, and was desirous of keeping it; he seemed very fond of music, and Captain Trotter desired me to play a few tunes upon the Jews' harp, to which he kept time by slapping his hands together.



Alfred Hume del.

W. G. Scul.

ALBERT THORVALDSEN.

ALBERT THORVALDSEN;

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH,

BY H. C. ANDERSEN.*

WITH A PORTRAIT.

CH scroll in the history of art is unfolded and read: Thorvald has lived; his life was a triumphal procession; fortune and success accompanied him; men have in him acknowledged and paid tribute to art.

A man's prosperous life, this triumphal procession, can be told with words as well as with colours. If we should give a name, heralding the whole, we would then trace three large fields, the uppermost draw a thick, well-grown, Danish beech-forest, the king stands before the altar of unhewn stones, his hair and beard with a thick golden ring, and himself surrounded by a host of priests. This is Denmark's King, Harald Hildetand.† His cheeks are ruddy, his head is proudly raised;—what have the great gods decreed him? That one of his race shall, in future ages, extend his empire from the North Cape to the southernmost point of Europe, far towards the east and west his name is written in the book of fate. We will draw the next field in the heraldic vignette:—The ages have passed away; it is in our times. A poor boy, with a red cap on his flaxen head, is seen carrying an earthen jar, supported by a pack-thread, through one of the narrow streets of Copenhagen; he is taking food to his father, who works in the docks as a carver of figure-heads for vessels. Look well at this child; he is the youngest of King Harald Hildetand's race, and through him the prophecy shall be fulfilled,—but how? We will sketch the third field: the boy has become a man, and his flaxen hair white; he hangs in rich folds over his herculean shoulders. Round him are seen splendid marble figures,—Jason with the golden fleece, the twelve Apostles. This is the artist-king we see, the descendant of Harald Hildetand, the poor boy who now, as a man, holds his sceptre over Europe's lands in the kingdom of genius; Albert Thorvaldsen.

No invention of the poet, it is reality itself that gives the life to every one of these pictures. Iceland has preserved the languages, mythology and history, for the northern kingdoms; fragments of whole families are found truly and faithfully preserved in the *sagas*, and thus we have Thorvaldsen's. His lineage leads us from Denmark's King, Harald Hildetand. From Denmark he was removed to Norway, and afterwards to Iceland. There we find in the *saga* about Laxdlerne, that one of the family, Oluf Paa, a powerful chief, whose taste for works of art is celebrated in the songs of the bards. Albert Thorvaldsen's genius moved in the breast; hear what the *saga* says:—

Translated, at the author's request, by C. Beckwith.

And the fifth was the son of Rorik Slyngebaud and Audur, daughter of Hildræ. He died in the fatal battle of Bravalla, fought on the coast of Norway, A. D. 735. His surname of Hildetand, or Golden-teeth, is thus accounted for: Hildetanni cognomen obtinuit ab Hilde, quæ Dea belli perhibetur, seu sepelivit Bellona, et dentibus aureis.—Torfæus, tom. i. lib. x. c. 22-25. Geijer, tom. i. 536.

"Oluf Paa had a dining-hall built, which was larger and handsomer than any one that had hitherto been seen; the walls and ceiling were adorned with images representing celebrated events from old legends or *sagas*, and the whole was so skilfully executed, that it appeared much more splendid than if the walls and ceiling had been hung with tapestry. When the dining-hall was finished, there was a great banquet at Oluf Paa's, and thither came also the bard Ulf Uggason, who made a ballad about Oluf Paa and the *sagas* that were depicted on the walls. This ballad was called *Huusdrapa*.

A similarity in features and manners can be traced through several generations, and so may a peculiarity of mind; and it is that in Oluf Paa which, ennobled and enlarged, appears in Thorvaldsen.

We stand in the entrance to his life's gallery;—the one picture succeeds the other in this happy, victorious, triumphal procession.

It was in Copenhagen, on the 19th of November, 1770, that a carver of figures for ships' heads, by name Gottskalk Thorvaldsen, was presented by his wife, Karen Grönlund, the daughter of a clergyman in Jutland, with a son, who at his baptism received the name of Bertel, Albert.

The father had come from Iceland, and lived in poor circumstances. They dwelt in *Lille Grønnegade* (Little Green Street), not far from the academy of arts. The moon has often peeped into their poor room; she has told us about it in "A Picture-book without Pictures."—

"The father and mother slept, but their little son did not sleep; where the flowered cotton bed-curtains moved I saw the child peep out. I thought at first that he looked at the Bornholm clock, for it was finely painted with red and green, and there was a cuckoo on the top; it had heavy leaden weights, and the pendulum with its shining brass plate went to and fro with a 'tick! tick!' But it was not that he looked at; no, it was his mother's spinning-wheel, which stood directly under the clock; this was the dearest piece of furniture in the whole house for the boy; but he dared not touch it, for if he did, he got a rap over the fingers. Whilst his mother spun, he would sit for hours together looking at the burring spindle and the revolving wheel, and then he had his own thoughts. Oh! if he only durst spin that wheel! His father and mother slept; he looked at them, he looked at the wheel, and then by degrees a little naked foot was stuck out of the bed, and then another naked foot; then there came two small legs,—and, with a jump, he stood on the floor. He turned round once more, to see if his parents slept; yes, they did; and so he went softly, quite softly, only in his little shirt, up to the wheel, and began to spin. The cord flew off, and the wheel then ran much quicker. His mother awoke at the same moment; the curtains moved; she looked out, and thought of the brownie, or another little spectral being. 'Have mercy on us!' said she, and in her fear she struck her husband in the side; he opened his eyes, rubbed them with his hands, and looked at the busy little fellow. 'It is Bertel, woman,' said he."

What the moon relates we see here as the first picture in Thorvaldsen's life's-gallery; for it is a reflection of the reality. Thorvaldsen has himself, when in familiar conversation at Nysøe, told the author almost word for word what he in his "Picture-book" lets the moon say. It was one of his earliest remembrances, how he, in his

little short shirt, sat in the moonlight and spun his mother's wheel whilst she, dear soul, took him for a little spectre.

A few years ago, there still lived an old ship-carpenter, who remembered the little, light-haired, blue-eyed boy, that came to his father in the carving-house at the dock-yard; he was to learn his father's trade; and, as the latter felt how bad it was not to be able to draw, the boy, then eleven years of age, was sent to the drawing school at the academy of arts, where he made rapid progress. Two years afterwards, Bertel, or Albert, as we shall in future call him, was of great assistance to his father; nay, he even improved his work.

See the hovering ships on the wharfs! The Dannebrog* waves, the workmen sit in a circle under the shade at their frugal breakfasts; but foremost stands the principal figure in this picture: it is a boy who cuts with a bold hand the life-like features in the wooden image for the beak-head of the vessel. It is the ship's guardian spirit; and, as the first image from the hand of Albert Thorvaldsen, it shall wander out into the wide world. The eternally swelling sea should baptise it with its waters, and hang its wreaths of wet plants around it.

Our next picture advances a step forward. Unobserved amongst the other boys, he has now frequented the academy's school for six years already, where, always taciturn and silent, he stood by his drawing-board. His answer was "yes" or "no," a nod or a shake of the head; but mildness shone from his features, and good-nature was in every expression. The picture shows us Albert as a candidate for confirmation. He is now seventeen years of age—not a very young age to ratify his baptismal compact; his place at the dean's house is the last among the poor boys, for his knowledge is not sufficient to place him higher. There had just at that time been an account in the newspapers that the pupil, Thorvaldsen, had gained the academy's smaller medal for a bas-relief representing "a Cupid reposing." "Is it your brother that has gained the medal?" inquired the dean. "It is myself," said Albert; and the clergyman looked kindly on him, placed him first amongst all the boys, and from that time always called him *Monsieur Thorvaldsen*. Oh! how deeply did that "*Monsieur*" then sound in his mind, as he has often said since! it sounded far more powerfully than any title that kings could give him; he never afterwards forgot it.

In a small house in Aabeuraa—the street where Holberg lets his poor poets dwell—lived Albert Thorvaldsen with his parents, and divided his time between the study of art and assisting his father. The Academy's lesser gold medal was then the prize to be obtained for sculpture. Our artist was now twenty years of age; his friends knew his abilities better than himself, and they compelled him to enter on the task. The subject proposed was, "*Heliodorus driven out of the temple.*"

We are now in Charlottenburg;† but the little chamber in which Thorvaldsen lately sat to make his sketch is empty, and he, chased by the demons of fear and distrust, hastens down the narrow back-stairs with the intention not to return. Nothing is accidental in the life of a great genius; an apparent insignificance is a God's guiding

* The Danish national flag.

† An old palace, now used as the academy of arts.

finger. Thorvaldsen was to complete his task. Who is it that stops him on the dark stairs? One of the professors just comes that way, speaks to him, questions, admonishes him. He returns, and in four hours the sketch is finished, and the gold medal won. This was on the 15th of August, 1791.

Count Ditlew de Reventlow,* minister of state, saw the young artist's work, and became his protector; he placed his own name at the head of a subscription that enabled Thorvaldsen to devote his time to the study of his art. Two years afterwards the large gold medal was to be contended for at the academy, the successful candidate thereby gaining the right to a travelling *stipendium*. Thorvaldsen was again the first; but before he entered on his travels, it was deemed necessary to extend that knowledge which an indifferent education at school had left him in want of. He read, studied, and the academy gave him its support; acknowledgment smiled on him, a greater and more spiritual sphere lay open to him.

We will now fix our eyes on an object which at that time was dear to him; we find it at his feet in those lively evening scenes, where he, in merry company with such men as Rahbek and Steffens, sits a silent spectator; we find it in the corner behind the great stove with the bright brass balls on, in the otherwise poorly furnished chamber at home, which contrasts strangely with the appearance of the well-dressed men who come to visit him. We see it, but bound with a cord, behind the door of the amateur company's theatre, where Thorvaldsen retires after delivering the two replies he has to make in the "Barber of Seville;"—it is his dear dog. It just belongs to this time, it belongs to his life's triumphal procession; he has loved it, he has remembered it in many a work; it was his faithful companion, his dear comrade. All his friends will have one of its whelps; for once, when one of Albert's creditors became too violent, it flew with fury at the severe dun. Thorvaldsen has made it immortal in marble; yet he has not done so with his first love,—that which otherwise transforms itself into an imperishable Daphne-leaf in a poet's breast.

We know a chapter in that history. It was in the spring of 1796 that Thorvaldsen intended to commence his wanderings in the world, by passing over the Alps to Rome; but he fell ill, and after his recovery was depressed in mind. War was then raging in Germany; and his friends advised him to go by the royal frigate, *Thetis*, which was just about to sail for the Mediterranean. He had then a betrothed bride: he took an honest, open-hearted farewell of her, and said, "Now that I am going on my travels, you shall not be bound to me. If you keep true to me, and I to you, until we meet again some years hence, then we will be united." They separated,—and they met again many, many years afterwards, shortly before his death, she as a widow, he as Europe's eternally young artist. When Thorvaldsen's corpse was borne through the streets of Copenhagen with royal magnificence; when the streets were filled with thousands of spectators in mourning; there sat an old woman, of the class of citizens, at an open window;—it was she. The first farewell was here called to mind by the last. The first farewell—yes, that was a festal day! The cannons sounded a farewell from the frigate *Thetis*.

* Father of the present Danish ambassador in London.

See how the sails swell before the wind; the water foams in the wake of the ship as it passes the wood-grown coast, and the towers of Copenhagen disappear in the distance. Albert stands by the prow; the waves dash against the image of Thetis, that which he himself once carved with life-like features. He looks forward;—he has now begun his Argonautic expedition in search of art's golden fleece in Colchis-Rome. But at home, in the little parlour in Aabeurraa, there stands the inconsolable mother lamenting her lost son, whom she shall see no more,—no more press to her heart. One of Albert's dearest friends is also there; he has brought her a little box of ducats from the departed traveller; but she shakes her head, and cries aloud: "I want nothing in this world but my child, who will now perish on the wild ocean!" And she takes her boy's old black silk waistcoat from the closet, imprints a thousand kisses on it, and sheds many heavy tears for Albert, her beloved Albert.*

A whole year passes; towards the end of February, 1797, we stand on the Molo at Naples. The packet from Palermo arrives, and with it Turks, Greeks, Maltese, and people of all nations; amongst them is a pale, sickly Scandinavian: he assists the porter to carry his own luggage, shakes his head at the other's garrulity, for he does not understand the language. Of what use is it that the sun shines so warm and bright on all around!—there is no sunshine in his mind: it is sickly, it is depressed by home-sickness. Thus has Albert Thorvaldsen at length entered Italy's continent after having been cast about like an Ulysses. The frigate Thetis was obliged to cruise in the North Sea, to guard the Norwegian coasts against English privateers; it was in September that it first passed through the British Channel, and arrived in October at Algiers, where the plague had broken out; then followed a long quarantine at Malta, then a tour to Tripoli, in order to quell the disturbance that had arisen with respect to Danish vessels; and, whilst the captain was on shore there, the ship was driven, by a storm, from its moorings, and carried out again to sea, when it had to undergo a fresh quarantine at Malta; after which it was found to be in such a state that it was obliged to be keel-hauled. Thorvaldsen, therefore, left his countrymen at Malta, from which place he went in an open boat to Palermo, whence it was that the packet now brought him to Naples.

Not a single fellow-countryman did he meet here. The language he did not understand. Anxious and discouraged he wandered about the harbour the whole of the following day, to see if there were not amongst the many foreign flags, the white cross on a red ground; but no, there was not one Danish vessel. Had there been one there, he would then have returned to Denmark. Sick at heart, he burst into tears. The old Neapolitan woman with whom he lodged for a few days saw him weep, and thought:—"It is certainly love that depresses him,—love,—love for one in his cold barbarian land!" and she wept too, and thought, perhaps, of her own first-love; for the rose-bush can be fresh and green with youth within, although it is harvest-time, and it stands leafless without, yet bearing its buds.

"What has that voyage led to? Why does that womanly impulse come back!" These were the words with which he would have been greeted at home; and this he felt in that struggling moment. A sort

* The Thetis sailed from Copenhagen on the 20th of May, 1796.

of shamefulness struck deep in his soft mind, and with this feeling he hastened to take a place with a *vetturino* for Rome, where he arrived on the 8th of March, 1797,—a day that was afterwards celebrated by his friends in Copenhagen as his birthday, before they knew the day on which he was born; the 8th of March was the day on which Thorvaldsen was born in Rome for his immortal art.

A portrait-figure stands now before us; it is that of a Dane, the learned and severe Zoega, to whom the young artist is specially recommended,—but who only sees in him a common talent; whose words are only those of censure, and whose eye sees only a servile imitation of the antique in his works. Strictly honest in his judgment, according to his own ideas, is this man, who should be Thorvaldsen's guide.

We let three years glide away after the arrival of Thorvaldsen, and ask Zoega what he now says of Albert, or, as the Italians call him, Alberto, and the severe man shakes his head, and says:—"There is much to blame, little to be satisfied with, and diligent he is not!" Yet he was diligent in a high degree; but genius is foreign to a foreign mind. "The snow had just then thawed from my eyes," he has himself often repeated. The drawings of the Danish painter, Carstens, formed one of those spiritual books that shed its holy baptism over that growing genius. The little *atelier* looked like a battlefield, for round about were broken statues. Genius formed them often in the midnight hours; despondency over their faults broke them in the day.

The three years, for which he had received a *stipendium*, were as if they had flown away, and as yet he had produced nothing. The time for his return drew nigh. One work, however, he must complete, that it might not, with justice, be said in Denmark, "Thorvaldsen has quite wasted his time in Rome." Doubting his genius just when it embraced him most affectionately; not expecting a victory, whilst he already stood on its open road, he modelled "Jason who has gained the golden fleece." It was this that Thorvaldsen would have gained in the kingdom of arts, and which he now thought he must resign. The figure stood there in clay,—many eyes looked carelessly on it, and—he broke it to pieces!

It was in April, 1801, that his return home was fixed, in company with Zoega. It was put off until the autumn. During this time "Jason" occupied all his thoughts. A new, a larger figure of the hero was formed,—an immortal work; but it had not then been announced to the world, nor understood by it. "Here is something more than common!" was said by many. Even the man to whom all paid homage, the illustrious Canova, started, and exclaimed:—"Quest' opera di quel giovane Danese é fatta in uno stilo nuovo e grandioso!" Zoega smiled. "It is bravely done!" said he. The Danish songstress, Frederikke Brunn, was then in Rome, and sang enthusiastically about Thorvaldsen's "Jason." She assisted the artist so, that he was enabled to get this figure cast in plaster; for he himself had no more money than was just sufficient for his expenses home.

The last glass of wine had been already drunk as a farewell, the boxes packed, and the *vetturino's* carriage was before the door at day-break; the boxes were fastened behind. Then came a fellow-traveller—the sculptor Hagemann, who was returning to his native

city, Berlin. His passport was not ready. Their departure must be put off until the next day; and Thorvaldsen promised, although the *vetturino* complained, and abused him, to remain so long. He stayed—stayed to win an immortal name on earth, and cast a lustre over Denmark.

The British bombs have demolished the towers of Copenhagen; the British have robbed us Danes of our fleet; but, in our just indignation and bitterness thereat, we will remember that it was an Englishman who rescued for us, and our land's greatness—thee, Albert Thorvaldsen! An Englishman it was, who, by the will of Providence, raised for us more than towers and spires; who cast more honour and glory around the nation's name, than all the ships of the land, with flag and cannon, could thunder forth,—it was the Englishman, Thomas Hope, Esq.

In the little *studio* which the artist was about to leave stood Hope, before the uncovered "Jason." It was a life's moment in Thorvaldsen's, and, consequently, in the history of art. The rich stranger had been conducted there by a hired guide; for Canova had said that "Jason" was a work in a new and gigantic style.

Thorvaldsen demanded only six hundred zechins for the completion of his work in marble. Hope immediately offered him eight hundred. His career of fame now began. This was in the year 1803.

"Jason" was finished twenty-five years afterwards, and then first sent to the noble Briton; but in these twenty-five years other masterpieces were created, and Thorvaldsen's name inscribed amongst the immortals.

He was one of Fortune's favourites, yet still often sick at heart. The sun of Naples had not the power to cheer him; but friendship and careful nursing were able to do so, and these he found with Baron Schubart, the Danish ambassador in Tuscany; with him, at his beautiful villa, Montenero, near Leghorn, health came into his blood, and peace into his mind. The summer life at that place is still reflected in his bas-reliefs, "Summer" and "Autumn."

Princes and artists here associated with him affectionately. On all sides were heard the sounds of acknowledgment and admiration. "The Muses' dance on Helicon" then sprung forth in marble. He formed "Amor and Psyche." This group stood complete at the palace, when a storm came on; the lightning fell, and broke all the other figures except "Amor and Psyche." It was a sign from heaven that he was its favourite. Heaven with its lightning spared a work of Thorvaldsen's; the ocean itself in its anger afterwards spared his "Venus with the apple." This beautiful statue sprung forth from the froth of the sea, saved, and well preserved, after the sorrowful news of the vessel's having sunk on its passage to England. The news of Thorvaldsen's fame reached Denmark, and awakened joy and interest. He was elected member of the royal academy of arts; orders for the palace and the town-hall were sent to him. Beautiful statues came from his hands at this time. New works of art, and fresh orders followed. Years rolled on.

Norway was then united with Denmark. In 1811 a quarry of white marble was discovered there, and our present king, then Prince Christian, wrote to Thorvaldsen, who expressed his desire and longing to return; but the many works he had on hand still bound him for a time to the city of the Pope.

There was a bustle and noise in Rome. An emperor's palace was to be erected on the Quirinal mountain. Artists and artizans were in full activity, for everything was to be ready in May, 1812, to receive Napoleon. There were several rooms, where, on the top part of the four walls of each stood an open place for bas-reliefs. No one thought of Thorvaldsen's assistance; for he was going home to the north. The time approached for the completion of the work. The architect, Stern, who had the management of the whole, came by accident to sit beside Thorvaldsen in the academy of St. Luca, and there made him a proposal to deliver a frieze in plaster for the rooms, sixty feet in length; but it must be finished in three months. Thorvaldsen promised it, kept his word, and delivered a masterpiece,—“Alexander's triumphal entry.”* The report about it went through all countries: in Denmark it rose to enthusiasm. Sums of money were collected to obtain it in marble, and the Danish government gave an order for it.

Thorvaldsen still remained in Rome. New works were produced. We will dwell on two since the year 1815. Weeks and months had run on without his having done anything. He went about in an inexplicable state of melancholy. Early one summer morning, after a sleepless night, he sat down before the wooden trough, laid the wet clay over it, and in a moment he formed his celebrated bas-relief “Night.” During the work the dark mists in his mind vanished; it was day there—the clear, sunlit day,—a confident peace that afterwards always greeted him as victor. He had just completed this bas-relief when one of his Danish friends entered, and found him glad and happy, playing with a large cat, and his dear dog Teverino. The same day came the plaster-modeller, to cast it in gypsum, when Thorvaldsen was already busied with his accompanying bas-relief of “Day,” and said, “Stay a little while; then we can have them both cast at the same time.” Thus these two immortal works were begun and completed in one day.

On the 14th of July, 1819, at four o'clock in the morning, he left Rome, in company with Count Rantzau of Breitenburg, and the historical painter, Lund. Passing through Sleswick, Als, and Funen, Thorvaldsen arrived at Copenhagen on the 3rd of October, after an absence of twenty-three years.

It was not his parents' lot to see him. His mother could not press her beloved Albert to her heart, nor hear of the homage paid to him,—hear the exultations that his arrival at home awakened. They had both died long before; but from heaven they looked down on him,—from heaven they had followed him on his earthly life's triumphal progress. A mother's tears on earth and prayers in heaven are blessings!

In all the Italian and German towns through which he passed he was met by high and low with demonstrations of honour, and many an enthusiastic young artist hastened to that town whither he knew that Thorvaldsen would come. At one of the last stages, near Stut-

* Of “Alexander's triumphal entry,” there are four different specimens: 1. The Quirinal, which may be regarded as sketches. 2. The Sommarivis, which has several additions. 3. The same worked throughout, and extended by several pieces, which may be regarded as a complete whole. 4. The specimen in Christiansborg palace in Copenhagen; which was executed in (1829-30),—exactly after the one last named.

gard, a wanderer came and stopped by the carriage in which Thorvaldsen sat. He begged to be allowed to ride; he got permission, and when on the way narrated that he had come on foot a great distance, and that he was going to Stutgard in order to see the great artist Thorvaldsen, who was expected there. Thorvaldsen made himself known. It was one of the greatest moments in the stranger's life. Love and homage had made his journey home a victorious procession. His arrival in Copenhagen was not less so.

See, how they crowd around him, old and young, the first men in the land! A hearty pressure of the hand, and a kiss on the mouth is Thorvaldsen's good day. All worldly honours and elevations to rank did not corrupt his even mind, his straightforward manner. A suite of rooms is assigned to him at Charlottenborg. His eye wanders about, amongst the many that surround him, in search of one of his elder friends. He sees none but the old porter, who stands modestly by the door, in his red frock. He remembers this old man from the days of his youth. He flies into his arms, and presses a heartfelt kiss on his lips.

Feast succeeds feast in honour of Thorvaldsen. The most brilliant, however, was that given by the students of the university, and held at the royal shooting-gallery. Oehlenschläger made the first speech; at the close of which the poet called on the sculptor to remember the old gods of the north, and to present to the world at least one. Songs were sung, cannons fired, toasts drunk, and also one for Thorvaldsen's "*Graces*" in the "*health to all Danish girls*."

He soon began to long for work. An *atelier* was arranged, and all flocked to see him in activity. To the most of the Copenhageners his was a new art. A handsome lady, who saw him one day modelling with his fingers on the soft clay, said quite *naively*,

"You do not, surely, do that work yourself, professor, when you are in Rome?"

"I assure you," he replied good-humouredly, "that this is just the most important part!"

About a year afterwards he again left Copenhagen. It is a pitch-dark night, and the sea is calm. An open-decked boat lies still some miles from the coast of Laaland. The seals whine from the banks. The sailor sits listening at the stern, uncertain what he shall do. The surface of the water is suddenly ruffled; a storm is at hand; it approaches on whistling wings, and the waves toss the light boat. It is death here near that terrible coast; but death only mows down the foam of the high waves with his scythe. Thorvaldsen is in the boat; his mission in the kingdom of arts, on earth, is not ended. At daybreak a pilot comes to their aid, and they reach Rostock.

Through Berlin, Dresden, Warsaw,* and Vienna, he now goes to old Rome, his second home. In every place are greeting and homage. The Emperor Alexander and the Emperor Francis receive the artist with marks of distinction. The whole journey forms a new addition of triumphs in his life's wanderings.

Again he stood in his airy Roman *atelier*; the roses blooming in the open window; the yellow oranges shining in the warm sun. There he stood, creating anew; immortal works spring forth from

* Thorvaldsen received several orders for different works in Warsaw. The Emperor Alexander was there just at that time, and sat to the artist for his bust.

under his chisel. "Christ and the twelve Apostles," * "St. John"† and the surrounding group were formed; and Copernicus sat there, in strength and greatness.

On the last day of Lent, in 1823, the bells rang, pistols and guns cracked everywhere. Thorvaldsen's landlady had a little son. After their meal on Good Friday the boy begged him to lend him his pistols, and they went together to fetch them from the bed-chamber where they had hung, from the time he returned from his journey. Thorvaldsen takes the one down, and tries it at the open window. The boy has in the meantime seized the other. It goes off; Thorvaldsen falls. The boy sees blood, and screams out. But the ball lay spent within his clothes; for the charge had not been strong enough to cause a mortal wound. The blood only streamed from two wounded fingers. His preservation filled the common people in Rome with the belief that he was specially protected by the Madonna.

Yes, here, as always, the heavenly powers watched over him. It is dark night; it is still in Rome's streets, and still in Thorvaldsen's house. A couple of well-armed fellows sneak about there. They pick the lock of the door; they sit down on the stone stairs within, and wait for him; for he is out, and they know that he will return late and alone. The landlady, and her little son, together with a young foreign artist, are the only other occupants of the house, and their rooms are in the top story. The assassins sit still. The key is turned in the door. They listen. No, it is not Thorvaldsen, it is the young artist who comes home. He springs lightly up the stairs past the lurking murderers. They do not heed him; and yet his hand has touched one of their heads in his hasty flight upstairs. He knows that some one is sitting there, and knows they are waiting for Thorvaldsen, who always goes that way to his chamber. Astonished at seeing a light through the key-hole, he opens the door, and Thorvaldsen is at home. There is an entrance to the house from the next street, and through that door he has come this evening, being obliged to do so, having lost the key of the usual entrance-door,—and he is saved.

"The heavenly powers watch over him," repeated the Roman populace. They even saw the holy father pay him a visit. They saw him extend his hand to him that he might not kneel on taking leave. The Lutheran Thorvaldsen was commissioned to make a monument for the Catholic Pope Pius the Seventh.

Aloft on the tribune stands the daughter of inspiration, the improvisatrice, Rosa Taddei. The assembled multitude listen to the words' pouring from her lips, and send forth acclamations of praise. The theme proposed to her is, "*I progressi della scultura.*" Her eye wanders over the assembled listeners, and discovers Alberto; him to whom Denmark gave birth. In her song's flight she points him out, and thus so far forgets the earthly, that she, in the city of the Pope, names Alberto "*figlio di Dio.*"

"The king and the poet shall wander together," says the song; David's harp and the king's crown stand near to each other. In

* The figures of Christ and the twelve Apostles, in marble, are in Frue Kirke (Our Lady's Church), Copenhagen.

† John preaching in the wilderness, and the surrounding group of sixteen figures in burnt clay, surmount the entrance to Frue Kirke.

Rome's streets, arm-in-arm, wander King Louis of Bavaria and the poet in marble, Albert Thorvaldsen; a devoted friendship was formed between these two. The latter always spoke of the king of Bavaria in warm and faithful terms.

Though forty years resident in Rome, rich and independent, he lived and worked with the thought of once returning home to Denmark, there to rest himself; unaccustomed to the great comforts of other rich artists in Rome, he lived a bachelor's life. Was his heart then no longer open to love since his first departure from Copenhagen? A thousand beautiful Cupids in marble will tell us how warmly that heart beat. Love belongs to life's mysteries.

We know that Thorvaldsen has left a daughter in Rome, whose birth he has acknowledged;* we also know that more than one female of quality would willingly have given her hand to the great artist. The year before his first return to Denmark he lay ill at Naples, and was nursed by an English lady who felt the most ardent affection for him: and, from that feeling of gratitude which was awakened in him, he immediately consented to their union. When he had recovered, and afterwards returned to Rome, this promise preyed on his mind, he felt that he was not now formed to be a husband, acknowledged that gratitude was not love, and that they were not suited for each other; after a long combat with himself, he wrote and informed her of his determination. Thorvaldsen was never married.

The following trait is as characteristic of his heart as of his whole personality. One day whilst in Rome there came a poor countryman to him, an artisan, who had long been ill; he came to say farewell, and to thank him for the money that he and others of his countrymen had subscribed together, with which he was to reach home.

"But you will not walk the whole way?" said Thorvaldsen.

"I am obliged to do so," replied the man.

"But you are still too weak to walk!—you cannot bear the fatigue, nor must you do it!" said he.

The man assured him of the necessity of doing so.

Thorvaldsen went and opened a drawer, took out a handful of *scudi* and gave them to him, saying, "See, now you will ride the whole way!"

The man thanked him, but assured him that his gift would not be more than sufficient to carry him to Florence.

"Well!" said Thorvaldsen, clapping him on the shoulder, as he went a second time to the drawer and took out another handful,—the man was grateful in the highest degree, and was going.—"Now you can ride the whole way home and be comfortable on the way," said he, as he followed the man to the door.

"I am very glad!" said the man. "God bless you for it! but to ride the whole way requires a little capital."

"Well, then, tell me how great that must be?" he asked, and looked earnestly at him.

The man in a modest manner named the requisite sum, and

* She was married in 1832 to the Danish chamberlain, Poulsen, and the year after gave birth to a son, who was christened Albert Thorvaldsen Ludevig; in 1842 she, together with her husband and child, visited her father in Copenhagen, where she became a widow; she now lives in Rome.

Thorvaldsen went a third time to the drawer, counted out the sum, accompanied him to the door, pressed his hand and repeated, "But now you will ride, for you have not strength to walk!"

Our artist did not belong to the class of great talkers; it was only in a small circle that he could be brought to say anything, but then it was always with humour and gaiety. A few energetic exclamations of his are preserved. A well-known sculptor expressing himself one day with much self-feeling, entered into a dispute with Thorvaldsen, and set his own works over the latter's. "You may bind my hands behind me," said Thorvaldsen, "and I will bite the marble out with my teeth better than you can carve it."

Thorvaldsen possessed specimens in plaster of all his works; these, together with the rich marble statues and bas-reliefs which he had collected of his own accord, without orders, and the number of paintings that he every year bought of young artists, formed a treasure that he wished to have in his proper home, Copenhagen. Therefore, when the Danish government sent vessels of war to the Mediterranean, in order to fetch the works that were ready for the palace or the church, he always sent a number of his own things with them. Denmark was to inherit these treasures of art; and, in order to see them collected in a place worthy of them, a zeal was awakened in the nation to build a museum for their reception. A committee of his Danish admirers and friends sent out a requisition to the people, that every one might give their mite; many a poor servant-girl and many a peasant gave theirs, so that a good sum was soon collected.* Frederick the Sixth gave the ground for the building, and the erection thereof was committed to the architect Bindsbol.

* Thorvaldsen himself gave 25,000 rix-dollars (3000*l.*) towards its erection, which, together with the collected sums, amounted to 100,000 rix-dollars.



THORVALDSEN'S MUSEUM. COPENHAGEN.

THE FLÂNEUR IN PARIS.

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A TRAVELLER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SECOND LOVE."

A last *flânerie*.—Confusion in the names of Parisian streets.—Paris by night.—
A last apology in a tone of true French philosophy.

CAN the *flâneur* suppose that his reader is still inclined to take his arm once more, and wander with him upon a last *flânerie* along the streets of Paris? The poor reader has been dragged about in a manner so capricious and irregular, that he must be well nigh out of breath by this time, and feel himself somewhat *sore* after all the twitchings and jerkings hither and thither which he has been made to endure. It is with no few qualms of hesitation and doubt, then, that the *flâneur* ventures to call upon him as a companion once more in a still more desultory ramble, in order that his attention may be attracted to those evidences of instability and want of principle in the Parisian character, which are marked so evidently upon the face of the streets by the oft-changed names incessantly painted one over the other, on street corners. There is scarcely a street in Paris in the various denominations of which the history of all its many revolutions may not be read.

Let us commence our wanderings upon that vast ornamented desert, decorated with its stone statues, stone balustrades, stone terraces, broad asphalté pavement, gilt fountains, and Egyptian obelisks, which stand between the Tuileries and the Champs Elysées. By what name are we to call it? Popular designation at this day, when parties and opinions are so confounded, or so merged into the one party of self-interest, gives it three to be used, *ad libitum*. The legitimist, the would-be-thought aristocrat, and the fine gentleman, or he who aspires to be considered one, generally call this great space the Place Louis XV.—the name it bore in the palmy days of the *ancien régime*, from the fact of the statue of the so-called *bien aimé* monarch having decorated its centre. The revolution flooded away this effigy with a deluge of blood, and placed a gore-besmeared figure of *plaster* Liberty on the spot, as a constant false witness of the deeds of that guillotine, which swept from the earth, amidst its numerous victims, the best as the most mistaken of monarchs. The Place de la Révolution well deserved the odious name it then bore; and this name alone has been lost, spunged out of the tablets of the city, and forgotten. The empire scarce found time to cleanse the reeking soil from its dark pool of blood, and hastily baptised the spot, in the midst of battle and carnage, with the unfit name of the Place de la Concorde. Did it think by such a title to smear over the horrid memory of the deeds there committed? The *juste milieu* has effected such a task more completely; it has planted upon the spot where the head of the unhappy Louis fell, an unseemly stone mounted upon a pedestal, (where by the rules of art it should rest upon the ground), which cuts in every direction the noble *points de vue*, that terminate the several vistas of the Place—a stone signifying nothing—that has neither emblem nor purpose—that effectually crushes the memory of those days of shame for the French nation by its insignificance of meaning.

The *juste milieu* has steered a middle course, however, between the

revolutionary denomination and that of ancient despotism, and still retains to the Place its name of Place de la Concorde. The voice of the people goes still further, and, as if still more desirous of obliterating the past and living only for the present, gives it the simple designation of Place de l'Obélisque.

Let not the stranger be confounded at this multiplicity of names; for he must still learn with regard to many other places a double and treble nomenclature before he can adventure himself, in full consciousness of knowing whither he is going, along the streets of Paris. To be sure, as we wander onwards, he will be no longer told, whilst he crosses the Place Vendôme that he is traversing the Place des Piques—the characteristic appellation bestowed upon it during the reign of terror: nor will he have any longer to confound the Rue Napoleon with the Rue de la Paix. But as we emerge upon the Boulevards, how is he to designate the street which opens before him? If he ventures to ask a Bonapartist whether it is not the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, he will be told with a proud sneer, "No, it is the Rue de Mont Blanc"—the name bestowed upon it when Savoy was a part of the French republic, and Mont Blanc gave its name to a department of France. Let him ask a modern dandy the way to the Rue de Mont Blanc, he will receive only a shake of the head in affected ignorance as an answer, or be at most corrected by being told the direction to the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin. If he have the good fortune to stumble upon that *rarissima avis* in these days, an old republican, he may perhaps learn that the self-same street is the Rue Mirabeau. A little further on we shall arrive at another street, which has been baptised by such a variety of godfathers, under, such a variety of revolutions that we should have as much difficulty in enumerating to our companion its catalogue of names as a grandee of Spain, or a young German prince his own. It is the catalogue of Leperello—"Mille e tre." We can only faintly recollect in the midst of this confusion, that an obsequious town in times of royal flattery, named it the Rue d'Artois, in compliment to a young prince—that in the time of the Revolution it was honoured with the name of an illustrious citizen, an ex-jesuit, and zealous republican, whose memory has grown obscure in these degenerate days, and was called the Rue Cerutti—that the Restoration restored its ancient princely appellation—and that the Revolution of July stamped it with the name of a patriot of the day, and called it the Rue Lafitte. Let us not adventure much into this neighbourhood; or we might be easily lost in the labyrinth of names. The Parisians themselves have not yet learnt—not even the cabriolet drivers and coachmen—that the Rue Chate-reine and the Rue de la Victoire are one and the same. They themselves are often swamped in the confusion of their own caprices, and in the changes of their ever-recurring revolutions. Let us only give a glance *en passant* at the many streets further down the Boulevards, which bear saintly names. They were all uncanonized, poor things, during those days of the Republic, when saints were suppressed by a decree of the National Convention, and declared *suspects*. The unhappy Rue St. Denis has been supposed to have been most cruelly treated upon this disastrous occasion. It was not enough that the "Saint" which headed its name was cut off by this system of street guillotining; the "De" was still an aristocratic particle, a token of nobility, as such still was highly *suspect*; that had also to be lopped

away. The Rue St. Denis—so we have been told—lost a second head, and became the Rue 'Nis. If we can traverse, without losing our brains and our patience, the many streets which border the present citizen palace of the Tuileries, and in which the titles of the Restoration had to give way to the *bourgeois* names of the Revolution of July—the streets in fact among which the Rue Dauphin passed through its temporary appellation of Rue de l'Enfant Trouvé, (the Anti-Bourbonist name bestowed upon the Duke of Bordeaux, on account of his supposed doubtful birth), to be called the Rue 29 Juillet and commemorate the new and *then* fashionable revolution—if we become not bewildered in the “confusion twice confounded” of all the neighbouring lanes—we shall arrive, after crossing the water, at the Faubourg St. Germain. Here the work of change meets with opposition and denial; and although new names may be painted up in street corners, the mouths and the cards of the old aristocratic inhabitants of the Faubourg resist the attempt of innovation, and will tell and announce to you that the Rue de Lisle, is *not* the Rue de Lisle, but the Rue de Bourbon. But were we to attempt to visit all the spots upon which change has followed change—upon which the friable character of this people and the varied history of its revolutions are to be read, the day from sunrise to sunset would not suffice. Long before our historical and philosophical lesson in mutability were terminated, night would come on to cut us short in our investigation. And let not night catch us wanderers in the streets. Few foreigners, much less Englishmen, accustomed to the broad streets, and glare of gas lamps in frequented London, have any idea of a night in Paris. Shall we describe it to them before we drop the curtain over the flitting phantasmagoric scenes which have passed through the dark lanthorn of the *flâneur*?

Paris by night wears an aspect of such complete mournfulness and desolation—an aspect so utterly unlooked for in the physiognomy of the so-called busy “capital of the civilized world”—that it is impossible to pass along its silent streets without an involuntary feeling of dread, and an uncomfortable shudder—one scarce knows why. The face of Paris by night resembles as little the face of Paris by day as the corpse of a man who has died of some loathsome disease, resembles the same being animated by life and in the heyday of youth, beauty, and gay spirits. The lively multitudes that crowded the streets in gay confusion, intent on pleasure or on business, on the exercise of the act of killing time or saving it, are gone. It is natural. The world sleeps. But the chance wanderer by night shudders to find that the world of Paris is dead not sleeping. There is no longer the least breath of respiration. The city is a corpse. The only lingering symptom of life which he meets is all gangrene, mortification, pollution. Perchance, he may thus stumble upon some crawling wretch, whom vice or dissipation has placed upon the very lowest step of life's ladder—one of those fearful villains, with which Paris teems, fearful when associated, despicable when alone, who seeks his daily garbage among the filthiest moral mud of the great capital—or he may cross in his path one of those pitiable beings, who earns his livelihood in the last stage of industry, and gathers from the dirt and ordure of the streets everything that by any remote possibility can be any way employed to human purposes—no matter what those purposes may be—and who tosses into the refuse-basket on his back every scrap of matter that has a form,

however shapeless—bits of paper, rags, morsels of iron, old nails, shreds of leather, even soiled and withered cabbage-leaves, at which well-fed country pigs would turn up their snouts—all—pell-mell. Such objects he may meet, but little else; and happy may he be that it is nothing more hideous. A few carriages may still rattle to and from the ball-room door in some streets of fashion's haunts; but elsewhere, throughout the greater part of the great city, the only equipage that crosses his path is one of those great slow and heavy carts (the disgrace of a civilized capital, in which millions are bestowed upon exterior embellishments and nothing upon the unseen sewers, so necessary to comfort, health, even life,) which rumbles wearily along the stones that shake beneath its creaking massive wheels, and stops before some fated door in order to suck in with long black proboscis the contents of common drains, poisoning the air around with pestilential stench at fifty paces distant, and adding its foul breath to the myriad of other mephitic vapours that float, like exhalations from infernal spectres along the thoroughfares of a crowded and debauched metropolis. Where a thousand varied objects of sale, a thousand gay and gaudy trifles, glittered behind the bright and polished windows of the shops—where the rainbow arabesques of the richly painted *cafés* dazzled the eye by day—a mournful row of long dark shutters, bound with iron bars and held by heavy screws, rise up before the retarded wanderer, like coffins erect upon their ends, and forming, at it were, entrances to chambers of the dead. Instead of the innumerable lights that streamed from the shop-windows, and gave the brightness of day to the still crowded, busy streets during the evening, a faint colourless glimmer shines alone from the sparingly supplied gas-lamps; if, indeed, as is still the case in parts, it is not from a dim lantern alone suspended from the middle of the street,—thus scarcely rendering "darkness visible," to aid the passenger on his stumbling shuffling way. Heaven help the *flâneur* in Paris from the mania, so common to all *flâneurs*, the mania of wandering by night!

This picture may appear overcharged, fantastic, imaginary, but it is true. A truth not less notorious is the insecurity of the streets of the *soi-disant* capital of civilisation by night. During the winter months, scarcely a day passes but the quiet *bourgeois* and timid stranger is alarmed by rumours of the frequent robberies and assassinations, not only in the remoter, less frequented regions, but even in some of the streets the best frequented and the most populous by day. The fact is, that Paris, which has a wonderfully fine-nosed police for all matters of political delinquency, has but a sham police for the protection of its inhabitants. The patrol is never to be met with but between the hours of ten and twelve; that is to say, when the streets are yet full of life and animation, and then marching slowly along, clanking with heavy boots upon the sounding pavement, with arms that glitter at least a hundred paces off. What, too, can be a better protection for the enterprises of the nocturnal speculators upon the public, than the modern-curfew regulation of police, which compels all shops, *cafés*, and *restaurants*, to be closed before midnight, under a heavy penalty. The stranger, if he die not of hunger or thirst in the midst of the great metropolis, after midnight may fall by the hand of the ruffian, who is allowed his mighty hunting excursion after men and money, without being rendered uneasy by the sight of a single open house. All that is to be wondered at, in this state of things, is the forbearance, the philanthropy, the stupidity.

of the "gentlemen of the *pavé*," in not making better use of their time, and the opportunities afforded them by the guardians, or rather non-guardians, of Paris. A stranger may reasonably expect that he is allowed to defend himself against these nocturnal attacks,—no such thing. The wearing any defensive arm or weapon whatever is forbidden by ordinance of police. The police is not to be supposed to protect the inhabitants of Paris; but still less are the inhabitants to be allowed to defend themselves with a stout stick charged with lead, or even ornamented with a heavy gold knob passing the proscribed weight, or furnished with a blade. When he first arrived at Paris the *flâneur* was told a tale, the truth of which he will not warrant, but which is, at all events, vastly characteristic. An unfortunate *bourgeois*, returning home one night, was attacked by robbers, and only saved his life by his valiant use of his rich gold-headed cane. The affair came before the police. The cane was produced in evidence; and, instead of the ruffian being convicted, the unlucky *bourgeois* was condemned to a heavy fine, and the confiscation of his cane, for carrying what it pleased the police to call, a defensive weapon.

Such is Paris by night,—a picture of desolation and destruction,—a sorry picture to close the desultory scraps of the *flâneur*, and one which may lay him open still more, perhaps, to the charge of prejudice in his delineations. He has striven to be just in these slight pictures of Paris—he has striven to be true. If he be thought neither one nor the other, he can only urge, like all other mistaken men, the genuineness of his convictions. He is aware, then, that the pictures he has drawn have not been always bright ones; but he has given them as *his eyes* have seen them: and no *flâneur* can pretend to profundity.

In answer, then, to any supposition of prejudice or exaggeration, as well as in apology for his superficiality, and his desultory course of proceeding, the *flâneur* can produce no better defence than one or two of those phrases, with which everything is got over in France,—those terms of careless concession, and lax philosophy, which are employed to stop all argument, and to excuse every delinquency. In fact, he turns out a mere Frenchman at last—quietly shrugs his shoulders with an air of modest conceit, and says, in reply to all objections, "*Enfin !*" "*Que voulez-vous ?*"

WHITE MOSS-ROSES.

"An offering of white moss-roses betokeneth death or misery to the bethrothed or beloved."

EACH gem of earth, each lovely flower, I freely take from thee,
And prize them more as thy dear hand conveys the gift to me;
But the pure and white moss-rose, mysterious in its charms,
Reserve to deck my bridal bed, in death's most welcome arms.

By crystal streams of Paradise profusely doth it bloom—
For I have often wandered there, through silent midnight gloom:
'Tis not a flower that doth belong to this lost world of ours,
And fatal is the spell it brought from Eden's blissful bowers.

That charm may never be reveal'd, I dare not name the spell,
The young, the loved, the beautiful, have proved its truth too well:
Ah! heed my prayer, nor offer them to her ye love the best,
For these veil'd blossoms, heaven's delight, contain a dread behest!

C. A. M. W.

R R

ASS-ASS-INATION.

AN HISTORICAL TRAGEDY, IN TWO ACTS.

EDITED BY THEODORE EDWARD HOOK, ESQ.

[Discovered in an old building near Stratford-upon-Avon, Sep. 9, 1798, and said to have been written by Mr. William Shakspeare.* Performed at the Grange in the Kent Road, the seat of John Rolls, Esq., on January, 30th, 1809 or 1810.]

Dramatis Personæ.

<i>Sinecaps</i> , Emperor of Fleabosco,	Mr. Prior.
<i>Blubbero</i> , King of Lapland,	Mr. Rolls.
<i>Mumtisoni</i> , a courtier, and a good man notwithstanding.	Mr. Mathews.
<i>Amatevelli</i> , a profligate libertine, a courtier, and in love with the Princess,	Mr. T. Hood.
<i>Polumio</i> , a page of the court, who has but little to say,	Mr. Lindsay.
<i>Barcolani</i> , an Italian captive minstrel, afflicted with a voice, who has a little to sing,	A Tuscan Nobleman.
<i>Sofiloquoso</i> , a prince, with a secret, addicted to the trick of talking to himself,	Mr. H. Higginson.
<i>Falalaria</i> , a princess, very beautiful, rather capricious, tolerably ambitious, proportionably great, married to <i>Blubbero</i> , betrothed to <i>Mumtisoni</i> , and in love with <i>Amatevelli</i> , a little inclined to the Italian captive, and particularly partial to <i>Polumio</i> the page,	Mrs. Mathews.

Act I. Scene I.

The interior of the imperial palace of Fleabosco. Enter, o. r., Amatevelli with a lighted candle in his hand. He looks at it for a considerable time, sighs, shakes his head, is going, and is met by Mumtisoni, who also enters with a candle, p. s. They gaze at each other, start, and bow very low. After a pause, they bow again and exchange candles. Mumtisoni crosses the stage and is going. Amatevelli stops him.

Ama.—My Lord!

Mum.—My Lord!

Ama.—What news, my Lord?

Mum.—Oh Lord! my Lord! (*mournfully.*)

Ama.—Ha!

Mum.—Oh!

Ama.—What?

Mum.—The King!

Ama.—Eh?

Mum.—Is—

Ama.—What?

Mum.—Dead!

Ama.—Dead?

Mum.—Dead!

Ama.—Dead?

Mum.—Dead!!

Ama.—And the Princess—

Mum.—I believe, in bed.

* It is imagined that from this piece he afterwards wrote his "Hamlet," as it is evidently a copy, and, from the date of the present work, it is utterly impossible that it could be borrowed from that.—Editor.

Ama.—'Tis well. Had *she* been dead, I should have perished with *per*—

(*In pronouncing this syllable his candle is blown out, and Amatevelli exit in confusion.*)

Mum.—*Per*—oh! *-plexity*, he would have added, but that the candle vanished at the *per*—(*his candle also goes out by the same cause, and he exits in a hurry.*)

Enter Princess with a light.

Princess.—'Tis midnight! Suspicion's gone to sleep; Credulity has warmed the bed, and Dulness tucked him up. My father is not dead; I've hoaxed the court; I've shut my royal daddy in the coal-hole, and now am Regent. The dirty work is done, and I'll to bed! to bed! to bed! [*Exit on tiptoe, r. s.*]

Re-enter, o. p. and r. s., Amatevelli and Mumtisoni, each peeping in.

Ama.—Have you been listening?

Mum.—I have.

Ama.—How like a courtier—'tis well; Falalaria, our Princess Regent, loves—

Mum.—(*With a considerable degree of self-complacency*) I think—*she does!*

Ama.—Not *you*—another!

Mum.—Then, by my soul, he dies!

Ama.—No! by my soul, he lives! 'Tis Blubbero, the mighty King of Finland.

Mum.—From Finland?—pshaw! A king of dolphins and a prince of whales.

Ama.—'Tis so. That mighty king of fish would now be the same *flesh* as Falalaria.

Mum.—It cannot be.

Ama.—Why, then, I *lie*; but if I ever spoke the truth 't is true.

Mum.—A king of fish to hook my Falalaria! Of fish, d'ye say? Oh, by my *sole*! a *maid* like her a *bait* for such a *scaly grampus* as King *Blubbero*. I'll ring the *Barbel-l* of the world, and *gudgeon* him of his fair prize. Dead as a *herring* shall he be who strives to fish in troubled waters.

Ama.—Contain your passion—he comes. His fur bespeaks his royalty.

Mum.—Fur!—would he were further! I see his *roe*, the stately swim and insolence of vermin. I'll meet him.

Ama.—No, you had better not. Let us retire about a foot or two, and overhear his conversation.

Mum.—We will.

[*They both retire.*]

Enter King Blubbero, musing.

Blubbero.—To wed, or not to wed—that is the question. Whether 'tis better in the cold to suffer love and a thousand little pangs the heart is subject to, or take a wife, and so—umph! I can't make up my mind. Where 's Falalaria's father? why did he die to-day?—I'll ask her that, for it was wondrous impudent. I have my rivals here, but Falalaria smiles, and they may all be d—d! I'll to her, sue her, woo her.

And, oh, what a happy race we'll run,
When Hymen joins us two in one!

[*Exit.*]

The two courtiers come forward.

Ama.—The devil be your joiner!

Mum.—I'll be his carpenter ; for on a lofty gibbet he shall swing before to-morrow's dawn.

Ama.—Mumpti, my gentle Mumptifoni, I have received a thought.

Mum.—Communicate.

Ama.—Will you have the kindness to assist me just to overturn the kingdom ?

Mum.—(*Bowing politely*) I'm sure I shall be very happy ;—but how ?

Ama.—(*Taking a pinch of snuff, and then offering his box to Mumptifoni.*) Why, I mean to kill the King, the Queen, and all the Royal Family.

Mum.—A loyal plan, and very feasible. Who will be monarch then ?

Ama.—We'll reign—

Mum.—Ah ! (*eagerly*) share the crown between us ?

Ama.—(*Aside*) Not so ; for that's but half a crown a-piece. (*To Mumptifoni*) Just as you please.

Mum.—I shall be very proud.

Ama.—Then we will meet anon ; at present, I must leave you. I will condole with Falalaria upon her father's death ; for the pocket-handkerchief of sympathy can never be employed to better use than when it wipes away the tear of sorrow from the eye of virtue !

[*Exit.*]

Mum.—Oh, damned hypocrite ! I'll not be traitor to a King like ours. I'll blow him up, tell the Princess, and so gain her heart myself. The man who would destroy his monarch and his friend must be villain !

[*Exit.*]

Re-enter Blubbero with a candle, alarmed and agitated. He looks wildly, crosses the stage, and exit.

Enter Count Soliloquoso, mysteriously, with a dark lanthorn.

Count.—So—his Majesty is gone, would I could o'ertake him. A secret of the greatest moment have I to impart, and yet I dare not trust the world ; I hate the world—the world hates me : we're quits, then. I'll seek some one to make a friend of, and ease my soul of all I fear about. But, soft—I am prevented. [*Steals off.*]

Scene changes to a grove ; on one side a couch, on the other the Princess Falalaria's window. Enter Amatevelli.

Ama.—Hushed be the zephyr's breath—the beetle's hum—the post-boy's horn—the cricket's chirp—the ass's bray—the barking dog and lowing cow be still, my Falalaria sleeps, and dreams of me. So, then, her old fool of a father is *not* dead, he's only buried—in the coal-hole. I have a plan ; a minstrel prince I once took prisoner plays on the guitar. He shall come here and sing ; and, if the music should induce his Majesty to put his royal head out of the coal-hole, I'll cut it off. Page ! (*Enter Polumio*) Send Porcolini here, and bring me my wrapping cloak. (*Exit page, and re-enters with a very small cloak. Amatevelli puts it on.*) Under this close disguise no one can discover me. [*Exit page, and enter Barcolani, sings.*]

Ama.—Villain !—your royal highness sings too well (*aside*) He'll win her heart, and then it's all dicky with me. Die, wretch, and play as Orpheus did in hell ! (*Kills him, and pushes him off*) I've paid the piper, now I'll try the Prince. He comes ! (*Retires up the stage.*)

Enter the Emperor of Fleabosco.

Fleabosco.—What an infernal row! I never dare stir out till after dark; for, if I'm seen about the streets, the people won't believe I'm dead. Here will I sit me down. My head aches sadly—here will I rest it. (*Lies down on the bank. Amatevelli advances with a penknife and a little bag.*)

Amatevelli.—I'll cure your head—a glorious opportunity! It ne'er shall ache again. (*He cuts off his Majesty's head, and puts it into the bag.*) Now, then, I'll hide it somewhere; and when his Majesty shall wake he will not know exactly where to find it. Hah! Mumptifoni here! then I must hide the body. (*He stands before it, spreading out a little pocket-handkerchief. Enter Mumptifoni, smelling.*)

Mumptifoni.—Ha! murder's been done! I smell blood—I'll find it out. (*Sees Amatevelli.*) Ah! (*familiarly*) Amatevelli, how d'ye do?

Ama.—Mumptifoni, pretty well; I thank ye (*affecting ease.*)

Mum.—What have you got there?

Ama.—(*Aside*) He means the head! Here?—a kitten of the Princess's—a favourite grimalkin.

Mum.—A cat!—cattiff, I'll not believe it! for, categorically speaking, I do believe that some catastrophe has happened.

Ama.—No, 't is a cat.

Mum.—Let me look at it.

Ama.—No; if you look, I shall let the cat out of the bag.

Mum.—Sir, 't is no cat! (*Impressively*) Fee! Faw! Fum! (*puts his finger to his nose significantly.*) You understand—I smell blood!

Ama.—(*Aside*) Oh, d—n his nose!

Mum.—Let me examine; here is an ear—'T is a head!

Ama.—Ay, 't is a head: and thereby hangs a tale.

Mum.—What head is it?

Ama.—The head of affairs. It is the King's head—here is his body (*pointing to the bank.*)

Mum.—Poor monarch! there he lies—just like a fallen sign-post at the King's Head Inn without the sign. 'Sdeath, sir! I shall arrest you here.

Ama.—Nay, do not betray me; perhaps 't will grow again.

Mum.—His head?—his royal head? No; there never was an instance of it. You must die!

Ama.—That's a mistake—I'll perish first!

Mum.—Then you'll die twice.

Ama.—And you shall die at once. (*They fight, and both die. After three or four minutes, Amatevelli looks up with caution.*) He's dead, by all that's lucky! I'll be off; mine was sham Abraham. [*Creeps off.*]

Mum.—(*Rising*) Huzza! mine was sham Abraham too. I'm off too.

[*Runs out, and enter*

Soliloquoso.—Blood, and murder too! The secret now beats in my bosom, and must out. I'll to the princess—tell her all. But how shall I fashion what I have to say? I dare not, yet I must; I cannot, yet I will. I will disclose the horrible secret, but not now.

[*Exit, sobbing.*]

Act II. Scene, a Room in the Palace. Blubbero dozing on the bed.

Blubbero.—Is that a bottle which I see before me? No, 'tis a

flea! See where it hops!—hah!—Now it bites, and now it hops again! There!—it crosses the blanket. Ha! ha! he's mine! he's mine! (*Laughs wildly.*) He dies! Ha!—so falls the traitor after conquest. (*Snores.*)

Enter Princess.

Princess.—My father's really dead; my future husband fast asleep. What shall I do?—destroy myself or him? Hah!—I hear a noise!

Enter Amatevelli.

Amatevelli.—Most royal Princess, this is I.

Prin.—Amatevelli, have ye seen my father?

Ama.—Seen him, madam?—Gods, what a question! Fifty thousand times, madam. I thought I saw him half an hour ago.

Fal.—Saw—who?

Ama.—The King, your father.

Fal.—The King, my father?

Ama.—The same; your royal highness's papa.

Fal.—No!

Ama.—Yes.

Fal.—Yes?

Ama.—Yes.

Fal.—How did he look?

Ama.—He did n't look at all.

Fal.—How, not at all?

Ama.—When we observed him, his majesty had no head upon his shoulders; but, with a mighty voice, he cried aloud,—Give me my head.

Ghost.—(*Without*) Give me my head!

Fal.—What's that?

Ama.—That's he!

Fal.—My father?

Ama.—Yes; 't is your Royal Highness's papa. And here he comes!

Fal.—I will not stay to see him.

Ama.—Madam, I cannot leave you now alone. [*They both run off.*
Enter the Ghost without his head. He takes snuff and then a chair, and sits down by Blubbero.

Ghost.—(*After a long pause*) I wish he'd wake; for it is almost time for me to go. (*Shakes Blubbero roughly.*)

Blubbero.—Who's there? what do you want? Hah!—what have you done with your head?

Ghost.—(*Rises and beckons him.*)

Blub.—Whither am I to go?

Ghost.—(*Beckons.*)

Blub.—Where's your head?

Ghost.—(*Points off.*)

Blub.—I will obey you. Lead on—I'll follow you; but take care of the stairs as you go along the passage. (*Ghost goes to o. r.*) If I follow I'll be d—d! (*Runs off at the other wing.*)

Ghost.—(*Returning*) I've lost him—he shall not leave me; I must find my head. Ah!—here comes a virtuous servant of the court.

Enter Mumptifoni.

Mumptifoni.—(*Starts*) Ah! doctors and ministers defend us! who are you?

Ghost.—I am the King, your master.

Mum.—Then I'm your very humble servant (*going.*)

Ghost.—Stay, be not so cold. I am come from a hot climate.

Mum.—Ind-e-e-d!

Ghost.—Take a chair, will you? Yes. The fact is, between you and me, I am (*whispers in his ear*) in Hell!

Mum.—The devil you are!

Ghost.—Yes. Sleeping within my kitchen garden yesternight, my constant custom in the afternoon, beneath a cabbage-plant's sweet shade, an earwig cut my head off.

Mum.—And where is it, sir?

Ghost.—The devil only knows!—they 've hid it.

Mum.—'T is very odd! But if the devil knows, perhaps, when you go back to-morrow, he will tell you where it is.

Ghost.—No matter—never mind it for the present—I can do as well without it. Now who do you think 't was killed me?

Mum.—I thought you said it was an earwig.

Ghost.—I did; that earwig was your cousin Amatevelli. (*Cock crows.*) Hah!—From what has just fallen from the noble member who spoke last, I fear my time is almost come. Tell me, then, will you swear to see him killed?

Mum.—Amatevelli?

Ghost.—Ay.

Mum.—I do.

Ghost.—You do?—give me your hand. You're a good fellow and I will think of you. (*Cock crows.*) Oh, curse the cock! think of you, I say—remember me!

Mum.—I will. [*Cock crows louder than before.*]

Ghost.—Well, well, I'm coming—farewell! You'll see him killed. Swear!

Mum.—If I don't, damme!

Ghost.—Enough—adieu! [*Cock crows again, and exit Ghost impatiently.*]

Mum.—(*Alone, and wiping the drops from his forehead,*) I'm very glad he's gone. How like a fool a man looks without his head. But I'll be faithful to my promise; for he who can forget a promise made but a minute before, must either forget it wilfully or else have a very short memory.

Enter Page.

Page.—My lord, a sage philosopher desires to see you.

Mum.—I come. Since he is *sage*, I shall find *time* to talk to him. Let him give me the *whirl*, for 't is the *balm* I seek. [*Exit.*]

Page.—My master is an orator, and—hah! the Duke Amatevelli!

Enter Amatevelli.

Amatevelli.—Where's your master?

Page.—I really do not know.

Ama.—Give him my card, and say I want to speak to him. Go!

[*Exit Page.*]

Ama.—I feel I'm mad—the Princess loves me not—Cupid has fled—Prudence has clipped his wings, and drawn the bandage from his eyes—his boots and spectacles are on. Interest has saddled Hymen in his cause, and a little blackguard boy is mounted on his back to ride away from me. (*Enter Mumtifiſoni. Starts on seeing Amatevelli. They speak hurriedly.*)

Ama.—A!

Mum.—E!

Ama.—I!

Mum.—O!

Ama.—U!

Mum.—Y!—what is it?

Ama.—We are lost!

Mum.—No—I am your friend. An oracle has just foretold that we're to govern this free kingdom.

Ama.—Speak!

Mum.—Attend. A little boy is to direct our steps; we are allowed to ask three questions of this magic boy.

Ama.—Indeed!

Mum.—And if he answer them before the morning cock crows, we shall obtain the kingdom.

Ama.—Where is this boy?

Mum.—Here is the oracle. (*Takes an infant boy out of his pocket.*) He will be the *Star* to guide you on your way, *Observer* of your deeds, and *Chronicle* of these our *Times*; a strict *Examiner* of all the *Globe*, and, though a *Weekly Messenger*, the *British Neptune* in a *British Press* shall not behave more like a *British Statesman* or a *Patriot* than your humble servant at his *Post*. (*Cock crows.*)

Ama.—Hark! 't is the *Morning Herald* in the yard. It is the *Daily Advertiser* of the Day.

Mum.—Now, then, I'll ask these questions.* Say, magic boy, shall we in this our revolution well succeed?

Boy.—You will succeed; for Blubbero's a tyrant, and your cause is good.

Mum.—Say, then, where shall we first attack?

Boy.—Near the tower, on the right hand side of the way as you go through the second gateway in the east angle of the inner square.

Mum.—Now the last question I'm allowed to ask him,—When shall we commence our siege?

Boy.—At twenty-five minutes after ten o'clock. (*Cock crows, and the child flies away.*)

Ama.—There he goes!—My eyes, what a child! Where did you find him?

Mum.—He's a child of magic.

Ama.—And not yours, of course; you are no conjuror.

Mum.—You may rely on this young infant patriarch.

Ama.—

Then will I listen to this young adviser;
This Oracle shall be my *Daily Advertiser*!

(*Both exeunt.*)

Enter Soliloquoso, pale and agitated.

Soliloquoso.—What, do they talk of *News*?—I've news to strike them dumb. And yet the crimes I have committed force me not to shew myself. What!—shall I never rid myself of this most damned secret? Yes, I'll be candid; and then this dagger—ha! some one approaches—I must away. [*Exit.*]

Scene changes to a wood. Enter Blubbero to Music. Thunder, lightning, and storm. Blubbero holds an umbrella over his head.

Blub.—"T was well I was informed of this treason, I else had been killed. I've abdicated my kingdom; and if I could but get a hackney coach, I would immediately set off for North America, to spend my Christmas with my cousins.

* This child was spoken for by Mr. Mathews, the enactor of *Mumification*.

Enter Princess.

Princess.—Oh, husband!—Blubbero!—oh, Blubbero, my husband! (*Falls into his arms.*)

Blub.—She faints! and, as it does not rain, I'll put down my umbrella and assist her. Love, are you dead?

Fal.—My dear, I can't exactly say, but I rather think I am.

A murmur of voices heard without.

Blub.—The rebels come (*Seizes his umbrella.*) I must now fly.

Fal.—Oh, do not leave me!

Blub.—Come, then, take my arm. (*Opens the umbrella over himself and Falalaria.*) This way. The man who leaves his wife in danger must either love her not or be afraid himself. [*Exeunt.*]

Trumpets and drums sound. Enter Amatevelli and Mumptifoni, making converse hurriedly, but from the noise without what they say is quite unintelligible to the audience; when re-enter King Blubbero and Falalaria.

Blubbero.—My noble subjects, I will speak with you. (*Puts down his umbrella.*) The rain is over.

Amatevelli.—Your reign is over, and ye die. (*Stabs him.*)

Blub.—Oh, I'm butchered—slaughtered—murdered—stabbed! But I defy you!—ha! ha! ha!—the King can never die. Yet I see grim Death! Ha, Death, how d'ye do? (*as if shaking hands.*) Welcome, old fellow, welcome; I come. Oh! oh! oh! (*He dies.*)

Falalaria.—(*Takes up his crown*) Then the crown is mine.

Mumptifoni.—(*Stabs her*) You lie!

Polumio rushes in and seizes Mumptifoni. Amatevelli strikes at Mumptifoni, who slips away, and Polumio is killed.

Ama.—Now, then, let's sign and seal.

Mum.—Talk not of seals. I'll call the watch, and then your only seals shall be your chains, for I shall keep the keys.

Ama.—You keep the key!—oh, lock! oh, lock! The crown is mine.

Mum.—Would I could spring a mine about your ears! No, I will fight with ye—I'll box ye for a crown.

Ama.—Pitted to box with thee!—to square a round? No! like a prize-fighter I will not be pitted.

Mum.—You a prize-fighter?—you'd look blank indeed, and then you would be pitied.

Ama.—This is too much; I'll stop your words if I cannot stop your blows.

And so hold on—but first let's take a pinch of snuff;

And d——d be he who first cries hold, enough!

Mum. Snuff!—oh, you box—then never flinch,
Snuff when we die, is wit at a pinch.

(*They box. Mumptifoni knocks Amatevelli down, and then kicks him.*)

Enter Ghost.

Ghost.—Foul! foul!

Enter Soliloquoso.

Soliloquoso.—Now, then, is my time. Now as I hate so do I glory to see my brethren as they should be—dead! My secret now will come a little out of season. (*Sees Ghost.*) Ah, what, my King!

Ghost.—Mark me!—some mystic secret's in your mind—disclose it!

Sol.—I'll see you d——d first!

Ghost.—Sir, I am so already.

Sol.—Ah, say ye so? Then is the moment come for thee and faithfulness. It is resolved; I will not disclose it—I'll be d—d if I do! So here ends my life, and with it dies my secret. (*Stabs himself*.)

Finale :

Tune "Bobbing Joan."

<i>Mumtisoni</i> .	Ghosty I'm not dead, Banish your dejection.
<i>King</i> .	Dash my wig, old ghost, Here's a resurrection!
<i>Falal</i> .	I'm alive by luck, Here's my royal chicken;
<i>Amatevelli</i> .	So am I, my duck, All alive and kicking.
	Tol de rol, de rol.
<i>Soliloquoso</i> .	Secrets ne'er I'll blab,
<i>Mumtisoni</i> .	Now our hopes would fail, sir;
<i>Soliloquoso</i> .	Silent must I be,——
<i>Amatevelli</i> .	Dead men tell no tales, sir
<i>Falal</i> .	Pray thee now come reign,
<i>Blubbero</i> .	Rule this happy nation,
<i>Mumtisoni</i> .	Folly now is vain,
<i>Amatevelli</i> .	Rant ass-ass-ination.
	Tol de rol, de rol,

The characters dance, and exeunt in pairs.

END OF THE TRAGEDY.

THE TORCH-SPEECH.

"Ηφαιστος Ἰδης λαμπρὴν ἱκτιμένην εἰλάει.

ÆSCH. *Ag.* 270—305.

'Twas Vulcan was the messenger, he fired the beaming light!
The streaming flame from Ida came, and blazed upon its height:
And Ida sent the warning on to the Lemnaean steep,
And quick upon Mount Athos' top, the burning fire did leap!
Then on the surging ocean's back, the kindling flame of pine
With ruddy blaze, like some sun's rays, all gleamingly did shine!
Quick, quick, o'erleaping ocean's waves, on went the speeding lamp;
The watchman of Macistus saw, as he his round did tramp:
He linger'd not, but sent it on, and soon the light did gleam
From such a self-same beacon flame, back from Euripus' stream:
The watchman of Mesapius saw the glittering signal burn,
And spread the light by kindling bright a heap of wither'd fern.
Azopus' plain the blazing torch, in brightness no way dim'd,
Unto Cithæron's rugged steep, like dancing moonbeams, skim'd:
Torch blazed to torch! fire answer'd fire! the kindling beacons burn:
And through the night, the far-sprung light the wakeful watch discern.
Gorgopis' darken'd waters then reflect the crimson light:
With rapid force it speeds its course to Ægiplancton's height:
High o'er the steeps from peak to peak, it flashes high and higher,
Until the mountain-range becomes one streaming beard of fire!
The frowning crags that towering rise o'er the Saronic stream,
To Arachne's height then sent the light, like the lurid lightning's gleam!
Till Argos saw the beacon blaze that Ida had begun,
And knew with joy that mighty Troy was captured and won!

University Coll., Durham.

CUTHBERT BEDE.

RAMBLES IN SEARCH OF THE PICTURESQUE IN BARBADOS.

BY SIR ROBERT SCHOMBURGH.

DRAX HALL—TURNER'S HALL WOOD.—THE BOILING SPRING.—
COLE'S CAVE.

IF unacquainted with tropical scenery, we hear or read of the West Indies, our imagination pictures a luxuriance of vegetation, forests almost impenetrable, trees of gigantic size, and a perpetual verdure very different to the repose of nature to which we of a northern clime are accustomed during the dreary winter. The reader of Humboldt's personal narrative, or the pages of Paul and Virginia, will recollect with pleasure the classical description of nature as she appears under the tropics, which is therein pictured to the mind of the reader, and impressed upon the memory in colours with more or less force according to the strength of his imagination. But to one acquainted with the forest, the hill, and the dale, in tropical countries, the perusal of those pages re-awakens the delight with which such scenes were viewed, and he gladly acknowledges that the authors of such descriptions watched Nature in her deepest recesses, and happily seized the striking features of the landscape, and conveyed a faithful picture to their pages.

If a traveller on his approach to the West Indies from Europe still bearing in mind the impression left by descriptions of Humboldt or St. Pierre, should land first in Barbados, he would doubtless be disappointed. The cry of "land-ahead!" brings him on the deck of his floating prison-house, and in misty or bluish outlines, according to the state of the atmosphere, he sees the island before him. As he draws nearer, the objects hitherto forming one mass, veiled in greyish haze, become distinct, and advancing towards the land, he imagines in stronger colour the picture which his fantasy formed of the tropical land. The anchor drops, and whatever may be the impression which the first sight of Bridgetown, encircled by mountains of moderate height, the gay painted houses, peeping from among avenues of palms and shrubberies, the hum of human activity, may make upon him, still he will confess himself that this is not the picture which he formed of West India scenery.

The high cultivation of the island of Barbados, where almost every inch of ground is submitted to the plough, the spade, or the hoe, is its characteristic feature, for the primitive aspect under which it shewed itself to the first settlers, gradually gave way to increased cultivation, and arrangements for domestic life and comfort. It has frequently been remarked, that Barbados in its appearance approaches closer to the mother country than any other colony in the West Indies.

I shall never forget with what delight I viewed the prospect from the height on which the military station of Gun Hill is erected. The valley appeared a continued field of sugar-canes, with clusters of houses, and in their neighbourhood the indispensable accompaniment of a sugar-work, the windmill; the comfortable man-

sion of the proprietor, surrounded with the shady evergreen;* the cottages of the labourers, extending in long lines, or scattered here and there in the rear, conveyed a lively picture of human industry. Like silvery threads through a carpet, wind the mazy roads through the cane-plantation, or stretch up the declivity of a hill. Equally vivid in my imagination is the prospect I enjoyed at Sturge's, where the eye has a greater range over the most cultivated part of the island, and ultimately rests on Carlisle Bay, with its shipping, and a sea-horizon to close the picture. These prospects are charming, nevertheless a want of something to make them perfect forces itself on the viewer,—it is the absence of forest, stretching here along the valley, or capping there the summit of the hills; features which, the painter will confess, are essential in a landscape; and I am sure that the greater number of those visiting Barbados for the first time, have shared with me this feeling.

It was not so when the first settlers landed on the lee shore of the island and erected their log-houses in 1625. Ligon, who visited the island in 1647, and has left us a description, regrets that the thick forest prevented him from enjoying walking, and his observation on the subject convinces me that the vegetation of Barbados once enjoyed tropical luxuriance. How different is it now, where, with the exception of some plantations of mahogany-trees, and the shrubbery which surrounds a habitation, only two or three spots are to be discovered where a few acres of virgin wood escaped the axe, and attest the former existence of the tropical forest.

Soon after my arrival in the island, I was told that there were still some relics of the former forest in the interior, and the two plantations, Drax Hall and Turner's Hall, were mentioned as the localities. I found opportunity to visit the first, which is only about nine miles from Bridgetown, and I must confess I was disappointed.

Various circumstances, for a time, prevented me from visiting Turner's Hall wood: its distance from the city, in that district which, from its resemblance to the Highlands in miniature, has been called Scotland, was one of the causes. The kind invitation of a friend, who occasionally resides in the neighbourhood, at length afforded me that opportunity, and in his company I left the valley of Scotland early in the morning on horseback, and ascended Forster Hill. The road was a mere bridle-path, which our horses found some difficulty in climbing. Large blocks of coral rock, no doubt hurled to their present position during the convulsions of our unstable earth, which gave Scotland its present appearance, and subsequently its name, were resting on the ridge of the hill. These ancient evidences of the changes which centuries have produced in the island, are always of interest to me. Grotesque in their forms, they are clothed with a vegetation peculiarly their own, and I seldom pass any of these hoary, wiry-headed blocks, without inspecting the clusters of plants which have nestled upon them.†

Our path followed the sharp ridge of the mountain, and turning

* A large umbrageous tree of the fig tribe, the *Ficus nitida*, is called Evergreen from its constant verdure.

† They consist chiefly of the following genera: *Xylophylla*, *Lantana*, *Peperomia*, *Pothos*, *Urtica*, *Epidendrum*, and some straggling *Ingas*.

round two gigantic coral blocks, we saw the small chapel dedicated to St. Simon before us, the coral rocks seemingly protecting it against the heavy onset of a gale. Between the chapel and the sugar plantation, Cheltenham, and somewhat to the north of the former, is a remarkable denudation, which exposes the peculiar geological feature of Scotland.

Cheltenham has received its name from a spring, the water of which is said to resemble those of the celebrated wells in Gloucestershire. I am not aware whether the Barbados spring has been analyzed, but I understand it is sometimes used medicinally by the people in its neighbourhood. At no great distance from Cheltenham commences Turner's Hall Wood. I approached this remnant of the former tropical forest which once overspread the island with a peculiar feeling. Though the forest cannot vie in luxuriance with the virgin forests of the equatorial regions, still there were trees which in their height, and the beauty of their leafy crown, attested their tropical character. The road merely skirts the wood; on its side I observed the mango, the avocado, the lime, and orange, in the neighbourhood of the locust and the bully-tree. The effect is remarkable; civilization and nature, unrestrained, walk apparently hand in hand, and the imagination, which, led astray by the appearance of the noble trees, fancied itself in the virgin forest, is recalled by the sight of the citron, the mango, or the orange, proving that man has been here as busy as in the valley below.

Turner's Hall Wood might pre-eminently be called Locust Wood. That tree, which* must not be taken for the locust-tree of Scripture (*Ceratonia siliqua*), is here very common; and its upright trunk and wide-spreading head, add greatly to the impressive character of the wood-scenery. The fustic trees were now almost deprived of their leaves, and the few which were left displayed a variety of tints, from yellow to purple. The fine broad leaf of the bully-tree, † of a shining green, adds to the diversity of the foliage. The stately fern-tree, belonging to a tribe which we in northern Europe know only as creeping plants, reaches here a height of twenty to thirty feet, and forms one of the most remarkable productions of vegetable nature, in consequence of its singular structure, and as offering the highest form of development in flowerless plants. In its vicinity stood the broad-leaved *Heliconia*, resembling in its outward appearance the useful banana tribe. A beautiful climber, the *Securidaca volabilis*, spread itself over the adjacent trees, and had put forth, even during the prevailing drought, its splendid racemes of purple colour. This was really tropical scenery. A group of palms, the princes of the vegetable world, as Linnæus appropriately named them, added to the grandeur of the scenery, and I now felt fully convinced of having returned to a tropical country.

We followed a small path to the left to visit the Boiling Spring, one of the great curiosities of the island. After having made our progress through bushes and brambles, we were obliged to dismount, and descended, or rather tried to gain in the best way we

* *Hymenæa courbaril*.

† The bully-tree of Barbados is a species of *Bumelia*; there are, however, several other trees in Guiana, which are called bully-tree, and which belong to the genus *Mimusops*. The trivial name bully-tree, is a corruption of Balota, by which name these trees are known to the Galibi Indians of French Guiana.

could, a dry water-course, no doubt a turbulent stream during the rainy season, but at present without a drop of water. On its right side is the so-called boiling spring; but this is a misnomer. The effect produced on the water by the gas ascending from the strata below, gives it the appearance of being in a boiling state. The gas is carburetted hydrogen, and its presence strengthens the probability that beds of coal exist in that district.

The excavation whence the gas arises, was almost dry; there was, however, some mud at the bottom, which bubbled up. I had with me two delicate thermometers, and found there was no difference between the external air, and the temperature of the bubbling mud.

Our loud conversation brought a black woman to the spring. Vexation was depicted on her countenance, at our having encroached upon the sacred precincts without her guidance, but we soon gained her good graces by requesting her to set "the spring on fire." She returned with a burning torch and a large tin-tube, about two inches in diameter, which she fixed over the fissure whence the gas arose, and on applying the light to the aperture of the tube, it ignited and burnt with a strong clear flame. She enjoined us not to touch it during her absence, and called forth all her mystic power to make us fully aware of the great danger we should incur in disobeying her injunction. On her return she removed the tube, and emptied the pail of water into the hole, and the gas on its escape produced a bubbling on the surface, which gave the water the appearance of boiling. It has been remarked that the gas is more abundant after the rain than in dry weather. During the rainy season, the edge of the pool requires only to be touched with a lighted match, when it becomes encircled with a bright fire, which it is difficult to extinguish. Visitors generally suspend over the flame a saucepan containing cold water and eggs, which, if the gas ascends in an abundant stream, are boiled in about eight minutes.

I have already alluded to the peculiar structure of Barbados; the greater part of which island has been encrusted or built up by minute marine animals. If we reflect upon the accumulated labour of the myriads which were required to build that crust by uniting the atoms of carbonate of lime, which were separated by organic forces, our feeble mind is lost in the mazes of time which must have elapsed since these wonderful architects laid the foundation of the high coral cliffs near Greg's Farm and Cotton Tower.

This superstructure, which rests upon a formation of an older period than the coralline rocks, is not always solid,—here and there are caverns which are of greater or less extent. After the awful hurricane in 1831, which destroyed or injured every building in the island, these caverns were used by some of the houseless inhabitants for shelter, for days and even for weeks, and the sign of smoke which still blackens the roof of many, proves generally what part of the cave was used as a kitchen.

In periods far remote, when slavery prevailed, the negro who fancied himself wronged, or who, too lazy to work, preferred a rambling life, selected generally one of these caves as a hiding-place during the day, while, during the night, he made his descent "to reap where he did not sow." The entrance to some of these caves was at that time so much overgrown with bushes and climbers, that it proved difficult to discover them.

Barbados is not without its traditions, and although it cannot boast of Blackbeards, Morgans, or other gentlemanly pirates and robbers, the old inhabitants will still shake their heads while passing some of these subterranean caves, and tell of robberies and midnight murders.

The largest of the caverns is called Cole's Cave. It is in the parish of St. Thomas, on the Spring estate. Its entrance I consider to be about 750 or 800 feet above the level of the sea. It was known in Hughes' time, who mentions it in his *Natural History*, published in 1750.

As the duration of my sojourn in Barbados was very uncertain, I was anxious, after my arrival, to see in a short time as much as I could of the island; and that hospitality which is unsurpassed in any other colony, afforded me every facility for that purpose.

No person was happier than Mr T. (who resides in the neighbourhood of the cave) at the prospect of lending me every assistance; and in order to combine social recreation and physical inquiries, he invited a party of friends to accompany me on an excursion to Cole's Cave.

The few arrangements for our subterranean visit were soon finished. The apparel in which we intended to brave the mysteries of the cavern was certainly adapted to the occasion, and I doubt much whether the most enterprising pedlar in Monmouth Street or from the neighbourhood of Rag Fair, would have offered for the "old clothes" in which we were clad, as many shillings as the company consisted of persons.

We advanced in Indian file, and, as if to render our procession still more ridiculous, a monkey of surprising talent accompanied us; whether running before us or lagging behind, Jacco was sure to commit some mischief. It was impossible for him to pass a tree without trying to reach its top, and ere we thought he could have come down again, he was seated on his master's shoulder, screaming most lustily at the vain attempt of some dog to inflict canine punishment, the ire of which he had raised by biting his tail.

A number of black urchins with cane-trash, tar-barrels, and torches, followed our train, which was brought up by a servant with a mysterious bowl, a couple of black bottles, with "arrack" written in legible letters on them, and a basket filled with aromatic limes, white sugar, and a tea-kettle.

The entrance of the cave is in a gully, which bears the euphonious name of Jack-in-a-box-gully. It will be requisite to give an explanation of these provincialisms. The island is rent in many instances by deep chasms which were caused by earthquakes and the currents of the ocean, when that portion was still under the water, and which, after the elevatory movement, were deepened and extended by tropical currents of rain. Such a ravine is called a gully, and the one in question was formerly famed for the number of trees belonging to the genus *Hernandia*, which are called in Barbados "Jack-in-a-box," from the peculiar structure of its fruit.

The cave is situated near the fork of two gullies; the descent to it is much more commodious than I expected; it had been described to me as dangerous. We reached the antechamber of the cave,—as I may term the tower-like cliffs which surround it,—without any accident. It is formed by an enclosure of perpendicular cliffs of

coral rock, which admit feeble light only from above, and by a small fissure. Without any stretch of imagination, it might be likened to an old ruinous watch-tower. The mouth of the cave, black and undefined, occupies its western side.

We here made further preparations; some lighted torches, some divested themselves of part of their clothes, others had thrown themselves leisurely on rocks, which, according to the fashioning of dame nature, served as a chair or a couch. Jacco occupied a projecting rock, raised considerably above the common multitude, and looked wistfully upon us and our preparations.

I found that the thermometer which stood at 81 degrees in the outer air, had sunk to 79 degrees. We now entered the cave; it appeared to me as if a cooler air, or rather a draft of air, came out of it; however, it did not affect the thermometer. We had not advanced many yards, when a bevy of bats, no doubt disturbed in their cogitations by the glare of our lights, flew anxiously from spot to spot, and threatened to make nearer acquaintance with our hair.

The cavern, though narrow at the entrance, widens and becomes more spacious. It extends westward at its commencement. We found it dry, and I estimated the roof in some instances at from fifteen to sixteen feet above the ground; it is in some places concave, and smooth in others; uneven, and set with stalactites which nearly touch the bottom. After we had advanced perhaps three hundred feet, we reached a part where the cave divides, one branch extends east by south, the other, south by west. The former does not extend very far, and the floor is somewhat higher than that of the latter. The stalactites are much more numerous in the shorter cave, and imagination has discovered in their appearance a resemblance to the various objects from which they have received their names.

The division of these two caves is called "the fork." We followed the larger cave, which first extends southward. It is spacious near the division, and the roof of this part of the cave presents a most remarkable appearance, in consequence of its being studded with numerous cavities or pits of a rounded form, resembling inverted saucers or calabashes. They are from a few inches to twenty inches in diameter, and from four to six inches deep.

What can be their origin? This is a question which presses itself involuntarily upon the mind. Their inverted position renders the answer very difficult. I have seen, during my travels in Guiana, similar basins excavated in granite, and on the banks of the Capli-wuin, I recollect to have seen them likewise in greenstone, but they were not inverted. Humboldt observed them in hard stone on the Orinoco; and he tells us he used in one instance such a cavity as a bowl to prepare lemonade in. I have found them filled with rounded quartz pebbles, and as they are mostly to be met with near cataracts and where eddies and whirlpools abound, I can well imagine that the lapse of ages might have hollowed them out. It is impossible to witness "the universal hubbub wild" of these cataracts, without supposing that constant attrition, the consequence of the whirling and twisting of the torrents above, should not leave impressions even upon the hardest rock below.

In Cole's Cave they are, however, inverted, and do not cover the bottom but the roof of the cavern. It has been supposed that they are places whence stalactites were formerly suspended, which, hav-

ing dropped off, chemical agency co-operated to render the cavity smooth. It appears to me more likely that the stream brought down by the ravine, which, during freshets, flooded the cavern, was confined in its course by the tortuous winding of the subterranean passage, and, formed into eddies, produced these curious inverted cavities on the roof, upon a similar principle as the eddies near the cataracts in South America hollow out the much harder granites and greenstones. The presence of stalactites in the cavern is a demonstrative proof that the cavern was aerial when they were formed.

We had not far advanced after leaving the fork, when we heard the distant murmur of running water, and saw a clear stream before us, which issued from the impending side of the cave, and continued south-westward, forming on its way miniature cascades. It is natural to suppose that this stream is the accumulated water from the surface, and the calcareous rock is so permeable that it easily descends until it reaches the cave. I found on its banks heaps of clay, and evident signs that it reaches occasionally a much higher level than it possessed now. At a short distance from the spot whence the stream issues, the cavern becomes more spacious, and a basin is formed. This has received the name of the bath.

The heat of the cave, in itself oppressive, was much increased by numerous torches. The beautiful basin of transparent water invited to a bath. The walls of the grotto consisted of carbonate of lime, sometimes so highly crystallized, as to reflect, like precious stones, the light of our torches, and served to heighten the remarkable character of the scenery.

The temperature of the water was 76 deg. Farenheit, but the air in the cavern became quite oppressive, to which the sulphureous smell of the portfires, with which we had the grotto illuminated, greatly contributed. The fate of the unfortunate Arabs in Algeria flashed across my mind.

The cave gradually lessens in height, and becomes ultimately so low, as to render it necessary to stoop, and to follow the course of the water upon "all fours." Its direction is here south-east.

I understand it is not possible to follow the stream much further, the cave becomes so low. Tradition says that a party who wished to ascertain in what direction the stream was flowing, brought a duck with them, which, after having been marked, was put upon its surface, and carried away by the current. Some days afterwards it was discovered near Fontabelle, which in a straight south-western line is nearly seven miles distant from the cave. The duck, it is related, was in an exhausted state, and stripped of almost all its feathers, perhaps by passing through fissures, and coming in contact with projecting rocks. The story is possible, but not likely; the water-shed is in that direction, and ages might have hollowed out a subterraneous course for the stream. Unfortunately there exists another version of the story, according to which the duck was recovered in Scotland district.

I was glad to reach again the open air, and to breathe the pure atmosphere. Near the entrance, partly protected by an overhanging cliff, we discovered a fire, and a smoking bowl diffusing a highly aromatic odour. Jacco, who had declined passing the threshold of the cave, watched the bowl very intently, stretching out his paw, as if intending to become better acquainted with its contents, and withdrawing it as quickly when he felt how hot it was.

SONG OF THE PEOPLE.

1.

ONCE on a time in England,
The king o'er all did rule,
Whether he were a knave or knight,
A wise man or a fool.
And the haughty barons feared him,
And bent before the crown ;
Nor heeded then the stifled cry
Of the people trampled down.

2.

When this king he went a hunting,
He sent his merry men
To drive the farmer from the field,
The shepherd from the glen ;
And they razed each poor man's cot-
tage
In all the country round ;
That this king might go a hunting,
On a kingly hunting ground.

3.

He seized the strong man's castle,
By the right of the more strong ;
And neither priest nor womankind
Was sacred from his wrong.
What reck'd he of a woman's tears,
Or of a churchman's gown ?
What heeded he the stifled cry
Of the people trampled down ?

4.

But this king he had a quarrel
With his cousin king of France,
So he called out all his merry men
With sword and bow and lance ;
And they fought full many a battle
On many a bloody plain,
And only rested from their strife
To strive the more again.

5.

Then the barons they grew bolder,
And they met at Runnymede ;
"Thou 'st taught us war, oh king!"
they cried,
"And now we must be freed."
So the king he quailed before them,
Them and their stern appeal,
And he gave them Magna Charta,
And sealed it with his seal.

6.

Next these barons ruled in England
With iron heart and hand ;
And sorer even than the king
Did they oppress the land.

They fought full many a battle,
With roses white and red,
That they might put a shadow's crown
Upon an empty head.

7.

And in their bitter striving,
The red blood flowed like rain,
Till the flower of English manhood
By English hands was slain.
And their wars spread woe and wailing
In country and in town,
None heeded then the stifled cry
Of the people trampled down.

8.

At length they ceased to battle
And to cut their neighbours' throats,
And, as gentler Whigs and Tories,
They bought each other's votes ;
And rich men only made the laws
For country and for town,
None heeded yet the stifled cry
Of the people trampled down.

9.

At last there rose a murmur
From out that patient crowd,
And the sound of million voices
Swell'd like a tempest loud,
"Our rights ! our rights !" they
shouted,
Till it thunder'd in the ears
Of the gentle Whigs and Tories,
And the king and all his peers.

10.

Oh ! the will of earnest millions
None may withstand its might,
When strong in holy patience—
Strong in a holy right !
So, with justice for their banner,
And reason for their sword,
They won their bloodless battle,
But wrong'd no squire nor lord.

11.

Now there 's right in merry England
For the cottage and the throne,
The king he has his honours,
And the poor man holds his own ;
And in our happy island,
In country and in town,
Is heard no more the stifled cry
Of the people trampled down.

BRIAN O'LINN;

OR, LUCK IS EVERYTHING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WILD SPORTS OF THE WEST."

CHAPTER XXVII.

"Ay, but I know what sort of relation you want to make me, though—but it won't do."
She Swoops to Conquer.

IN a few minutes the little gentleman, accompanied by Brian, entered the drawing-room.

"I will not detain you," he said, "until the man of law at present engaged in my sanctum shall fill up certain blanks in the deeds he has prepared, by which a matrimonial transfer will be made of a young lady who protested against hymeneals half an hour ago, to a young gentleman who repudiated her like a Pensylvanian bond, and had me consigned to the devil by an amiable youth at my elbow, for merely venturing to name the matter. We will follow you immediately. Proceed to 'The Hummums,' inquire for Mr. Elliott's apartments, and—"

"Missus Elliott's carriage at a' door," exclaimed the namesake of the god of love, popping his enormous head into the presence.

"Off, thou minister of darkness!" exclaimed the Dwarf. "Thy Caffre countenance had well nigh procured me the honours of martyrdom as a warlock."

We both laughed—while, in high dudgeon, Cupid slammed the door and shuffled off on his damaged supporter,—muttering, as he crawled down stairs, "Cot dam! Why him call me ugly names? Him no beauty himself.—He! he! he!"

"And now, will Mrs. Francis Elliott elect, allow me the honour of conducting her to her carriage?"—And the little gentleman led the lady to the hall-door in a style adopted by men of fashion in that stupid era, when lovers made their salutation on their mistress's hand,—forgetting the peculiar purposes that Heaven had graciously ordained lips for.

As the Dwarf stood on the hall steps, I complimented him on his good taste in carriage building.

"I perceive this chariot is yours, Sir—for the Elliott arms are emblazoned on the panels."

"If you knew as much of heraldry as your friend there,"—and he pointed to Brian, whom he had latterly selected for his onslaughts, probably from having points of national character which the little gentleman considered more vulnerable to direct the arrows of his wit against, as well as from the excellent temper in which his attacks were sustained by the young Irishman,—“you would have observed that the shields are quartered with the bearings of the fair lady who occupies the vehicle at present.

"My dear, kind relative—how can I ever make a return for the happiness you have conferred; or repay your princely generosity?"

"There is," said the little gentleman, "but one way by which you could evince gratitude, did you feel it, and also confer a lasting obligation."

"Speak your wishes, and I am at your service, Sir."

"Well," returned the little gentleman; attend to me! What I would require in a wife would be the union of beauty with virtue; the *placens uxor* and the *femina casta* must combine. Through you I can obtain that treasure, and without trouble."

"How, Sir?" I inquired, in marvellous astonishment.

"Why, simply, by your endeavouring to overcome a lady's objection to a second husband, and, favour me with an introduction to your friend, Mrs. Bouverie."

He pinched my ribs with his long lean hand, and burst into an unearthly cachinnation; in which, like a school-boy who has successfully perpetrated mischief, I heard him indulge until the carriage drove away.

"Julia!" I said, as I held her hand in mine, "is this reality, or a dream?"

"Indeed," she replied, "I can hardly trust the evidence of my own senses. But I believe that from the trials which we feared would have been attendant on our union, Heaven has graciously spared us."

"But this mysterious being who directs our destinies—know you aught of him, dear Julia?"

"Nothing certain; but, from a sentence my father uttered in the carriage while we were driving to his residence, I feel assured that he is a person of whose history—and a strange, eventful one it was—I have heard the Colonel often speak. The words which made me come to the conclusion, were these:—'Listen to him, my dearest girl, with respect; and remember, that my late insane speculations would have brought utter ruin upon us both, had he not saved us, even in the eleventh hour, from destruction—ay, and when with me all hope, save in the quiet of the grave, was ended!'"

"And who may this person be, and what his history?"

"I will briefly tell it; and then you may possibly decide how far my conjectures are correct. Many years before I was born—for my father was well advanced in life before he married—he sailed as passenger in the same vessel with a singularly-formed and repulsive-looking boy, who, by turns, was ridiculed or ill-treated by his ship-mates. He was weak and diminutive; and, as sailors then were proverbially brutal, every petty tyrant vented anger, otherwise provoked, by ill-using this unfortunate lad. My father possessed—what the brave generally do—a feeling heart; and, frequently, his sympathies were excited by the unprovoked brutality the poor boy had reason to complain of. One evening, in taking a bucket of water up the ship's side, the lad overbalanced himself and fell over. While one contented himself with flinging him a rope's end, and another ordered a boat to be lowered, the boy was drowning—and under a daring impulse, my father, with more gallantry than discretion, succeeded in saving the boy's life, but nearly at the expense of losing his own. As a sailor, the boy was useless: the Colonel purchased his indentures; and, at the first port the vessel touched at, he restored him to freedom, presented him with five pounds, proceeded on his own voyage, and left the poor lad to fulfil his destinies.

"My father, as you are aware, was in the Company's service; and India, at that period, was the scene of constant warfare. In the

anxiety attendant on professional duties, minor events faded from memory; and, in twenty years, the occurrence I have just detailed was altogether forgotten; and all the Colonel remembered about it was, that he had, in early life, saved a deformed boy from drowning.

"A campaign, in which my father had distinguished himself, ended with brilliant success, and his regiment were reposing in cantonments where my mother had joined her husband—I being, at the time, a baby in the nurse's arms—when one evening, a palanquin stopped at the bungalow, and a stranger requested to speak with Colonel Harley. The servant was directed to show him in; and a person of singular appearance, and whose face was totally unknown, entered the apartment. My father offered him refreshments: my mother rose to leave the room, and my nurse was departing, when the odd-looking stranger requested that both should remain. The Colonel, after some desultory conversation, inquired the name of the gentleman who had honoured him by a call.

"That," was the reply, "I must, at present decline mentioning."

"We are strangers," said my father.

"We are not," was the curt answer.

"May I at least enquire the cause of this evening's visit?"

"Business."

"Then let us to it at once."

"I am come to pay a debt," said the little man.

"You owe me none," said the Colonel.

"I owe you five pounds, with seventeen years interest."

"My father stared at him.

"And I am also in equity accountable for the loss of a foraging cap, and a gold watch injured by salt water."

"Who, and what are you?" exclaimed my father.

"The desolate and ill-used boy whom you picked up when drowning; whose indentures you bought afterwards; and whom you started upon the course of life, with five pounds in his pocket."

"And will you not oblige me with your name—your family?" asked my father.

"No. I shall neither tell the one, or see the other, until I have realized one hundred thousand pounds."

"Strange being!" thought my father. "And do you expect to succeed in amassing so much wealth?"

"I do," replied the unknown. "I am master of the moiety already; and if the indigo crop prove even an average one, I shall realize the other half within the year. Who are your bankers in Calcutta?"

"You owe me nothing—the money was a gift," said the Colonel.

"And I am now in a position to return the compliment. I repeat my question:—With whom do you keep your account?"

"My father smiled. 'My bankers, if you must know it, are Messrs. Alexander; but I must decline receiving what was given, and not lent.'

"Well, wilful shall have his way. What is this baby's name?"

"My mother told him; and, drawing his tablets from his pockets, he made a memorandum.

"I must away—my bearers are rested—and I have a few miles more to travel."

"In vain my parents pressed him to remain ; but, pleading business, he rose and took his leave. Approaching me, as I lay sleeping in the ayah's arms, he stooped his head, kissed my cheek, and invoked heaven to bless me. In bidding my mother good-bye, he placed a sealed billet in her hand, which he requested she should keep as a *souvenir*. He shook my father's hand—wished him happiness—left the room—mounted his palanquin—and left the bungalow, wrapped in as much mystery as when he entered it.

"When the astonishment his unexpected visit and rapid departure had occasioned, was abated, my mother opened the sealed billet which contained the gift of the unknown ; and great was her surprise to find within the envelop a brilliant of very considerable value.

"A month elapsed, and the ring and its donor were still daily subjects of conversation when the arrival of the mail from Calcutta brought intelligence which staggered belief,—and absolutely, brilliant as they were, eclipsed the diamonds.—A stranger had called at the banking-house, demanded an audience with one of the principals of the house, and, after an interchange of half-a-dozen sentences, deposited twenty thousand rupees to be credited to Miss Julia Harley, and from what he termed 'the nest-egg of her future fortune.' He declined to give a name, but his extraordinary personal appearance proved beyond a question, that he who gave the ring, had deposited the rupees.

"My father, recollecting the remark he made touching the influence that the indigo crop might have upon his fortunes, watched its progress with anxiety,—and, from its total failure, anticipated the worst results,—and from the hour he quitted the bungalow, the Colonel never saw or heard of the mysterious stranger. Having lost my mother—he determined to retire from the service, and return to England for the benefit of his health and my education. Ten tranquil years we lived together,—until my poor father fell into the hands of unprincipled men, and was insensibly led even to the verge of ruin. In that dark hour, Heaven raised up a supporter ; and the Colonel was snatched, when he least expected it, from destruction.

The carriage pulled up at the hotel—and pursuant to the Dwarf's directions, I desired the waiter to show me to Mr. Elliott's apartments, an order which was instantly obeyed. As I slowly ascended the stairs with Julia on my arm, through the door of the drawing-room, which the attendant had partially unclosed, I caught a confused view of persons within the apartment, and perceived that it was already occupied. Turning a step or two away, I remarked to the waiter—

"Shut the door ; you are wrong, my friend."

To which, a voice from within, responded like an echo.

"Open the door ; you are right !" and pushing the waiter aside, out issued the representative of the Elliots !—and, neither fetch nor phantom, thank God ! but in full and corporeal substantiality, of which a grasp of the hand, that made my fingers tingle, afforded sufficient proof.

"Do I guess aright, Frank, in seeing in this fair lady—"

"Your daughter, Sir."

In a moment, Julia was transferred from my arm to his bosom,

and locked in the honest Borderer's embrace; while, curious to know with whom my worthy father had consorted, I entered the apartment. Was I in London or at home? There was my lady mother, with her arms open to receive me—Mary, with her *espiègle* smile, enjoying the effect this unexpected family reunion had occasioned—and Maxwell, no longer the lover, but the husband, standing at my sister's side. Family explanations, interspersed with the usual quantity of tears, kisses, and congratulations, followed; and it transpired, that for more than a week, my father and my kindred had been duly apprized that the little gentleman who had visited Knockwinning, waving the formality of an invitation, and graciously allowing the occupants to choose from the aristocratic names of Smith, Brown, and Robinson, whatever appellation to bestow upon him that pleased them best, was the identical Dick Elliott, of scapegrace memory, who had committed fire-raising, after scorching grievously a reverend nose, for which act of sacrilege he had, as the offence deserved, been drowned, or at least was supposed to have been drowned. For what mischievous intent it would be hard to determine, the said Dick had imposed the same secrecy upon my family regarding me, that he had exacted from the Colonel, in concealing what was passing from his daughter; and thus, for a week, and apparently without a cause, two beings, for whom the cup of happiness was filled even unto overflowing, were rendered inexpressibly miserable. What could be the object of this portion of the little fellow's operations none could guess, excepting that it arose from a fixed fancy for indulging in the mysterious.

A hackney coach stopped at the door of the hotel, and the presence of the black functionary in state livery on the box, announced that Mr. Richard Elliott was an inside passenger in the leathern convenience. From Cupid being put in requisition, it was quite evident that the visit was to be considered one of high ceremony; for the shapeless thing he called a foot, being far too infirm to permit him to be useful, of course for ornamental purposes alone his attendance had been commanded. When the attentive waiter let fall the carriage steps, first appeared a long lean leg, next a hand with a brimstone glove upon it, then a white camelia met the eye, finally, the Dwarf disengaged himself from the vehicle, and in another minute, the drawing-room was gladdened by his presence.

It would have been puzzling for a stranger to have decided to what order of the body politic the little gentleman appertained. The dignity of his entrance, the profundity of his bow, the flower in his breast, all announced the *attaché* of a court; while a bundle long enough to have carpetted a room, stuck under his arm, might have led the unwary to set him down a scrivener.

"And now," said he of the camelia, after he had paid his compliments to the ladies, "I propose that we proceed at once to business. Mr. Dobbs, will you have the kindness to read that deed over," and he shoved a mass of united parchment across the table. My poor father always slept if the sermon exceeded twenty minutes, which he considered was the maximum that should be granted to pulpit oratory; he hated long stories; and when obliged to write a letter—a visitation he avoided to the last—like Jack Falstaff, he "emulated the noble Roman in brevity." Great was his horror when Mr. Dobbs wiped his spectacles carefully—but greater still when he

untaped the voluminous documents he was about to inflict upon the company, and a heavy sigh escaped the afflicted Borderer. For once, however, the Dwarf evinced humanity.

"I perceive that my worthy brother has as strong an antipathy to parchment as to hemp."

I jogged his elbow, and whispered in his ear, "For God's sake, Sir, don't allude either to Tyburn or Harribee, until the settlement is signed; and I don't even see any necessity for lugging in my grand-aunt, Janet. Miss Harley's family is not like ours. I suppose her great-grandfather died like other people's, and she might think that with us the halter is hereditary, and bolt before she affixed her sign-manual to that hundredweight of parchment."

"I'll not," said the little gentleman, "touch in the remotest degree upon the subject; but before—" and he addressed himself to the company generally—"this deed is executed—I mean signed—I will briefly state its intents and provisions; always under the correction of Mr. Dobbs, should I commit a *lâche*;" and Mr. Richard Elliott proceeded at great length, and with a strict adherence to legal phraseology, to detail the immediate purposes and contingent provisions of a document, which alternately made the ladies look aside, and my father yawn most awfully, "And," proceeded the little gentleman, "should there be a failure of issue male—"

"No fear of that," said my father gravely, interrupting the expositor. "I never knew meal or malt fall into an Elliott's dish, but there were a score of heirs to claim it. But damn it, Dick, your explanation is longer than the deed. I submit to the will of heaven; and let Mr. What-dy-ye-call-him read it at once. You don't mind me taking a nod; for when other people go to rest, they only get up in this infernal market, and day and night the place is in a hubbub."

I thought it time to interfere.

"My dear Sir," I said, addressing the Dwarf, "whatever that deed may contain, Julia and I are well assured it is wisely devised for our advantage; and in her name, as in my own, we request permission to sign it instantly."

"Oh, thank God!—yes,"—exclaimed the delighted Borderer; "and if I have to put my name to it—just show me the place, and down goes John Elliott."

The ink which recorded our adherence to all and everything contained within these formidable-looking parchments was scarcely dry when Brian and Mr. Ellis joined us. As the Runner had anticipated, the ordeal of an inquest was but a form; and after entering into a recognizance to prosecute Mr. Huggins as an accessory direct, Brian obtained leave to quit the room. Mr. Ellis, after whispering a few minutes with the Dwarf, made his bow to the company and retired.

It was past four o'clock—the little man consulted the huge machine he extracted from his watch-pocket, and was evidently disappointed that some circumstance connected with a given time, had not occurred. Brian took me aside, and expressed his determination to drive down to Holmesdale after dinner. It was the fourth post—no letter from Susan had arrived,—and he dreaded that from accident or illness, their correspondence had been interrupted. Before I could reply, the waiter entered the drawing-room, and bowing

to the Dwarf, acquainted him that his presence was required in the next room. A smile, at once sly and satisfactory, crossed the features of the little gentleman as he briskly rose and obeyed the attendant's summons.

He had scarcely quitted the room, when my father seized the opportunity of throwing himself upon the mercy of the company. Poor gentleman! that very morning he had been in trouble—and the prayer of his petition was to supplicate all who were cognizant of the same, to conceal the particulars of the unfortunate transaction from his brother. Lest any one should imagine that my honoured sire had been implicated in "lark, spree, or turn-up"—in fact, in any street amusement, for his exculpation we will give his own version of the affair.

He had that morning ventured out on foot, thereby setting at naught the Dwarf's commands, which directed him to avoid a chance of meeting with me or Brian, by always ensconcing himself in a cab. Passing a printseller's corner shop, the crowd about the windows attracted his attention—and when his eyes turned to the window, in the same direction as the other lookers-on, he found himself absolutely fascinated. There were the last winners of the Oaks and Derby, mounted by their respective riders. Above them were Wellingtons, and Bluchers, and Prince Alberts—the former twain, to all appearance as untractable a couple of old gentlemen as you could discover in a day's march, while the Prince looked the mildest marshal that ever grasped a baton—a benevolent young gentleman, who had a horror of saltpetre, and would not harm a fly. "Love will be the lord of all," and sundry votaries of Terpsichore, in abridged bodices and under garments half the longitude of a Highland kilt, surmounted the warriors; and while Taglioni *pirouetted* on Wellington's head, Fanny Elssler took the same liberty with the beetle-browed old Prussian. The cranium of the Prince-Consort was even more heavily taxed than both these antiquated commanders; for the forefoot of a prize ox rested absolutely on his ostrich plume. There were, besides, in this wondrous window, peers and pugilists, Tom Thumb and the great Atlantic: the whole indeed formed a display of the fine arts, that no Border gentleman could pass without observance.

My father stopped. He neither looked at fighting men, field-marshals, or figurantes, but he gazed in silent admiration at the prize ox. There was a bait to catch a Borderer; and as it appeared, the Borderer turned out a bait to be caught himself.

I must say, that my father looked "the respectable," rather than what city tailors call "the swell." His outward man had been clad by the first operator in Carlisle, but under restrictive regulations *anent* the disposition of the pockets, and the extent of the skirts. I candidly confess that a west-end tailor would have eschewed his brother artist of Carlisle; their respective cuts being as wide apart as the antipodes. Still my father, notwithstanding blue coat, metal buttons, short kerseymeres, and top boots, looked the gentleman, though most decidedly a gentleman from the country; and another person, as it will appear, agreed with me in that opinion.

"Egad!" said my honest father, as he proceeded with his narrative, "when I was admiring this beautiful beast, a very gentlemanly sort of person came close, to my elbow, and as I thought, looked in the same direction as myself.

"'How magnificent the formation of the leg!' says he.

"'It's nothing,' said I, 'to the fineness of the horn.'

"'The horn!' said he. 'I was talking of Taglioni.'

"'And I of the prize ox.'

"By the Lord!" exclaimed the Borderer, "short as was our conversation, he extracted a purse of silver, a silk handkerchief, and a pair of spectacles from my pocket. But the worst is to come. I remembered that devil's—I mean my brother Dick's—warning too late, and got into a cab, as I wanted to go a little distance to examine a new turnip-machine—and when I got out and sought for money to pay my fare, the deuce a farthing had I.

"'My pocket has been picked,' I exclaimed.

"'That's a stale go, and I won't have it,' returned the fellow who drove me.

"'Why, you infernal scoundrel, do you suppose that any person of my appearance would condescend to tell a falsehood to a fellow like you?'

"'Why,' replied the cabman, 'I would have taken my oath, that you were a regular country yokel; but, Lord! you swell-mob-men are so deep, that the devil wouldn't fathom ye.'

"I jumped in desperation into his d—d vehicle, ordered him to drive here—I, all the way, punching him with my umbrella,—and he, threatening to call the police—until at last we reached the hotel, and the waiter liberated me."

It had been during this rapid operation, that Brian had seen what he considered my father's fetch. And as the worthy gentleman's loss was comprised within a couple of pounds, we laughed heartily at the occurrence. "But as you may remember," continued the admirer of the prize ox, "that devil, Dick, mentioned in his letter to you, that I was not able to take care of myself, and should not be trusted from home without a keeper; if he knew that my pocket had been picked while looking at a show-window in the place they called the Strand, he would, may-be, give out—as he's such a suspicious creature—that, instead of looking at the beastie, I was having a sly blink at the brazen huzzies besides the bullock."

IONE.

SAD are the glances from thy deep blue eyes,

Ione!

Soft as the mirror of the summer skies,
When twilight's shadows o'er its surface steal,

And twinkling stars their radiant orbs reveal:

Why are they sad,
Which were so glad,
Ione?

Have their rays bath'd in dewdrops
'mid the air,
And still the sparkling moisture trembles there?

Then smile, for dewy tears
Melt when the sun appears,
Ione!

Yet thou art very beautiful in sadness,
Ione!

More beautiful e'en than in gladness!
And the sweet music of those gentle sighs

Comes like the language of thy speaking eyes.

What do they say?
Tell me their lay,
Ione!

Fain would I learn from thee what
passing thought
Can with such plaintive melody be fraught.

Ah! wherefore turn away!
Stay! yet a little stay!
Ione!

W. R. C.

THE MARRIAGE OF PHILIP II. OF SPAIN, AND MARY OF ENGLAND.

As several of our readers may have perused the "Original Letters illustrative of English and Continental History, in the Reigns of Edward VI. and Mary," which were published in 1839, by Mr. Frazer Tytler, and among which are several concerning the marriage of Queen Mary of England and Philip II. then Prince of Spain, we think we are not rendering an unacceptable service, in giving the Spanish version of this affair, and in shewing the light in which this marriage was regarded by Count Egmont, who was sent over to this country by Charles V., to smooth away the impending difficulties,—by Simon Renard, a Flemish gentleman, who, after filling several important offices in the Netherlands, distinguished himself much when acting in this country as Spanish ambassador in 1553-4,—and by Rui Gomez de Silva, who subsequently was made Prince of Eboli, a gossiping Portuguese nobleman, attached to Philip's suite. With this object in view, we shall make selections from some curious letters and other documents lately published in Madrid,* among which are several despatches "touching the remarkable events which preceded, accompanied, and followed, the marriage of Philip II., the Prince of Spain, and Queen Mary of England." We shall end our selection by translating the greater part of a long letter written by one Verana, an eye-witness of what he relates, in which is given a detailed account of the marriage of these two powerful sovereigns at Winchester, on the 25th July, 1545.

Our readers should bear in mind that, about the time these letters were written, Northumberland's conspiracy had only just been crushed by the execution of that proud nobleman; that the Spanish match was exceedingly unpopular in England; that, a short time after the formal offer for Mary's hand had been made by Charles V.'s ambassador, Simon Renard, the formidable rebellion, known by the name of Wyatt's plot, broke out. Sir Thomas Wyatt was to head the rising in Kent, Sir Peter Carew in Devonshire, and the Duke of Suffolk, who had already been once pardoned for his share in Northumberland's conspiracy, was to manage the insurrection in the midland counties. Noailles, the French ambassador, was deeply involved in this plot, which only failed from the precipitancy of the rebels, and from the ability and decision displayed by the queen. A very remarkable speech of Queen Mary, on this trying occasion, is given at page 281 of the second volume of Mr. Frazer Tytler's work.

Having premised thus much, we will now proceed to give some extracts from the Spanish documents. And first comes a letter, dated 7th January, 1554, from Count Egmont, in London, to Philip II. in Spain.

"Monseigneur,—I do not delay to inform your highness, that within these two days the contract (for the marriage) will be signed, with those clauses inserted which your highness hath seen: the only change hath been to add a few words which have not altered the sense. Most as-

* Documentos ineditos para la Historia de España. 7 vols. Madrid, 1842-5. The documents from which these extracts are made, are contained in Vol. II., p. 564, and Vol. III., p. 448, &c.

surely the nobility of this country shew us a good face—far better than we could have expected.

“As to the people, they are proverbially uncertain. We will advise the queen to provide sundry bodies of soldiers to prevent any rising in the kingdom; this is an ordinary matter, seeing that the people are tolerably fickle.

“Monseigneur,—I can say to your highness nothing but that it were well for you to accelerate your journey; as it seemeth unto me that, in this marriage, as well as in all other matters, your speedy coming is exceeding necessary. Since I have been here, I have heard that the French are arming in great numbers on the coasts of Brittany and Normandy.

“I do most humbly beseech your highness to consider how necessary your immediate coming is; the manifold reasons whereof I hope to tell you by word of mouth. Moreover, your highness should be informed that the emperor hath not sent us any money wherewith to make presents where they be necessary. Much may be done in these parts by means of money—more than in any other country in the world.”

After this flattering testimony in favour of the English—and the English, be it said, equally abused the Spaniards for their intolerable pride and insatiable avarice,—Count Egmont writes again on the 23rd January, stating that the agreement had been duly signed, and that the queen had announced her approaching marriage to the sheriffs, aldermen, and to the lawyers, of her faithful city of London, all of whom appeared to be well contented. Egmont ends by again impressing upon Philip the necessity of his immediate departure from Spain. Charles V. likewise, in a letter dated Brussels, 21st January, 1554, urges Philip to proceed to England with all possible speed, announcing to his son the good treatment experienced by his ambassadors in England.

Then follow several most interesting letters from Simon Renard,—which are, however, too long for insertion,—describing to Charles V. the disturbances in England caused by the report of the Spanish match, and announcing the rise, progress, and final quelling of Wyatt's rebellion. The English names and places are so altered as scarcely to be intelligible. Next comes a letter to Philip, at Valladolid, from Eraso, Charles V.'s secretary of state, dated Brussels, 3rd Feb. 1554, in which he urges the lethargic bridegroom to hurry his departure from Spain, and recommends the Spanish Prince to bring with him plenty of money. We then find a letter from Philip II. himself, dated Valladolid, 8th January, 1554, addressed to Simon Renard, in which that prince desires his ambassador to crush the French influence in England as much as possible, and to draw over to the Spanish interests all those who seemed in any way doubtful, or ill inclined to the match. Philip announces his intention of sailing for England speedily with a company of some three thousand persons of his household and court, not to mention those who were to go with the armada, which would be some six thousand more; these soldiers, however, were not to be disembarked; in fact, not above a thousand persons altogether were to go ashore, with about fifteen hundred horses and mules to convey the baggage and other matters necessary for the service of himself and his household. All this array of servants and baggage mules was unnecessary, as a large suite had been provided for Philip in this country; it was also against the advice of Charles V., whose letter on the subject we shall presently quote.

We will now pass over several letters to Charles V., describing the state of England,—the end of Wyatt's rebellion,—the part which Princess Elizabeth and Lord Courtenay were supposed to have had in it, and the share which the French had in the revolt: but we must find room for some short extracts from a letter, to which we have referred above, dated 27th March, 1554, wherein Charles V. gives his son Philip II. some excellent advice as to the conduct he should observe in this country: he likewise lays down the route Philip was to follow. Charles writes:

"This letter hath gone with others through France: what I have to add is, that a courier, who arrived to-day, left Count Egmont close to London, and I accordingly conclude that by this time the marriage articles are ratified. As hath been already advised, you will go to Corunna, without waiting for Count Egmont, or for the ambassadors, but you are not to set sail until the said Count Egmont arrives, as he will render an account to you of all the negotiation, and of the state of things in England,—forasmuch as there can be no reason why you should start on your journey without accurate knowledge. And you will keep up a constant communication, in any manner which may seem best, with the said ambassador, in order that you may know from time to time what is passing, and may govern yourself accordingly. And, as it appeareth unto the queen that your arrival in England will cause no inconvenience or rebellion, you can manage to disembark at Southampton (Antona), seeing that Bristol is too far west. Peradventure from Southampton you may sail on to Dover, whence you would have a shorter journey by land to London, and the ships, or such portion of them as may be required, can pass on thither afterwards with the money. And it hath been settled, that when you reach England, you are on no account to permit any soldier to land under any excuse whatever: much inconvenience that might otherwise arise will thus be avoided: much less are the captains and officials to land. And be it understood, that you are to take this route, unless you are advised that the French have such an armament in those seas, as will render the navigation between France and England unsafe."

We shall presently see that Philip's Spanish troops were sent off to Flanders immediately on that prince's arrival at Southampton, under the pretext of their being needed in the Low Countries.

On the 19th of July 1544, Philip II. arrived safely at Southampton,—a detail of the adventures of his voyage will be given in a long letter from one of his suite. On reaching England, Rui Gomez de Silva complains to Francesco Eraso, at Brussels, that they found a large retinue of servants, and a guard of honour prepared; for all of which Rui Gomez understands that Philip will have to pay, and Rui Gomez blames the Spanish ambassador for this inadvertence; which, however, the courtier wisely concludes cannot then be helped. Rui Gomez ends by saying—what, however, he much modifies in subsequent letters:

"The queen is good looking (*muy buena cosa*), but somewhat older than we expected; but his highness (Philip) plays his part so well, and gives her so many presents, that I am certain they will be exceeding well contented with each other; and our master will succeed in this as he hath already in all that concerns this affair."

We will now proceed to lay before our readers the long gossiping letter, to which we have referred, written by Juan de Verana, one of

Philip's suite; this letter, gives a detailed account of all that occurred at the ill-starred marriage of Philip and Mary.

"His highness," writes Verana, "embarked at Corunna on Thursday, the 12th July, 1554, and set sail on Friday, at eleven o'clock in the morning. About eighty vessels sailed with his highness, and above thirty remained in port with Don Luis de Carvajal, waiting for the soldiers who had not yet arrived.

"Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, we had a fair, prosperous breeze, although the sailors told us landmen that it was so rough as to amount almost to a gale.

"On Monday the 16th July, early in the morning, we descried land, which proved to be Cape Ushant, in France. The next day we lost sight of land, and the following Tuesday, to our small contentment, we made England.

"The following Wednesday, the 18th July, we discovered the English and Flemish fleets, amounting to some thirty-eight armed galleons, keeping guard in the channel, in order to protect his highness; and, on approaching them, they fired a salute, which was returned by all the Spanish armada; each vessel firing four guns,—both fleets fired exceedingly well.

"The armada still pressed onward; and at the end of an island we saw a low castle, called the Needles, exceeding strong, and well built. The fort fired a salute, and the admiral's vessel replied by firing two guns. We went on still further, and at four in the afternoon the whole armada dropped anchor near an island called the Isle of Wight (*Vigst*), two leagues from Southampton. There are two castles, well provided with artillery, bearing the same name as the island. These did likewise salute us; and the admiral's vessel again replied by firing two guns."

That same night, the letter goes on to say, Philip received the account from Flanders of the loss of Marienberg and of Dinant: the latter fortress had been bravely defended by some Spanish veterans. The emperor requests Philip to send him all the soldiers he could spare from the armada,—a good pretext for preventing their landing in England,—and tells Philip to complete his wedding, wishing him joy and much happiness. Philip, therefore, instead of disembarking his Spanish troops in England, which could not fail to have produced much ill blood, sent them at once, under Don Alonzo Pexon, to Flanders. The letter continues:—

"On Friday, the 20th July, early in the morning, eight English nobles came from Southampton, in a large well-manned barge, and rowed straight to the admiral's vessel, in which Philip was. His highness received them well, shewing them much affection: these nobles besought Philip to enter their barge, whereunto his highness consented, proving thereby the confidence which he put in them. This was the cause of no small contentment. With his highness came also the Duke of Alva, and some six or seven other Spaniards, which were with the prince in the admiral's vessel.

"His highness then sent orders for all the grandees and cavaliers who had accompanied him in his vessel, to disembark, the which they did, following the English barge in other boats. When his highness left his vessel, all the rest of the armada gave a grand salvo, which was answered by the guns of Southampton, when the boats reached the shore.

" On leaving the barge, the mayor-domo mayor, or lord great chamberlain appointed by the Queen,—which was the Earl of Arundel,—presented to his highness the order of the Garter. This order, which is like that of the Golden Fleece, consisteth of two ribands, one for special the other for ordinary days; the latter is a riband, with a buckle at one end covered with jewels, worth a large sum of money. This is tied under the knee of the right leg, like a garter, with one end hanging over the other. The order for special occasions is similar to the other, only it is far richer, and is hung round the neck, and from it depends a figure of St. George, wrought in gold. The order of the Golden Fleece is not known here.

" On the mole the English cavalry stood dismounted, and the Queen had dressed them all in the same livery as the Prince's servants. Many noblemen were likewise there awaiting his highness' arrival; among others, the queen's master of the horse, who held for his highness' service a white hackney, richly caparisoned: the housings were of cramoisy velvet bordered with gold and rich jewels. The master of the horse placed his highness on horseback, and accompanied him on foot in the same manner as is done in Spain; and all the other cavaliers and gentlefolks who were there preceded him on foot, until they reached the cathedral, where a prayer was said: whereupon they proceeded to the palace adjoining the church. The house was well ornamented with brocades, and cloths of gold, and with richly embroidered canopies.

" The following day, which was Saturday, early in the morning, the Duchess of Alva disembarked: all the Spanish and the greater part of the English court were waiting to receive her on the mole. The Marquis de las Navas stood close to her, telling her the names of the English cavaliers who came up to speak to her. Among others was the Earl of Derby, King of the Isle of Man, who is crowned with a crown of lead, and, although he be a king, such is the respect in which he holds the kingdom of England, that neither he nor any other person dares to remain covered in the presence of the sovereign. The Earl of Derby, according to the custom of these lands, approached in order to kiss the Duchess of Alva, and although she retired as much as she could, her grace asserts that the earl kissed her on the cheeks, in spite of her. This same day his highness went to mass, and with him all the court on foot, and accompanied by the English guard.

" On Monday the 23rd July, 1554, his highness left Southampton on his way to Winchester, which is three leagues distant, where the Queen was staying. His highness was escorted by all the Spanish grandees and English noblemen who were there, to the number of three thousand horsemen, and a guard of three hundred archers on horseback. Six of the highest nobles of the land came out to meet the cavalcade on the road, each of whom had with him above two hundred armed retainers on horseback. These accompanied his highness as far as Winchester, where the Prince got off his horse at the church door, where the Bishop of Winchester, with six other bishops,—all in full canonicals,—together with many other priests, with rich capes and vestments, were waiting to receive him. They received his highness with a '*Te Deum laudamus*," and conveyed him to the high altar, where a prayer was said. After this, his highness went, escorted as before, to the palace, which adjoins the church.

" His highness then, accompanied by many cavaliers, went to kiss

the queen's hand. Passing through a garden, he entered by a winding staircase a room where sat the queen, clad in a robe of black velvet, with open work in front; the skirts of her vestment were made of brocade, trimmed with pearls of various sizes. She likewise wore a hood of black velvet, with a gorget of fine gold and rich stones, and her girdle was covered with diamonds. She was accompanied by six of the oldest of her councillors, and by as many of her ladies. The queen came as far as the door to receive his highness, the which she did with a pleasure it is easy to imagine. These two sovereigns then performed the civilities peculiar to this country; that is to say, they did kiss one another, and then they two did go, holding one another by the hand, to their chairs, where they did seat themselves down beneath an exceeding rich canopy. His highness was above an hour discoursing most courteously with her majesty, he in Spanish and she in French, and after this fashion they did understand each other. Her majesty did teach his highness to say 'good night' in English, as a signal to the nobles about the court to withdraw; whereat they did all receive exceeding great contentment; and, as they rose from their seats, his highness did tell her majesty who the Spanish grandees were: these and the cavaliers then approached in order to kiss the queen's hand, which her majesty gave to them willingly, and received them well. They then took leave of her majesty, and his highness likewise returned to his quarters.

"The following day, which was Tuesday, the 24th July, 1554, at about three o'clock in the afternoon, his highness, accompanied by all the Spanish and English court, left his dwelling to pay a visit to her majesty, who came out to a large room in order to receive him; and there the courtesies usual in these parts passed between them: they held one another by the hand as they walked to the next room, where they stayed a while, after which his highness took his leave, and returned again to his own dwelling.

"In the evening of this same day, his highness sent Don Antonio de Toledo and Don Juan de Benavides to fetch Don Pero Laso de Castilla, the ambassador of the King of the Romans, and Don Hernando de Gamboa, the ambassador of the King of Bohemia. They, accompanied by the great nobles of the court, escorted the ambassadors as far as the palace,—it was a sight to see this pageantry! His highness, surrounded by all his court, received the ambassadors in a large room. On entering the reception-room, the ambassadors made their bow of respect: his highness bade them be uncovered, and received them with much affection. Each one then delivered his credentials. This done, his highness bade them put on their hats, whereupon all the grandees and cavaliers who were present came and kissed his highness' hands. He received them all exceeding well, and desired the ambassadors to enter his private apartment, where he did remain much time discoursing with them."

"This same day arrived the Venetian and Florentine ambassadors, and were well received of his highness. At night his highness paid another visit to her majesty, going thither the self-same way as that by which he had gone the first time. He stayed a long time with her majesty, and previous to taking leave, his highness went up and kissed all the ladies of the court, which were very many, and among them were not a few of exceeding rare beauty. After this his highness returned to his own apartment."

"On the 25th July, 1554, which was St. James's-day, his highness sent for the ambassadors, who came escorted by many English nobles and gentlefolks; on arriving at the place where his highness was waiting, they all assembled, and accompanied him to the spot where the marriage ceremony was to take place. Each one then took his appointed place,—the emperor's envoy on his highness' right, then the ambassador of the King of the Romans, the Bohemian, the Venetian, and the Florentine ambassadors. His highness entered the church, which was covered with exceeding rich hangings of brocade, and cramoisi and grey silks; there were, moreover, many standards and flags. His highness then sat in his appointed place, with the ambassadors and nobles who were there present, and waited until the Queen's majesty should arrive. She soon came, escorted by the principal nobility of the land. When the queen's arrival was made known to his highness, he left his seat and went forth to receive the queen: they then paid to each other the proper and accustomed courtesies, and his highness paid his respects to all the ladies of the queen's company. Her majesty and all her ladies then took leave of his highness, and went to their appointed places on the left-hand side of the church and entered therein.

"Thereupon the Bishop of Winchester, who is the chancellor of these realms, accompanied by four other bishops, all dressed in their full pontifical robes, came forth, and ascended a dais raised on five steps in the middle of the church, where the marriage ceremony was to be solemnized. When the bishops were on the dais, his highness and her majesty left their seats, accompanied by the ambassadors, the grantees, and the nobles according to their rank. The Duke of Alva then placed himself at the foot of the steps of the raised dais, and assigned to each one his particular post; within the circle were the ambassadors. His highness and her majesty then entered the circle, and the bishop was about to commence reading the marriage service, when the Regent Figueroa came forward with a roll of parchment in his hand, and announced to her majesty, that the Emperor Charles V. had received exceeding great joy from this marriage; and to shew the love he bore to the queen, his majesty the emperor renounced the kingdom of Naples in favour of his son, the prince of Spain. . . . Her majesty the queen accepted the gift with much contentment. The Regent Figueroa then kissed her majesty's hand, and the bishop with a loud voice, and holding the roll of parchment in his hand, announced to the English people what the regent had just said, explaining the gift which had been made to their majesties; whereat all received exceeding great joy. The bishop now proceeded with the service, asking the same questions, and going through the same ceremonies as are used in Spain. The pope's dispensation had been previously read in the presence of several people. When her majesty came to the church, she was accompanied by two unmarried youths,—this is the custom of this country,—and when she returned after the marriage she walked between two old married folks. The ceremony concluded, the gentlefolks, the cavaliers, the nobles, and the ambassadors began to leave their places, and went towards the chancel, where they knelt down in prayer before the high altar. This done, they got up, and returned to their places; his highness to the right, her majesty to the left. Mass was then said, each one praying in secret, while high mass was celebrated on altars erected in front of the seats of his highness, and of her majesty. In the middle of the high mass the

benediction was given, and, when it came to the '*pax vobis*,' the bishop kissed her majesty on the cheek, for in this country that is the usual way of giving the *pax vobis*,—and his majesty the king kissed the queen. When mass was over, sundry bits of bread and cups of wine were handed to their majesties, and the same was done by the ambassadors and grandees who were present. And the following was the order in which the ambassadors sat. At the sides, the two sent by the Emperor, namely the ambassador from the King of the Romans, and from the King of Bohemia; then the Venetian and the Florentine ministers. The French ambassador was not present: some did aver that he was in London, and that this was the cause of his absence; but I say the reason thereof was, that the ambassador of the King of the Romans hath precedence over the French king's minister, and that this was the real cause why the latter was not at the marriage.

"When the mass was over, the king and queen, holding each other by the hand, did return to the palace, walking under a canopy of crimson velvet, trimmed with golden hangings, and supported by silver poles. All the grandees and cavaliers of the court who accompanied them were more magnificently dressed than these eyes ever yet beheld. His majesty the king came forth wearing a white doublet and hose trimmed with silver twist, together with a French cloak of cloth of gold, richly covered with very many jewels and diamonds, which the queen had given him. He wore a valuable sword of gold, a cap of black velvet ornamented with white feathers, a necklace belonging to the crown of Castile, which the emperor Charles V. had sent to him, and which was valued at two hundred and fifty thousand ducats. Her majesty the queen wore a *saga*, or robe like the king's cloak, ornamented with the like trimming: she had besides a gorget of brocade, a collar and frill which stuck out, covered with jewels and pearls. Between her breasts she wore the diamond and the ruby which the king had sent to her by the Marquis de las Navas, when he brought the jewels: these stones are of great value. The queen, after the fashion of this country, wore a hat of black velvet, covered all over with pearls, which looked exceeding well.

"Their majesties then went to dine in a very large room, ornamented with very rich tapestry. On one side of the room was a rare buffet, or sideboard, which reached the ceiling; the buffet was covered with gold and silver plate, of which above a hundred and twenty were exceeding large. At the end of the room was a raised dais, placed upon eight or ten steps; over this was a rich canopy, under which was placed the table where their majesties were to dine. Below this raised dais, to the right, was placed another table for the ambassadors, the grandees, the nobles, and the cavaliers, and to the left was another table for the ladies. When the meats were placed on the table, their majesties went to seat themselves, which they did with much ceremony, while bands of music played: the ewers for washing were then brought to them, together with other ceremonies. After washing their hands, their majesties sat down to eat, and with them sat the Bishop of Winchester. Then the ambassadors and the nobles who were present did seat themselves at their table, and were waited upon by the English gentlemen: there was much music, and the heralds were present with their coats of arms, and the macers with their maces. They which did bring meats were all of them nobles and gentlefolks of this kingdom.

"When the dinner was over, their majesties sat for a very long time; they then rose from table, and, accompanied by all the aforesaid, went into another room, which was well-furnished, and where there was a very rich raised dais. When their majesties were seated on their throne, the king ordered Don Pedro Laso de Castilla, the ambassador of the King of the Romans, and Don Hernando de Gamboa, the ambassador of the King of Bohemia, to dance an alemana. Don Pedro did begin, and was followed by Don Hernando, and by others. This was done because the king had never seen the English, nor the queen the Spanish, dances; and it was thus arranged in order that her majesty the queen might dance the alemana afterwards with the king. Immediately after the ambassadors had finished their dance, their majesties rose from their seats, and danced the same dance, which caused no small contentment to those who beheld them. After this they danced very many other sorts of dances until it was late, when they retired.—Let those who have experience judge for themselves what passed during the rest of the night.

"The following day, the 26th July, 1554, her majesty would see no one; for such is the custom of this country: they say it is *propter honestitatem*.

"The following day, the 27th July, 1554, her majesty the queen sent the Countess of Gueldres and the Countess of Pembroke, two ladies of the bedchamber, to fetch the Duchess of Alva, who wished to kiss her majesty's hands. All the court accompanied the Duchess of Alva, and her majesty the queen waited for her in a large room; when the gentlefolks began to enter the reception room, her majesty rose from her seat, and when the Duchess of Alva entered, her majesty advanced as far as the middle of the room to receive her. The duchess approached and requested to be allowed to kiss her majesty's hand. For a long while the queen refused her hand, but at length the duchess did kiss it by force. Her majesty kissed the Duchess of Alva on both cheeks, and then taking her grace by the hand, conducted her to where there was a raised dais; and the Marquis de las Navas acted as interpreter, seeing that her majesty spoke only in French. Her majesty asked the duchess whether she preferred sitting on a chair or on the floor; the duchess replied that her majesty should be seated, but that, for her part, she would sit on the floor. Her majesty then attempted to seat herself on the floor, but could not. Her majesty then ordered her attendants to bring a bench for herself and another for the duchess; the seats were covered with brocade. The duchess refused for a time to be seated, and persisted in her refusal until she was forced to take her seat. Her majesty then asked many questions of her grace; at length, after a while, the duchess took her leave, and returned to her abode, escorted in the same manner as before.

"This same day came the ambassadors and wished her majesty the queen joy of the marriage, and Don Pedro Laso de Castilla, the ambassador of the King of the Romans, gave unto her majesty the queen a diamond worth thirty thousand ducats.

"Their majesties left Winchester on Tuesday, this last day of July, on their road to Windsor Castle, there to celebrate the festival of the order of the garter, to be holden on the 5th August. Their majesties departed hence and ordered Don Diego de Acevedo to remain at Winchester to take charge of the Spanish gentlemen belonging to the court, as there was not sufficient accommodation for all at Windsor. All the principal nobility

of the kingdom who were here went with the court, and before the king mounted his hackney, the Admiral of Castille, the Count of Saldaña his son-in-law, and the Count of Modica, the admiral's son, kissed their majesties' hands on taking leave, previous to their return to Spain, whither it is my earnest prayer that we may all speedily return."

Here by rights our extracts should end, but some small personal detail given by the gossiping courtier Rui Gomez de Silva in sundry letters to the Secretary Eraso are too amusing to be omitted. After saying that the English servants about Philip's person are beginning to understand their business and to act well with the Spaniards, and that Philip's measures were so well taken that all must be fully satisfied, Rui Gomez adds the following not very flattering account of the English about the court of Philip II.

"There be among them some considerable thieves who do steal in the most barefaced manner. They have moreover this great advantage over the Spaniards that whereas we steal with artifice, the English do steal by main force.

"Her majesty is well pleased with the king, and the king is well contented with her, and works hard to make her see it; he takes care that nothing which he ought to do, should be left undone.

"The emperor's gift of the kingdom of Naples was a happy affair, and hath made much noise here. With the expectation of receiving greater rewards, the people here do seem well content. Upon my faith, sir, although in other parts self-interest goeth a great way, it goes further in this country than in any other part of the world. Nothing can be done here without money in the hand, and of this we have so little that unless we get some, I doubt if we shall escape with life, at any rate with honour, as we shall infallibly be beaten.

"The Princess of Portugal hath sent a large present of clothes and ornaments to her majesty, who hath been admiring and playing with them after such a fashion ever since, that she hath not yet done. It seemeth unto me that if her majesty did use our Spanish costume, her age and leanness would be less seen.

"To tell truth,—God knows it requireth much to drink of this cup, and I have done much on my part to bear it. The best of the business is that the king seeth and understandeth that this marriage was not made for the delectation of the flesh, but for the remedy and preservation of this kingdom."

This letter is dated from Winchester, the 29th July, 1554, a few days after the marriage; and in another letter, dated the 12th August, Rui Gomez, after saying that never was any king in England who had so rapidly won men's hearts—and his authorities are, he says, English courtiers—returns again to the charge about Mary's ill looks, and Philip's admirable behaviour to her.

"His majesty entertaineth the queen admirably, and understandeth exceeding well how to pass over what is not good in her majesty touching the pleasures of the flesh. But he contenteth her majesty so well that of a truth they two being alone together the other day, she almost discoursed of love to him and he assented unto her."

With this scene of conjugal affection, which, however did not last long, we must close our extracts from the Spanish documents, "touching the remarkable events which preceded, accompanied, and followed the marriage of Philip II., Prince of Spain, and Mary of England."

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LAST EXPEDITION TO THE NIGER.

BY JOHN DUNCAN.

AUTHOR OF "TRAVELS IN WESTERN AFRICA."

THE king of Ebo is a man apparently about forty-five or fifty years of age, rather interesting in appearance than otherwise, and bears a very good character amongst his subjects. He agreed to let the English have a settlement at a fair valuation of the land, and also to afford them protection, and to establish a law amongst themselves. But all infringements of the law in his territory, or any breach of their laws in their own territory, was to be punished by their laws or customs. He also agreed to the total abolition of slavery, and to allow a free trade and navigation of the river to the English. Having signed this treaty, he received his presents, with which he seemed highly satisfied, and then left the ship, saluted by six half-minute guns, two from each of the steamers. He left us two interpreters on board to proceed up the river with us, one of whom had been with the unfortunate Lander.

Soon after his majesty left us, we proceeded up the river about twelve miles, where we anchored for the night. On the next morning (Sunday), the 29th August, we lay at anchor during the day and night. In the morning, we were visited by a canoe containing two more of the king's daughters. They wore huge ivory shackles; one of them was handed a chair, but she seemed quite unacquainted with its use; the other squatted down on the deck, quite naked, with the exception of a handkerchief round the loins. No doubt, his majesty had forwarded them to look out for our approach. They were all on the begging-system; we put a cotton dress upon each of them, and sent them off rejoicing. They seemed quite delighted with their transmogrification. On Monday morning, the 30th August, we weighed anchor, and took the small steamer *Soudan* in tow, leaving the *Amelia* (which we previously had had in tow,) to the Wilberforce, which was soon far behind. About eleven o'clock we perceived a dead body floating down the river, face downwards. We stopped the engines to have a better opportunity of examining the body, as it floated past. It appeared to have been murdered, as we perceived a large gash on the back. A few miles farther up the river we came to a large settlement, which seemed (from the number of canoes making for it,) to be a town of considerable trade. We counted about eighty large canoes, a number of which came alongside, amongst which we perceived several belonging to the king of Ebo. They had, no doubt, been sent up the river to trade. The people appeared to be much more civilized the farther we proceeded up the river, and seemed to have confidence in us. In some of the small villages they played upon some instrument, or rather made a noise like an ox, no doubt thinking it a fine piece of music to welcome us. We returned the compliment with a cornopœan, which pleased them very much.

August 31st, we weighed anchor at half-past three o'clock in the morning. The weather was beautiful and serene, and the river as smooth as glass; the foliage began to change a little. Some different sorts of wood now began to shew themselves, but still of the richest

that the imagination could suggest. A little farther up the river, we began to perceive banks on either side, but not to a very great height; still it was a change and relief to the eye, as hitherto, for the whole space of one hundred and eighty miles, the land had been as level as a bowling-green. At this place, we perceived several fishing galleries or stages, of a very novel construction. Some of the bush or trees had been cut away, and fixed thereon were four long thin poles, about eighteen or twenty feet high; they are fixed together like a scaffolding, and, about three feet from the top, they form a sort of roost; a few sticks are laid across, resting on some cross-bars fixed to the four upright poles; this is thatched over with reeds, of which there is always abundance by the river side where not occupied by trees. The fisher takes up his position in his temporary roost; he has a net formed apparently of cane, like a large square basket, which is sunk under the water; he has a line or small cord attached to the net, having the other end with him in his scaffolding. When he thinks there are any fish in the net, he makes a sudden pull with the cord, and being so high above the water, the net is in a moment above its surface, so that the fish has no chance of escape. Here, the river is very narrow, not exceeding twenty yards, and of a serpentine form. We saw several very large alligators floating down the river, basking in the sun, as if dead; we shot one of immense size. We passed a great number of villages, and also a great number of islands. The inhabitants seemed more shy at this place than they had been the last seven days' sail, which was probably owing to their having seen us throw up several rockets the previous night, as a signal for the Wilberforce. They are very much afraid of rockets: the people here seemed to be of a different race; their features are very good, they have sharp and quick intelligent eyes, a good deal of the Jewish character. Their chief article of produce and cultivation is plantains, bananas, and yams, which grow here in the soft loamy soil to great perfection, and are the largest I ever saw, some of them being more than two feet in length, and two and a half in girth. They are an excellent substitute for the potato; in fact, in my opinion, when properly boiled, they are superior to any potato; but if not boiled sufficiently, they are bitter. As we proceeded further up, we found that those who could afford it, wore a loose garb of clothing. Here, also, the cotton-tree grows to great perfection; I measured one, and found it fifty-one feet round. Some of these trees have buttresses extending from the main trunk, at the ground, ten feet.

September the 1st, we weighed anchor at six o'clock A.M., weather rather showery. The river still bore the same aspect, beautiful in the extreme. We met, floating down the river, a serpent of a very singular appearance; it was of a whitish yellow, and about the thickness of a man's thigh: it was lying on the water in the form of a hoop. About twelve o'clock, we reached a part of the river about two miles across, having the appearance of a beautiful lake, till again we came into a narrow part; we then anchored, and went ashore to cut wood. I had the pleasure of being the first man who cut down a tree on the banks of the Niger. We were caught in a thunder-storm, and were completely saturated with rain.

September 2nd, we weighed anchor at half-past five o'clock A.M., weather very fine. The river was very irregular both in width and depth, with numerous large and small islands. Towards evening, it

four P.M., we perceived some stupendous mountains at a great distance, and on our right hand side of the river, we saw, only about four miles a-head, a beautiful bank of red hard stone, very steep, and behind it the town of Attah: we lay opposite this place until the next day, before we held any communication with the king. The commissioners waited upon him on the 3rd; after having some conversation with him and his ministers respecting the slave-trade, and also respecting our obtaining a settlement, and having arranged every thing to our satisfaction, Captain Trotter invited him on board; but we were informed that it was quite inconsistent with the custom of the country to allow the king ever to go upon water; consequently, we were not honoured with a visit from the king of Idda; but his ministers paid us a visit, and seemed quite amazed at the strange appearance of the vessels. Arrangements having been made for drawing up the treaty between his majesty and the English government, all his ministers and judges were summoned to attend, as also the commissioners of the African society, and all the officers of the different ships composing the expedition. They accordingly met on board the *Albert*, and every thing having been settled satisfactorily to all parties, the 6th of December was appointed for an interview with his majesty, to obtain his royal signature, and also to make him and the princess several presents which had been sent from England expressly for that purpose.

During the time the presents were being selected on board the *Albert*, our chief interpreter, Johnson, (a native of Idda, who had come with us from Cape Coast,) fell over-board and was drowned; consequently, the ceremony did not take place until the afternoon. All the presents being ready, the captain desired me to dress in my former uniform (which I had on board) of the first Life-guards. I was appointed to carry the standard: the procession having been arranged in proper order, we went ashore in two whale boats. Upon our landing, we found six of his majesty's horses waiting for us, with their state trappings; their saddles and bridles were not all worth five shillings. The horses were much the same as the New Forest colts in Hampshire: each horse had a driver, and a groom to lead him. Captain Trotter, with his wonted kindness, picked out the best of the horses for me. I was soon mounted with my knees drawn up to my mouth almost: I had the Union Jack to carry, consequently, I marched in front of the procession; I could scarcely get along, the crowd was so great. But some of the people that we came upon unawares ran away in great fear; no doubt it was the first time they had seen one of the English Life-guards in that country. We had upwards of two miles to travel along foot-paths, with just room for one person to walk, and on each side a sort of grass resembling strong reeds—in height, at least fifteen or eighteen feet—so that we could not see two yards either side of us: we arrived at the princess's first, about a quarter of a mile from the royal palace. We had to pass through at least a dozen low door-ways, without any doors to them; they were not above a yard in height, so that it was very awkward for a man six feet three inches, with cuirass and helmet, to pass through them, particularly with a boarding pike and flag attached to it. Her hut, like all others at Attah,* is round, and about four yards in diameter: the top of the house and thatch is like the top of a round hay or corn rick, but the side walls were not

* The names of Attah and Idda are often confounded, from the king of Idda being by the natives called the Attah.

more than four feet high. We found the princess seated on the floor, in a squatting posture, and we delivered her such presents as we considered would best suit her taste; it being late in the afternoon, our stay with her was very limited. We retraced our steps, as it were, out of a rabbit-warren, and proceeded to the palace, which was much of the same description as the last, with the exception of a large yard in the front of his imperial hut. The yard may be about twelve or fifteen yards long, and the ground entrance to it is a hole through a mud wall; this hole is about three and a half feet high, and two and a half wide. Upon entering we found his majesty seated on a sort of bench by the side of his mud-hut palace, with a mat spread over his seat and on the ground around him. He was dressed very much the same as the Guy Fawkes effigies in England, on the 5th of November. Upon our first entry he looked very stern; his ministers and other attendants were seated round him on the mat on the ground. We advanced close to them, when, through our interpreters, we commenced to confer with him respecting the treaty. He never spoke all the time, but merely gave assent by a nod of the head. He looked very hard at me the whole of the time; he was told that I was one of the Queen of England's Life-guards; he then motioned me to come close to him, and I shook hands with him; he then, for the first time, spoke in our presence. During this interview he asked me how I was; next day, he sent one of his ministers on board to purchase my helmet, he admired it very much, and offered me ivory in exchange for it. I sent him word, that, upon my return down the river, I would barter with him. After reading over the articles of the treaty, and his ministers explaining them to him, he agreed to let us have land to establish a settlement at the Confluence of the Chadda, and also a piece of ground close to his own house for a missionary and church. At this place, we buried a man named Peglar, an armourer from London; he died of the fever so prevalent there, on the 8th December.

His majesty promised protection and justice to all British settlers, and liberty to trade up and down the river, and also, to build a fort for our own protection. We are also to assist him in case of an invasion from any of the neighbouring kings or chiefs. Next, we proceeded to divide his presents. He seemed quite delighted with them. We also gave away a great number of small looking-glasses and red night-caps, spectacles, and razors, knives, needles, to his judges and head men at court. By this time it became dark, and the only light his majesty could furnish us with, was a broken calabash, which had held palm oil, the pieces of which were set fire to, one piece at a time in a frying-pan. No doubt the frying-pan was a present from some of the Portuguese slave-merchants. Probably his majesty was not aware of any other use for it than to burn a light in. After distributing our presents, we retired towards our ships, which was no little difficulty to us, being entirely strangers in this place. Each man, as he passed a hut, pulled out a large handful of thatch, which he set fire to, and carried in his hand like a torch, pulling out fresh supplies whenever we reached a hut. By the time we got on board, it was late. Unfortunately, during our absence, the Wilberforce had run aground. We remained all the next day endeavouring to tow her off, but failed. After lightening her of some of her stores, and a rise of the river having been caused by a heavy rain during the night, she floated off in the morning. This caused not a little rejoicing, as

we dreaded very much that we should not get her off without removing her engines. During the time she was aground, the little Soudan proceeded up the river. On the 8th, we buried the above named Peglar in the ground given us for the missionary. Our chaplain performed the burial service, and asked a blessing upon the ground bestowed for the missionary; after which, we retired to our ship and weighed anchor, and proceeded up the river, towing the *Amelia*. 9th, we weighed anchor, at five A.M., and proceeded up the river. The land now began entirely to change its appearance; high ranges of mountains and beautiful valleys now relieved the eye, and several beautifully cultivated patches on the sides of the mountains, shewed themselves with several large villages, and also great numbers of canoes on the river. We hailed the canoes to come alongside, but the natives seemed afraid of the paddles. The name of these mountains was the Cargow mountains. Towards evening, we perceived a piece of something white attached to one of the bushes on the left bank of the river. We put off the boat, and found it to be a sheet of paper containing a report of the Soudan, which had placed it there purposely for us, stating that she had passed the day before, and had the first lieutenant and engineer sick. At this time we ourselves had eleven sick of fever.

This afternoon we experienced a heavy thunderstorm. We anchored for the night at a quarter before five o'clock P.M., with orders to get the steam up by half-past four A.M. Next morning, 10th September, in a few hours, we came in sight of the Soudan at anchor, she had arrived there the day previous. We proceeded a little further up the river to the spot intended for the establishment of our model farm. This place is close by the confluence or the entrance of the Chadda. We dropped anchor that afternoon close to the intended spot, and early the next morning the 11th, we commenced discharging our model farm-house and furniture, carts, ploughs, and harrows, and all sorts of farming implements. The place we found had been a large town about two years ago, but had been destroyed by a hostile tribe, the Felattahs. It appeared to have been burnt, though several of the huts were left quite uninjured; one of which, in particular, attracted my attention, as being superior to any I had seen. Upon entering it I found, by its formation, it had been the residence of a chief. The walls were ornamented with different colours and figures. The huts here are all circular, with a roof in the shape of a corn-rick. In this hut was a throne or high sofa, composed of the same material as the house (clay). The wall all round was ornamented by some sort of comb, similar to the honey-comb, but appeared to be the production of a wasp or large flying ant. I also found on the floor a large scorpion, which I brought on board. I also shot three turtle doves, the first birds I had shot in Africa. They are small but very fleshy; there are many birds of splendid plumage here, and plenty of Guinea fowl. This place was a true picture of desolation. The long high grass or reeds covered the streets, the ruins of the huts, and the gardens. These reeds are eight or nine feet high. It is almost impossible to penetrate through them, and every step, a reptile of some description may be trodden upon. This town had been surrounded by a ditch and moat. All the dye pots or vats remained perfect, with dye in them, which led me to suppose that the inhabitants, who have been driven to the other side of the river, must still have come there to dye their cloth. Indigo grows here in great abundance. The cloth is only about two or three

inches in width, and is sewed together until the garment is the desired width. A loose garment, something like a smock-frock, is generally worn, or a scarf is thrown round the shoulders, like a Highlander's plaid. At this place one of our men died, named Powell, perhaps he was the first white man ever buried in this place. We buried him on the following day, 12th Sept. It is not possible to keep a body here more than two or three hours. Even a bird, if shot in the middle of the day, will smell in a few hours.

After remaining here two days, and surveying the soil, it was considered not so good for our settlement as we had at first anticipated; consequently, to our great mortification, we were obliged to re-embark all our stores and model farm, for the purpose of moving farther up the river. On the 13th, we commenced getting our stores and materials on board, which was accomplished under the directions of the intrepid and persevering Lieut. Fishbourne. We sailed about one mile farther up the river, where we found a spot well adapted for all our purposes, the greater part of the intended farm being in a state of cultivation by the natives, who generally live at some distance from their farms or spots of ground which they cultivate for their own subsistence. They seldom cultivate more than suffices for this purpose, as they are so distant from any market or place of disposal. Our ships were the best market they had met with for some time. Although they are ignorant, they ask generally ten times the value of their article. I had a very good opportunity of learning their prices, having been appointed by Captain Trotter to purchase all provisions, yams, goats, fowls, rice, limes, and beef. At this place, we once more landed our stores and farming stock, as also, the famous Eglintoun tournament tent, as a temporary residence for the farmer and his servants.

Here, death began to make rapid strides amongst our crews. We lost, in the *Albert* alone, seven men in one week, and had eighteen sick. Some men were taken off very suddenly. We remained here until the 19th; during this period, men in all three steamers, and also in the *Amelia*, were falling dangerously ill almost every hour; consequently, it was determined that all the sick should be placed in one vessel, the *Soudan*, and sent down the river, and thence to the island of Ascension, though it was evident most of them would be consigned to the deep ere they reached that place. The lamentable and awful spectacle can scarcely be imagined, when, on Sunday 19th, all the sick, or at least those not expected to recover, from all three ships, were crammed on board the *Soudan*, with very indifferent accommodation, nearly all being on deck, like so many cattle, with the exception of being hung in hammocks. Although everything that humanity could suggest was done, it was a very usual thing to see Lieut. Fishbourne going round to the sick, kindly cheering their spirits, and serving them with his own hand with anything they asked for. His kindness, and skill as a surgeon also, (he having studied that profession previously to his joining the navy,) rendered him a valuable man and officer; consequently, Captain Trotter transferred him from the *Albert* to take command of the *Soudan*, and placed him in charge of the sick. All arrangements now having been made, about twelve o'clock A.M., the *Soudan* took her departure down the river. We had still seven men sick, after sending fourteen on board the *Soudan*; out of twenty-one white men, the crew of the *Soudan*, nineteen were dangerously ill. The sick from the three vessels on board the *Soudan*,

amounted to forty ; a great number out of about seventy-five men. It was arranged for the Albert and Wilberforce to proceed up the river on the following day, the 20th, but unfortunately, on the afternoon of the 19th and morning of the 20th, a great number of the remaining officers and men fell sick. In fact, we had scarcely a sufficient number of men out of both vessels left to take one vessel up the river ; consequently, it was arranged that the Wilberforce should follow the Soudan, and the Albert proceed up the river. Captain Trotter proceeded accordingly up the river with the Albert. We were now alone, the Amelia having been left at our model farm, as a hospital and residence for the sick. We proceeded up the river a considerable distance on the 21st, passing a great many towns or villages on the banks of the river ; all, or nearly all the villages, were deluged, which led me to suppose that at this season there must have been an unusually high flood.

The people now were much more civilized than they had been all the way up the river. None now seemed afraid of us, but were pleased to see us, and all of them very willingly came on board to trade with us. They brought sheep, goats, chickens, turkeys, and ducks. Their sheep resemble the deer species more than anything else I ever saw, except the horn. Their goats are very small, but some of them eat very well. The chickens are very small, about the size of a bantam in England. Goats and sheep cost sevenpence half-penny to fifteenpence ; fowls about twopence half-penny a pair. We now found several different articles of manufacture, showing a taste of ingenuity, surpassing anything I could have expected. Their bows and arrows were of a very formidable construction ; their swords were also much superior to anything we had seen, though still very clumsy in comparison with the weapons of civilized nations. They have no regular system or exercise for the sword ; they generally, when armed with a bow, carry a dagger fixed on the right (or string) hand, by an oval-shaped ring, through which they pass the four fingers, and over the knuckles as far as the back of the hand, with the point downwards from the hand, so as always to be ready if required. They have also clothes of different colours, much resembling English manufacture, of a coarse description. Still they are very far behind in their system of weaving ; their web is not more than three inches wide, consequently cloth is very dear here. They manufacture nothing but cotton, as far as I have yet seen. They bring a great quantity of raw cotton for sale, and also ivory, and tigers' and lions' teeth. They also manufacture a great quantity of pepper from the chillies, and also a sort of flour or meal from the Indian corn. The inhabitants seem to be very much mixed ; there appear to be many different tribes or castes. I saw one of the handsomest coloured men here I ever saw of any country ; in fact, had he been a white man, he would not be easily equalled. The formation of the head and face very much resembled the Welch. His lips were thin, and beautifully formed, and his teeth surpassed anything I ever saw for regularity and whiteness ; his body and limbs were a complete model ; the tone of his voice, and pleasant expression, all seemed to harmonise with his fine person. He was about five feet nine inches in height, and about twenty years of age. He was one of the head men, or the son of the chief. I purchased a great many goats, sheep, fowls, &c., for the ship's company from him. His father, the chief, made me a present of six gallons of beer made from the Indian corn. It was very acid, but quenched thirst very well. It resembles sour

small beer in England. I was informed, if put in bottles a few days, it would improve very much. On the 22nd, nothing particular occurred; but on the 23rd, one of the chiefs came alongside with his canoe loaded with merchandize, returning from a market on the other side of the river. We purchased a great many things from him, and we gave him several presents also. We found he had one male and two female slaves in the canoe, which he had just purchased. We seized them and detained them on board, and gave them new clothes. They seemed very much pleased with their change. The chief excused himself by stating that his father King Attah, at Egarah, had not acquainted them so far up the river yet with the treaty that had been formed; but I believe this was false. We read the law relating to slave-dealing, and also his father's treaty, abolishing slavery in his dominions. We told him, if we ever took any canoes with slaves or anything used for confining slaves, such as shackles, we would set the slaves free, and destroy the canoes and all the property in them.

On the 24th, we were obliged to buy or cut wood every day, consequently, our progress was not so rapid. All our white men were sick, except myself and three other officers and men. 25th, nothing particular occurred, except a very sudden tornado which lasted about an hour. The water rose from a surface smooth as glass, to an apparently rough sea. These storms generally are very rapid, are accompanied by lightning, and always prove very beneficial, as they invariably cool and purify the air.

On the 25th, we were at Egah, two days' sail from Rabba. This place Egah, is a disputed territory between the King of Idda, named Attah, (with whom we made a treaty about three weeks ago,) and the King of Rabba. The latter king allows or sends his people (the Felattahs) down to scour the country, and they carry desolation with them. Yet if the inhabitants of this place had any knowledge of the use of arms, or even the slightest knowledge of architecture, they might easily resist all the efforts of the Felattahs, however numerous. I have seen a great number of them, and heard a great deal spoken of them, but they are sadly overrated. They are mounted on small horses; the largest I have yet seen is about the size of the Hampshire New Forest ponies. They have no particular method of guiding their horse, and quite as little of using the sword, which is a very awkward, badly-balanced weapon, is generally long and straight in the blade, with a small handle, not more than four inches in length, with a knob on the end, and no protection at all for the hand. In fact, were I in my old regiment, the first Life-guards, I would not hesitate to make one of six to charge a squadron one hundred strong of Felattahs. All the swords I have seen, are made of very common iron, and very badly polished. I purchased some of their razors, which are of a very rude construction, but they seem of very good iron; but I learned they were made at a great distance in the interior. The inhabitants differ very much in character on the banks of the Niger, and doubtless the same is the case in the interior of the country. One thing is worthy of remark, which prevails amongst all the Africans I have yet seen, and merits the highest censure, that is, if a man happen to fall accidentally into the water, by the upsetting of his canoe or otherwise, they never attempt to render any assistance, but get as far away from the unfortunate individual as they can. Yesterday one of our men fell overboard, and at the same time there were at least a dozen canoes alongside and

astern of us together ; but instead of attempting to render him any assistance, although one of their own colour, all made off ashore. Fortunately the man was a good swimmer, and swam until we reached him with the boat and picked him up.

Sunday, 26th, we lay at anchor all the day, doing nothing but attending divine service, which Captain Trotter always strictly observed, much to his credit. 27th, we commenced taking in wood, purchased from the natives ; we also sent a number of Kroomen ashore to cut wood, and sent missionaries ashore to make all inquiry and obtain information respecting the slave-trade. This afternoon we lost one of the few white men we had left, named Fuge. Poor fellow, he suffered very much. It is a very saddening sight to see all our countrymen lying, in all probability, on the bed of death, about the deck, in any corner where they can obtain shelter from the sun or from the storm. Comrades are carried off, sometimes two and sometimes three at a time ; those who are cheerful and hearty to-day may be laid under the earth to-morrow morning.

On the 28th, we still remained off Egah, taking in wood ; in fact, we could not proceed farther, as all our engineers and stokers were ill, and some of them dead. We still kept missionaries ashore, obtaining all the information possible ; but a great many of the people seemed very shy of giving any information upon the slave-trade. They seemed afraid of the Felattahs ; they fancied, if they gave any information, the Felattahs, when we were gone, would come down upon them and carry them away captives, as they had very frequently done in the disputed territory.

On the 29th, Captain Trotter wished me to go ashore and purchase fowls, goats, sheep, and any thing I thought necessary for the sick, and also to make inquiry and obtain all possible information respecting the manners and customs of the inhabitants, and the general produce of the country. As soon as I landed a crowd assembled, of great magnitude, some of them wishing to sell different articles of native manufacture ; some with fowls, some with sheep, some with goats. I first went to the chief's house, where I was received with great kindness. His house is a hut about sixteen feet in diameter across the floor, the wall about nine or ten feet in height. The huts are all circular near this place, and for some hundred miles down ; the roof is raised in a conical form, the same as a barn-rick, and covered with thatch of reeds or grass. They have no articles of furniture, or beds. They have generally a few calabashes, in different forms, forming basons, plates, or bottles ; a mat or buffalo hide is spread on the floor as a bed. The door into the hut is seldom more than $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet high, and 2 wide. The doorway does not entirely terminate at the ground ; upon entering, you must step over a height of about eighteen inches. They generally have two doors ; one in the front and another in the rear cause a good draught or current of air, rendering it very cool and comfortable, particularly as their huts are all composed of clay, even where they have plenty of stone. The walls are generally about eighteen inches thick. They do not build their houses upon any regular system, but like bees jumble them together any way, leaving in some places a narrow passage, where one person can pass, but no more. They, however, leave spaces in different parts of the town for markets. But generally, at this place, although a fine race of people, they have no idea of cleanliness, and their horse invariably occupies part of their own

dwelling. The children and the horse partake of the same dish. Were pigs bred here, no doubt they also would form part of the family circle. But it is remarkable, I have not yet seen one pig since we entered the Niger, although, doubtless, the wild boar is to be found in the interior of the country. In one house I entered, I found, in the small diameter of eighteen feet, a stable, a blacksmith's shop, and dwelling-house. They have but a very remote idea of forging. They have their anvil fixed in the floor. The anvil is merely a piece of iron, the same as used in England by farriers to point their shoeing-nails upon; it is only raised about four or five inches above the surface of the floor. When at work, they seat themselves on the floor, stretching a leg on each side of the anvil. Sometimes their anvil is composed of stone only. They never shoe their horses here. Instead of using files, they use a rough stone, in getting their articles of cutlery to any sort of a surface; consequently, their work is always rough as well as badly tempered. I purchased a razor, however, here, quite as sharp as my own; but it had not been manufactured in this place.

They have also a very indifferent system of weaving. I had here an opportunity of minutely inspecting their loom, which, as I have already mentioned, is not capable of weaving cloth more than three inches wide. Their loom is always fixed out of doors, and the warp is always extended to its full length, which is generally about five or six yards. The end of their warp is made fast to a wooden peg stuck into the ground, and the frame or loom attached to the other end, and also fixed into the ground. In consequence of their tedious system of making cloth, it is very dear according to the rate of other articles; but although they are so far behind in weaving, they are rather clever in the manufacture of earthenware, and also in making wooden vessels. They also display considerable ingenuity in carving and ornamenting their calabashes. Their sheep at this place (Egah) are of a very singular breed; they seem between the red deer and sheep; and many of them are of the same colour as the deer. But there are several breeds; some of them have two long teats hanging down from the lower part of the neck, similar to some pigs I have seen in England. We also found immense numbers of pigeons and turtle doves. The turtle dove is a very small bird of the pigeon breed, but carries a great deal of flesh for its size. During our stay here I shot several. They are very tame, never being disturbed by fire-arms. Vultures are also to be found here in great numbers; they are quite tame, and go about the same as the farm-yard fowl in England. I also shot several pelicans; they build all upon trees here, although it is asserted by many authors that they never roost on trees. I could not help amusing myself looking at the natives splitting wood. We employed them to cut and bring wood on board for the steam-engines. Their hatchets are put into the handle, instead of the handle into the hatchet; the iron part is in the form of a wedge, with the top end long and tapering; the handle is necessarily very large and clumsy, owing to the top of the hatchet being through the end of the handle. Their wood is of various kinds, amongst which we found the far-famed shea butter-tree, and also the fruit. The leaves very much resemble those of the laurel, but are not quite so thick; the nut is shaped very like an egg, and is about the size of a pigeon's egg, and in colour is like a horse-chestnut. The nuts, when pressed, yield a substance having very much the resemblance of butter, which is of great value for its qualities. It is also an excellent substi-

tute for oil to burn in lamps. We also found honey very plentiful here; but it is of a very dark colour, and much inferior to English honey. Yams here are excellent, and very cheap—as also plantains and sweet potatoes; but the latter are not much relished by Englishmen, as they resemble in taste the English potato when frost-bitten.

On Saturday, 2d October, another of our few white men died. We still remained at Egah expecting our engineers to get better, and enable us to proceed to Rablah; but, unfortunately, Captain Trotter was taken ill on the morning of the 4th October,—consequently we were compelled to abandon the idea of proceeding farther, greatly against our wish, as we were now only two days' sail from Rablah; so that all our time and labour, ever since we had parted with the other vessels, were lost, although we certainly had done more than any previous expedition. After getting so near the place we so much wished to arrive at, this was a great disappointment. However, we had no alternative. Myself, the doctor, and another white person, were the only persons who had not been very ill; and I myself had a severe wound in my leg. We commenced dropping down the river without steam, which was very difficult, owing to the shallowness of the water. Nothing particular occurred during our progress down the river until the 8th. Our sick, generally, were getting worse. Mr. Willmot, a young man, an under-clerk to the captain, was taken with delirium, and jumped overboard. Fortunately, although in the middle of the night, he was observed, and with great difficulty saved, as the river at this place was running very strong. He was afterwards lashed in his hammock. Unfortunately, on the morning of the 9th, our second engineer, who was, with many more, lying on the poop, was also seized with delirium, and jumped overboard. He sunk before any assistance could be obtained.

On the 9th, at night, we reached the model-farm which we had established on our way up the river. We were obliged to leave the *Amelia*, as a store-ship, close by the model-farm. We took on board the sick, also the head farmer or planter, Mr. Carr, and Mr. More, the head gardener, and also the head schoolmaster. A great many of the coloured people wished to return, but as they had previously volunteered to stop there, they were not allowed to leave. The farm was now left without the governor, farmer, gardener, schoolmaster, and surgeon. I fear the result will not be very favourable, as the coloured people are generally very indolent. On Sunday the 10th of October, we made a tolerably good day's run down the river (sixty miles), considering we had to drop anchor so often. We anchored off Iddah for the night. No doubt, King Attah expected another visit from us; but, considering the state of the crew's health, it was impossible. Some of the king's sons came off in a canoe, in the morning, just as we were heaving the anchor. The reason of our short stay was explained to them, which doubtless prevented a different construction being put upon our departure. It was a lamentable sight to see our ship, both fore and aft, above and below deck, crowded with sick. Doctor Stanger was compelled to act as engineer, and I had to act in many capacities. All the officers being ill, I cheered them up as well as I could. We had a great many coloured men on board, some of whom were very much disposed for mutiny. Some of the ringleaders I singled out, and was compelled to handle very roughly, I being the only person they were at all afraid of. They often threatened my destruction, but God was so

kind as to spare my health, so that I was enabled to keep up my authority amongst them, though I was not without my apprehensions. I took the precaution to keep my sword and pistol always ready and near me at night.

On the 12th of October, at night, we arrived at Ebo, and anchored about half a mile from the town. In less than half an hour we were surrounded by above fifty canoes, with different articles for sale, and about fifty of the king's sons, all on the begging system. We were obliged to send away most of the canoes, they are such a noisy set of people in their conversation; and their gibberish is so very uncouth. We wanted a great many fowls and yams. We got a few for the sick, to serve until we should reach Fernando Po. During the same night one of our men died, this being the eighteenth man we had lost since the ship was commissioned. This man's name was Kingdon. He intended, had he lived, to remain at the model-farm; he was the head school-master. Early on the following morning, I got him sewed up in two hammocks, to send ashore to be buried, which detained us an hour or two longer at Ebo. In the morning early, we had a visit from the King Obeo, but on account of our hurry we cut the interview short, Captain Trotter being very ill, and Captain Allan of the Soudan, who left his own vessel to go up the river with us, being dangerously ill. We weighed anchor about half-past eight on the morning of the 13th, and proceeded down the river very well. The water had not fallen any down here at Ebo, but, on the contrary, had considerably risen, so that we came down at nearly full speed. About two o'clock the same day, we were both delighted and surprised to meet a steamer coming up the river. At first sight we supposed it to be the Soudan, as she had orders to return as soon as she had conveyed the sick to Ascension; but it turned out to be the little *Æthiophe*, commanded by that fine old veteran, Captain Bearcroft. He had kindly volunteered his services instead of the Soudan. He brought us the melancholy news of the death of two sick officers sent down the river by the Soudan, belonging to the *Albert*, and also of the loss of one man, a steward, and several others belonging to the other vessels. The other remaining forty-seven sick had been forwarded to Ascension by the *Dolphin* brig-of-war. The *Wilberforce* and *Soudan* remained at Fernando Po until our arrival. On the 14th October we once more, with joy, saw the mouth of the river, and soon afterwards anchored off the spot where we had buried the first person we lost after entering the river. The water had risen so, that the grave was covered.

A GALLOP THROUGH SOUTHERN AUSTRIA.

BY J. MARVEL.

BOLDO'S STORY.

ONCE a year the peasantry come to the caves of Adelsberg to be merry;—for days before you may see them coming,—from the mountains away towards Salzburg, where they sing the Tyrolese ditties, and wear the jaunty hats of the Tyrol; and from the great plains through which the mighty arms of the northern river, the Danube, wander; and from the east, where they wear the turban, and talk the language of the Turk; and from the south, as far as the hills, on which you may hear the murmur of the waters, as they kiss the Dalmatian shore—from each quarter they come—vine-dressers and shepherds, young men and virgins—to dance out in the cavern the carnival of May.

A whole night they dance: for they go into the mountain before the sunlight has left the land, and before they come out, the next day has broke over the earth. But the light and the joy make day all the time they are in the cavern. Tapers are blazing everywhere; and the great stalactite you see in the middle is so hung about with torches, that it seems a mighty column of fire, swaying and waving under the weight of the mountain.

Ah, signori, could you see them—the Illyrian maidens, with their pretty head-dresses, and their little ankles, go glancing over the glistening floor—signori, signori,—you would never go home!

"*C'est bien—c'est très bien!*" said Le Comte.

Boldo went on.

A great many years ago, and there was a beautiful maiden, the daughter of a Dalmatian mother, who came on the festal day to the cavern,—and her name was Copita. She had three brothers, and her father was an Illyrian shepherd. She had the liquid eye, and the soft sweet voice of the southern shores, whence came her mother; but she had the nut-brown hair and the sunny cheek of the pasture lands on which lived her father. Their cottage was on a shelf of those blue mountains which may be seen rising along the southern and western sky from the inn-door at Laibach. The cottage had a thatched roof, and orchard-trees and green slopes around it; just such an one as may be seen now-a-days by the traveller toward the northern bounds of the Illyrian kingdom. The smoke curls gracefully out of their deep-throated chimneys; the green moss speckles the thatch; the low sides, made of the mountain fir, are browned with storms.

Copita loved flowers—and flowers grew by the door of her father's home.

Copita loved music,—and there were young shepherds who lingered in the gray of twilight about the cottage, nor went away till her song was ended.

The brothers loved Copita, as brothers should love a sister. For her they gathered fresh mountain flowers, and at evening the youngest braided them in garlands for her head, while she sang the songs of old days. And when they went up to the cavern in May,—which all through Illyria is time of summer,—they twisted green boughs together,

and so, upon their shoulders, they bore the beautiful Copita over the roughest of the mountain ways.

During the nights of winter,—for in this region there is winter through the time of four moons,—she spun and she sang. But not one of all the young shepherds, or the vine-dressers in the valleys, who came to listen to her song, or to watch her small white hand as it plied the distaff—not one had learned to make her sigh. Twice had she been with her brothers—the fair-haired Adolphe, the dark, piercing-eyed Dalmetto, the stout Rinulph, with brown curling locks—to the cavern in spring-time. And often she would dream of the column of fire in the middle, and the sparkling roof, and the gloomy corridors, and the roar of the waters, and wake up shaking with fear. For she was delicate and timid as a fawn, and there were memories that frightened her.

Strange it was that so good a virgin should ever wake up affrighted: strange it was that so beautiful a maiden should not be wooed and won.

Now Copita had a cousin, of wild Hungarian blood. Their eyes had met, but their souls had not. For Otho was passionate and hot-blooded, and often stern;—he loved the boar-hunts of the forests of the Julianes. But he had seen Copita, and he loved her more than all besides. Once, when wandering in early winter with his boar-spear, he had come to her cottage; and once he had seen her at the dance of the cavern. Otho was not loved of his kinsfolk in his home, for he was cruel. None struck the boar-spear so deeply; and if he met a young fawn upon the hills, lost, and crying piteously, he would plunge the rough spear in its throat, and bear it home struggling on his shoulder, and throw it upon the earth floor of his cottage, and say,—“Ho! my sisters, here is a supper for you!”—and the fawn not yet dead!

It is no wonder Otho was not loved at home—it is no wonder he was not loved of Copita. And whom Copita loved not—Adolphe did not love—Rinulph did not love—Dalmetto did not love.

Now in those old days, where there was not love between men, there was hate. So there was hate between the three brothers and the Hungarian cousin of the wild locks and the dark eye.

What should it be, but those wild locks and that dark eye of her Hungarian cousin, that made Copita ever wake in a fright, when she dreamed of the great Illyrian cavern? Adolphe was ever by her side to defend her, but Adolphe was young, and innocent of all the wiles of manhood; the eye of Dalmetto was quick and watchful, but the eye of Otho had watched the flight of the vultures, and seen them bear away kids even from the flock over which the father of Copita was shepherd; Rinulph was strong, but Otho had struggled with the wild boar, and conquered it,—and was the brown-haired brother of Copita stronger than the wild boar?

Was it strange, then, that Copita, the daughter of a Dalmatian mother, should sometimes tremble when she thought of the passionate eyes of the cruel and determined Otho, bending fixedly on her, from out the shadows of the cavern,—for Otho loved the shadow better than the light.

But dreams, though they be unpleasant, make not dim the happy lifetime of an Illyrian peasant girl. The shuttle—it rattled merrily; the song—it rose cheerily; and the father, and the mother, and the brothers were light-hearted. Copita dreamed less of the last year's *fête*, and she dreamed more of the *fête* of the one that was coming. She

dreamed less of eyes scowling with hate and love; and she dreamed more of eyes that were full of admiration.

Ah, signori, it is pleasant—lifetime in the mountains—the mountains of Illyria! The green fir-trees cover them, summer and winter; the deer, wild as we, wander under them, and crop their low branches, when the snow covers the hills; and when the spring comes, the grass is green in a day.* Then what frolicking of boys and maidens!—what smiles upon old faces!—

Boldo drew his coat sleeve over his eyes. For one moment—one little moment—his heart was in his mountain home. Monsieur Le Comte, who was old and unmarried, drew a long breath.

Boldo thrust the end of his torch deeper in the shining sand, and went on.

May was coming,—Copita sang at evening gayer-hearted,—Copita danced with the fair-haired Adolphe on the green sward before the door of the cottage. The father played upon his shepherd's pipe; the mother looked joyously on, and thanked Heaven, in her heart, for having given her such a daughter as Copita, to make glad their mountain home.

She shed tears though, and the father almost as many, when their children set off for the festive meeting in the cavern. Down the mountains they went singing, and the mother strained her eyes after them, till she could see nothing but a white speck—Copita's dress—gliding down, and gliding away among the fir-trees. There was no singing in the cottage that night—nor the next—nor the next—nor the next.—

Scusalemi, signorini!

Two days they were coming to the cavern. At night they stayed with friends in a valley, and in the morning doubled their company, and came on together. As they walked, sometimes in the valleys, sometimes over spurs of the hills, there came others to join them, who went on the pleasant pilgrimage. But of all the maidens not one was so beautiful as Copita. None walked with a statelier or freer step into the village below the mountain.

Ah, signori, could you but see the gathering upon such a day of the prettiest dames of Illyria—the braided hair, dressed with mountain flowers, and sprigs of the fir-tree, and the heron's plumes!—and in old days the gathering was gayer than now.

In a street of the village—in the throng, Copita had caught sight of the dark face of her Hungarian lover. Perhaps it was this, perhaps it was the cold, but she trembled as she came with her brother Adolphe into the cavern. The waters roared as they roared the year before—as they are roaring now. The noise made her shudder again.

"Adolphe," said she, "I wish I was in our cottage upon the mountain."

"What would Rinulph say, what would Dalmetto say, what should I think, who love you better than both, if our beautiful sister were not of the festal dance?"

Just then the noise of the music came through the corridor, and Copita felt her proud mountain blood stirred, and went on with courage.

The night had half gone, when Copita sat down where we sit. The

* Nothing can be richer than the verdure of the hills of Southern Austria; and I have seen, on the tops of the mountains, the snow and the grass lying under the same sun, and close together.

fawn upon the mountains sometimes tires itself with its gambols : Copita was tired with dancing. Adolphe sat beside her.

Copita had danced with Otho, for she had not dared deny him. She had danced with a blue-eyed stranger, who wore the green coat of the Cossacks, and a high heron's plume—whose home was by the Danube ; for who of all the maidens would choose deny him ?

When Adolphe spoke of Otho, Copita looked thoughtful and downcast, but turned pale. And when Adolphe spoke of the stranger from the banks of the great river, with the heron's plume in his cap, Copita looked thoughtful and downcast, but the colour ran over her cheek, and temple, and brow, like fire.

Ah ! for the poor young shepherds and the vine-dressers who had watched her white hand as it plied the distaff, and had listened to her voice as she sang in her mountain home—Adolphe knew that their hopes were gone !

Now it was a custom of the *fête* that, in the intervals of the dance, the young men and virgins should pass hand in hand around the column of fire in the middle, in token of good will between them. But if a second time a virgin went round, with her hand wedded to the same hand as before, then was the young man an accepted lover. But if a third time they went round together, it was like giving the plighted word, and young man and virgin were betrothed.

It was the custom of old days, and all the company of the cave shouted greeting.

Once had Copita gone round the column with cousin Otho, of the dark locks and wild eye.

Once had Copita gone round the column with the blue-eyed stranger, of the heron's plume.

A second time the stern Hungarian had led forth the beautiful Copita. She hesitated, and she looked pale, and she trembled ; for there were many eyes upon her. Adolphe looked upon her, and bit his lip. Rinulph looked, and he stamped with his foot upon the sand. Dalmetto looked, and his eye seemed to pierce her through,—but more piercing than all, was the sad, earnest look of the stranger of the heron's plume. Copita shook ; the memory of her dreams came over her, and she dared not deny Otho.

Copita sat down trembling ; Otho walked away with a triumphant leer.

A second time came up the blue-eyed stranger, doubting and fearful. A second time went the beautiful Copita with him round the flame. This time she trembled : for many eyes were upon her. The eyes of Adolphe, of Rinulph, of Dalmetto, looked kindly, but half reprovingly ! there were eyes of many a virgin that seemed to say, " Is this our gentle Copita, who has two lovers in a day ? " There was the vengeful eye of Otho, that seemed to say, " Two lovers in a day she shall not have." It was no wonder Copita trembled.

The music went on, and the dance ; but the soul of the mountain girl was with her father and with her mother at home.

" Why is that tear in your eye ? " said Adolphe, as he put his arm around her.

" I wish I was in our cottage upon the mountains, with the distaff in my hand, and singing the old songs," said Copita.

The dance ceased : Copita trembled like an aspen leaf.

A third time came up Otho. Copita turned pale, but Otho turned away paler.

A third time came up the blue-eyed stranger, whose home was on the Danube—who wore in his cap a heron's plume.

Copita blushed; Copita trembled, and rose up and stood beside him. Hand in hand they stood together; hand in hand they went round the column of flame—the gentle Copita, and the stranger of the heron's plume.

A wild song of greeting—a Hungarian song—burst over the roof of the cavern. You would be afraid, signori, to listen to the shaking of the cave, when the mountain company lift up their voices to a mountain song. There is not a corner but is filled; there is not a stalactite but quivers; there is not a torch-flame but wavers to and fro, as if a strong wind were blowing.

Now the face of the Hungarian Otho, as he looked, and as he listened, was as if it had been the face of a devil.

Copita went with Adolphe into the cool corridor, for the night was not yet spent, and other dances were to follow. Adolphe left his sister a little time alone. Otho's eyes had followed, and he came up.

"Will my pretty cousin Copita walk with me in the cavern?" said he.

She looked around to meet the eye of Adolphe, or Rinulph, or Dalmetto. The dance had begun, and they two were unnoticed.

She said not no; she made no effort to rise, for the strong arm of Otho lifted her.

Boldo rose and lit his torch, and the two old men came behind, as we went out of the *salon du bal* into the corridor.

—Along this path, said Boldo, they went on. Copita's mind full of shadows of dreams—she dared not go back; Otho's mind full of dark thoughts—his strong arm bore her on.

She had not a voice to shout; besides, the music was louder than the shouting of a frightened maiden. Otho pushed on with cruel speed. Copita's faltering step stayed him no more than the weight of a young fawn, which, time and time again, he had borne home upon his shoulder, from the wild clefts of the mountains.

The roar of the waters was beginning to sound. Bravely led Boldo on, with his broad torch flaring red. The road was rough. The rush of the waters nearer and nearer, and the damp air chilled us. Cameron was for turning back.

No, no, said Boldo, come and see where Otho led Copita—where he stood with her over the gulf.

And now we could hardly hear him talk for the roar; but he beckoned us from where he stood upon a jutting point of the rock, and as we came up, he waved his long torch twice below him. The red glare shone one moment upon smooth water, curling over the edge of a precipice far below. The light was not strong enough to shed a single ray down where the waters fell.

"My cousin Copita," said Otho, "has given her hand to the proud stranger of the heron's plume; will she here, upon the edge of the gulf, take again her promise?"

"The stranger is not proud," said Copita, "and my word once given shall never be broken." And as if the word had given life to her mountain spirit, her eye looked back contempt for the exulting smile of Otho. Like a deer she bounded from him; but his strong arm caught

her. She called loudly upon each of her brothers ; but the dance was far away, and the roar of the waters was terrible.

Her thoughts flew one moment home—her head was pillowed, as in childhood, upon the bosom of her Dalmatian mother.

With such memories, who would not have force to struggle ? She sprang to the point of the rock—it is very slippery : again the strong arm of Otho was extended toward her—another step back—poor, poor Copita !

“ Look down, signori ;” and Boldo waved his red torch below him.

The cottage of the Illyrian shepherd—of the Dalmatian mother—was desolate upon the mountains ! The voice of singing was no more heard in it !

Otho heard a faint shriek mingling with the roar of the waters, and even the stern man was sorrowful. He trod back alone the corridors. None know why he made not his way to the mountains. The stones stirred under his feet, and he looked behind to see if any followed. The stalactites glistened under the taper that was fastened in his bonnet, and he started from under them, as if they were falling to crush him.

Now, in the hall of the dance, there was search for Copita, when Otho came in.

There are three ways by which one can pass out of the hall, and after Otho had come in alone, Adolphe stood at one, Rinulph at one, and Dalmetto at one. The Hungarian could look the wild boar in the eyes when they were red with rage—but his eyes had no strength in them then to look back upon the eyes of virgins. He would escape them by going forth ; but when he came to where Rinulph stood, Rinulph said, “ Where is my sister Copita ?” and Otho turned back. And when he came to where Dalmetto stood, Dalmetto said, “ Where is my sister Copita ?” And Otho was frightened away.

And when he came to where Adolphe stood, Adolphe said, “ Tell us, where is our sister Copita ?”

And Otho, that was so strong, grew pale before the blue-eyed Adolphe.

When Otho turned back, the young stranger, with the cap of the heron's plume, walked up boldly to him, and asked, “ Where is the beautiful Copita ?”

And Otho trembled more and more, and the faces grew earnest and threatening around him, so he told them all ; and he was like a wild boar that is wounded among fierce dogs.

The three brothers left not their places, but the rest spoke low together, and bound the Hungarian hand and foot. Hand and foot they bound him, and took up torches, and bore him toward the deep river of the cavern. The brothers followed, but the virgins joined hands, and sung a wild funeral chaunt, such as they sing by a mountain grave. Adolphe, and Rinulph, and Dalmetto stood together in the mouth of the way that goes over the bridge, and out of the mountain. It was well the three brothers were there ; for, as they bore Otho on, and as they neared the gulf, he struggled, as only a man struggles who sees death looking him in the face. He broke the bands that were around him ; he pushed by the foremost—he rushed through those who were behind—he leaped a chasm—he clung to a cliff—he ran along its edge but, before he could pass out, the brothers met him, and he cowered before them.

They bound him, and bore him back, and hurled him headlong, and the roar of the waters drowned his cries.

One more song, a solemn song around the column of fire, and the night was ended.

At early sunrise, Adolphe, Dalmetto, and Rinulph had set off over the mountains, with heavy hearts, homewards. They picked no flowers by the way for the gentle Copita: Copita sang no songs to make gay their mountain march.

The blue-eyed stranger had torn the plume of the heron from his cap, and with a slow step and sad, was going by the early light down the mountains, to his home upon the banks of the mighty Danube.

They say that in quiet evenings, in the gulf,—and Boldo swayed the red torch below him,—may be seen a light form, that angels bear up: and when it is black without, and the waters high, may be seen a swart form, struggling far down,—and again Boldo swung his torch, this time too rapidly, for the wind and the spray put it out. We were on the edge of the precipice,—Santa Maria defend us!

The two old men were groping in the distance—two specks of light in the darkness. Boldo shouted, but the waters drowned the voice.

Thrice we shouted together, and at length the old men came toward us. After the torch was lit, we followed Boldo over the bridge, and through the corridor, out into the starlight. Four hours we had been in the mountain, and it was past midnight when we were back at the inn.

I am not going to say, because I cannot, whether the story that Boldo told us was a true story.

Cameron said, it was a devilish good story.

And story or no story, the cavern is huge and wild. And many a time since have I waked in the middle of the night, and found myself dreaming of the pretty Copita, or the cap with the heron's plume.

ROADSIDE.

At six next morning, a red-coated Jehu had mounted our coach-box.

I had been deputed to pay Boldo for his hundred flambeaux (I would advise the economical traveller to order but fifty), and, as we set off, he waved his tall-crowned hat at me, with an "*Addio, carissimo!*" that kept me in good humour for an hour.

It is very pleasant, the memory of the little chit-chat of travel;—to tell the truth, when my eye runs over the old notes, and my thought wanders to the time and the place, straightway my fancy conjures up jolly-faced Cameron, lying against the yellow leather of the coach, and the tall red-bearded count; and my mind leans back, easily as a cloud passes, into that sweet indolence in which we rolled away the fresh morning hours, and indulged in our good-tempered talk; pleasant disquisitions, and *bon-mots*, and repartees, float along my memory like a summer stream, and I forget utterly that the reader cares nothing about these things, but is expecting me all the time,—a vain, very vain expectation,—to paint, with this poor stub of a pen, the glories of the Illyrian scenery.

The mountains of the cavern grew blue behind us, and other mountains were growing near and greener before us. The cultivation had a careless air, like that of the interior districts of New England. Clumps of orchard trees lay scattered about in the same disorderly prettiness; the fences, even, were of the familiar New England sort, posts and

rails. The cottages were of wood, and had the only shingled roofs I met with in Europe.

The road was hard and smooth—too good, to let me harbour the illusion that the mountains in my eye were the Green Mountains, or the valley, the valley of the Connecticut. Great waggon-loads of lumber and boxes were toiling by us; the bells jingling on the staunch horses, and the drivers bowing low, with a lift of their hats; but whether from respect to us, or to the black eagle of the coach-door, we could not determine.

The Illyrians have a peculiarity in their cottage architecture which a little surprised me; it is that of building without chimneys, so that the smoke escapes in a very picturesque way at the door. The method will commend itself, I should think, to such as have a fancy for adopting European notions.

Through all this country one sees very rarely the embellished property of a large proprietor; in this respect it yet more assimilates with the character of New England scenery.

An hour before noon, and when we had forgotten the coffee and toast of the morning, we clattered into the great court-yard of an inn at Laibach.

And of Laibach I can really say very little, except that it is a great, broad, rambling town, with a monster of a tavern, that has a court large enough for a village square, where we ate a very good breakfast, by means of a French bill of fare, for not one of all the servants could play interpreter. We ended by having the landlady's daughter, a buxom, black-eyed, pretty girl for waiting-maid.

Even she was puzzled with some of Cameron's gesticulations; and matters were growing more and more perplexing, when an old Viennois at another table interposed in a little of Italian. And he went on to speak of the rich country we were going through on our way to Cilli;—it was wild, he said (he had never seen the Alps),—it was scattered over, he said, with fragments of noble old castles (he had never sailed up the Rhine); and he hinted at some of those strange spirit stories which hang about them, and which I treasured gladly in my mind, for they added double to the interest of the afternoon's ride among them.

There is in my book of flowers—graceful souvenirs of travel!—a little bunch, tied up with a brown silk thread, that I brought away from the hands of our pretty waiting-maid, the landlady's daughter at the inn; and I should be unjust to Cameron, if I intimated that he had not received a like show of favour; though mine, as I insisted at the time, was prettier and fresher by half. As for the Count, he not only had no such fragrant memento, but he will remember quarrelling with us, on the absurd plea that the flowers increased the amount of the bill; of which, notwithstanding his years and red beard, he came in for a full third.

Well, we set off, as I have said, quarrelling, through lines of waggons of merchandise, which traverse this great artery of Austrian commerce, the highway from Vienna to Trieste. But no sooner were we quit of the straggling, but clean-kept town, than the exceeding beauty of the country broke our quarrel. The Count forgot his losses, and we forgot our triumphs.

We were riding in the valley of a river; sometimes it spread into a plain, with cottages and clumps of trees scattered over it, sometimes it narrowed, or was split crosswise into side valleys, that opened up blue

and shadowy distance ; and sometimes the hills staggered out boldly, all armed with broken-topped pine-trees, and crowded us down to the very brink of the river. Then came the bits of ruin, looking old as the rocks, and hung their heavy, time-battered walls, like the broken armour of a giant, along the sides of the mountains.

No wonder that seated as they are, high up among thick fir-trees, that make such a sighing by night—no wonder that spirit-stories belong to them all. I pity the sober-made man who does not love to listen to them, in view of the old feudal rule,—the knight fearful in armour,—the hall shadowy with tall flame,—the loop-holes guaged for the cross-bow,—the bottomless *oubliettes*,—the hundred serving-men,—the thousand vassals tramping to their lord's banner,—the lady Andromache-like, at the rich figures of old 'broidery,—sweet-voiced damsels at the songs, tender and plaintive,—and now, nothing of it all,—knights, armour, love, vassal, or banner, but that strange bit of ruin among the firs ;—pray, who can not lend an ear of half belief to the spirit-stories, if they shed only a lightning gleam over the olden time ?

As it grew dark,—for we rode long after nightfall, and I grew sleepy with the swift roll of the coach, and the black turrets lifted stronger against the sky, and our talk had wearied us to silence—my fancy grew busier with the hints of the old Viennois, and the Wasserman of Laibach* appeared to me in a corner of the coach.

What was it but the sweet school-boy mythology again, grown rude in Gothic North-land ? Not, now, blue-eyed Pallas, with Gorgon shield,—not goat-footed Pan, king of Arcady,—nor Endymion, nor Ida shaking to the tread of Jove, nor Diomed, nor yet Aphrodite, but instead—dragons, giants, undines, wild hunters, and talking birds ;—in place of Danaë of the golden shower, floating on brazen-studded ark, clasping her purple-clad Perseus, and lifting her simple plaint—*Οἷον ἔχω πόρον*—a flax-haired young waterman, living under the banks of northern river, swimming under the surface, and coming on festal days to the shores, to link his cold, clammy hand† to that of a northern Ūrsula in the dance.

On the brown school-benches, under the eye of my stern old master, years back, I had fed my mind for hours together on the vulture-torn liver of Prometheus, and Homeric verse had started fancies, that yearned to follow winged Mercury to banquet-places, where gods drank nectar ;—no Andromeda, no Perseus now,—no Galatea riding in sea-shell, drawn by many-coloured dolphins,—no Ganymede, no Hyacinth, no chirping Silenus on his ass ; Europa none—Diana none. Yet, like a warped and twisted fancy of the same school age, came round me the new creatures of the North mythology.

The difference between the two is just that between polish and barbarism.—In the peopling of Hellas were nymphs : among barbarians, gnomes. In Greek letter, were sea-gods—in Gothic, dragons. In the antique, the thyrsus was wrapped in garlands,—in the Hunnish, the spear is sharp and naked.

* "A Leybach, dans la rivière du même nom, habita autre-fois un ondin, qu'on appelait Wasserman (homme aquatique)."—*Veillées Allemandes—Valeassor.*

† "Une main toute molle et froide comme la glace. Puis il invita à danser une jeune fille bien faite, bien parée, mais aussi *peu sage*, qu'on appelait Ūrsule. Enfin, ils s'écartèrent, de plus en plus de la place où avait lieu ce bal champêtre, et arrivés à la rivière, tous les deux, s'y précipitèrent et disparurent."—*Une Danse avec l'Homme Aquatique.*

CAPTAIN SPIKE;

OR, THE ISLETS OF THE GULF.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PILOT," "RED ROVER," ETC.

The gull has found her place on shore ;
 The sun gone down again to rest ;
 And all is still but ocean's roar ;
 There stands the man unblest'd,
 But see, he moves—he turns, as asking where
 His mates ? Why looks he with that piteous stare ?

DANA.

CHAPTER XIII.

SUPERSTITION would seem to be a consequence of a state of being, in which so much is shadowed forth, while so little is accurately known. Our far-reaching thoughts range over the vast fields of created things, without penetrating to the secret cause of the existence of even a blade of grass. We can analyze all substances that are brought into our crucibles, tell their combinations and tendencies, give a scientific history of their formation, so far as it is connected with secondary facts, their properties, and their uses; but in each and all there is a latent natural cause that baffles all our inquiries, and tells us that we are merely men. This is just as true in morals as in physics—no man living being equal to attaining the very faith that is necessary to his salvation, without the special aid of the Spirit of the Godhead; and even with that mighty support trusting implicitly for all that is connected with a future that we are taught to believe is eternal, to "the substance of things *hoped* for, and the evidence of things *unseen*." In a word, this earthly probation of ours was intended for finite beings, in the sense of our present existence, leaving far more to be conjectured than is understood.

Ignorance and superstition ever bear a close and even a mathematical relation to each other. The degrees of the one are regulated by the degrees of the other. He who knows the least believes the most; while he who has seen the most, without the intelligence to comprehend that which he has seen, feels, perhaps, the strongest inclination to refer those things which to him are mysteries, to the supernatural and marvellous. Sailors have been, from time immemorial, more disposed than men of their class on the land, to indulge in this weakness, which is probably heightened by the circumstance of their living constantly and vividly in the presence of powers that menace equally their lives and their means, without being in any manner subject to their control.

Spike, for a seaman of his degree of education, was not particularly addicted to the weakness to which we have just alluded. Nevertheless, he was not altogether free from it; and recent circumstances contributed to dispose him so much the more to admit a feeling which, like sin itself, is ever the most apt to insinuate itself at moments of extraordinary moral imbecility, and through the openings left by previous transgression. As his brig stood off from the light, the captain

paced the deck, greatly disturbed by what had just passed, and unable to account for it. The boat of the Poughkeepsie was entirely concealed by the islet, and there existing no obvious motive for wishing to return, in order to come at the truth, not a thought to that effect, for one moment, crossed the mind of the smuggler. So far from this, indeed, were his wishes, that the Molly did not seem to him to go half as fast as usual, in his keen desire to get further and further from a spot where such strange incidents had occurred.

As for the men forward, no argument was wanting to make *them* believe that something supernatural had just passed before their eyes. It was known to them all that Mulford had been left on a naked rock, some thirty miles from that spot; and it was not easy to understand how he could now be at the Dry Tortugas, planted, as it might be, on purpose to shew himself to the brig, against the tower, in the bright moonlight, "like a pitur' hung up for his old shipmates to look at."

Sombre were the tales that were related that night among them, many of which related to the sufferings of men abandoned on desert islands; and all of which bordered, more or less, on the supernatural. The crew connected the disappearance of the boat with Mulford's apparition, though the logical inference would have been, that the body which required planks to transport it, could scarcely be classed with anything of the world of spirits. The links in arguments, however, are seldom respected by the illiterate and vulgar, who jump to their conclusions, in cases of the marvellous, much as politicians find an expression of the common mind, in the prepared opinions of the few who speak for them, totally disregarding the dissenting silence of the million. While the men were first comparing their opinions on that which, to them, seemed to be so extraordinary, the Señor Montefalderon, joined the captain in his walk, and dropped into a discourse touching the events which had attended their departure from the haven of the Dry Tortugas. In this conversation Don Juan most admirably preserved his countenance, as well as his self-command, effectually preventing the suspicion of any knowledge on his part that was not common to them both.

"You did leave the port with the salutes observed," the Mexican commenced, with the slightest accent of a foreigner, or just enough to shew that he was not speaking in his mother tongue, "salutes paid and returned."

"Do you call that saluting, Don Wan? To me that infernal shot sounded more like an echo than anything else."

"And to what do *you* ascribe it, Don Esteban?"

"I wish I could answer that question. Sometimes I begin to wish I had not left my mate on that naked rock."

"There is still time to repair the last wrong; we shall go within a few miles of the place where the Señor Enrique was left; and I can take the yawl, with two men, and go in search of him while you are at work on the wreck."

"Do you believe it possible that he can be still there?" demanded Spike, looking suddenly and intently at his companion, while his mind was strangely agitated between hatred and dread. "If he is there, who and what was *he* that we all saw so plainly at the foot of the light-house?"

"How should he have left the rock? He was without food water; and no man, in all his vigour, could swim this distance. I have no means of his getting here."

"Unless some wrecker, or turtler, fell in with him and took him off. Ay, ay, Don Wan, I left him that much of a chance at least. No man can say I *murdered* my mate."

"I am not aware, Don Esteban, that any one *has* said so hard a thing of you. Still, we have seen neither wrecker nor turtler since we have been here; and that lessens the excellent chance you left Don Enrique."

"There is no occasion, Señor, to be so particular," growled Spike a little sullenly, in reply. "The chance, I say, was a *good* one when you consider how many of them devils of wreckers hang about these reefs. Let this brig only get fast on a rock, and they would turn up like sharks, all around us, each with his maw open, for salting. But this is neither here nor there; what puzzles me was what we saw at the light, half an hour since, and the musket that was fired back at us! I *know* that the figure at the foot of the tower did not fire, for my eye was on him from first to last; and he had no arms. You were on the island a good bit, and must have known if the lighthouse keeper was there or not, Don Wan?"

"The lighthouse keeper *was* there, Don Esteban—but he was in his *grave*."

"Ay, ay, one, I know, was drowned, and buried with the rest of them; there might, however, have been more than one. You saw none of the people that had gone to Key West, in or about the hour Don Wan?"

"None. If any persons have left the Tortugas to go to Key West within a few days, not one of them has yet returned."

"So I supposed. No, it can be none of *them*. Then I saw his *head* as plainly as I ever saw it by moonlight, from aft for'ard. What is your opinion about seeing the dead walk on the 'arth, Don Wan?"

"That I have never seen any such thing myself, Don Esteban, and consequently know nothing about it."

"So I supposed; I find it hard to believe it, I do. It may be a warning to keep us from coming any more to the Dry Tortugas; and I must say I have little heart for returning to this place, after all that has fell out here. We can go to the wreck, fish up the doubloons, and be off for Yucatan. Once in one of your ports, I make no question that the merits of Molly will make themselves understood, and that we shall soon agree on a price."

"What use could we put the brig to, Don Esteban, if we had all ready for sea?"

"That is a strange question to ask in time of war. Give me a craft as the Molly, with sixty or eighty men on board her, in like this, and her 'arnin's should not fall short of half a million in a twelvemonth."

"Could we engage you to take charge of her, Don Esteban?"

"That would be ticklish work, Don Wan. But we can never know what he will do until he is tried. In for a penny, in for a pound. A fellow never knows! Ha! ha! ha! Don Wan, it is a strange world—yes, in a strange world."

"We live in strange times, Don Esteban, as the saying is."

poor country proves. But let us talk this matter over a little more in confidence."

And they did thus discuss the subject. It was a singular spectacle to see an honourable man, one full of zeal of the purest nature in behalf of his own country, sounding a traitor as to the terms on which he might be induced to do all the harm he could to those who claimed his allegiance. Such sights, however, are often seen; our own special objects too frequently blinding us to the obligations that we owe morality, so far as not to be instrumental in effecting even what we conceive to be good by questionable agencies. But the Señor Montefalderon kept in view, principally, his desire to be useful to Mexico, blended a little too strongly, perhaps, with the wishes of a man who was born near the sun to avenge his wrongs, real or fancied.

While this dialogue was going on between Spike and his passenger, as they paced the quarter-deck, one quite as characteristic occurred in the galley, within twenty feet of them,—Simon, the cook, and Josh, the steward, being the interlocutors. As they talked secrets, they conferred together with closed doors, though few were ever disposed to encounter the smoke, grease, and fumes of their narrow domains, unless called thither by hunger.

"What *you* t'ink of dis matter, Josh?" demanded Simon, whose skull having the well-known density of his race, did not let internal ideas out or external ideas in as readily as most men's. "Our young mate *was* at de lighthouse, beyond all controwersy; and how can he be den on dat rock over yonder too?"

"Dat is imposserbul," answered Josh; "derefore I says it is n't true. I surposes you know dat what is imposserbul is n't true, Simon? Nobody can't be out yonder and down here at der same time. Dat is imposserbul, Simon. But what I wants to intermate to you will explain all dis difficulty; and it do show de raal super'ority of a colored man over de white poperlation. Now, you mark my words, cook, and be full of admiration! Jack Tier came back along wide de Mexican gentle'em, in my anchor-watch, dis very night! You see, in de first place, ebbery t'ing come to pass in nigger's watch."

Here the two dark-skinned worthies haw-haw'd to their heart's content; laughing very much as a magistrate or a minister of the gospel might be fancied to laugh the first time he saw a clown at a circus. The merriment of a negro will have its course, in spite of ghosts or of any thing else; and neither the cook nor the steward dreamed of putting in another syllable until their laugh was fairly and duly ended. Then the cook make his remarks.

"How Jack Tier comin' back explain der differculity, Josh?" asked Simon.

"Didn't Jack go away wid Miss Rose and de mate in de boat dat got adrift, you know, in Jack's watch on deck."

Here the negroes laughed again, their imaginations happening to picture to each, at the same instant, the mystification about the boat; Biddy having told Josh in confidence the manner in which the party had returned to the brig while he and Simon were asleep, which fact the steward had already communicated to the cook. To these two beings—of an order in nature different from all around them, and of a simplicity and of habits that scarce placed them on a level with the intelligence of the humblest white man—all these circumstances had

a sort of mysterious connection, out of which peeped much the most conspicuously to their faculties, the absurdity of the captain's imagining that a boat had got adrift, which had, in truth, been taken away by human hands. Accordingly they laughed it out; and when they had done laughing, they returned again to the matter before them with renewed interest in the subject.

"Well, how all dat explain dis differculty?" repeated Simon.

"In dis wery manner, cook," returned the steward, with a little dignity in his manner. "Ebbery t'ing depend on understandin', I s'pose you know. If Mr. Mulford got taken off dat rock by Miss Rose and Jack Tier wid de boat, and den dey comes here altogedder,—and den Jack Tier he get on board and tell Biddy all dis matter, and den Biddy tell Josh, and den Josh tell the cook,—what for you surprise, you black debbil, one bit?"

"Dat all?" exclaimed Simon.

"Dat just all—dat ebbery bit of it, don't I say?"

Here Simon burst into such a fit of loud laughter that it induced Spike himself to shove aside the galley-door, and thrust his own frowning visage into the dark hole within, to inquire the cause.

"What's the meaning of this uproar?" demanded the captain, all the more excited because he felt that things had reached a pass that would not permit him to laugh himself. "Do you fancy yourself on the Hook, or at the Five Points?"

The Hook and the Five Points are two pieces of tabooed territory within the limits of the good town of Manhattan, that are getting to be renowned for their rascality and orgies. They probably want nothing but the proclamation of a governor in vindication of their principles, annexed to a pardon of some of their unfortunate children, to render both classical. If we continue to make much further progress in political logic, and in the same direction as that in which we have already proceeded so far, neither will probably long be in want of this illustration. Votes can be given to the virtuous citizens of both these purlieus, as well as by the virtuous citizens of the anti-rent districts, and votes contain the essence of all such principles, as well as of their glorification.

"Do you fancy yourselves on the Hook, or at the Five Points?" demanded Spike, angrily.

"Lor', no, sir!" answered Simon, laughing at each pause with all his heart. "Only laughs a little at *ghost*—dat all, sir."

"Laugh at ghost? Is that a subject to laugh at? Have a care, you black rascal, or he will visit you in your galley here when you least want to see him."

"No care much for *him*, sir," returned Simon, laughing away as hard as ever. "*Sich* a ghost oughtn't to skear little baby."

"*Such* a ghost? And what do you know of *this* ghost more than any other?"

"Well, I seed him, Captain Spike; and what a body sees he is acquainted with."

"You saw an image that looked as much like Mr. Mulford, my late mate, as one timber-head in this brig is like another."

"Yes, sir, he like enough,—must say *dat*; so werry like, couldn't see any difference."

As Simon concluded this remark he burst out into another fit of

laughter, in which Josh joined him heart and soul, as it might be. The uninitiated reader is not to imagine the laughter of those blacks to be very noisy, or to be raised on a sharp, high key. They *could* make the welkin ring, in sudden bursts of merriment, on occasion; but, at a time like this, they rather caused their diversion to be developed by sounds that came from the depths of their chests. A gleam of suspicion that these blacks were acquainted with some fact that it might be well for him to know, shot across the mind of Spike; but he was turned from further inquiry by a remark of Don Juan, who intimated that the mirth of such persons never had much meaning to it, expressing at the same time a desire to pursue the more important subject in which they were engaged. Admonishing the blacks to be more guarded in their manifestations of merriment, the captain closed the door on them, and resumed his walk up and down the quarter-deck. As soon as left to themselves the blacks broke out afresh, though in a way so guarded as to confine their mirth to the galley.

"Captain Spike t'ink *dat* a ghost!" exclaimed Simon, with contempt.

"Guess if he see *raal* ghost he find 'e difference," answered Josh.

"One look at *raal* sperit wort two at dis object."

Simon's eyes now opened like two saucers, and they gleamed, by the light of the lamp they had, like dark balls of condensed curiosity, blended with awe, on his companion.

"You ebber see him, Josh?" he asked, glancing over each shoulder hurriedly, as it might be, to make sure that he could not see "him" too.

"How you t'ink I get so far down the wale of life, Simon, and nebber see sich a t'ing? I seed t'ree of the crew of the 'Maria Sheffington,' that was drowned by deir boat's capsizing, when we lay at Gibraltar, jest as plain as I see you now. Then—"

But it is unnecessary to repeat Josh's experiences in this way, with which he continued to entertain and terrify Simon for the next half-hour. This is just the difference between ignorance and knowledge. While Spike himself, and every man in his brig who belonged forward, had strong misgivings as to the earthly character of the figure they had seen at the foot of the lighthouse, these negroes laughed at their delusion, because they happened to be in the secret of Mulford's escape from the rock, and of that of his actual presence at the Tortugas. When, however, the same superstitious feeling was brought to bear on circumstances that lay *without* the sphere of their exact information, they became just as dependent and helpless as all around them; more so, indeed, inasmuch as their previous habits and opinions disposed them to a more profound credulity.

It was midnight before any of the crew of the Swash sought their rest that night. The captain had to remind them that a day of extraordinary toil was before them, ere he could get one even to quit the deck; and when they did go below, it was to continue to discuss the subject of what they had seen at the Dry Tortugas. It appeared to be the prevalent opinion among the people, that the late event foreboded evil to the Swash, and long as most of these men had served in the brig, and much as they had become attached to her, had she gone into port that night, nearly every man forward would have run before morning. But *fatigue* and wonder at length produced their effect,

and the vessel was silent as was usual at that hour. Spike himself lay down in his clothes, as he had done ever since Mulford had left him; and the brig continued to toss the spray from her bows, as she bore gallantly up against the trades, working her way to windward. The light was found to be of great service, as it indicated the position of the reef, though it gradually sunk in the western horizon, until near morning it fell entirely below it.

At this hour Spike appeared on deck again, where, for the first time since their interview on the morning of Harry's and Rose's escape, he laid his eyes on Jack Tier. The little dumpling-looking fellow was standing in the waist, with his arms folded sailor-fashion, as composedly as if nothing had occurred to render his meeting with the captain any way of a doubtful character. Spike approached near the person of the steward, whom he surveyed from head to foot, with a sort of contemptuous superiority, ere he spoke.

"So, Master Tier," at length the captain commenced, "you have deigned to turn out at last, have you? I hope the day's duty you've forgotten will help to pay for the lighthouse boat, that I understand you've lost for me also."

"What signifies a great clumsy boat that the brig couldn't hoist in nor tow," answered Jack, coolly, turning short round at the same time, but not condescending to "uncoil" his arms as he did so, a mark of indifference that would probably have helped to mystify the captain, had he even actually suspected that any thing was wrong beyond the supposed accident to the boat in question. "If you had had the boat astarn, Captain Spike, an order would have been given to cut it adrift the first time the brig made sail on the wind."

"Nobody knows, Jack; that boat would have been very useful to us while at work about the wreck. You never even turned out this morning to let me know where that craft lay, as you promised to do, but left us to find it out by our wits."

"There was no occasion for my telling you any thing about it, sir, when the mast-heads was to be seen above water. As soon as I heard that them 'ere mast-heads was out of water, I turned over and went to sleep upon it. A man can't be on the doctor's list and on duty at the same time."

Spike looked hard at the little steward, but he made no further allusion to his being off duty, or to his failing to stand pilot to the brig as she came through the passage in quest of the schooner's remains. The fact was, that he had discovered the mast-heads himself, just as he was on the point of ordering Jack to be called, having allowed him to remain on his berth to the last moment after his watch, according to a species of implied faith that is seldom disregarded among seamen. Once busied on the wreck, Jack was forgotten, having little to do in common with any one on board, but that which the captain termed the "women's mess."

"Come aft, Jack," resumed Spike, after a considerable pause, during the whole of which he had stood regarding the little steward as if studying his person, and through that his character. "Come aft to the trunk; I wish to catechise you a bit."

"Catechise!" repeated Tier, in an under tone, as he followed the captain to the place mentioned. "It's a long time since I have done any thing at that!"

"Ay, come hither," resumed Spike, seating himself at his ease on the trunk, while Jack stood near by, his arms still folded, and his rotund little form as immovable, under the plunges that the lively brig made into the head-seas that she was obliged to meet, as if a timber-head in the vessel itself. "You keep your sea-legs well, Jack, short as they are."

"No wonder for that, Capt. Spike; for the last twenty years I've scarce passed a twelvemonth ashore; and what I did before that, no one can better tell than yourself, since we was ten good years ship-mates."

"So you say, Jack, though I do not remember you as well as you seem to remember me. Do you not make the time too long?"

"Not a day, sir. Ten good and happy years did we sail together, Capt. Spike; and all that time in this very—"

"Hush—h-u-s-h, man, hush! There's no need of telling the Molly's age to every body. I may wish to sell her some day, and then her great experience will be no recommendation. You should recollect that the Molly is a female, and the ladies do not like to hear of their ages after five-and-twenty."

Jack made no answer, but he dropped his arms to their natural position, seeming to wait the captain's communication, first referring to his tobacco-box and taking a fresh quid.

"If you was with me in the brig, Jack, at the time you mention," continued Spike, after another long and thoughtful pause, "you must remember many little things that I don't wish to have known; especially while Mrs. Budd and her handsome niece is aboard here."

"I understand you, Capt. Spike. The ladies yarn no more from me than they know already."

"Thank'e for that, Jack—thank'e with all my heart. Shipmates of our standing ought to be fast friends; and so you'll find me, if you'll only sail under the true colours, my man."

At that moment Jack longed to let the captain know how strenuously he had insisted that very night on rejoining his vessel; and this at a time, too, when the brig was falling into disrepute; but this he could not do, without betraying the secret of the lovers—so he chose to say nothing.

"There is no use in blabbing all a man knows, and the galley is a sad place for talking. Galley news is poor news, I suppose you know, Jack."

"I've hear'n say as much on board o' man-of-war. It's a great place for the officers to meet and talk and smoke in Uncle Sam's crafts; and what a body hears in such places is pretty much newspaper stuff, I do suppose."

"Ay, ay, that's it; not to be thought of half-an-hour after it has been spoken. Here's a doubloon for you, Jack; and all for the sake of old times. Now, tell me, my little fellow, how do the ladies come on? Doesn't Miss Rose get over her mourning on account of the mate? Ar'n't we to have the pleasure of seein' her on deck soon?"

"I can't answer for the minds and fancies of young women, Capt. Spike. They are difficult to understand; and I would rather not meddle with what I can't understand."

"Poh, poh, man; you must get over that. You might be of great

use to me, Jack, in a very delicate affair—for you know how it is with women; they must be handled as a man would handle this brig among breakers; Rose, in particular, is as skittish as a colt."

"Stephen Spike," said Jack, solemnly, but on so low a key, that it entirely changed his usually harsh and cracked voice to one that sounded soft, if not absolutely pleasant, "do you never think of hereafter? Your days are almost run; a very few years, in your calling, it may be a very few weeks, or a few hours, and time will be done with you, and eternity will commence—do you never think of a hereafter?"

Spike started to his feet, gazing at Jack intently; then he wiped the perspiration from his face, and began to pace the deck rapidly, muttering to himself—"this has been a most accursed night! First the mate, and now *this*! Blast me, but I thought it was a voice from the grave! Graves! can't they keep those that belong to them, or have rocks and waves no graves?"

What more passed through the mind of the captain must remain a secret, for he kept it to himself; nor did he take any further notice of his companion. Jack, finding that he was unobserved, passed quietly below, and took the place in his berth, which he had only temporarily abandoned.

Just as the day dawned, the Swash reached the vicinity of the wreck again. Sail was shortened, and the brig stood in until near enough for the purpose of her commander, when she was hove-to, so near the mast-heads, that, by lowering the yawl, a line was sent out to the fore-mast, and the brig was hauled close alongside. The direction of the reef at that point formed a lee; and the vessel lay in water sufficiently smooth for her object.

This was done soon after the sun had risen, and Spike now ordered all hands called, and began his operations in earnest. By sounding carefully around the schooner when last here, he had ascertained her situation to his entire satisfaction. She had settled on a shelf of the reef, in such a position, that her bows lay in a sort of cradle, while her stern was several feet nearer to the surface than the opposite extremity. This last fact was apparent, indeed, by the masts themselves, the lower mast aft being several feet out of water, while the fore-mast was entirely buried, leaving nothing but the fore-topmast exposed. On these great premises Spike had laid the foundation of the practical problem he intended to solve.

No expectation existed of ever getting the schooner afloat again. All that Spike and the Señor Montefalderon now aimed at, was to obtain the doubloons, which the former thought could be got at in the following manner. He knew that it would be much easier handling the wreck, so far as its gravity was concerned, while the hull continued submerged. He also knew that one end could be raised with a comparatively trifling effort, so long as the other rested on the rock. Under these circumstances, therefore, he proposed merely to get slings around the after body of the schooner, as near her stern-post, indeed, as would be safe, and to raise that extremity of the vessel to the surface, leaving most of the weight of the craft to rest on the bows. The difference between the power necessary to effect this much, and that which would be required to raise the whole wreck, would be like the difference in power necessary to turn over a

log with one end resting on the ground, and turning the same log by lifting it bodily in the arms, and turning it in the air. With the stern once above water, it would be easy to come at the bag of doubloons, which Jack Tier had placed in a locker above the transoms.

The first thing was to secure the brig properly, in order that she might bear the necessary strain. This was done very much as has been described already, in the account of the manner in which she was secured and supported in order to raise the schooner at the Dry Tortugas. An anchor was laid abreast and to windward, and purchases were brought to the masts as before. Then the bight of the chain brought from the Tortugas, was brought under the schooner's keel, and counter purchases, leading from both the fore-mast and main-mast of the brig, was brought to it, and set taut. Spike now carefully examined all his fastenings, looking to his cables as well as his mechanical power aloft, heaving in upon this, and veering out upon that, in order to bring the Molly square to her work; after which, he ordered the people to knock-off for their dinners. By that time it was high noon.

While Stephen Spike was thus employed on the wreck, matters and things were not neglected at the Tortugas. The Poughkeepsie had no sooner anchored, than Wallace went on board and made his report. Capt. Mull then sent for Mulford, with whom he had a long personal conference. This officer was getting gray, and consequently he had acquired experience. It was evident to Harry, at first, that he was regarded as one who had been willingly engaged in an unlawful pursuit, but who had abandoned it to push dearer interests in another quarter. It was some time before the commander of the sloop-of-war could divest himself of this opinion, though it gradually gave way before the frankness of the mate's manner, and the manliness, simplicity, and justice of his sentiments. Perhaps Rose had some influence also in bringing about this favourable change.

Wallace did not fail to let it be known that turtle-soup was to be had ashore; and many was the guest our heroine had to supply with that agreeable compound, in the course of the morning. Jack Tier had manifested so much skill in the preparation of the dish, that its reputation soon extended to the cabin, and the captain was induced to land, in order to ascertain how far rumour was or was not a liar, on this interesting occasion. So ample was the custom, indeed, that Wallace had the consideration to send one of the ward-room servants to the light-house, in order to relieve Rose from a duty that was getting to be a little irksome. She was "seeing company" as a bride, in a novel and rather unpleasant manner; and it was in consequence of a suggestion of the "ship's gentleman," that the remains of the turtle were transferred to the vessel, and were put into the coppers, *secundum artem*, by the regular cooks.

It was after tickling his palate with a bowl of the soup, and enjoying a half hour's conversation with Rose, that Capt. Mull summoned Harry to a final consultation on the subject of their future proceedings. By this time the commander of the Poughkeepsie was in a better humour with his new acquaintance, more disposed to believe him, and infinitely more inclined to listen to his suggestions and advice, than he had been in their previous interviews. Wallace was present in his character of "ship's gentleman," or, as having nothing

to do, while his senior, the first lieutenant, was working like a horse on board the vessel, in the execution of his round of daily duties.

At this consultation, the parties came into a right understanding of each other's views and character. Capt. Mull was slow to yield his confidence, but when he did bestow it, he bestowed it sailor-fashion, or with all his heart. Satisfied at last that he had to do with a young man of honour, and one who was true to the flag, he consulted freely with our mate, asked his advice, and was greatly influenced in the formation of his final decision by the opinions that Harry modestly advanced, maintaining them, however, with solid arguments, and reasons that every seaman could comprehend.

Mulford knew the plans of Spike by means of his own communications with the Señor Montefalderon. Once acquainted with the projects of his old commander, it was easy for him to calculate the time it would require to put them in execution, with the means that were to be found on board the Swash. "It will take the brig until near morning," he said, "to beat up to the place where the wreck lies. Spike will wait for light to commence operations, and several hours will be necessary to moor the brig, and get out the anchors with which he will think it necessary to stay his masts. Then he will hook on, and he may partly raise the hull before night return. More than this he can never do; and it would not surprise me were he merely to get everything ready for heaving on his purchases to-morrow, and suspend further proceedings until the next day, in preference to having so heavy a strain on his spars all night. He has not the force, however, to carry on such duty to a very late hour; and you may count with perfect security, Captain Mull, on his being found alongside of the wreck at sunrise the next day after to-morrow, in all probability with his anchors down, and fast to the wreck. By timing your own arrival well, nothing will be easier than to get him fairly under your guns, and once under your guns, the brig must give up. When you chased her out of this very port, a few days since, you would have brought her up could you have kept her within range of those terrible shells ten minutes longer."

"You would then advise my not sailing from this place immediately," said Mull.

"It will be quite time enough to get under way late in the afternoon, and then under short canvas. Ten hours will be ample time for this ship to beat up to that passage in, and it will be imprudent to arrive too soon; nor do I suppose you will wish to be playing round the reef in the dark."

To the justice of all this Captain Mull assented; and the plan of proceedings was deliberately and intelligently formed. As it was necessary for Mulford to go in the ship, in order to act as pilot, no one else on board knowing exactly where to find the wreck, the commander of the Poughkeepsie had the civility to offer to the young couple the hospitalities of his own cabin, with one of his state-rooms. This offer Harry gratefully accepted, it being understood that the ship would land them at Key West, as soon as the contemplated duty was executed. Rose felt so much anxiety about her aunt, that any other arrangement would scarcely have pacified her fears.

In consequence of these arrangements, the Poughkeepsie lay quietly at her anchors until near sunset. In the interval her boats were out

in all directions, parties of the officers visiting the islet where the powder had exploded, and the islet where the tent, erected for the use of the females, was still standing. As for the lighthouse island, an order of Captain Mull's prevented it from being crowded in a manner unpleasant to Rose, as might otherwise have been the case. The few officers who did land there, however, appeared much struck with the ingenuous simplicity and beauty of the bride, and a manly interest in her welfare was created among them all, principally by means of the representations of the second lieutenant and the chaplain. About five o'clock she went off to the ship, accompanied by Harry, and was hoisted on board in the manner usually practised by vessels of war which have no accommodation-ladder rigged. Rose was immediately installed in her state-room, where she found every convenience necessary to a comfortable though small apartment.

It was quite late in the afternoon when the boatswain and his mate piped "all hands up anchor, ahoy!" Harry hastened into the state-room for his charming bride, anxious to shew her the movements of a vessel of war on such an occasion. Much as she had seen of the ocean, and of a vessel, within the last few weeks, Rose now found that she had yet a great deal to learn, and that a ship-of-war had many points to distinguish her from a vessel engaged in commerce.

The Poughkeepsie was only a sloop-of-war, or a corvette, in construction, number of her guns, and rate; but she was a ship of the dimensions of an old-fashioned frigate, measuring about one thousand tons. The frigates of which we read half a century since, were seldom ever as large as this, though they were differently built in having a regular gun-deck, or one armed deck that was entirely covered with another above it; and in the quarter-deck and fore-castle of the last of which were also batteries of lighter guns. To the contrary of all this, the Poughkeepsie had but one armed deck, and on that only twenty guns. These guns, however, were of unusually heavy calibre, throwing thirty-two pound shot, with the exception of the Paixhans, or Columbiads, which throw shot of even twice that weight. The vessel had a crew of two hundred souls, all told; and she had the spars, anchors, and other equipments of a light frigate.

In another great particular did the Poughkeepsie differ from the corvette-built vessels that were so much in favour at the beginning of the century; a species of craft obtained from the French, who have taught the world so much in connexion with naval science, and who, after building some of the best vessels that ever floated, have failed in knowing how to handle them, though not always in that. The Poughkeepsie, while she had no spar, or upper deck, properly speaking, had a poop and a top-gallant-fore-castle. Within the last were the cabins and other accommodations of the captain; an arrangement that was necessary for a craft of her construction, that carried so many officers, and so large a crew. Without it, sufficient space would not be had for the uses of the last. One gun of a side was in the main cabin, there being a very neat and amply spacious after-cabin between the state-rooms, as is ordinarily the case in all vessels, from the size of frigates up to that of three-deckers. It may be well to explain here, while on this subject of construction, that in naval parlance, a ship is called a single-decked vessel; a *two-decker* or a *three-decker*, not from the number of decks

she actually possesses, but from the number of possibilities that she has, or of those that are fully armed. Thus a frigate has four decks, the spar, gun, berth, and wing (or hand-up) decks; but she is called a "single-decked ship," from the circumstance that only one of her four decks has a complete range of batteries. The two-decker has two of these fully armed decks, and the three-deckers three. Though, in fact, the two-decker has five, and the three-decker six decks. Asking pardon for this little digression, which we trust will be found useful to a portion of our readers, we return to the narrative.

Harry conducted Rose to the pump of the *Phrygianian*, where she might enjoy the best view of the operation of getting so large a craft under way man-of-war fashion. The details were mysterious, of course, and Rose knew no more of the process by which the chain was brought to the capstan, by the intervention of what is called a messenger, than if she had not been present. She saw two hundred men distributed about the vessel, some at the capstan, some on the fore-castle, some in the tops, and others in the waist, and she heard the order to "heave round." Then the shrill life commenced the air of "the girl I left behind me," rather more from a habit in the air, than from any great regrets for the girls left at the Dry Tortugas, as was betrayed to Mulford by the smiles of the officers, and the glances they cast at Rose. As for the latter, she knew nothing of the air, and was quite unconscious of the sort of parody that the gentlemen of the quarter-deck fancied it conveyed on her own situation.

Rose was principally struck with the quiet that prevailed in the ship, Captain Mull being a silent man himself, and insisting on having a quiet vessel. The first lieutenant was not a noisy officer, and from these two, everybody else on board received their cues. A simple "all ready, sir," uttered by the first to the captain, in a common tone of voice, was answered by a "very well, sir, get your anchor," in the same tone, set everything in motion. "Stamp and go," soon followed, and taking the whole scene together, Rose felt a strange excitement come over her. There were the shrill, animating music of the life; the stamping time of the men at the bars; the perceptible motion of the ship, as she drew ahead to her anchor, and now and then the call between Wallace, who stood between the knight-heads, as commander-in-chief on the fore-castle, (the second lieutenant's station when the captain does not take the trumpet, as very rarely happens,) and the "executive officer" aft, who was "carrying on the duty," all conspiring to produce this effect. At length, and it was but a minute or two from the time when the "stamp and go" commenced, Wallace called out "a short stay peak, sir." "Heave and pull," followed, and the men left their bars.

The process of making sail succeeded. There was no "letting fall" a foretop-sail here, as on board a merchantman, but all the canvas dropped from the yards, into festoons, at the same instant. Then the three top-sails were sheeted home and hoisted, all at once, and all in a single minute of time; the yards were counterbraced, and the capstan-bars were again manned. In two more minutes it was "heave and she's up and down." Then "heave and in sight," and "heave and pull again." The cat-fall was ready, and it was "hook on," when the life seemed to turn its attention to another subject as the men catted the anchor. Literally, all this was done in less time than we

have taken to write it down in, and in very little more time than the reader has wasted in perusing what we have here written.

The Poughkeepsie was now "free of the bottom," as it is called, with her anchor catted and fished, and her position maintained in the basin where she lay, by the counterbracing of her yards, and the counteracting force of the wind on her sails. It only remained to "fill away," by bracing her head yards sharp up, when the vast mass overcame its *inertia*, and began to move through the water. As this was done, the jib and spanker were set. The two most beautiful things with which we are acquainted is a graceful and high-bred woman entering or quitting a drawing-room, more particularly the last, and a man-of-war leaving her anchorage in a moderate breeze, and when not hurried for time. On the present occasion, Captain Mull was in no haste, and the ship passed out to windward of the light, as the Swash had done the previous night, under her three topsails, spanker, and jib, with the light sails loose and flowing, and the courses hanging in the brails.

A great deal is said concerning the defective construction of the light cruisers of the navy, of late years, and complaints are made that they will not sail, as American cruisers ought to sail, and were wont to sail in old times. That there has been some ground for these complaints, we believe, though the evil has been greatly exaggerated, and some explanation may be given, we think, even in the cases in which the strictures are not altogether without justification. The trim of a light, sharp vessel is easily deranged; and officers, in their desire to command as much as possible, often get their vessels of this class too deep. They are, generally, for the sort of cruiser, over-sparred, overmanned, and over-provisioned; consequently, too deep. We recollect a case in which one of these delicate craft, a half-rigged brig, was much abused for "having lost her sailing." She did, indeed, lose her fore-yard, after which she sailed like a witch, until she got a new one! If the facts were inquired into, in the spirit which ought to govern such inquiries, it would be found that even most of the much abused "ten sloops" proved to be better vessels than common. The *St. Louis*, the *Vincennes*, the *Concord*, the *Fairfield*, the *Boston*, and the *Falmouth*, are instances of what we mean. In behalf of the *Warren*, and the *Lexington*, we believe no discreet man was ever heard to utter one syllable, except as wholesome crafts. But the Poughkeepsie was a very different sort of vessel from any of the "ten sloops." She was every way a good ship, and, as Jack expressed it, was "a good goer." The most severe nautical critic could scarcely have found a fault in her, as she passed out between the islets, on the evening of the day mentioned, in the sort of undress we have described. The whole scene, indeed, was impressive, and of singular maritime characteristics.

The little islets scattered about, low, sandy, and untenanted, were the only land in sight—all else was the boundless waste of waters. The solitary light rose like an equatic monument, as if purposely to give its character to the view. Capt. Mull had caused its lamps to be trimmed and lighted for the very reason that had induced Spike to do the same thing, and the dim star they presented was just struggling into existence, as it might be, as the brilliance left by the setting sun was gradually diminished, and finally disappeared. As

for the ship, the hull appeared dark, glossy, and graceful, as is usual with a vessel of war. Her sails were in soft contrast to the colour of the hull, and they offered the variety and divergence from straight lines which are thought necessary to perfect beauty. Those that were set presented the symmetry in their trim, the flatness in their hoist, and the breadth that distinguish a man-of-war; while those that were loose, floated in the air in every wave and cloud-like swell, that we so often see in light canvas that is released from the yards in a fresh breeze. The ship had an undress look from this circumstance, but it was such an undress as denotes the man or woman of the world. This undress appearance was increased by the piping down of the hammocks, which left the nettings loose, and with a negligent but still knowing look about them.

When half a mile from the islets, the main yard was braced aback, and the maintop-sail was laid to the mast. As soon as the ship had lost her way, two or three boats that had been towing astern, each with its boat-sitter, or keeper, in it, were hauled up alongside, or to the quarters, were "hooked on" and "run up" to the whistling of the call. All was done at once, and all was done in a couple of minutes. As soon as effected, the maintop-sail was again filled, and away the ship glided.

Capt. Mull was not in the habit of holding many consultations with his officers. If there be wisdom in "a multitude of counsellors," he was of opinion it was not on board a man-of-war. Napoleon is reported to have said that *one* bad general was better than *two* good ones; meaning that one head to an army, though of inferior quality, is better than a hydra of Solomons, or Cæsars. Capt. Mull was much of the same way of thinking, seldom troubling any of his subordinates with anything but orders. He interfered very little with "working Willy," though he saw effectually that he did his duty. "The ship's gentleman" might enjoy his joke as much as he pleased, so long as he chose his time and place with discretion, but in the captain's presence joking was not tolerated, unless it were after dinner, at his own table, and in his own cabin. Even there it was not precisely such joking as took place daily, not to say hourly, in the midshipmen's messes.

In making up his mind as to the mode of proceeding on the present occasion, therefore, Capt. Mull, while he had heard all that Mulford had to tell him, and had even encouraged Wallace to give his opinions, made up his decision for himself. After learning all that Harry had to communicate, he made his own calculations as to time and distance, and quietly determined to carry whole sail on the ship for the next four hours. This he did as the wisest course of making sure of getting to windward while he could, and knowing that the vessel could be brought under short canvas at any moment when it might be deemed necessary. The light was a beacon to let him know his distance with almost mathematical precision. It could be seen so many miles at sea, each mile being estimated by so many feet of elevation, and having taken that elevation, he was sure of his distance from the glittering object, so long as it could be seen from his own poop. It was also of use by letting him know the range of the reef, though Capt. Mull, unlike Spike, had determined to make one long leg off to the northward and eastward until he had brought

the light nearly to the horizon, and then to make another to the southward and eastward, believing that the last stretch would bring him to the reef, almost as far to windward as he desired to be. In furtherance of this plan, the sheets of the different sails were drawn home, as soon as the boats were in, and the Poughkeepsie, bending a little to the breeze, gallantly dashed the waves aside, as she went through and over them, at a rate of not less than ten good knots in the hour. As soon as all these arrangements were made, the watch went below, and from that time throughout the night, the ship offered nothing but the quiet manner in which ordinary duty is carried on in a well-regulated vessel-of-war at sea, between the hours of sun and sun. Leaving the good craft to pursue her way with speed and certainty, we must now return to the Swash.

Capt. Spike had found the mooring of his brig a much more difficult task, on this occasion, than on that of his former attempt to raise the schooner. Then he had to rift the wreck bodily, and he knew that laying the swash a few feet further-ahead or astern, could be of no great moment, inasmuch as the moment the schooner was off the bottom she would swing in perpendicularly to the purchases. But now, one end of the schooner, her bows, was to remain fast, and it became of importance to be certain that the purchases were so placed, as to bring the least strain on the masts while they acted most directly on the after body of the vessel to be lifted. This point gave Spike more trouble than he had anticipated. Fully one half of the remainder of the day, even after he had begun to heave upon his purchases, was spent in rectifying mistakes in connection with this matter, and in getting up additional securities to his masts.

In one respect Spike had, from the first, made a good disposition. The masts of the brig raked materially, and by bringing the head of the Swash in the direction of the schooner, he converted this fact, which might otherwise have been of great disadvantage, into a circumstance that was favourable. In consequence of the brig's having been thus moored, the strain, which necessarily led forward, came nearly in a line with the masts, and the latter were much better able to support it. Notwithstanding this advantage, however, it was found expedient to get up preventer-stays, and to give the spars all the additional support that could be conveniently bestowed. Hours were passed in making these preliminary, or it might be better to say, secondary arrangements.

It was past five in the afternoon when the people of the Swash began to heave on their purchases as finally disposed. After much creaking, and the settling of straps and lashings into their places, it was found that everything stood, and the work went on. In ten minutes Spike found he had the weight of the schooner, so far as he should be obliged to sustain it at all, until the stern rose above the surface; and he felt reasonably secure of the doubloons. Further than this he did not intend to make any experiment on her, the Señor Montefalderon having abandoned all idea of recovering the vessel itself, now so much of the cargo was lost. The powder was mostly consumed, and that which remained in the hull, must, by this time, be injured by dampness, if not ruined. So reasoned Don Juan at least.

As the utmost care was necessary, the capstan and windlass were

made to do their several duties with great caution. As inch by inch was gained, the extra supports of the masts were examined, and it was found that a much heavier strain now came on the masts than when the schooner was raised before. This was altogether owing to the direction in which it came, and to the fact that the anchor planted off a beam was not of as much use as on the former occasion, in consequence of its not lying so much in a straight line with the direction of the purchases. Spike began to have misgivings on account of his masts, and this so much the more because the wind appeared to haul a little further to the northward, and the weather to look unsettled. Should a swell fall into the bight of the reef where the brig lay, by raising the hull a little too rudely, there would be the imminent danger of at least springing, if not of absolutely carrying away both the principal spars. It was therefore necessary to resort to extraordinary precautions, in order to obviate this danger.

The captain was indebted to his boatswain, who was now, in fact, acting as his mate, for the suggestion of the plan next adopted. Two of the largest spare spars of the brig were got out, with their heads securely lashed to the links of the chain by which the wreck was suspended, one on each side of the schooner. Pig iron and shot were lashed to the heels of these spars, which carried them to the bottom. As the spars were of a greater length than was necessary to reach the rock, they necessarily lay at an inclination, which was lessened every inch the after body of the wreck was raised, thus forming props to the hull of the schooner.

Spike was delighted with the success of this scheme, of which he was assured by a single experiment in heaving. After getting the spars well planted at their heels, he even ordered the men to slacken the purchases a little, and found that he could actually relieve the brig from strain, by causing the wreck to be supported altogether by these shores. This was a vast relief from the cares of the approaching night, and indeed alone prevented the necessity of the work's going on without interruption, or rest, until the end was obtained.

The people of the Swash were just assured of the comfortable fact related, as the Poughkeepsie was passing out from among the islets of the Dry Tortugas. They imagined themselves happy in having thus made a sufficient provision against the most formidable of all the dangers that beset them, at the very moment when the best laid plan for their destruction was on the point of being executed. In this respect, they resembled millions of others of their fellows, who hang suspended over the vast abyss of eternity, totally unconscious of the irretrievable character of the fall that is so soon to occur. Spike, as has just been stated, was highly pleased with his own expedient, and he pointed it out with exultation to the Señor Montefalderon, as soon as it was completed.

"A nicer fit was never made by a Lunnun leg-maker, Don Wan," the captain cried, after going over the explanations connected with the shores—"there she stands, at an angle of fifty, with two as good limbs under her as body could wish. I could now cast off everything, and leave the wreck in what they call '*statu quo*,' which, I suppose, means on its pins, like a statue. The tafferel is not six inches below

the surface of the water, and half an hour of heaving will bring the stern in sight."

"Your work seems ingeniously contrived to get up one extremity of the vessel, Don Esteban," returned the Mexican; but are you quite certain the doubloons are in her?"

This question was put, because the functionary of a government in which money was very apt to stick in passing from hand to hand was naturally suspicious, and he found it difficult to believe that Mulford, Jack Tier, and even Biddy, under all the circumstances, had not paid special attention to their own interests.

"The bag was placed in one of the transom-lockers before the schooner capsized," returned the captain, "as Jack Tier informs me; if so, it remains there still. Even the sharks will not touch gold, Don Wan."

"Would it not be well to call Jack, and hear his account of the matter once more, now we appear to be so near the Eldorado of our wishes?"

Spike assented, and Jack was summoned to the quarter-deck. The little fellow had scarce showed himself throughout the day, and he now made his appearance with a slow step and reluctantly.

"You've made no mistake about them 'ere doubloons, I take it, Master Tier?" said Spike, in a very nautical sort of style of addressing an inferior. "You know them to be in one of the transom-lockers?"

Jack mounted on the breach of one of the guns, and looked over the bulwarks at the dispositions that had been made about the wreck. The tafferel of the schooner actually came in sight, when a little swell passed over it, leaving it for an instant in the trough. The steward thus caught a glimpse again of the craft on board which he had seen so much hazard, and he shook his head and seemed to be thinking of any thing but the question which had just been put him.

"Well, about that gold?" asked Spike, impatiently.

"The sight of that craft has brought other thoughts than gold into my mind, Captain Spike," answered Jack, gravely; "and it would be well for all us mariners if we thought less of gold and more of the dangers we run. For hours and hours did I stand over eternity, on the bottom of that schooner, Don Wan, holding my life, as it might be, at the mercy of a few bubbles of air."

"What has all that to do with the gold? Have you deceived me about that locker, little rascal?"

"No, sir, I have *not* deceived you,—no, Captain Spike, no. The bag is in the upper transom-locker on the starboard side. There I put it with my own hands, and a good lift it was; and there you'll find it, if you will cut through the quarter-deck at the spot I can point out to you."

This information seemed to give a renewed energy to all the native cupidity of the captain, who called the men from their suppers, and ordered them to commence heaving anew. The word was passed to the crew that "it was now for doubloons," and they went to the bars and handspikes, notwithstanding the sun had set, cheerfully and cheering.

All Spike's expedients admirably answered the intended purposes. The stern of the schooner rose gradually, and at each lift the heels

of the shores dropped in more perpendicularly, carried by the weights attached to them, and the spars stood as firm props to secure all that was gained. In a quarter of an hour, most of that part of the stern which was within five or six feet of the taffarel rose above the water, coming fairly in view.

Spike now shouted to the men to "pall!" then he directed the falls to be very gradually eased off, in order to ascertain if the shores would still do their duty. The experiment was successful, and presently the wreck stood in its upright position, sustained entirely by the two spars. As the last were now nearly perpendicular, they were capable of bearing a very heavy weight, and Spike was so anxious to relieve his own brig from the strain she had been enduring, that he ordered the lashings of the blocks to be loosened, trusting to his shores to do their duty. Against this confidence the boatswain ventured a remonstrance, but the gold was too near to allow the captain to listen or reply. The carpenter was ordered over on the wreck with his tools, while Spike, the Señor Montefalderon, and two men to row the boat and keep it steady, went in the yawl to watch the progress of the work. Jack Tier was ordered to stand in the chains, and to point out, as nearly as possible, the place where the carpenter was to cut.

When all was ready, Spike gave the word, and the chips began to fly. By the use of the saw and the axe, a hole large enough to admit two or three men at a time was soon made in the deck, and the sounding for the much-coveted locker commenced. By this time it was quite dark, and a lantern was passed down from the brig, in order to enable those who searched for the locker to see. Spike had breasted the yawl close up to the hole, where it was held by the men, while the captain himself passed the lantern and his own head into the opening to reconnoitre.

"Ay, it's all right!" cried the voice of the captain from within his cell-like cavity. "I can just see the lid of the locker that Jack means, and we shall soon have what we are after. Carpenter, you may as well slip off your clothes at once and go inside; I will point out to you the place where to find the locker. You're certain, Jack, it was the starboard locker?"

"Ay, ay, sir, the starboard locker, and no other."

The carpenter had soon got into the hole, as naked as when he was born. It was a gloomy-looking place for a man to descend into at that hour, the light from the lantern being no great matter, and half the time it was shaded by the manner in which Spike was compelled to hold it.

"Take care and get a good footing, carpenter," said the captain, in a kinder tone than common, "before you let go with your hands; but I suppose you can swim, as a matter of course?"

"No, sir, not a stroke; I never could make out in the water at all."

"Have the more care, then. Had I known as much I would have sent another hand down; but mind your footing. More to the left, man—more to the left. That is the lid of the locker—your hand is on it; why do you not open it?"

"It is swelled by the water, sir, and will need a chisel, or some tool of that sort. Just call out to one of the men, sir, if you please,

to pass me a chisel from my tool-chest. A good stout one will be best."

This order was given, and during the delay it caused Spike encouraged the carpenter to be cool and, above all, to mind his footing. His own eagerness to get at the gold was so great that he kept his head in at the hole, completely cutting off the man within from all communication with the outer world.

"What's the matter with you?" demanded Spike, a little sternly. "You shiver, and yet the water cannot be cold in this lunade. No; my hand makes it just the right warmth to be pleasant."

"It's not the water, Captain Spike—I wish they would come with that chisel. Did you hear nothing sir? I'm certain I did!"

"Hear!—what is there here to be heard, unless there may be some fish inside, thrashing about to get out of the vessel's hold?"

"I am sure I heard something like a groan, Captain Spike. I wish you would let me come out, sir, and I'll go for the chisel myself; them men will never find it."

"Stay where you are, coward! Are you afraid of dead men standing against walls? Stay where you are. Ah! here is the chisel—now let us see what you can do with it."

"I am certain I heard another groan, Captain Spike. I cannot work, sir. I'm of no use here—do let me come out, sir, and send a hand down that can swim."

Spike uttered a terrible malediction on the miserable carpenter, one we do not care to repeat; then he cast the light of the lantern full in the man's face. The quivering flesh, the pallid face, and the whole countenance wrought up almost to a frenzy of terror, astonished as well as alarmed him.

"What ails you, man?" said the captain in a voice of thunder. "Clap in the chisel, or I'll hurl you off into the water. There is nothing here, dead or alive, to harm ye!"

"The groan, sir—I hear it again! Do let me come out, Captain Spike."

Spike himself, this time, heard what even *he* took for a groan. It came from the depths of the vessel, apparently, and was sufficiently distinct and audible. Astonished, yet appalled, he thrust his shoulders into the aperture, as if to dare the demon that tormented him, and was met by the carpenter endeavouring to escape. In the struggle that ensued, the lantern was dropped into the water, leaving the half-frenzied combatants contending in the dark. The groan was renewed, when the truth flashed on the minds of both.

"The shores! the shores!" exclaimed the carpenter from within. "The shores!" repeated Spike, throwing himself back into the boat, and shouting to his men to "see all clear of the wreck!" The grating of one of the shores on the coral beneath was now heard plainer than ever, and the lower extremity slipped outward, not astern, as had been apprehended, letting the wreck slowly settle to the bottom again. One piercing shriek arose from the narrow cavity within; then the gurgling of water into the aperture was heard, when naught of sound could be distinguished but the sullen and steady wash of the waves of the gulf over the rocks of the reef.

The impression made by this accident was most profound. A fatality appeared to attend the brig; and most of the men connected

the sad occurrence of the night with the strange appearance of the previous evening. Even the Señor Montefalderon was disposed to abandon the doubloons, and he urged Spike to make the best of his way for Yucatan, to seek a friendly harbour. The captain wavered, but avarice was too strong a passion in him to be easily diverted from its object, and he refused to give up his purpose.

As the wreck was entirely free from the brig when it went down for the third time, no injury was sustained by the last on this occasion. By renewing the lashings, every thing would be ready to begin the work anew; and this Spike was resolved to attempt in the morning. The men were too much fatigued, and it was too dark to think of pushing matters any further that night; and it was very questionable whether they could have been got to work. Orders were consequently given for all hands to turn in, the captain, relieved by Don Juan and Jack Tier, having arranged to keep the watches of the night.

"This is a sad accident, Don Esteban," observed the Mexican, as he and Spike paced the quarter-deck together, just before the latter turned in. "A sad accident! My miserable schooner seems to be deserted by its patron saint. Then your poor carpenter!"

"Yes, he was a good fellow enough with a saw, or an adze," answered Spike, yawning. "But we get used to such things at sea. It's neither more nor less than a carpenter expended. Good night, Señor Don Wan; in the morning we'll be at that gold ag'in."

ST. JEROME'S LOVE.

SEMBLANCE most beautiful! sacred be thy woes,
Thy life long faith, and firm undying love,
Hidden and purified in cloister'd calm repose,
Celestial converse seeking from above.

Before the blessed Cross each sinner lowly bends—
The penitential chant doth solemnly arise;
And with the incense flung around ascends—
A torn and bleeding heart's true sacrifice.

St. Jerome's peerless love! I may not lift the veil,
The hallow'd shadows time hath flung around thee,
Still unreveal'd shall rest the wild sad tale
Of deep devotion, love, and mystery.

The lonely vigils of each night and day,
To prayer and holy meditations given,
Are often cherish'd 'mid the world's display,
When wearied hearts seek rest and peace in heaven.

C. A. M. W.

A LETTER FROM AN OLD COUNTRY HOUSE.

DEAR ARTHUR,

'Tis so very slow,
I can't tell what to do,
And so I've got a pen and ink,
And mean to write to you !
You know how intervening space
I reckon'd, bit by bit,
Until this time arrived : and now
It has not proved a hit !

'Tis very well. The house is old,
With an enormous hall ;
I think what learned architects
Elizabethan call.
With mullion'd windows, shutters vast.
And mystic double floors,
And hollow wainscots, creaking stairs,
And four-horse-power doors.

And authors who could write a book
Might subjects find in hosts—
Of civil wars, and wrongful heirs,
And murders, bones, and ghosts.
And this you know 's all very well
'Neath a bright noontide sun ;
But when the dismal nightfall comes.
'Tis anything but fun.

I'll own,—but this is *entre nous*.—
I was in such a fright
At my gaunt bed-room, that my eyes
I never closed all night
When first I lay there : for each waking
Associations brought
Of bygone crimes, and mouldy deeds,
With frightful interest fringing.

'Twas like the room where *Tecayana*
Made Mariana stay—
A chamber odorous with time,
And damp, and chill decay.
The moon look'd in with ghastly stare
On those who haply slept :
And 'gainst the casement all night long
Some cypress-branches sway.

And tapestry was on the walls—
Dull work that did engage
Fair fingers, fleshless long ago,—
Now dim and black with age.

And when I trod upon the floor,
 It groan'd and wheezed and creak'd,
 And made such awful noises that
 One's very temples reek'd.

And in the middle of the night,
 Half dozing in my bed,
 Although beneath the counterpane
 I buried deep my head,
 I saw most ghastly phantom forms
 Of mildew'd men and girls ;
 With axe-lopp'd heads, and steel-pierced breasts,
 And long gore-dabbled curls.

I was so glad when morning came,
 For then all fear was o'er.
 I slept 'till Fox had three times changed
 The water at my door.
 And when I reach'd the breakfast-room,
 The eggs and game were gone,
 And I was tied to marmalade
 And haddock all alone.

Now nothing can make up for this,
 Nor horse, nor game, nor gun ;
 Nor yet charades, night after night,
 Until they lose their fun.
 Nor Emily's contralto voice,
 And dark and floating eyes :
 Nor that young Countess—*belle de nuit* !
 Nor Julia's smart replies.

I long to be in town again,
 For all the word recalls ;
 The raptures of a private box,
 Or comfort of the stalls.
 Those cozy dinners at the club ;
 Those rich *Regalia* fumes ;
 A whirl at Weippert's ; or perchance
 A supper at our rooms.

So tell the boys I'm coming back,
 No more this year to roam,
 (Don't send the birds to Collingwood ;
 He never dines at home).
 The second dinner-bell has rung,
 I'll finish then forthwith,
 And so

Believe me to remain,

Yours always,

ALBERT SMITH.

EXPEDITION OF
FRANCE AND ENGLAND,
TO AFRICA IN 1390.

THE KNIGHTS OF
UNDER THE DUKE OF BOURBON,
— TEODORAT, HALLERAN, M. H. 1379, TO 1384



THE WOODEN WALLS OF OLD ENGLAND.

BY CHARLES WHITEHEAD.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION.

A CAREFUL perusal of the first two volumes of a "History of the Royal Navy," by Sir Harris Nicolas, assures us that it will be the completest work of the kind that has ever been published. Sir Harris has

— "Dived into the bottom of the deep,
And pluck'd up drowned honour by the locks,"

in this performance, and many a reader will learn, for the first time, that our Drakes, our Raleighs, our Blakes, Collingwoods, and Nelsons, have had their prototypes in English History. It will not be disputed that there never was a nation so celebrated as this for naval exploits, and Britons cannot be taxed with indifference to the glories of their famous sea-captains and invincible men; but it has so happened that our supremacy of the seas has become an article of faith, and we have hitherto, from the plenitude of our conviction, omitted to inquire how it should be that such a distinction has been gained. Happily, our recent rulers cannot justly be charged with a neglect of that mighty bulwark of the national safety which is supplied by our navy; but, as our author says, "when a great nation is England's avowed rival on the ocean, with a long series of disasters to avenge," thoroughly to know that we should ever be in a state of preparedness is a lesson of the highest value. It will be seen, in the short sketch we are about to present, that, whenever we have been so prepared, our island has had little to fear, and that the security of Britain—as Raleigh said two hundred and forty years ago—depends upon her navy.

The ship, or large boat—the acorn of the future oak—must have been coeval with the colonization of this country by the Celts. Their insular position soon made commerce necessary to the Britons, and commerce must be defended; besides, vessels were wanted for fishing and for the conveyance of the produce of their agriculture and manufactures. The largest of their "ships" was a kind of coracle, made of twigs covered with ox-hides, which could hold three or four persons, and in fair weather passed over to Ireland and across the British Channel. A mast with a small sail, a paddle over each quarter by way of rudder, and a few oars, and these small barks were furnished. Their longest voyages did not extend over six days.

Before the coming of the Romans, British ships must have undergone considerable improvements, for Cæsar's description of the fleet of the Veneti, which had been reinforced by Britain, represents vessels very different from the coracle. "Neither could our ships," he says, "injure them with their prows, so great was their strength and firmness, nor could we easily throw in our darts, because of their height above us." It does not appear that the ships of the Britons were much altered or improved under the Roman dominion: until the eleventh century, their "ships" and "long ships" were, in fact, only large, deep, open, undecked boats, never exceeding fifty tons in burden, or carrying more than fifty or sixty men. They could pass under London Bridge, first striking their mast, an evidence that they must have been very small.

And yet King Alfred took a great interest in marine architecture, which is said to have greatly improved under his auspices; and King Edgar appears to have asserted the sovereignty of the seas. The "Saxon Chronicle" tells us that "no fleet was so daring, nor army so strong that mid the English nation took from him aught, the while that the noble King ruled on his throne;" and other writers assert that Edgar possessed a navy of four thousand eight hundred ships.

In 1004, Swain descended upon the coast of Norfolk. The Danish fleet has been minutely described. Each vessel had a high deck, and bore a distinctive emblem indicating its commander, which, it may be presumed, was similar in its object to the banner of subsequent chieftains. The prows of the ships were ornamented with figures of lions, bulls, dolphins, or men, made of copper gilt; and at the mast-ends of others were vanes in the shape of birds, with expanded wings, shewing the quarter whence the wind blew. Their sides were painted with various colours; and the shields of the soldiers, of polished steel, were placed in rows round the gunwales. Swain's own ship, which was called "the Great Dragon," is said to have been built in the form of the animal whose name it bore; its head forming the prow, and its tail the stern. Though the mysterious Scandinavian standard of white silk, having in its centre a raven, with extended wings and open beak, the supposed ensurer of victory, which had been embroidered by three of Swain's sisters in one night, amid charms and magical incantations, was on board his ship, "it was not displayed until he landed in England."

Swain's descent upon England took place during the reign of Ethelred, whose laws speak of "naval armaments" and "merchant-ships;" and a Saxon law, supposed to have been then of long continuance, shews the importance in which maritime commerce was held. After defining the manner in which, by property or from services, a ceorl might attain the rank of thane, and a thane that of eorl, it adds: "And if a merchant thrived so that he fared twice on the wide sea by his own vessel, then was he henceforth of thane-right worthy,"—the "wide sea" probably meaning the Channel, a voyage across which being accounted very different from the river or coasting trade. Canute, the usurping Dane, was chosen King of England by his fleet, and it is recorded that almost all the thanes north of the Thames and the naval men at London were present on the occasion.

It is not certainly known how the Anglo-Saxon navy was raised and paid. Ships of war were, doubtless, considered as belonging to the king; and it appears that they were furnished and manned by cities and towns according to an established rate, with additions, as necessity prompted, from a special tax levied for the purpose, or from the revenues of the king. There is a passage in the "Saxon Chronicle" respecting the navy in 1049, which shews that at that time it consisted partly of ships belonging to the king, and partly of ships the property of the nation. Edward the Confessor being at Sandwich with a large fleet, he was apprized that some of the enemy's vessels were committing ravages to the westward. "Then went Godwin the eorl west about, with two of the king's ships, the one commanded by Harold the eorl, and the other by Tostig his brother, and forty-two of the people's ships." Each vessel seems to have been directed by one person, who united the functions of captain, steersman, and pilot; but there is no allusion to an admiral or commander of the whole.

fleet, an office that perhaps devolved to the king, or the next greatest personage in command of the troops embarked. Skill in rowing was the most important qualification of the crews, whose period of service was limited, and whose pay (most probably annual) was eight marks each. But their services were only required from Easter to Michaelmas, for there was no thought of invasion during the winter months. Provisions and seamen's clothes were found by the king. No particular weapons or other arms were appropriated to ships, but the shields of the soldiers and crews were placed horizontally, one shield lying partly over the other, round the gunwale, which formed a bulwark,—borrowed, no doubt, from Swain, when he descended upon the island. We are not told either of banner, gonfalon, or pennon, nor of any war-cry as having been used at sea, but it is most likely that ensigns streamed from their ships.

In the spring of 1066, the largest fleet and army that England had ever seen were assembled at Sandwich, to repel the threatened invasion by William Duke of Normandy. Harold tarried at Sandwich a considerable time; but believing that the ships would not be wanted, or, as some say, the crews refusing to serve after the 8th September, (the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin,) when their provisions were exhausted, he *disbanded his fleet*. The ships were sent to London, and many were lost on the passage.

Little is known of the naval battles of the Anglo-Saxons, and that little would not be very interesting to our readers. Moreover, unless the diminutive size and insignificant appearance of the Anglo-Saxon vessels were perpetually borne in mind, the petty engagements of which their history consists would be sure to mislead; for the same words are applied to the manœuvres and skirmishes of their boats as are used to describe the operations of the majestic ships and the naval battles of the last and present century. King Alfred seems to have been more alive than any of their kings to the value and importance of a navy. In his engagements with the Danes he was on most occasions victorious, and in some instances signally so; and “as he increased and probably improved the navy, encouraged maritime commerce, and was, it is supposed, the first English sovereign who commanded his own fleet in battle, he has been called the first English admiral.” Nor is Athelstan, the first monarch of all England, unworthy of commemoration as a great naval sovereign. Ethelred “the Unready” did, or, rather, omitted to do, a great deal, which caused him to earn that discreditable name; but his numerous reverses taught him the wisdom of raising a fleet. Within a year these ships were ready, and “there were so many of them as never before had been among the English nation in any king’s days. This fleet of 800 sail was ordered to defend the coast; but the Unready was also the unfortunate, for the “Saxon Chronicle” says, “but still we had not the good fortune, nor the worthiness, that this ship-force should be of any use to this land, any more than it oft before had been.” The naval battles of this king and his son, Edmund Ironside, with Canute, are not told so as to supply any special points of interest or instruction. The exploits of Earl Godwin and his sons, however remarkable, cannot be told in brief with any requisite clearness. The most celebrated of these sons, Harold, defeated the Northmen, who had landed in England from a fleet of 300 ships, after a long and very sanguinary battle, at Stamford Bridge, on the 25th September, 1066. When “the

Normen were put to flight," says the Saxon Chronicle, "the English from behind hotly smote them, until they came, some to their ships, some were drowned, and some also burned; and thus in divers ways they perished, so that there were few left, and the English had possession of the place of carnage." A great triumph: but three days after William the Norman landed in England, and Harold's sun went down.

Historians differ greatly as to the number of ships with which William Duke of Normandy invaded England. M. Thierry declares that the Conqueror had four hundred ships with large masts and sails, more than a thousand transport-boats, and sixty thousand troops; some estimate the fleet at six hundred and ninety-six; Simeon of Durham says nine hundred; and "La Chronique de Normandie" states that there were nine hundred and seven "great ships." William of Poitiers remarks that Agamemnon had 1000 ships to conquer Troy; but that William required more to obtain the crown of England. "These be differences," but as it is certain he had a large army of cavalry and infantry, which made but one passage, the number of vessels must have been very great. William's ship, as represented in the Bayeux tapestry, worked by his wife Matilda and her ladies, is larger than the rest, and was the gift of his consort and called "Mora," a word supposed to mean "mansion" or "habitation." A contemporary account, of undoubted genuineness, says: "Matilda, afterwards queen, wife of the duke, in honour of the said duke, caused a ship to be built called 'Mora,' in which he was conveyed. On the prow of which ship the same Matilda caused a golden boy to be placed, pointing to England with his right fore-finger, and pressing an ivory horn to his mouth with his left hand; in return for which the duke granted to the said Matilda the county of Kent." On the 28th September, 1066, William landed at Pevensey, and when the army had disembarked, he ordered his ships to be drawn on shore and destroyed. The result is well known. Harold had foolishly disbanded his fleet, which might have prevented the landing of his enemy; and his enemy having landed, with the fool-hardiness of Charles XII. of Sweden, he must needs go and fight him at Hastings, instead of drawing him into the interior of the country. In five years after his accession, the greater part of the English fleet having been carried to Ireland by the two sons of Harold, and his own ships having been destroyed, William formed a navy. "The reign of Richard Cœur de Lion," says Sir Harris Nicolas, "forms the first great epoch in the naval history of England. Ships of a much larger size, and of various descriptions, were constructed; voyages were performed to the Mediterranean; codes of marine law were established, and a British armament made conquests in distant seas." Richard having sailed for the Holy Land, his fleet was sent after, which having missed him at Marseilles, followed him to Messina. It consisted of one hundred sail and fourteen busses (large ships of burthen, with a bluff bow and bulging sides, used chiefly for the conveyance of troops, stores, provisions, and merchandize). These busses were "vessels of great capacity, very strongly and compactly built." The larger ships were furnished with three spare rudders, (which were merely large oars, or paddles, on each quarter,) thirteen anchors, (meaning grapnels mostly to be thrown on board an enemy's vessel in action,) thirty oars, two sails, three sets of all kinds of ropes, and duplicates of every thing a vessel

could require, except the mast and boat. Each ship had a skilful commander and a crew of fourteen sailors, and carried forty war-horses with their armour, the same number of foot-soldiers, and provisions and stores of all kinds for twelve months. When Richard sailed from Cyprus, he embarked on his favourite vessel the *Trench-the-Mer*, and proceeded with all his galleys to Palestine. "Ploughing their way across the seas," they made the coast of Syria, and then directed their course along the land for Acre. On the next day, near Baruth, an immense ship was discovered ahead, exciting the wonder and admiration of the English, who had never before seen so large a vessel. One of the chroniclers exclaims, "A marvellous ship! a ship than which, except Noah's ship, none greater was ever read of!" He calls it afterwards the "queen of ships." We are told that this vessel was very stoutly built, with three tapering masts, and her sides were so elegantly painted green and yellow, that her beauty was not to be exceeded. She was filled with men,—we are required to believe there were fifteen hundred,—among whom were seven emirs and eighty chosen Turks, for the defence of Acre; and she was laden with bows, arrows, and other weapons, a large quantity of Greek fire in jars, and "two hundred most deadly serpents, prepared for the destruction of Christians."

Richard ordered a galley to go and examine the stranger, and was informed that the ship was going from Antioch to the siege of Acre, and that she belonged to the King of France; but that the crew neither understood French, nor could produce a French or any Christian banner. Being more closely pressed, the crew varied from their former story, saying they were Genoese bound for Tyre. But now an English galleyman made known that he recognized the ship as having been fitted out at Baruth, whilst he was staying in that port. "I will give my head to be cut off," he said to the king, "or myself to be hanged, if I do not prove that this is a Saracen ship. Let a galley be sent after them, and give them no salutation; their intention and trustworthiness will then be discovered." This was done, and the moment the galley came alongside of the vessel, the Saracens shot arrows and projected Greek fire into her. Richard instantly ordered the attack, exclaiming, "Follow and take them, for if they escape you lose my love for ever; and if ye capture them, all their goods shall be yours." Summoning his galleys to the royal vessel, he was the first in the fight, animating his men by his accustomed heroic valour. Missiles flew in showers on both sides, and the Saracen vessel slackened her way; but though the galleys surrounded her, such was her height and the number of her crew, that it was not a little difficult to board her. Seeing his men hesitate, the king cried out, "Will you now suffer that ship to get off untouched and uninjured? Oh, shame! after so many triumphs, do ye now give way to sloth and fear? Know, that if this ship escape, every one of you shall be hung on the cross or put to extreme torture." This threat had its effect: making a virtue of necessity, the galley-men jumped overboard, dived under the enemy's vessel, and fixed ropes to her rudder, steering her now as they pleased; and climbing up her sides by ropes, at last succeeded in boarding her. A desperate conflict now began, the Turks at first giving way, but being reinforced by those from below, they rallied, and drove their assailants back to their galleys. A last resource presented itself to the king's mind. He directed his galleys to pierce the

sides of the enemy with the iron spurs at their prows. This was done with great skill and with such success, that the sides of the Turkish ship were stove in many places, and she soon foundered. The whole crew, except fifty-five, who it was reckoned might be useful to the victors, were either drowned or slain. Such importance was attached to the destruction of this vessel, that it is said, had she arrived at her destination, Acre never would have been taken.

Let us now notice another naval battle of a very different character, fought early in the reign of Henry III. Sir Harris Nicolas justly calls it "the first regular sea-fight, worthy of the name, between the ships of England and France, and the precursor of that long series of victories which constitute the naval glory of Great Britain."

Louis the Dauphin having been signally defeated at Lincoln, an army in France was raised for his assistance, which was despatched from Calais in a fleet of eighty ships, besides galleys and smaller vessels, under the command of the celebrated Eustace the Monk. Its proposed destination was London.

Hubert de Burgh, the King's justiciary and governor of Dover Castle, *at once saw the necessity of preventing the landing of this formidable host*, and took his measures accordingly. Turning to the Bishop of Winchester, the marshal, and other great personages, he said, "If these people land, England is lost: let us, therefore, boldly meet them; for God is with us, and they are excommunicate." His hearers did not share his ardour. They replied, "We are not sea-soldiers, nor pirates, nor fishermen. Go thou and die." Unmoved by this ignoble answer, De Burgh sent for his chaplain, and, after taking the sacrament, enjoined the garrison with an emphatic oath to defend their posts. "You shall suffer me to be hanged," said the hero, "before ye surrender the castle; for it is the key of England." Moved to tears by this exhortation, and anticipating the fate of their chief, they swore to obey his commands. Assembling some of his bravest knights, amongst whom were Sir Philip d'Albini, and Sir Richard, a natural son of their late king, John, De Burgh led them to the ships, and at once put to sea. His squadron consisted of sixteen large and well-armed ships, manned with skilful seamen of the Cinque Ports, and about twenty smaller vessels. The battle that ensued was actually a hand-to-hand fight by the English against double the number of ships and four times the number of men.

The wind was southerly, blowing fresh, and the French were going large, steering to round the North Foreland, never thinking of opposition. Instead of directly approaching the enemy, the English squadron kept their wind as intending to go to Calais. Perceiving this, Eustace, the French admiral, exclaimed, "I know that those wretches think to invade Calais like thieves; but that is useless, for it is well defended." But no sooner had the English gained the wind of the enemy, than they gallantly bore down upon them; and the moment they came close to the sterns of the French ships, they threw grapnels into them, and fastening the vessels together, prevented the escape of the enemy,—*"an early instance,"* remarks our author, *"of that love of close fighting for which English sailors have ever since been distinguished."*

The battle was begun by the crossbow-men and archers under Sir Philip d'Albini, who poured volleys of arrows into the enemy's ships with disastrous effect; and, to add to their confusion, the English

threw unslaked lime, reduced to a fine powder, on board their opponents, which, being blown into their eyes, completely blinded them. The English then boarded them, and hewing away the rigging and halyards with axes, the sails fell on the French, as one of the chroniclers says, "like a net upon ensnared small birds." Thus embarrassed, the enemy could offer only a feeble resistance, and after an immense slaughter were entirely defeated. The French fought with their characteristic bravery, but, unacquainted with naval tactics, they fell rapidly under the lances, axes, and swords of their assailants. Several of the French knights, disdaining to be taken alive, leapt into the sea. Only fifteen vessels of their whole fleet escaped. "Victoriously ploughing the waves," the English proceeded in triumph with their captured ships to Dover, when they returned thanks to God for their success—a pious example, which has been very properly followed on many occasions in modern times. The loss on the side of the English does not appear to have been great; that of the French was, as we have said, immense, and one hundred and twenty-five knights, and more than a thousand soldiers of inferior rank, were captured. "The like was unheard of in his times," says one of the chroniclers.

The eminent services of Hubert de Burgh afterwards met an ill-requital at the hands of Henry III.; and, as though injustice were not sufficient towards the living man, it has pursued his memory; for Shakspeare has represented this hero as little better than an abject creature of the monarch,—a murderous caitiff, possessed with a troublesome conscience.

We wish we could give the two glorious battles fought in the reign of Edward III., in both of which that chivalrous sovereign bore a part. In the former of these, De Burgh's manœuvre to gain the wind of the enemy was adopted with a like success; and, in the latter, circumstances of a chivalrous and remarkable nature are observable, which never before nor since marked a sea-fight. The king and his son, the Black Prince, led the fleet, and fought until their ships actually sank under them, and the chief nobility and knights of England were present. In this battle, the pride of Spain at sea was for the first time humbled by the English.

The reader will see what the accompanying plate is intended to delineate. It is taken from a most exquisitely illuminated copy on vellum of the fourth volume of Froissart, in the British Museum.

In 1390, Richard II. being king, a large army, composed of knights and esquires, from France, England, Brittany, and other countries, was sent against the Tunisians. The Genoese, having long suffered from the ships of the Barbary states, which ruined their commerce, plundered their territories, and carried off many of the people, resolved on attacking Tunis, and despatched an embassy to the King of France for assistance, which was granted. Hostilities having ceased between England and France, many knights and esquires of both countries, as well as of Brittany and Flanders, eager to acquire military fame, and animated by religious enthusiasm to fight against the infidels, joined the army, of which the Duke of Bourbon was made commander. None but gentlemen were permitted to serve, and a natural son of "John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster," was among the volunteers. The expedition consisted of about one hundred and twenty galleys, and two hundred other vessels. After being dispersed by a violent storm, the fleet was at length collected and sailed for Africa.

“ TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR ! ”

STELLA ! micans tremulo et radianti lumine, quid sis
 Demiror ; procul à mundo sublata videris
 Ac veluti in cœlis adamas : quo tempore fulgens
 Sol cecidit, clarâ nec “ terras lampade lustrat,”
 Indè nitet tua fax nocturnas parva per horas.
 Vel paulùm in tenebris te scintillante, viator
 Est non ingratus, nam, te sine, “ devius erret
 Huc illuc ” densas passu titubante per umbras.
 Æthera cœruleum colis, ex quo vela cubilis
 Semireducta mei interlucet, at redeunte
 Phœbo, invita tuum languentem claudis ocellum.

I D E M.

STELLA ! coruscanti scintillans lumine, quid sis
 Miror, miranti nec mihi scire licet.
 Tam procul a mundo sublata, videris Olympo
 Formamque et speciem puri adamantis habens.
 Cùm sol decedens radios subduxerit orbi,
 Totâ nocte tibi parvula flamma nitet ;
 Et paulùm in tenebris te sublucente, viator
 Est gratus, sine quâ non benè cernat iter.
 Cœruleos habitas cœlos, et sæpè cubilis
 Inter vela mei semireducta micat ;
 Invitèque tuum pallentem claudis ocellum,
 Ut fiunt clari, Phœbo oriente, poli.

I D E M.

STELLA ! scintillis radiata, quid sis
 Miror ignarus ; procul orbe nostro
 Tolleris, summum decorans Olympum
 More adamantis !
 Sol ubi fulgens cecidit, nec agros
 Ampliùs lustrat jubar erubescens,
 Inde per totam tua parva noctem
 Flamma renidet.
 Est tibi gratus meritò viator,
 Si modò et paulùm in tenebris nitescas,
 Quâ sine huc illuc titubante passu
 Devius erret.
 Cœrulos cœlos habitas, meique
 Vela sublucent penetras cubilis,
 Et tuum invitè, redeunte Phœbo,
 Claudis ocellum.



J. W. Cook. Ed. 1851.

Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy

London: Richard B. Bentley 1851.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE AND COMPOSITIONS OF THE LATE DR. FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

BY THOMASINA ROSS.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

It is somewhat remarkable that premature death has closed the artistic career of three of the master-spirits of musical Germany. Mozart, Weber, and Mendelssohn have each been summoned from the sphere of mortal renown in the meridian of their lives, and in the plenitude of their intellectual energy. Mozart died at the age of thirty-five; Weber did not live to complete his fortieth year, and Mendelssohn, whose loss Europe now deplores, has descended into the grave at the age of thirty-nine.

Nor is the doom of early death the only circumstance which suggests a parallel between these highly-gifted men. A kindred genius would seem to have animated the efforts of each. All three were endowed with a versatility of talent which adapted itself to every various style in the highest branches of musical composition. The names of Mozart, Weber, and Mendelssohn are associated with the noblest master-pieces of musical science and the most imaginative creations of musical poetry.

In England, Mendelssohn and Weber have been personally known,* and the admiration commanded by their talents, is accompanied by the feeling of respect due to their moral worth. Mendelssohn's amiable character and pleasing manners, gained for him, during his visits to this country, a wide circle of English friends, who mourn his death, not merely as an irreparable loss to musical art. Here, as in Germany, the unlooked for tidings of the death of Mendelssohn spread a cloud of sorrow over the circles in which he was known. Even those who enjoyed only a slight acquaintance with him, felt, and lamented his loss as that of a friend.

Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, was born in Hamburgh, on the 3rd of February, 1809. His family was of Hebrew descent, and his father was a wealthy merchant and banker. He was the grandson of Moses Mendelssohn, the celebrated metaphysical writer, the friend of Göthe and Lessing, who has earned a lasting name in philosophic literature by his translation and comments on the *Phædon* of Plato. The father of the deceased composer, was justly proud of the talent which distinguished his family; and he frequently alluded, with self-congratulation to the honour he enjoyed in his near kindred to two highly celebrated men.

In childhood, Felix Mendelssohn gave evidence of the germs of that musical genius, which soon appeared in fruitful development. His father spared no expense in cultivating a talent, which his own taste disposed him to favour; for an ardent love of music was inherent in Mendelssohn's family. Zelter was engaged as his tutor in thorough bass and composition, and Burger and Klein were his instructors for the pianoforte. At the age of eight, the precocious child could solve

* It will be recollected that Weber died in London in the year 1826. He came to this country to superintend the production of his "*Oberon*," which was first performed at Covent Garden Theatre in that year.

difficult problems in counterpoint, and only the smallness of his hands prevented him from mastering on the pianoforte, passages which taxed the dexterity of the most accomplished performers of the day. His accuracy of ear, and the retentiveness of his musical memory were alike remarkable, and the facility with which he played at sight astonished all who heard him.

Felix Mendelssohn was eight years of age when he performed for the first time in public. This was at a concert in Berlin. Shortly afterwards, he accompanied his parents to Paris, where his talent excited great interest and attention. In 1821, when in his twelfth year, he visited Weimar, where he was introduced to Göthe. It is related, that on one occasion, when improvising on a given theme, Mendelssohn's exquisite performance drew tears from the eyes of the venerable poet. To the latest moment of his life, Göthe cherished an almost paternal affection for Felix Mendelssohn. But in spite of mutual friendship of the most cordial kind, there was one subject which occasionally produced discord between the poet and the musician. Strange to say, that subject was music. Göthe possessed excellent musical taste, but by some unaccountable prejudice, he would not acknowledge the merits of any composer except Sebastian Bach. He spoke of Mozart and Beethoven as mere innovators. Now Mendelssohn worshiped Beethoven, whom he eulogized and defended with such enthusiasm, that Göthe would sometimes grow angry in the contest. Whenever Mendelssohn perceived these symptoms of irritation, he would seat himself at the piano, and play one of Bach's fugues. This was sure to be the signal for amnesty; Göthe would embrace his young friend, and pardon what he termed his errors of judgment. It may be mentioned, that Mendelssohn's masterly performance of the organ compositions of Sebastian Bach and Handel would alone have secured to him a place among the first practical musicians of the day. He was unquestionably the greatest organist of the present century. His extempore performances, both on the organ and pianoforte, were miracles of genius.

The first work which Mendelssohn composed with the view of publication, appeared in the year 1824. These were two quartets, which were speedily followed by the Grand Sonata for the pianoforte with violin accompaniment (in F minor). In 1827, his first opera was performed at Berlin. It was entitled *Die Hochzeit des Camacho* (The Marriage of Camacho). The subject was most happily chosen: the libretto being founded on the well-known episode in Don Quixote, (*Lus Bodas del rico Comacho*), in which comic humour and romance are blended together in the inimitable style peculiar to the genius of Cervantes. Though this opera was not very successful on its performance, yet it elicited the approbation of the musical critics of Berlin. The overture is said to contain passages marked by great originality and beauty.

Mendelssohn first visited England in the spring of 1829, bringing with him the MS. of his Grand Sinfonia in C Minor. That work was composed for the Philharmonic Society, and its first performance took place on the 25th of May, 1829, at the seventh concert of the season; the composer, himself, conducting the orchestra. In describing this memorable performance, an able musical critic of the day, makes the following remarks on the young composer, respecting whom but little was then known in London.—“He is (says that writer) a native of Berlin, the son of a banker, a young man of independent fortune, and enthusiastically attached to music, for which art nature seems to

have designed him; for though only about one or two and twenty years of age, he has already produced several works of magnitude, which, if at all to be compared with the present, ought to rank him among the first composers of the age. It is not venturing too far to assert that his latest labour, the Symphony of which we now speak, shews a genius for this species of composition that is exceeded only by the three great writers;* and it is a fair presumption, that if he perseveres in his pursuit, he will, in a few years, be considered as the fourth of that line which has done such immortal honour to the most musical nation in Europe." The performance of the Symphony elicited enthusiastic applause. The audience wished the adagio to be repeated, but Mendelssohn did not construe the continued applause as an encore. At the conclusion of the scherzo and trio, the audience manifested their admiration by a simultaneous call for the repetition of those two exquisite movements."

Among the varied accomplishments of Dr. Mendelssohn may be numbered a familiar knowledge of the principal languages of Europe. He was a perfect master of English, and was well acquainted with the writings of Shakspeare in the beauty of their original form.† His overture to the "Midsummer Night's Dream," was the first of a series of compositions totally original in form and character, suggested to the poetic fancy of Mendelssohn by the romantic inspirations of Shakspeare, Göthe, and Ossian. This overture was performed in London, at the Philharmonic Concerts in 1832, under the direction of the composer; and it may be said to have laid the foundation of his European fame. It was followed successively by two cantatas, entitled "Walpurgis Nacht," (1st and 2nd), by the overture to the "Isle of Fingal," and some others. The cantatas have for their subjects the well-known scenes in Faust, descriptive of the fantastic orgies on the Bloksberg. The "Isle of Fingal" owes its origin to the romantic poetry of Ossian, and to the poet-musician's own impressions of the sublime scenery of the Hebrides, during a tour which he made in the Highlands of Scotland.‡

Another class of compositions of which Mendelssohn may be said to have been the inventor and originator, are his "Lieder ohne Worte" (Ballads without words). Of these he has published several books. They are full of beautiful musical thoughts, combined with profound musical skill; and to the pianoforte-player of genuine taste they pre-

* It would be more correct to enumerate four:—Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, and Spohr.

† So great was Mendelssohn's admiration of Shakspeare, that had his life been spared, it is more than probable he would have bequeathed to posterity a series of musical pictures well worthy to illustrate the works of England's immortal poet.

‡ This tour was made in the year 1829, during Mendelssohn's first visit to this country. He was enchanted with Scotland; and he has left behind him remarkable reminiscences of the country, its scenery, and its music. From London he proceeded to Edinburgh, where he attended the "Competition of Bagpipers," and heard the pibrochs with an interest which astonished the assembled company. "He listened," says a friend who accompanied him, "most attentively to every piece, drawing comparisons between the powers of the different performers and their instruments, and he afterwards spoke warmly of the spirit-stirring character of these warlike strains of the North."—In the overture to the "Isle of Fingal," and in the Symphony in A minor, Mendelssohn's impressions of Highland scenery, and the wild strains of Scottish melody, are vividly reproduced. The slow movement and finale in the Symphony are based on the pipe-music of Scotland.

sent an inexhaustible source of enjoyment at once elegant and intellectual.

In the summer of 1836, Mendelssohn returned to his native Germany, after having spent two or three years in travelling through France and Italy. About this time, he was united in marriage to an accomplished young lady, a native of Frankfort, in which city he continued to reside for a considerable period after his marriage. Subsequently he removed to Leipsic, where he was appointed director of the Gewandhaus concerts, and more recently the King of Prussia conferred on him the post of Director-General of Music in Berlin.

It will be recollected that some four or five years ago, the King of Prussia engaged Tieck and some other eminent scholars of Berlin to arrange for performance at the court theatre of Potsdam, German versions of some of the works of the ancient Greek dramatists. Among the pieces selected as most suitable for this object were two tragedies of Sophocles; —the "Antigone," and the "Œdipus at Colonus." The idea of these representations is understood to have originated with the king himself, and that nothing might be wanting to render them fully worthy of the classic subjects, his majesty commissioned Mendelssohn to set to music the choruses of the two tragedies abovenamed. Some of these choruses have been heard in London, where they were performed at one of our theatres, in conjunction with the requisite scenic accessories. But here, as in Paris, they failed in producing the impression they have created in the theatres of Germany, the music being of too high a character to suit the taste of any but a purely musical auditory. Nevertheless, these choruses, together with those of Racine's "Athalie," deserve to rank among the composer's noblest efforts, and they bid fair to live as long as the classic texts with which they are associated.

The oratorios of "St. Paul" and "Elijah" are destined to mark an epoch in the history of musical art. In music, the oratorio may be compared to the epic in poetry, and to that lofty region the genius of Mendelssohn naturally winged its flight. It would appear too that the adaptation of music to scriptural texts, was a task peculiarly congenial to this pure-minded and highly gifted man. "His sacred oratorios, (observes an able writer in the *Times*) were penetrated with the spirit of the Bible. He was wont to construct and combine these great epics himself from the sacred volume, which was the subject of his constant and devout meditation. In 'St. Paul,' it was the nascent energy of the Church of Christ, impersonated in the apostle of the Gentiles, which inspired his imagination. In the "Elijah," it was the servant of God, labouring in his appointed course against the perversity of the world, and the infirmities of his own imperfect nature, until he had perfected the work which was given him to do. But in all these productions, whilst the execution is that of a great musician, the conception belongs to the highest range of poetry."

"St. Paul," which the composer completed at the age of twenty-five, was first performed at the musical festival of Dusseldorf, in the year 1836. This extraordinary work created throughout Germany a sensation which it would be difficult to describe. The German press teemed with laudatory comments on Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," nothing equal to which, it was alleged, had been produced since Handel's "Messiah." Novelty of orchestral effects, rich instrumentation, bold originality of ideas, and cadences to which nothing similar is to be found in the works

of any previous composer, are all combined in this masterly work, which seemed to open a distant and unknown perspective in musical science.

The progressive advancement which stamps the labours of every true artist, is distinctly marked in Mendelssohn's works. "St. Paul," wonderful in the grandeur of its originality and beauty, was surpassed by "Elijah," the first performance of which took place at the Birmingham Musical Festival, in August 1846. In the Townhall of Birmingham six thousand persons assembled to witness the performance of this sublime work. The composer himself conducted the orchestra, and from the beginning to the conclusion of the performance a feeling of enthusiasm pervaded the numerous auditory. The bold originality, the sustained grandeur and power, and the mastery over all the resources of art, manifested in "Elijah," excited as much astonishment as though "St. Paul" had never been heard.

The Sacred Harmonic Society of London invited the composer to direct four performances of "Elijah" at Exeter Hall; and for this purpose Mendelssohn had engaged to return to England next year. It has been conjectured, and possibly not without reason, that the labour and excitement preceding and attending his last great triumph may have had their influence in producing the attack which terminated so fatally. Be that as it may, some of his friends observed on his departure from England last spring that he was labouring under a certain depression. This was regarded merely as the consequence of a close and anxious occupation; and it was hoped that rest and recreation would speedily work a cure. Unfortunately, whilst he was suffering from this languid state of health, a severe domestic affliction plunged him into the deepest sorrow. He had a sister to whom he was greatly attached; she was an excellent musician, and Mendelssohn's English friends have often heard him speak with affectionate pride of her talents and amiable qualities. This accomplished lady, herself the author of many beautiful musical compositions, was the wife of Professor Hensel, a distinguished German artist. Prior to his last departure from England, Mendelssohn was aware of his sister's illness, and he proposed to pass a few months with her in Switzerland. Whilst proceeding homeward with the view of carrying this design into effect, he received a letter informing him of the death of his beloved sister, who fell a victim to a cerebral attack of a nature similar to that which terminated the life of the lamented composer.

Mendelssohn repaired with his family to Interlachen, with a positive admonition from his medical advisers to abstain wholly from study. But this admonition was unavailingly addressed to one who could not exist without occupation. He set about composing an opera, the libretto for which had been sent to him from Paris; and to this task he applied himself with so much assiduity, that there is little doubt the labour had some share in accelerating his death.

After remaining a few weeks at Interlachen, he returned to his home in Leipzig. On his arrival there, on the 8th of October, he shewed such symptoms of convalescence, as induced a confident hope of his recovery. This hope, however, was speedily blighted. On the 28th of October, he had an attack, which is stated to have been paralysis of the brain, and which terminated fatally on the 4th inst.*

* It has been mentioned that an autograph letter from the King of Prussia, addressed to Mendelssohn, and expressing the pleasure his majesty had received in hearing the Oratorio of "Elijah," reached Leipzig the day after the composer's death.

The funeral obsequies of the eminent composer were celebrated, with great solemnity, in the church of the University of Leipsic, on the 6th of November. The ceremony was attended by all the professors and students of the University, the professors and pupils of the Conservatory of Music, with all the artists and persons of distinction in Leipsic. The service commenced with an organ prelude, by Sebastian Bach, followed by the chorale from "St. Paul," *Dir Herr—Dir will ich mich ergeben* (To thee, O Lord, I yield my spirit). Next was performed the chorus also from "St. Paul:" *Siehe wir preisen Selig* (How happy and blessed are they!); and after the oration the final chorus from Sebastian Bach's "Passione" closed the solemn ceremony.

At ten at night the coffin was closed, and, escorted by the students of the University and the pupils of the Conservatory of Music, it was conveyed through the principal streets of Leipsic, to the station of the rail-road to Berlin; the mournful procession being accompanied by upwards of two thousand persons, most of them bearing torches. At every station on the line, between Leipsic and Berlin, marked honours were rendered to the remains of the illustrious deceased. An affecting incident occurred on the arrival of the train at Dessau, where it was met by the venerable Capell-Meister Schneider. At half-past two in the morning, this aged man left his house and proceeded slowly through the streets, his grey head uncovered, and exposed to the chill night air, whilst, followed by his choir, he chanted a hymn which he had composed for the sad occasion,—an almost improvised effusion poured forth in the fulness of heart-felt grief. Alas! for the uncertainty of human life! The veteran Schneider had won crowns of glory before the birth-time of the young composer, whose remains he was now following on the way to their last resting place.

At 6 o'clock on the morning of the 8th ult., the mortal remains of Mendelssohn arrived in Berlin, and were conveyed to the cemetery of the Holy Trinity, where a grave was prepared close beside that which so recently received the ashes of his beloved sister. The coffin, decked with branches of oak and a crown of laurel, was placed on a funeral bier, drawn by six horses. Beethoven's "Dead March" (from the *Symfonia "Eroica"*) being played all the way. At the moment when the procession reached the gates of the cemetery, the first faint rays of the morning sun, glimmering through the scanty foliage of the churchyard trees, shed a pale light over the grave, as if offering a farewell greeting to the departed. The cathedral choir, conducted by Reithard sang the chorale *Jesus meine Zuversicht*. After the delivery of the funeral oration, the hymn *Wie sie so sanft ruhen*, was performed in chorus by the members of the Singing Academy of Berlin. At this part of the musical solemnity a singularly impressive effect was produced. The last strains of the chorus dying away in *pianissimo* were caught up, as it were by a magic echo, and the seraph voices of the cathedral choir swelled forth in Grell's hymn *Christus ist der Auferstehung* (Christ is the Resurrection). This magnificent composition, in which the voices of the young choristers were accompanied by wind instruments, concluded the solemn scene. The grave was then closed, and of the vast assembled multitude not one departed without rendering a tribute to the memory of Mendelssohn: the men sprinkling earth on the grave, and the women and children strewing it with flowers.

P A R A ;
A NARRATIVE OF SCENES AND ADVENTURES ON THE BANKS
OF THE AMAZON.

BY J. E. WARREN.

"Regions immense, unsearchable, unknown,
Bask in the splendour of the solar zone."
MONTGOMERY.

CHAPTER I.

Evening on the Amazon.—Scenery.—The Cocoe-nut Tree.—The Harbour of Para. The City.—Promiscuous Bathing.—Ganhadores.—A Brazilian Dinner.—Singular Spectacles.—A beautiful Garden.—Manufacture of India-rubber Shoes.—First Night ashore.

THE shades of evening were gathering fast upon the waters when the little bark, in which we had safely crossed the wide expanse of ocean, now quietly anchored in the mighty river of the Amazon.

Through the dim twilight we were able faintly to discern the white sandy shore, which lay within a short distance from us, skirting a dense forest of perennial luxuriance and beauty. Gentle zephyrs, fraught with the most delightful fragrance from the wilderness of flowers, softly saluted our senses; while occasionally the soft and plaintive voices of southern nightingales came with mellowed sweetness to our ears.

The queenly moon, unobscured by a single cloud, threw an indescribable charm over the enchanting scene, reflecting her brilliant rays from the placid surface of the river, and shrouding the beautiful foliage of the forest in a drapery of gold. Innumerable stars brightly glittered in the azure firmament, and the "southern cross" gleamed above us, like a diadem!

All around us seemed to be wrapt in the most profound repose. Not a sound disturbed the silence of the interminable solitude save the hushed and mournful notes of evening birds, the distant howling of prowling jaguars, or the rustling of the wind through the forest trees. Nature appeared to us, for the first time, in all her pristine loveliness, and seemed, indeed, to our excited imaginations, to be but dreamy creatures of fairy land.

At an early hour in the morning we again weighed anchor, and with a fresh breeze and strong tide, rapidly moved up the noble river, gliding by the finest scenery that fancy can conceive.

The nearly impenetrable forest which lined the shore was of a deep emerald green, and consisted of exceedingly lofty trees, of remarkably curious and grotesque figures, interlaced together by numerous running vines, the interstices of which were filled up with a magnificent shrubbery.

We observed, towering high above the surrounding trees, many singular species of palms, among which the far-famed cocoa-nut proudly stood pre-eminent. This beautiful tree gives a peculiar witchery to a tropical landscape, which those only who have seen it can possibly realize. The trunk grows up perfectly perpendicular to a great height, when it throws out its curious branches, which bend over as gracefully as ostrich plumes, and quiver in the slightest breeze. Consequently, the general appearance of the tree at a distance is somewhat similar to that of an umbrella.

As we gradually proceeded we now and then caught glimpses of

smiling cottages, with their snug little verandahs and red-tiled roofs peering from amid the foliage of the river's banks, and giving, as it were, a character of sociality and animation to the beautiful scene.

Perhaps the most interesting spot that we noticed was an estate bearing the name of Pinherios, which had been formerly the site of a Carmelite convent, but which has lately been sold to the government for a Hospital dos Lazaros. Here also was an establishment for the manufacture of earthenware tiles, which are very extensively used throughout the Brazilian empire for roofing houses. This estate has a commanding position, and from the water presents a very pleasing appearance, although now in a neglected condition, yet it is fronted by a number of handsome fruit-trees, which were, at the time of our arrival, in full blossom.

So low is the valuation of land in this section of Brazil, that this immense estate, embracing in its limits nearly three thousand acres, and situated, as it is, within twelve miles of the city of Para, was sold for a sum equivalent to about four thousand dollars. This may be taken as a fair standard of the value of real estate in the vicinity of Para. That of the neighbouring islands is comparatively trifling; while there are many thousands of fertile acres wholly unappropriated and unoccupied, offering the richest inducements to all emigrants who may be disposed to direct their fortunes thither.

It was near mid-day when our good vessel anchored in the commodious harbour of Para. The atmosphere was exceedingly moist, and the thermometer standing at about eighty-five in the shade. A number of English, American, and French vessels were in the harbour, together with several Brazilian men-of-war, and a variety of small Indian crafts, of singular construction, from the little montaria, simply composed of the trunk of a tree hewn out, to the fantastically built sloops which are used in trading up the Amazon.

The harbour itself is quite safe, and eminently picturesque and beautiful. The river, being at the city almost four miles in width, is thickly studded with little islands all covered with the most luxuriant verdure, thus presenting the appearance of a fairy lake.

The city of Para is delightfully situated on the southern branch of the Amazon, called, for the sake of distinction "The Para River." It is the principal city of the province of the same name,—an immense territory, which has very appropriately been styled "*The Paradise of Brazil*." The general aspect of the place, with its low and venerable-looking buildings of solid stone, its massive churches and moss-grown ruins, its red-tiled roofs and dingy-white walls, the beautiful trees of its gardens, and groups of tall banana plants peeping up here and there among the houses, constituted certainly a scene of novelty, if not of richness and beauty.

The first spectacle that arrested our attention on landing was that of a number of persons of both sexes and all ages, bathing indiscriminately together in the waters of the river in a state of entire nudity. We observed among them several finely formed Indian girls of exceeding beauty dashing about in the water like a troop of happy mermaids. The heat of the sun was so intense, that we ourselves were almost tempted to seek relief from its overpowering influence by plunging precipitately amid the joyous throng of swimmers. But we forbore!

The natives of Para are very cleanly, and indulge in daily ablutions; nor do they confine their baths to the dusky hours of evening, but not

be seen swimming about the public wharves at all hours of the day. The government has made several feeble efforts to put a restraint upon these public exposures; but at the time of our departure all rules and regulations on the subject were totally disregarded by the natives. The city is laid out with considerable taste and regularity; but the streets are very narrow, and miserably paved with large and uneven stones.

The buildings generally are but of one story in height, and are, with few exceptions, entirely destitute of glass windows; a kind of latticed blind is substituted, which is so constructed that it affords the person within an opportunity of seeing whatever takes place in the street, without being observed in return. This lattice opens towards the street, and thus affords great facilities to the beaux and gentlemen of gallantry; who, by stepping under this covering, can have an agreeable *tête-à-tête* with their fair mistresses, as secretly almost as if they were in a trellised arbour together. Many are the honeyed words which are spoken, and sweet kisses which are taken, under the security of these ingenious blinds;—how many thanks, then, are due to their fortunate inventor!

There are three public squares in the city, which are severally called the “Largo de Palacio,” the “Largo de Quartel,” and the “Largo da Polvora.” In addition to these, there are several smaller areas fronting the different churches and convents.

The stranger always sees much to interest him on these squares,—people of all kinds, ages, colours, and occupations; vendors of fruit marching about, with huge baskets on their heads, filled with luscious oranges, bananas, mangoes, pine apples, and other choice fruits of the tropics; groups of blacks carrying immense burdens in the same manner; invalids taking the air in their hammocks, or ladies riding in their gay-covered palanquins, supported on men's shoulders; water-carriers moving along by the side of their heavily-laden horses; and a variety of other sights, which it is not necessary for us to mention now.

In walking through the city, we met with a party of some thirty or forty blacks, each one of them bearing a large basket of tapioca on their heads. They were perfectly naked to their waists, and wore only a pair of pantaloons of very coarse material. They marched along at a slow and measured pace, chanting at the same time a singularly monotonous air, with which they beat time with their hands. It was to us an extraordinary spectacle, as well as a highly entertaining one.

We learned that they were free blacks, and called themselves “Ganhadores.” Their business was that of loading and unloading vessels; horses and carts being but little used in Para. They are under the direction of a leader or captain, who furnishes, on application, any number of men that may be required. In loading vessels, they frequently wade out into the water until their heads and the boxes thereon are alone visible above the surface. They then deposit their several burdens in a species of lighter, or flat-bottomed boat, which conveys them immediately to the larger vessels lying at anchor in the stream.

Arriving at length at the hospitable mansion of James Campbell, Esq., to whom we had introductory letters, we were invited to make his house our home. The American and Scotch merchants at Para are extremely kind to strangers; and, as there is not a single hôtel of any description in the place, one is obliged to throw himself upon the kindness and generosity of the inhabitants; yet, if he has good letters of introduction, he will have no difficulty in securing a residence,—ay, more, *a home*.

It was just three o'clock when we sat down to our first dinner in

Para. Barley soup was the only thing we saw ; but, this being quickly dispatched, roast and boiled beef were brought on the table. The meat was tolerably good, but was strongly flavoured with garlic, that indispensable article of cookery among the Brazilians and Portuguese.

A tempting assortment of vegetables figured conspicuously among the side-dishes ; but we confined our attention mostly to the unassuming beans and simple Irish potatoes, probably from an ill-founded prejudice for all edibles which were novel and unknown.

These things having been removed, port wine, oranges, bananas, and a variety of other tropical fruits were substituted, with which we regaled ourselves in the most sumptuous manner.

On the conclusion of the meal wooden toothpicks were handed round, and a few moments were spent in putting to rights our severely-tasked grinders.

We then discussed the merits of a Brazilian cigar ; the less said, however, about Para *cigars*, the better ; they are afforded at a very low price, and are made in a most miserable manner.

The tobacco of which they are made is intrinsically of a good quality, and is for the most part brought from the interior, where it grows spontaneously in the forest. It is lightly pressed into circular rolls of about three feet in length, which are closely wound with rattan, to protect them from the moisture of the atmosphere. These rolls contain from two to three pounds each, and are called "molhos de tobacco." Should you desire to conciliate the favour of any one of the natives, you cannot adopt a more certain means than of presenting him with one of these molhos. Shortly after dinner we once more sallied out into the open air. It was a charming afternoon ; and a delicious breeze from the sea fanned us, as we strolled on towards the Roscenia, or country seat of Mr. Smith, the American consul.

We met many fine-looking Indian women, carrying fruit, and other vendible commodities on their heads, while children of both sexes, without even "the summer garb of Eden," were running and sporting together in the different streets through which we passed.

Turning a certain corner, we perceived a number of half-naked blacks engaged in transporting a hogshead of wine. It was encircled by several ropes ; through the loop-holes of which long poles were run. These were supported on the shoulders of negroes who, uttered the same discordant chant as they moved on which has been before noticed.

We also encountered slaves carrying their mistresses about in a palanquin. This is a kind of curtained cab, and is sometimes ornamented in an exceedingly rich and beautiful manner. It is furnished with two wooden arms in front, and as many behind, by means of which it is transported from place to place by Indians or Negroes.

Invalids usually prefer taking the air in a hammock ; it being much more comfortable for such than the palanquin. It is suspended on a pole, sometimes overhung with a drapery of exquisite texture, and is composed of either cotton or fine grass, embroidered with feathers of the most brilliant hues.

Delighted with the appearance of the many strange spectacles which were continually presented to us, we were hardly conscious of our progress until we had arrived at the country residence of Mr. Smith—a neat little cottage, with a red tiled roof, and pleasant verandah, almost concealed from view by the luxuriance of the surrounding and overhanging foliage.

The consul received us with that cordiality for which he was eminently distinguished, and invited us to take a stroll with him through the shaded avenues of his garden. Accepting his kind invitation, we took our first peep at the fruit-trees, flowers, and other choice productions of the tropics—it was an epoch in our lives, and one of the happiest hours that we ever spent! On all sides of us, groups of orange, mango, guava, and lime trees, were drooping with the weight of their green and golden fruit—tall banana shrubs threw out their gigantic leaves, while the mellow fruit hung in immense clusters from its powerful stem—rows of coffee bushes lined the path on either side, teeming with blossoms of snowy whiteness—tempting pine-apples, standing alone on solitary stalks, lifted their heads above the bed of curious leaves by which they are surrounded—while flowering oleanders shot up to a prodigious height, and fragrant jessamines filled the atmosphere with delicious perfume!

Seating ourselves beneath the shelter of a vine-covered arbour, blooming with passion-flowers, we regaled our palates with a sumptuous repast of chosen fruits, which the amiable *senhora* of our host had caused to be provided. The “*Mangaba de Euyenne*,” or alligator pear, was indeed highly delectable. This favourite fruit was, in size, equal to that of a large orange, and, in colour, of a purplish hue. We cut it into two parts, and having extracted the stone, we put a little port wine and sugar into each of the halves, after the custom of the country, and then eat their marrow-like contents with a spoon—it was luscious beyond description!

On returning to Mr. Campbell's, where we were to pass the night, we encountered several water-carriers, walking slowly along by the side of their jar-laden mules. They were fine formed Saponians—thinly clad, and wore coarse hats, with brims of extraordinary dimensions. The mules were provided with panniers, swung over their backs, in each of which was placed a singularly-shaped earthenware jar, capable of holding several gallons of water. The city of Para is supplied with water from a single spring. This is situated in the suburbs of the town. Here may be seen congregated, at all hours of the day, a motley assemblage of men, women, and children, busily engaged in filling their different vessels from this never-failing fountain of nature!

A number of blacks bearing long poles on their shoulder, thickly strung with India-rubber shoes, also attracted our attention. These are for the most part manufactured in the interior, and are brought down the river for sale, by the natives. It has been estimated that at least two hundred and fifty thousand pairs of shoes are annually exported from the province, and the number is constantly on the increase.

A few words here respecting the tree itself, and the manufacture of the shoes, may not be out of place.

The tree (*Siphilla Elastica*) is quite peculiar in its appearance, and sometimes reaches the height of eighty, and even an hundred feet. The trunk is perfectly round, rather smooth, and protected by a bark of a light colour. The leaves grow in clusters of three together, are thin, and of an ovate form, and are from ten to fourteen inches in length. The centre leaf of the cluster is always the longest.

This remarkable tree bears a curious fruit of the size of a peach, which, although not very palatable, is eagerly sought after by different animals—it is separated into three lobes, which contain each a small black nut. The trees are tapped in the same manner that New

Englishers tap maple-trees. The trunk having been perforated, a yellowish liquid, resembling cream, flows out, which is caught in small clay cups, fastened to the tree. When these become full, their contents are emptied into large earthen jars, in which the liquid is kept until desired for use.

The operation of making the shoes is as simple as it is interesting. Imagine yourself, dear reader, in one of the *seringa* groves of Brazil. Around you are a number of good-looking natives, of low stature and olive complexions. All are variously engaged. One is stirring with a long wooden stick, the contents of a cauldron, placed over a pile of blazing embers. This is the liquid as it was taken from the rubber tree. Into this a wooden last, covered with clay and having a handle, is plunged. A coating of the liquid remains. You will perceive that another native then takes the last, and holds it in the smoke arising from the ignition of a species of palm fruit, for the purpose of causing the coating to assume a dark colour. The last is then plunged again into the cauldron, and this process is repeated, as in dipping candles, until the coating is of the required thickness. You will, moreover, notice a number of Indian girls, (some very pretty,) engaged in making various impressions, such as flowers, &c., upon the soft surface of the rubber, by means of their thumb nails, which are especially paired and cultivated for this purpose. After this final operation, the shoes are placed to the sun to harden, and large numbers of them may be seen laid out in mats in exposed situations. The aboriginal name of the rubber is *cahuchu*, from which the formidable word of *caoutchouc* is derived. In Para it is styled *borrachas* or *seringa*!

But to proceed. It was past sunset when we arrived at Mr. Campbell's. Having supped with him, we spent the former part of the evening in playing a sociable game of cards, and then strolled out again, to walk through the deserted avenues by moonlight. It was a glorious night! The air was redolent with the incense of flowers, and no sounds, but those of music and mirth, broke upon our ears! returning once more to the house, we ensconced ourselves in our hammocks, and while a crowd of strange and beautiful images were dancing in our minds, we happily fell asleep!

CHAPTER II.

The Province of Para,—Its vast Extent.—El Dorado, or the City of the Gilded King.—The Discovery of the Amazon by Orellana,—Fighting Women encountered on its Banks.—The Capture of Para by Lord Cochrane,—Present Condition.—Insurrection of 1835.

BEFORE resuming our personal narrative, we think it expedient to give our reader a brief account of the past history of the province, including a short notice of the disturbances of 1835. It may with truth be remarked, that there is no country of equal extent, which rivals Brazil in point of natural magnificence.

This vast empire is divided into nineteen provinces, of which that of Para is the largest and most productive. This immense territory lies immediately under the Equator, on both sides of the Amazon, and extends from the Atlantic to the borders of Peru. It contains not less than nine hundred thousand square miles; an area equal almost, in extent, to one half that of the whole United States, including all of its territories. It is entirely covered by a dense forest of indescribable grandeur and beauty, abounding in rare spices and valuable woods.

plants, and aromatics, of the most delightful odour, and bright plumaged birds, and singular animals, of endless varieties.

Throughout this wide domain, no white adventurer has ever roved! He may have sailed on the bosom of many of its noble rivers, or wandered along by the margin of its numerous streams, but the interior is to him as yet an untravelled region, whose silence has been undisturbed, save by the howling of animals, the discordant cries of unknown birds, and the yells of savage Indians, since the primeval dawn of creation! Speaking of the boundless country of the Amazons, Mr. Kidder, in his elaborate work, eloquently remarks:—

“No portion of the earth involves a greater degree of physical interest. Its central position upon the equator, its vast extent, its unlimited resources, its mammoth rivers, and the romance that still lingers in its name and history, are all peculiar. Three hundred years have elapsed since this region was discovered, but down to the present day, two-thirds of it remain uncivilized and unexplored!”

For the discovery of the existence of Amazonia, posterity is indebted to Orellana, one of the companions of the cruel and blood-thirsty Gonzalo Pizarro, in his futile search after the imaginary city of “El Dorado,” or the “Gilded King.”

“This was a magnificent city, of golden palaces, and streets paved with precious stones, supposed to exist somewhere in the interior of South America. Exaggerated accounts of it had been given to the credulous Spaniards by the crafty natives, which excited the avariciousness of the former to such a degree, that they did not hesitate to shed the blood of all who denied its existence, believing they did so from an unwillingness to give them any information concerning it. Thus does cupidity throw a dark shadow before the eyes of its votaries!”

It was in the year 1544 that Pizarro, with an army of three hundred soldiers, and four thousand Indians left Quito, the capital of the Peruvian empire, for the purpose of discovering this famous city of gold.

Innumerable and arduous were the obstacles they met, and the privations and hardships they were forced to encounter. They were obliged to cut their way through a dense forest, abounding in wild beasts of various kinds, and snakes and reptiles of the most dangerous descriptions—to climb mountains and descend steep precipices—to cross plains submerged with water, to wade through putrefying lagoons and marshes, and to contend with numerous savage tribes of Indians, who surrounded them on all sides.

For many toilsome weeks they journeyed on! Their provisions becoming exhausted, they were threatened with all the miseries of famine, and were necessitated to make food of their dogs and horses—a great number had died, others were sick, and when at last they reached the banks of the river Napo, hardly more than one-tenth of the army remained, and these were almost worn out with their sufferings.

Here Pizarro encamped; and having heard reports from the natives of a larger river into which this flowed, he dispatched a vessel under the command of Francisco de Orellana to ascertain this fact, and if possible to procure a fresh supply of provisions.

After having sailed down the river some two or three hundred miles, all idea of returning, on the part of Orellana, was abandoned. He saw that it would be utterly impossible for him to carry any relief to Pizarro and his army, and knew that by prosecuting his journey, and discovering the mighty river, of which they had heard such glowing accounts, he

might save the lives, and clothe the names of himself and companions with undying glory !

Stimulated with such inspiring hopes, they continued their voyage down the river. Its banks were lined by a gigantic and beautiful vegetation, whose tall trees cast their long shadows over the water, and protected the voyagers from the overpowering rays of the sun.

At the expiration of eight days, they discovered a small Indian settlement, situated on the bank of the river, which they immediately took possession of, in the name of the crown of Castile. The natives were at first exceedingly frightened and fled away into the woods—acquiring confidence, they afterwards returned, bringing with them fruits and various kinds of provisions, which they offered to their strange and unaccountable visitors. Orellana having remained at this settlement until he had built a new vessel, once more resumed his voyage. Many were the startling adventures which they encountered in sailing down the rapid current of the mighty Amazon. Not the least of these was their meeting with a party of Amazons, or fighting women, who are described by Friar Gaspar, as being tall in stature, symmetrical in form, and decorated with long and luxuriant tresses of braided hair. This story was doubtless a fable, invented for the purpose of throwing a shade of romance over their wonderful voyage. Certainly no such women now exist on the Amazon, and in all probability never did ! Yet the fiction of the discoverer has given a name to the river, which will long outlive his own !

At the expiration of seven months Orellana arrived at the ocean. Having landed at a certain island in order to repair his vessels, he sailed direct for Spain. He was received with great honour by the sovereign, to whom he gave an exaggerated account of his extraordinary voyage, and the important discoveries he had made.

A second expedition was soon fitted out; which, however, was unsuccessful. On account of the multiplicity of small islands in its mouth, they were unable to find the main branch of the river, and were obliged to return without having accomplished anything worthy of remark. Soon after this event Orellana languished and died. Several efforts have been made to restore his name to the river, but in vain. It is destined to be called "The Amazon" for ever.

The intervention of the island of Murujo in the mouth of the Amazon constitutes two great branches, the southern one of which has been termed "The Para River." On this the city is situated, near its junction with the Tocantino. The city has about fifteen thousand inhabitants, including blacks and Indians. It was founded by Francisco Caldeira in 1616, and was designated as "The City of Saint Mary of Bethlehem,"—a name which it retains to the present day in some of the public papers and documents. Its exact position is in latitude $1^{\circ} 28'$ south, and longitude $48^{\circ} 28'$ west. The Portuguese language is the one generally spoken. It is soft and musical in its accent, and may with readiness be acquired.

Previous to the revolution of 1823, Para was subject to the authority of Portugal. It was then taken by Lord Cochrane, and compelled to swear allegiance to Don Pedro II. This object having been accomplished by stratagem, the people were very boisterous, and could not be quelled, except by severe and sanguinary measures. Several of the mob-leaders were shot, and two hundred and fifty others were taken prisoners. It was found necessary to place these in the hold of a ~~small~~

vessel lying in the harbour, the hatches of which were guarded by fifteen Brazilian soldiers. The following graphic description of this occurrence is given by Mr. Kidder in his work on Brazil, who derived it from creditable Portuguese authority :—"Crowded until almost unable to breathe, and suffering alike from hunger and thirst, the poor wretches attempted to force their way on deck, but were repulsed by the guard, who, after firing upon them, and fastening down the hatchway, threw a piece of ordnance across it, and effectually debarred all egress. The stifling sensation caused by this exclusion of air drove the suffering crowd to utter madness, and many are said to have lacerated and mangled each other in the most horrible manner. Suffocation, with all its agonies, succeeded. The aged and the young, the strong and feeble, the assailant and his antagonist, all sunk down exhausted, and in the agonies of death. In the hope of alleviating their sufferings, a stream of water was at length let into the hold, and towards morning the tumult abated; but from a cause which had not been anticipated. Of all the two hundred and fifty-thrèe, four only were found alive, who had escaped destruction by concealing themselves behind a water-butt."

All that can be said in extenuation of this deplorable catastrophe is, that it proceeded more from carelessness and gross ignorance than from deliberation or design.

The present condition of Para is exceedingly auspicious. Peace and quiet now prevail throughout its extensive wilds, undisturbed by the sounds of warfare, or the shouts of infuriated savages. Nature seems to have lavished upon this favoured province her choicest gifts, her most alluring charms. Here bloom the gayest flowers, distilling their fragrance on the air around. Here flourish the loftiest trees, whose feathery branches wave in the softest breeze. Where can be found more picturesque and romantic scenery, or a purer and sweeter atmosphere. Her mammoth rivers, flowing rapidly from the lofty mountains in which their childhood was nurtured, wander through the recesses of a forest of unrivalled grandeur, distributing their fertilizing influence on every side. No sound now breaks their pervading stillness save the voices of occasional wanderers, or the notes of happy birds.

But this repose has not always existed. No longer ago than the year 1835 this lovely province was the scene of a violent commotion. Massacre, with her bloody hand, brandished over the city her glittering weapon, stained with human gore. The war-shouts of revengeful Indians rung through the silent avenues of the forest. Strange echoes startled the solitudes of the groves, and the innocent birds fled affrighted from their sylvan homes, to seek for themselves a place of greater security in the very heart of the wilderness.

It was on the 14th of August that a large body of Indians, provoked beyond measure at the numerous injuries which they had sustained from the government of Para, and instigated by the example of a number of mutinous soldiers, who had assassinated the president of the province, together with several others in authority, suddenly descended to revenge their many wrongs, by taking immediate possession of the capital.

This outbreak was wholly unexpected, and the inhabitants were therefore but poorly prepared to sustain so vigorous an attack. For three days, however, a brave, though useless, resistance was manifested by the citizens, who barricadoed some of the strongest houses, and having fortified the windows by means of large cotton-bales, they kept up a continual fire upon their ruthless invaders.

The commander of an English man-of-war at anchor in the harbour sent ashore a body of marines, to assist in the defence of the city. On account, however, of the pusillanimous conduct of the new president these were soon withdrawn; but the guns of the vessel were turned towards the city, and a destructive fire kept up incessantly against the insurgents.

But, notwithstanding all efforts, resistance proved futile; force and numbers finally prevailed, and the city itself was abandoned to the destruction of the enemy. The lives and property of foreigners had been respected by the Indians, and no women or children were slaughtered during the conflict. This fact discloses a trait in the character of the natives, which is certainly worthy of commendation. It shows, moreover, that they were not instigated by cruelty, but only by a natural desire to redress the manifold insults which had been heaped upon them by their persecutors.

The citizens betook themselves to the different vessels in the harbour, which conveyed them to Maranham, a flourishing seaport, distant about four or five hundred miles from Para.

For nine months the Indians held undisturbed possession of the city; at the expiration of which time it was retaken by a body of imperial soldiers, under the command of General Andrea. Great changes, however, had been wrought during this period of anarchy and repose. The houses had been pillaged of everything that was valuable; flourishing plantations had been destroyed by fire; and the streets of the city were so filled up with gigantic weeds as to be almost impassable, while hundreds of human skeletons, blanched to a chalky whiteness by the rays of the sun, lay glistening among the grass. These were all collected together into an immense pile, and burnt in one of the public squares of the city.

Since this period no disturbances have occurred; and probably none will, until fresh cruelties on the part of the Portuguese shall again rouse the dormant passions of the Indians, and excite them to revenge.

LILLA'S BLUSHES.

WONDROUS as the mystic light
Born near realms of ancient night
Are my Lilla's blushes.
Like the Aurora's changeful hue,
Ever varying, ever new,
Are my Lilla's blushes.
Glorious as the eastern sky,
When the orb of day is nigh,
Are my Lilla's blushes.
Melting as the glowing west
When in fairest colours drest,
Are my Lilla's blushes.
Beauteous as the tint that glows
Upon the breast of new-blown rose
Are my Lilla's blushes.
And, do you ask me now to tell
What master-hand could paint so well
My fond Lilla's blushes?
Love paints the wonder, glory, change,
The brighter glow, the beauty strange,—
Love paints Lilla's blushes.

D. B.

PATRICK O'ROURKE ;

OR, THE LOVES OF MISTHRESS BIDDY O'KELLY AND THE
PRINCE FROM FURRIN PARTS.

BY E. C. MURRAY.

ONCE upon a time, as the story-tellers say, there was a little, red-headed, rascally Moor, named Absalom Esoosy, who travelled between Tangier and Gibraltar with cargoes of fowls and other provisions destined for the town and garrison.

Many were the weary voyages that Absalom (who had moreover a true Moslem horror of the sea) made in the little Spanish mysticos that traded between these ports; coarse was his fare, old and rusty his gebab, and sharper and sharper grew the taunts of his two wives, —for an amorous man was Esoosy,—when he returned and displayed his scanty profits.

It began also to be whispered about, that, when at Gibraltar, Seedy Absalom *had* been seen in a state which argued at least a temporary oblivion of the prophet's injunction against wine, and this, added to some other things, formed so excellent a theme for his wives to harangue upon, that Seedy Absalom, though at heart as merry a little fellow as could be found between Mechnaz and Timbuctoo, became under these accumulated woes the most miserable dog alive.

It happened when Esoosy's cup of bitterness was full to overflowing, that an Irish regiment, the gallant —th arrived in quarters at Gibraltar, and among the newly enlisted privates was one Patrick O'Rourke, from Tipperary, as tight a boy as ever kissed a purty gal, or drank success to "O'Connell and Repale" in a bumper of whiskey.

Now Pat had enlisted while in a fit of jealousy and anger with one Molly Macqueen, his sweetheart in the ould counthry, but the drillings of the awkward squad, the marchings and counter-marchings, added to his narrow escape from a flogging on several occasions, were by no means to Pat's liking, and bitterly he lamented the day when he had taken the king's bounty, and enlisted in the gallant —th.

One day, after parade, as Pat, in a disconsolate mood, was leaning against a post on the quay, and looking wistfully over the salt seas in the direction in which he supposed Ireland to be, his attention was attracted by a little red-headed man, dressed in what appeared to Pat a curious kind of sheet, and who, leaning also against a neighbouring post, was gazing upon the sea with a look something similar to his own, but the red-headed man had the advantage of Pat, for every now and then, he drew a wooden flask from beneath the sheet, and took a long thirsty pull.

"Bedad," says Pat O'Rourke, to himself, "but that's a quare customer anyhow. Is it a man or a woman? Arrah, now, boy, an' don't ye see the crather's got a beard, an' a mighty red one it is too? Sure an' it may be the king of the counthry near here as I've heerd so much talk about. I'll spake to him anyhow." And so Pat, sidling up to the Moor, who was no other than Seedy Absalom Esoosy, opened the conversation. "It's a mighty fine day this, yer hanner," said Pat.

"Want any fowls to dai, sa," returned the Moor (who had picked

up this phrase in his professional journeys to Gibraltar, and like most of his brethren thought it the customary salutation among Englishmen) at the same time nodding his head pleasantly and extending the wooden bottle, for he was a convivial little man.

"Be the powers an' ye'r a sthrange little fellow. Here's to yer hanner's health, an' long life to yes," said Pat, taking a long pull at the bottle, which he found contained excellent brandy.

Now Pat and little Absalom were two spirits formed after each other's own hearts in the self same model, and they soon became mighty pleasant and communicative,—for good brandy is an excellent interpreter between such kindred spirits,—and they were so pleased with each other that they had agreed to meet again the next day before the call of the trumpet summoned Pat back to the barracks.

"He's a broth of a boy that, a jew'l of a sinner," said Pat, as he staggered home to barracks, where he received a sharp reprimand from his officer. "What, drunk again, Pat," said he, you must go on guard to-morrow, and if I find you so again for a month, I'll have you put in the black hole."

Pat groaned in spirit, but as even his punishment would not interfere with his meeting his new friend on the next day, he solaced himself with the hope of drowning his cares in the brandy-bottle of the jolly little Mussulman, like a true Irishman, careless of the consequences.

Accordingly, night after night, whenever the little red-headed Moslem was at Gibraltar, he and Pat met together and passed their time in such a manner as generally to ensure some punishment to the latter on his return to quarters.

In their frequent meetings it was not long before Patrick O'Rourke picked up enough "Hairyback," (Arabic,) and little Absalom enough Irish to understand each other extremely well, and in a very short time they were mutually informed that they were heartily sick of their respective conditions, and accordingly the following plan was agreed on between them, as a means of improving their fortunes.

It was proposed that Seedy Absalom Esoosy and three other of his friends should go to England, and exhibit themselves in London, as some of their countrymen, who had already done so, made a great deal of money, and Pat was to accompany them as their guide and counsellor.

As it was not convenient, however, to the parties to find money sufficient to purchase Pat's discharge, they contrived that a disguise should be provided for him similar to their own, namely, the dress of a Portuguese Jew, for habited as Moors they would not have been able to get away so easily.

Accordingly Pat's head having been shaved and his chin dignified with a long black beard, purchased from a Jew, he was smuggled by his companions into the hold of a merchant ship bound for London, and highly elated with the success of their stratagem, the whole party started in high glee for London, that rendezvous for fortune-hunters of all nations.

On their arrival they found little difficulty in obtaining an engagement from one of the purveyors of human curiosities for the discerning public, for what they had to shew was really curious. Many of our readers will recollect them; one of their feats was standing all five one above another, the topmost man waving a dag-

ger, which post being that of ease and honour, Pat, who was habited in a complete Moorish costume, usually contrived should be his.

When they had ended their engagement in London, they proceeded to Edinburgh, and lastly to Dublin, and found no difficulty in obtaining an engagement as before.

It happened, no one ever knew how, during their residence in Dublin that little Absalom contrived to make the acquaintance of a certain Misthress Biddy O'Kelly, an Irish widow, who kept a snug grocer's shop in that fair city, and the widow and he soon became on terms of the closest intimacy.

A pleasant thing it was to see the little red-headed Moor surrounded by a bevy of Irish dames, acquaintances of the widow, relating his adventures in Irish-English with an Arabic accent, for a polite man had Esoosy become, with his wheedling ways, "Bai yer lave, marm," "Bee dadd an' ye'rr a swate leetee weedee," "Bee dee powers an' eet's meesel datt can't shleept von veenk vor teen-keen off yee."*

These were pleasant days for the little infidel, and he got on so well with the widow, that, to the envy of all her acquaintance, within a month from their acquaintance she married the great prince from "furrin parts," as she declared the little rascal to be; and selling the shop, they commenced living in grand style.

Redder and redder waxed the red face of the infidel under the influence of the widow's smiles and the good cheer with which he daily regaled himself; and scornfully looked his wife upon her old acquaintances, for money came plentifully in, and the party were yet engaged to make a tour of the provinces, even when the Dublin public, who nightly flocked to see them, were satisfied.

As philosophers of all time have observed, a man, however prosperous, is never satisfied till he has displayed his grandeur and consequence to his early friends, and little Absalom began to think what an important personage he should now be among his countrymen with all the wealth he had acquired among the Christian dogs; and this thought grew upon him the more strongly since the widow sometimes made him taste a little of the domestic discipline to which a Moslem husband is happily a stranger.

Visions of little red-headed counterparts of himself, too, that he had left behind in his fatherland, came before his mental eye, especially the next morning after he had partaken a little too freely of whiskey punch, and accordingly he communicated these thoughts to his companions, who had perhaps their own reasons for entering into them more warmly than he had expected. So one fine morning this troop of foreign princes absconded from their various lodgings, forgetting to pay the rent, but taking away everything belonging to them with a marvellously accurate memory, and some things that did not, shewing, on the latter occasion, a great deal of curious discernment in the value of metals, inasmuch as they took away any articles of gold or silver that lay about, and religiously left such as were only gilt or plated.

* For fear the gentle reader should be unable to decypher the precise meaning of this dialect, we beg to say that *Anglicè* it means, "By your leave, madam!" "By my father's beard, you are a sweet little widow!" "By the powers, it is myself that cannot sleep a wink for thinking of you!" which serve to shew the forcible and original style of compliments used by the lady-killing Moslem.

Two only of the party were left behind, the Princess Esoosy, ex-widow of the grocer, and Patrick O'Rourke.

A woeful woman was the princess, when she found that the foreign potentate, with whom she had linked her fate, had abandoned her.

"Ah, the thief!" said she. "Ah, the dirthy little Turkh, wi his blarney an' ways, to have come over a lone woman in this way; an' I sold me shop too, and all, an' he's taken me gould watch away wid him has he, an' the money I kept in mee ould stocking," she continued, her wrath increasing as a further search revealed the extent of her losses. "But its meself that's his lawful wife, an' wait till I lay hands on him, that's all!"

And an angry man was O'Rourke, when he found that his companions had gone, and left him with sundry responsibilities, after having wheedled the manager out of a week's salary, in which his own was included, in advance.

But the furrin princes got safe to Cork, notwithstanding the indignation of their late friends, and embarked thence to Cadix, on their way home again; and nothing more would probably ever have been heard of them, had it not been for the untiring perseverance of the disconsolate Princess Esoosy, in seeking out and endeavouring to recover her lost lord.

With this view she applied to the Foreign Office, and dunned with such unremitting perseverance, that application was at last made through our agent in Morocco to the Moorish authorities, to obtain at least an allowance from the prince for the support of his wife, when an answer to the following effect was returned.

It was stated, that, on his return, Seedy Absalom Esoosy had settled at Fez, and commenced trading in silks, gold-dust, and other valuable merchandize, by which he had attained to great wealth; but at his death, which had lately occurred, the sultan lord of all had laid his hands upon the goods and coffers of Absalom, declaring that "his wealth had been obtained by means unbecoming the dignity of a Mussulman;" and even his Moorish wives, amounting to four (in consequence of Seedy Absalom having increased his establishment as fortune smiled upon him), and their children had become all literally beggars. As for poor Mrs. O'Kelly it was added that a Mohammedan could not marry a Christian woman, nor could she inherit his property.*

Mr. Patrick O'Rourke was imprisoned shortly after the departure of his friends, for their debts, and a "thrifle" of his own, and on the expiration of his term, set up as an eastern sage and fortune-teller, by which I believe he is still making an excellent thing. Many is the coroneted carriage that report says has been seen at the corner of the street where he lives, and fair and bright are the forms that seek the dwelling of the soothsayer, who, with the true secret of his craft, in all times, says few things of a disagreeable nature, and none that will not bear a double interpretation. The step that was heavy in going to the sage, is light and blythesome when it returns; the tearful eye looks bright again, and the faded lip wears a smile after an interview with the sage, "the Scheik Mohammed al hadj Eruorko," as he calls himself, his own name transposed being the most imposing he could think of.

* All this is literally and circumstantially true, having passed under the writer's own eye.

THE MILITARY CAREER OF THE CELEBRATED EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.

"A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
And o'er-inform'd the tenement of clay."

CHARLES MORDAUNT, Earl of Peterborough, was one of the most remarkable of those "well known to fame," by whose singular powers and qualifications the glory of our island has been sustained. Eminent as a military leader and a diplomatist, he was also possessed of undoubted literary talents. He associated with all the wits and men of letters of Queen Anne's reign on terms of mental equality, with each even in their own peculiar walk. Poetry of no mean merit was the production of his lighter hours; and while some of his familiar letters bear advantageous comparison with those of Gay, Arbuthnot, Swift, and Pope, his deeds on the field of battle were more brilliant though less important than those of Marlborough, and left to the Duke of Wellington himself but the place of a follower on the path of glory. His face was thin but prepossessing, his eye lively and penetrating, his frame thin, short, and spare, happily formed for the endurance of the hardships and fatigue imposed by the ceaseless activity and unquenchable energy of the spirit within.

Lord Peterborough was born in 1658; in June 1675, he succeeded to the family estate, and the title of Lord Mordaunt. The early part of his life was passed in the naval service, under the Admirals Torrington and Narborough in the Mediterranean. In 1680 he accompanied the Earl of Plymouth in the expedition to Tangier; there against the Moors he had the first opportunity of distinguishing himself. With this singular man such an opportunity was never neglected.

Soon after Lord Mordaunt's return from this expedition, he entered upon political life by throwing himself into constant and strenuous opposition to the court. The House of Peers was his scene of action, the Test Act his subject. The young orator evinced great ability in the debates upon this measure, and in the quaint language of the times is quoted as "one of the chief arguers" against it. This hostility to the dominant power increased when James II. ascended the throne. Lord Mordaunt engaged, with that enthusiastic vehemence which always characterized him, in all the secret plans of what was called the country party. This powerful body chose him as the manager of their difficult and dangerous intrigues with the Prince of Orange. Being very obnoxious to the court, and marked as a partizan of the opposition, he had the boldness to ask permission of the king to be allowed to accept the command of a Dutch squadron about to sail for the West Indies from Holland. James had the magnanimity to grant this request, although his purpose could not be doubtful. On landing in the Netherlands, Mordaunt immediately waited upon the Prince William to offer his services. He was the first of the English nobility that openly paid his respects to the future king. He was received with great cordiality, and his somewhat abrupt and crude propositions for an immediate invasion of England were listened to with a readiness and condescension that proved he was considered as an accredited ambassador from the revolutionary party in Great Britain. Burnet, however, tells us that

he represented the matter of the conquest as so easy that it appeared too romantic to the prince for any confidence to be placed in his information and prudence. The same writer tells us, "that he was a man of much heat, many notions, and full of discourse; that he was brave and generous, but had not true judgment, that his thoughts were crude and undigested, and his secrets soon known."

In spite of these objections against him as counsellor to a man of William's cold and cautious temper, Mordaunt was actively engaged in every important arrangement for the revolution, and at length attended the prince hither in 1688. On his leader's elevation, he reaped the reward of the valuable services rendered to the house of Orange, by being called to the privy council, and appointed a lord of the bed-chamber. On the 8th of April, 1689, he was placed in the high office of first commissioner of the treasury; on the following day he received the title of Earl of Monmouth, and a few weeks afterwards was installed lord lieutenant of Northamptonshire.

The cautious William of Orange appears never to have placed full confidence in his gifted but dangerous follower; the characters of the two men were essentially different. Notwithstanding the honours so liberally bestowed, this powerful friend was always treated by his prince as though he might some day become an enemy. These doubts were not without sufficient foundation: in the many years in which this harvest of rewards had been obtained, it appears that Mordaunt became apprised of a Jacobite movement in Scotland, and far from disclosing the important information to William, he rather betrayed a favourable inclination to the conspiracy. Montgomery, James' agent in England, acquired considerable influence among many of the Whigs at this time; the Duke of Bolton, as well as Mordaunt, incited by their enmity to the Earl of Portland, wavered, to say the least, in their faith to William, and were disposed to think they could obtain good terms from James. Hoping that the dethroned monarch might be instructed by the disastrous results of former errors, they were not unwilling to trust him once again.

Monmouth not having compromised himself by any overt act of infidelity, maintained his ground in the apparent estimation of the king; but in the spring of 1694, when William was obliged to conciliate the new parliament, wherein the Tory party predominated; Monmouth was dismissed with other obnoxious ministers. He quitted his office at the treasury on the 2d of May in that year, and was not again employed under this reign. On the 19th of June, 1697, he succeeded to the title and estates of the family at the death of his uncle, Henry, Earl of Peterborough.

The four years subsequent to his dismissal from office, Lord Peterborough passed in graceful indolence, in the society of the brightest spirits of the age, and the cultivation of elegant literature; in building, and in improving and beautifying his estates; nor did he neglect to extend his views and increase his information by the essential advantages of foreign travel. In these refining and pleasing pursuits he seems to have altogether abstracted himself from the turmoil of public affairs; but in him was wanting the only sure foundation for a tranquil and happy tone of mind—he was not a Christian; he did not even assume the decency of concealing his dreary and hopeless scepticism. During a visit to the excellent Fenelon, at the archiepiscopal palace at Cambray, he was so charmed with his host's benevolence and sweet-

ness of temper, and edified by his beautiful lectures, that he said to the Chevalier Ramsay, "On my word I must quit this place as soon as possible, for if I stay here another week, I shall be a Christian in spite of myself."

On the accession of Queen Anne to the British throne, Peterborough was again brought into notice by the Whig ministry, and received the appointment of governor of Jamaica. He held this employment for more than two years; on the 27th of March, 1705, he was sworn of the privy council, and at the same time declared general of the forces then about to embark for Spain; the singular commission of joint admiral of the fleet as coadjutor of Sir Cloudesley Shovel, was also bestowed upon him. To place Charles of Austria upon the Spanish throne was the splendid and romantic object of this expedition.

Lord Peterborough had no experience, or credentials of former success to recommend him to a trust of such great responsibility and importance, beyond the two volunteer expeditions of his boyhood. Such military knowledge as he possessed, he had obtained during a campaign in Flanders, when he accompanied William of Orange, in 1692; on this occasion, however, he had no distinct command, nor any recognized duty to perform. But he possessed intuitively the qualifications of a great general, quickness of apprehension, promptness of decision, with the firmness to act when he had decided. His talent for partisan warfare more especially has never been exceeded or perhaps equalled. He planned with secrecy and executed with astonishing rapidity. His courage was carried to the verge of rashness, his generosity to the verge of profusion. Fertile in expedients, undaunted by difficulty, he rose superior to circumstances, and turned the most formidable obstacles into stepping-stones for his success.

Lord Peterborough owed the appointment to this important command to the Duke of Marlborough, then in the height of his influence; that great man was eminently gifted with a power of quick perception of those qualities in another which shone so splendidly in himself. The first difficulties the general met with arose from the crippled state of the national finances, but after a time he succeeded in borrowing 100,000*l.* of a Jew named Curtosis, on the condition of the lender obtaining the contract for the supply of provisions and other requisites for the army; this sum was ultimately repaid by the treasury, but besides this borrowed money, he incurred a very great expense in conveying his retinue to Barcelona; for this outlay he was never repaid. Having by these means provided some horses, and the indispensable requisites for his troops, he sailed from England on the 24th of May, taking with him the Archduke Charles, whose cause he was about to plead with the sharp argument of his sword.

After a short visit at Lisbon, he sailed to join the squadron under Sir Cloudesley Shovel; having met it at the appointed station off Tangier, the united fleet sailed for Gibraltar, where they exchanged two regiments, with two from the garrison. The Prince of Hesse d'Armstadt joined the expedition at that place; he had been viceroy of Catalonia, where he was much beloved, and he was received on board the fleet with great satisfaction, as his knowledge of the country and popularity among the inhabitants could not fail to be of importance; his personal courage, and merit as a commander had also been well established in public estimation. From Gibraltar, they sailed to Altea bay near Valencia, where they continued for ten days: thence a squadron

was detached against Denia, which readily surrendered, and on this first spot of Spanish ground the Archduke Charles was proclaimed the lawful king.

The force under Lord Peterborough's command was found to be so miserably deficient in numerical strength, that it was deemed immediately necessary to discuss the propriety of abandoning the expedition. A council of war was held for this purpose on their disembarkation in the Bay of Barcelona. The bold but judicious general proposed to march at once upon Madrid, hoping by that daring step to overawe, distract, and divide the Castilian nobles. The enemy had no force in the centre of Spain, all their troops being moved to guard the frontiers of the kingdom, or to garrison the important border cities, especially Barcelona, under whose walls they stood. With Philip the Fifth at the capital, there were only a few troops of horse in any condition, and barely sufficient to mount the palace guards. If, therefore, he had possessed himself of Valencia, or any other sea-port town, to secure his landing, there is but little doubt that Madrid would have fallen into his hands. But the Archduke Charles, by whose presence Peterborough was encumbered, together with his countryman the Prince of Hesse d'Armstadt, protested against what they considered so hazardous a scheme. The general was, in consequence of their opposition, obliged to fix on some more isolated point of attack. His choice was Barcelona. This siege was the first and greatest feature of his Spanish story. Although the daring plans first proposed by the earl would most probably have caused a total revolution in the war, the course he was constrained to pursue against his judgment and inclinations, contributed much more to his great personal reputation, by frequently placing him in circumstances of such difficulty as, to another general, would have appeared insurmountable.

D'Armstadt's reiterated assurances that the inhabitants of Barcelona were much divided in political sentiments, and that the majority were in favour of the archduke, at length determined the advance of the army upon that city on the 27th of August. The prince's hopes of a popular insurrection proved unfounded: only 1500 Miquelets joined his standard; and the defences of the place proved so formidable, on inspection, that they who had urged and procured the descent were now eager for re-embarkation. But Peterborough, having once put his foot upon the Spanish soil, would not recede: supported by the almost solitary opinion of General Stanhope, one of his best and bravest officers, he determined to besiege the place in form.

During three weeks he persevered, making but little progress, and harassed all the time by the dissensions and gloomy forebodings of his companions. In moments of peculiar difficulty and suffering, men usually make up the sum of their calamities by discord. The archduke, the Prince of d'Armstadt, and the Dutch admiral, all protested against the enterprise which they had prompted, "as visible ruin, as without any prospect of success, and against all military rules." Even the British troops became infected with these doubts; they professed themselves hopeless, and only willing to make some attack upon the city, that they might not, to use their own phrase, "be taunted with first coming like fools, and then going back like cowards."

These accumulated difficulties only animated Peterborough to greater exertion. A careful examination of the localities around enabled him to form a most skilful, though apparently rash design. The city of

Barcelona is commanded on one side by the strong fort or citadel of Montjuich, built on the last summit of a rugged range of hills, and, both from its position and artificial defences, considered impregnable. The reduction of this formidable stronghold was looked upon as a necessary consequence of the possession of the city; but the plan of its being first stormed and taken does not appear to have suggested itself to either party. Lord Peterborough hoped that the garrison of Montjuich might have relaxed their vigilance, on account of this fancied security, and thus be rendered unprepared to resist a sudden attack. He went out to examine the fortifications, accompanied only by an aide-de-camp, and without communicating his intentions to any one: having convinced himself, by the evidence of his own keen observation, that the garrison were negligent and unprepared, he formed his plans with extraordinary boldness, and kept them in profound secrecy. To no one, not even to his particular friend Stanhope, did he announce his intentions; but declared to all alike his resolution to raise the siege on a particular day, and pass over with his army to Italy.

In pursuance of his designs, the heavy artillery employed in the siege was sent on board the ships, and every preparation made for the embarkation of the forces on the day mentioned. Peterborough had all this time to bear the unceasing taunts and upbraidings of the archduke and his German courtiers; to endure these attacks was but little trial to the proud spirit of the man who said, "From the height of my own greatness I look down upon king and peers, and people, as though they were all men of like proportions."

So well did the preparations for the abandonment of the siege conceal his real purpose, that on the very night when his troops were on the march to the attack of Montjuich, there were public entertainments and rejoicings in Barcelona for his retreat.

On the memorable night of the 13th of September, the Prince of Hesse d'Armstadt was informed that Lord Peterborough wished to speak with him. The prince was in his quarters, and had not exchanged a word with the general for a fortnight. Peterborough soon appeared, advancing at the head of 1200 foot and 200 horse. "I have determined," said he, "to make this night an attempt upon the enemy. You may now, if you please, be a judge of our behaviour, and see whether my officers and soldiers really deserve the bad character which you of late have so readily imputed to them." The prince, although astounded at the suddenness of the enterprise, immediately put himself in the saddle, and joined the line of march. These two brave men, so lately hostile, but now again united in the hour of danger, rode on together, side by side, to meet the foe.

The execution of Lord Peterborough's plan was as able and prudent as its conception was bold. Some light field artillery was kept in readiness, and Stanhope was posted with 1000 men at a convent midway between the camp and the city. He himself, leading his troops by a circuitous route along the foot of the heights, made his way unobserved under the hill of Montjuich, to within less than a quarter of a mile of the outer works. It was then two hours before daylight: his followers naturally concluded, that whatever might be the design, he would of course take advantage of the darkness for its accomplishment. But Peterborough, calling his officers together, explained to them his plan, and the reasons for its adoption. He demonstrated that there would be no chance of success unless the enemy could be induced to come

forth into the outer ditch to receive them. Were this object gained, the English troops might receive their first fire, rush in upon them, and enter the fortress pell-mell as they retreated: it was, therefore, necessary to wait till the dawn. He concluded by promising ample rewards to such as should distinguish themselves in the coming fight. He then divided his force into several parties; the post of honour and danger was reserved for himself; the Prince of d'Armstadt, with 280 men, were his immediate command.

The signal for attack was given at the first break of day. Peterborough's division advanced rapidly to the charge, and following his orders, rushed fiercely in upon the Spaniards, after having received the first fire. The defenders made a short struggle; but, seeing fresh foes pouring on, soon fled in confusion. The earl and the prince, pushing their advantage, pursued the Spaniards closely through the covered way, and in a few moments were in possession of the bastion on which the assault had been directed. Fortunately for the assailants, a pile of stones lay in the ditch of the bastion, for the repairs of the rampart: with this they made a sort of breast-work, to protect themselves before the defenders recovered from the surprise, or could direct any heavy fire upon them from the keep or the inner fort. Meanwhile the Spanish general, wholly occupied in resisting this fierce attack, brought all his force to bear upon the threatened point, leaving the western and distant defences almost unoccupied. The English division whose advance was directed against these exposed portions of the works, immediately profited by the advantage, scaled the walls, and got possession of three pieces of cannon, with no loss, and scarcely any opposition. They had even abundant leisure to cast up a little entrenchment, and put the captured guns into position for its defence. From this point the enemy would have been commanded, and thus exposed to a murderous fire, had they attempted to sally out from the keep against the English troops. Each moment increased the difficulties of the Spaniards: they could not venture on a counter-attack; and the assailants had only to hold their ground till cannon and mortars arrived to complete their conquest. Meanwhile there was a total cessation of hostilities, both parties being under cover: this was the time Peterborough ordered up Stanhope's reserve.

The viceroy, Velasco, having heard the firing from the city, immediately sent out 400 dragoons, with orders that one-half of them should dismount for the relief of the foot, and the other half return with their horses to the city. These orders, judiciously given, were no less judiciously executed: the dragoons reached the keep, and were received by their besieged comrades with shouts of joyful exultation. Their loud cries were unhappily mistaken by the Prince of d'Armstadt for signals of surrender. He rashly advanced with about 300 men, without having received orders to do so from the general. The Spaniards allowed them to enter the ditch of the keep, and then suddenly burst upon them, taking prisoners two-thirds of their number. Lord Peterborough, attracted to the scene of the disaster by the firing, arrived only in time to meet the prince leading back the remainder of his force. While a few hurried words of explanation were passing between them, a bullet struck the unfortunate D'Armstadt in the thigh, and he fell dead at Peterborough's feet.

At this unpropitious moment, when the general had just lost one of his bravest officers and many of his best men, an aide-de-camp gallop-

ed up, with the news that 3000 Spaniards were on the march from Barcelona for the relief of the fort. Peterborough promptly made the necessary dispositions, and then rode out to observe the advance of the enemy. Even this momentary absence imperilled the success of the enterprise: a sudden panic seized the stout hearts of the British soldiers, and even reached to their temporary commander, Lord Charlemont, a man of undoubted personal bravery, but lamentably deficient in the far nobler attribute of moral courage.

Under the influence of this sudden impulse, the troops abandoned their hardly won positions, and retreated from the fort. A few moments more, and the fruits of the genius and daring of the general would have been utterly lost by the weakness of his subordinates; but the gallant Capt. Carleton, on the first appearance of the panic, instead of losing time by a vain endeavour to allay it, at once hurried after Lord Peterborough to acquaint him with what he justly called "this shameful and surprising accident." The earl, with a cry of indignation, galloped back up the hill of Montjuich, where he met his fugitive troops already half-way down. He sprung from his saddle, seized a half pike from Lord Charlemont's hand, and threatened the officers and soldiers with eternal infamy if they abandoned their post and their general. His voice and example acted upon his men like magic; in a moment they forgot their terrors, and again turned towards the enemy, who fortunately had not perceived the unaccountable desertion of the vantage ground by the English troops. In less than half an hour, all the posts were regained without the loss of a man. Had the retreat continued half a musket-shot further, all the hopes of success would have been blasted, which the brilliant operations of the morning had aroused.

The Spanish force advancing from Barcelona, learned from some prisoners, that the Earl of Peterborough and the Prince of d'Armstadt had both been engaged in the attack of Montjuich, and therefore concluded that the whole English army must have been moved in support of such a hazardous enterprise. In the fear of some design to intercept their retreat to the city, the Spanish chief gave orders to retire to whence they came. By this happy delusion, the English troops were spared an attack at the most critical time, from a greatly superior force. As soon as Stanhope's reserve arrived, Peterborough's position was secured against any further attempts from the Spaniards.

The heavy artillery was again landed, and brought to bear upon the keep: the fall of the fortress, already imminent, was hastened through the destruction of the magazine by a shell on the second day of the attack. This explosion killed the governor and several principal officers, then at dinner with him; it also blew up the face of one of the bastions. The fierce and vigilant Miquelets, perceiving the immense breach caused by this accident, immediately ran up the hill and rushed into the works. While Lord Peterborough supported their attack from the other side, his presence at the same time restrained their revengeful cruelties upon the garrison.

Even during the bombardment, the body of the unfortunate Prince of Hesse d'Armstadt was not neglected; as it lay in state, it is thus described by an eye witness, "It lies at a convent hired by the Earl of Peterborough for that purpose. He is dressed with his wig, hat, and usual clothes, with his boots on, a sword in one hand, and a cane

in the other ; a priest is continually about his corpse praying, and the place is ever crowded with Spaniards who come to see him."

Though the capture of Montjuich had rewarded this brilliant enterprise, the siege of Barcelona still presented considerable difficulties. But Peterborough's troops were now animated with success, and the seamen ever ready for the combat, formed themselves into companies on shore, and worked vigorously in the trenches. The favourable spirit of the population too, which had smouldered during the unsuccessful operations of the English, now burst into a flame, and large reinforcements of Miquelets began to pour in to their aid. The heavy guns and mortars had also been judiciously put in position, and played upon the ramparts with effect. The operations in the trenches were directed by General Stanhope, who received there every day both the English officers and the Catalan chiefs. An affecting incident which took place on one of these occasions, is thus described by Capt. Carleton, a witness to the scene. "I remember I saw an old cavalier, having his only son with him (who appeared a fine young gentleman about twenty years of age,) going into the tent to dine with the brigadier. But whilst they were at dinner, an unfortunate shot came from the bastion of St. Antonio, and entirely took off the head of the son. The father immediately rose up, first looking down upon his headless child, and then lifting up his eyes to heaven, whilst the tears ran down his cheeks, he crossed himself, only said, *fiat voluntas tua!* and bore it with a wonderful patience. It was a sad spectacle, and truly it affects me even now whilst I am writing." Sad and mournful in detail are the scenes whose sum makes up the glorious drama of successful war!

The walls of Barcelona soon crumbled under the constant fire of the artillery, and every preparation was made for the assault. The Viceroy Velasco, still stood firm, declaring that the city should only be won as a heap of ruins ; but in this determination, his soldiers did not second him ; they were disheartened, perhaps disaffected, and compelled him most unwillingly to enter into terms. It was agreed that the city should surrender in four days, if not relieved within that time : that the garrison should march out with the honours of war, and have safe escort to some neighbouring fortress. But the very night after this convention (the 9th of October,) matters were unexpectedly hurried to a more speedy conclusion. The viceroy had become unpopular from the acts of rigour necessarily adopted, to enforce his tottering authority ; and now, when his powers were about to cease, the Austrian party in the city determined to be avenged for former restrictions. Great numbers of the Miquelets had also contrived stealthily to enter the walls. Early the next morning a mutiny arose, and as Velasco could not be found by the insurgents, his friends, and those who still supported his authority, were threatened with their fury. So great was the alarm and disturbance in the city, that its condition was observable even from the English camp.

Lord Peterborough at once hastened to the scene of confusion, and accompanied only by Capt. Carleton, demanded entrance at the gate of St. Angelo. The Spanish officer of the guard, astounded and terrified, immediately opened the wicket and admitted the English general. Scarce had Peterborough advanced a hundred paces when he met a lady, of noble mien and singular beauty, flying in an agony of terror before the fierce Miquelets, her hair flowing wildly about her shoulders.

With quick apprehension, she at once saw that the bearing of the earl betokened him to be a willing and sufficient protector, and threw herself upon his mercy. He took her by the hand with graceful courtesy, and led her to a place of safety. She whom he had preserved, was the Duchess of Popoli, celebrated for her wit and beauty. It was nearly an hour before Peterborough returned; he then, however, repaired to the scene of greatest mischief, the parade in front of the palace. There the Miquelets were searching for the unhappy viceroy, demanding with furious cries that he should be given up to them. Peterborough arrived in time to save Velasco from the violent, but perhaps not unfounded resentment of the people, and sent him by sea to Alicant. Wherever the noble Englishman appeared, the tumult was instantly appeased, and his commands obeyed with cheerful deference. In gratitude for his preservation, Velasco ordered all the gates to be opened to the besiegers, although the stipulated time had not yet expired; Peterborough, with noble generosity, having refused to take advantage of the defenceless state of the town till these orders had been issued. The English troops then marched in, and order was fully restored. Thus did the genius of Peterborough accomplish, with very limited means, a task which Napoleon declared would require 80,000 men.

The wise and generous manner in which the earl improved his victory secured the hitherto wavering Catalans to the Austrian cause; the good effects of his policy had also a powerful influence in Aragon and Valencia. In Castile the sentiments of the people were perhaps evenly balanced; and there is but little doubt that the objects of the campaign would have been accomplished, but for the trammels which Peterborough's German allies placed upon his actions by their narrow-minded incapacity of appreciating his enlarged views. "Shrinking from everything that looked like enterprise, thinking of nothing but makeshifts, their own places and purses, their minds were like goat's horns in Catalonia, narrow, hard, and crooked." Peterborough's bitter and sarcastic letters shew how his noble spirit chafed under such a galling chain of association.

Despite all his difficulties, this brilliant soldier continued to pursue a career of astonishing successes. Tortosa, San Mateo, Murviedro, Valencia, and Fuente de Figuera placed new laurels upon his brow. Again his talents and courage were conspicuous in the relief of Barcelona, when invested by the French and Spaniards in 1706. In this last splendid achievement he had greater difficulties to contend against in the dilatoriness of Lord Galway, and the pompous formalities of the archduke, than in the number and valour of his enemies. It would be impossible, within our limited space, to attempt a detail of his extraordinary achievements subsequent to his capture of Barcelona. In the year 1707, with a force of only 10,000 men, he chased the Duke of Anjou and Philip V. wholly out of Spain, though they opposed his small force with 25,000 men. He cleared the way for the English army in Portugal, commanded by Lord Galway, to march to Madrid, by taking possession of part of Murcia and Castile, with Majorca, Aragon, Catalonia, and Valencia. While in the capital of this last-mentioned province, an anecdote is recorded which does honour to the kindliness of his heart. Two English officers had succeeded in gaining the affections of two nuns; who, forgetting the terrible punishment decreed to their offence, eloped with their lovers from the convent. These ladies

were of high rank, and their relations received the news of their delinquency with the greatest indignation; a rigorous search was instituted, ending in the capture of the unhappy fugitives. The stern sentence for the offended honour of their families and broken sanctity of their vows was a living burial. The Earl of Peterborough, though highly incensed at the conduct of his officers, was moved with compassion for the weaker offenders, and determined that they should be saved. But he knew well that nothing could be politically more injurious than to interfere by force with the laws of the church; he therefore interposed by every other means in his power. His entreaties were for a long time vain, the nearest relations of the offending ladies were the most implacable; at length he succeeded in obtaining a suspension of the punishment, and finally, by means of a considerable bribe, procured their pardon, and their readmission into the nunnery. Of the unworthy Englishmen, one was slain soon after at the siege of Almanza, the other, after a long interval, was restored to favour. With few exceptions, Peterborough's "little army of great heretics," as Captain Carleton quaintly calls them, was well treated by the inhabitants.

In all Peterborough's exploits during the Spanish campaign, his boldness and activity were equalled by his sagacity and vigilance. He lived, during the latter years of his leisure, in the strictest intimacy with Swift, who says that Queen Anne's ministers used to complain that they were obliged to write at him, and not to him; and some one, as Lord Orford tells us, said of him, "that he had seen more kings and more postilions than any other man in Europe."

His brilliant services, however, could not secure him from one of those party attacks so frequently disfiguring the records of Queen Anne's reign. He was recalled from Spain in 1707, and immediately great reverses befell the army he had left; the veterans, before victorious on almost every occasion, against almost any odds, were seen flying in disastrous retreat from Almanza, baffled and beaten; and the cause, for which they so often bled and conquered, was involved in fatal ruin. To compass the downfall of this illustrious general, all manner of falsities were industriously circulated by his jealous enemies, while he was raising the military glory of his country to the highest pitch in a foreign land. They endeavoured not only to depreciate the merits of his achievements by distorted representations, but even attacked his reputation with the most malevolent accusations. On his arrival in his ungrateful country, he indignantly and successfully vindicated himself from all these calumnious aspersions. His actions were most fully examined and canvassed before the Houses of Peers and Commons; and he received in a solemn manner the fullest approval of his conduct, and the grateful acknowledgments of the British nation. But these proceedings, however happy may have been their termination, severely harassed the injured Peterborough. After a tedious examination of papers and witnesses, which lasted many days, the inquiry was suspended, nor was it resumed till the winter of 1710, when the blind resentment of the House of Commons was transferred to a juster object in the Earl of Galway.

After his triumphant exculpation he was again received into full favour, and presently sent as ambassador to the Emperor of Vienna. In the following year he was commissioned in the same capacity to Turin and other Italian courts. At the end of 1712 he returned to England, and received the appointment of colonel of the royal regiment of Horse

Guards. The ribbon of the Order of the Garter was bestowed upon him in 1713, and soon after he was sent as ambassador extraordinary to the King of Naples and Sicily; in this employment he remained till the death of Queen Anne, when he returned once more to his native country.

We have now traced the public life of this remarkable man to its close. The long remainder of his days seem to have glided on to a good old age in calm and tranquil happiness which few experience, and none knew better to enjoy, than he who had passed his youth and manhood in scenes of such stirring interest. A certain fretful and irritable vanity diminished the respect for his character which his extraordinary gifts, abilities, and virtues might otherwise have commanded. He was much beloved by all those intimately associated with him; his wit was brilliant, but untainted with ill-nature; he was honest, even in his politics, firm in his friendships, amiable in his very follies.

One of the most ridiculous occurrences of Peterborough's life was a correspondence he was entrapped into by the beautiful and witty Mrs. Howard, afterwards Lady Suffolk. The design of the earl in establishing this intercourse was undoubtedly to maintain a political interest with the favourite of the prince and princess, but the tone and style he adopted were sufficiently singular. Addressing the fair lady in the character of a Platonic lover, he plies her with all the overstrained jargon of metaphysical conceit and affected wit, leaving us in astonishment how a man of common understanding could have committed himself by writing such solemn absurdities. The following letter may convey a good idea of their nature:—

"Change of air, the common remedy, has no effect; and flight, the refuge of all who fear, gives me no manner of security or ease. A fair devil haunts me wherever I go, though perhaps not so malicious as the black ones, yet more tormenting.

"How much more tormenting is the beauteous devil than the ugly one! The first I am always thinking of; the other comes seldom in my thoughts; the terrors of the ugly one very often diminish upon consideration; but the oppression of the fair one becomes more intolerable every time she comes into my mind."

"The chief attribute of the devil is tormenting. Who could look upon you and give you that title? Who can feel as I do, and give you any other!"

"But most certainly I have more to lay to the charge of the fair one than can be objected to Satan or Beelzebub. We may believe they have only a mind to torment, because they are tormented; if they endeavour to procure us misery, it is because they are in pain; they must be ever companions in suffering, but my white devil partakes none of my torments."

"In a word, give me heaven, for it is in your power; or may you have an equal hell! Judge of the disease by the extravagant symptoms: one moment I curse you, the next I pray for you. Oh! hear my prayers or I am miserable."

Some passages of the witty lady's answers to Peterborough's rhapsodies are easy and clear, ridiculing the high flown style of her admirer; but it is supposed that Gay wrote most of the letters in Mrs. Howard's name, and in this encounter was the earl's principal correspondent. But indeed none of the three seem to have supported their characters for wit and intellect. The editor of Lady Suffolk's letters observes,

"The whole affair is curious. The liveliest man in England sits down to write loveletters so appalling, that one of the liveliest and most ready women in England thinks it necessary to employ an assistant to answer him; and the assistant she selects is, of all men alive, Johnny Gay, the most simple of mankind, and who, as we have seen, became a mere bungler even in letter-writing as soon as he attempted the line of '*verbosa et grandis epistola*.'"

These letters of the "British Amadis," as he has been called, appear altogether unworthy of his reputation, as the specimen already given sufficiently proves. Instead of being adorned by the careless wit and negligent grace for which he was usually so remarkable, they were on the contrary, the very worst style of formal love-letters. Had there been but one or two of those productions, they might have passed for a ridicule of metaphysical sentiment, but it is too evident that they were written in such serious sadness that poor Lady Suffolk was unable to answer them without assistance. To arrive at a due estimation of the folly of this whole affair it should be recollected that Lord Peterborough was at this time about sixty-five years of age, and secretly engaged, if not married to another lady. While the object of this ridiculous admiration was about forty, the wife of one man, and the acknowledged favourite of another. Lord Peterborough's letters were written in a beautiful hand, with a neatness and accuracy both of orthography and punctuation, very unusual in those days, and unlike what might have been expected from the fiery and fitful temper of the writer; so indeed was the style and matter the writing expressed. Towards his latter days, there was an improvement in this correspondence. The following is an extract from a letter written to Lady Suffolk shortly before his death and deserves notice as well from being worthier of his abilities, as throwing some light upon his character.

"The doctors have told me mine is an inward pain; if so, I can have no cure from any other person.

"You blame me for seeking no remedies, and yet you know vain attempts of any kind are ridiculous. I have some time since made a bargain with fate to submit to all her freaks; some accidents have given me a great contempt, almost a distaste for life. Shakspeare shall tell you my opinion of it:—

"Life is as tedious as a twice told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man,"—

"Life is a walking shadow—a poor player,
That frets and struts his hour upon the stage,
And then is seen no more,——"

"Do not wonder then, Mrs. Howard, if the world is become so indifferent to me, that I can even amuse myself with the thoughts of going out of it. I was writing some days ago, a dialogue betwixt me and one that is departed before me; one that would have kept his promise to you, if possible; when the case falls out, Mr. Pope shall give it you.

"If we meet and hold conference in the shades below, much will be said of you. How rivals quarrel or agree in those places, I know not; but I own I am jealous to a great degree. It is too much to know what ladies think in this world; I wish we could be informed of your true thoughts of us in the other."

Walpole, in his account of Lord Peterborough's writings, gives from among them some "well-known lines." Well-known perhaps in those

days, but now altogether forgotten. As further illustration of the Earl's character they may not be uninteresting.

I said to my heart, between sleeping and waking,
 "Thou wild thing, that always art leaping or aching,
 What black, brown, or fair, in what clime, in what nation,
 By turns has not taught thee a pit-a-patation?"

Thus accused, the wild thing gave this sober reply:—
 "See, the heart without motion, though Celia pass by!
 Not the beauty she has, not the wit that she borrows,
 Give the eye any joys, or the heart any sorrows.

"When our Sappho appears—she whose wit so refined
 I am forced to applaud with the rest of mankind—
 Whatever she says is with spirit and fire;
 Every word I attend, but I only admire.

"Prudentia as vainly would put in her claim,
 Ever gazing on heaven, though man is her aim:
 'Tis love, not devotion, that turns up her eyes—
 Those stars of this world are too good for the skies.

"But Chloe so lively, so easy, so fair,
 Her wit so genteel, without art, without care,
 When she comes in my way—the motion, the pain,
 The leapings, the achings return all again."

O wonderful creature, a woman of reason!
 Never grave out of pride, never gay out of season,
 When so easy to guess who this angel should be,
 Would one think Mrs. Howard ne'er dreamt it was she?

Lord Peterborough's iron constitution bore him free from any illness or suffering up to his seventy-seventh year. All his mortal sufferings seem to have been reserved for his last days, and they were indeed severe. From what morbid cause they then arose is not known; the following is the account of his last illness, contained in a letter from Pope to his friend Martha Blount.

"Bevis Mount, near Southampton,
 August the 17th, 1735.

"Madam,

"I found my Lord Peterborough on his couch, where he gave me an account of the sufferings he had passed through, with a weak voice, but spirited. He talked of nothing but the great amendment of his condition, and of finishing the buildings and gardens for his best friend to enjoy after him; that he had one care more, when he went into France, which was to give a true account to posterity of some parts of history in Queen Anne's reign, which Burnet had scandalously represented; and of some others to justify her against the imputation of intending to bring in the Pretender, which to his knowledge neither her ministers, Oxford and Bolingbroke, nor she, had any design to do.

"He next told me that he had ended his domestic affairs, through such difficulties from the law that gave him as much torment of mind as his distemper had done of body, to do right to the person to whom he had obligations beyond expression. That he had found it necessary not only to declare his marriage to all his relations, but, since the person who married them was dead, to re-marry her in the church at Bristol before witnesses.

"The warmth with which he spoke on these subjects, made me
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think him much recovered, as well as his talking of his present state as a heaven to what was past. I lay in the room next to him, where I found he was awake, and called for help most hours of the night, sometimes crying out for pain. In the morning he got up at nine, and was carried into the garden in a chair. He fainted away twice there. He fell about twelve into a violent pang, which made all his limbs shake, and his teeth chatter, and for some time he lay as cold as death. His wound was dressed, which was done constantly four times a day, and he grew gay, and sat at dinner with ten people. After this he was in great torment for a quarter of an hour, and as soon as the pang was over, was carried into the garden by the workmen, talking again of history, and declaimed with great spirit against the meanness of the present great men and ministers, and the decay of public spirit and honour. It is impossible to conceive how much his heart is above his condition. He is dying every other hour, and obstinate to do whatever he has a mind to. He has concocted no measures beforehand for his journey, but to get a yacht in which he will set sail; but no place fixed on to reside at, nor has he determined what place to land at, nor has provided any accommodation for his going on land. He talks of getting towards Lyons, but undoubtedly he never can travel but to the sea shore. I pity the poor woman who has to share in all he suffers, and who can in no one thing persuade him to spare himself. I think he will be lost in this attempt, and attempt it he will. He has with him, day after day, not only all his relations, but every creature of the town of Southampton that pleases. He lies on his couch and receives them, though he says little. When his pains come, he desires them to walk out, but invites them to stay and dine, or sup, &c. He says he will go at the month's end, if he is alive. Nothing can be more affecting and melancholy to me than what I see here: yet he takes my visit so kindly, that I should have lost one great pleasure had I not come. I have nothing more to say, as I have nothing in my mind but this present object, which indeed is extraordinary. This man was never born to die like other men, any more than to live like them."

Contrary to the presages contained in Pope's letter, he did reach the end of his intended journey, and died at Lisbon on the 25th of the following October.

Lord Peterborough married twice; first, the daughter of Sir Alexander Fraser of Dotes, in the shire of Mearns, North Britain, by whom he had two sons. John, the eldest, attained to some distinction in the army; Henry, the younger, adopted the naval service, and was also creditably known: both of them died before their father. He had also one daughter, who became Duchess of Gordon.

The lady alluded to in Pope's letter was Anastasia Robinson, celebrated in those days as a public singer, and a beauty—for ever worthy of remembrance for the spotless purity of her life, her attachment to Peterborough, and her devoted attention to him in his declining years. For a long time previous to their marriage, she lived with him, without the slightest shadow upon her reputation. She is described as having very pretty features, with an interesting and sad expression. Peterborough was survived by his amiable widow for many years: she was loved by most and respected by all of those with whom she had formed acquaintance, in that rank to which his choice had raised her; her own gentle virtues proved her worthy of that choice.

A GALLOP THROUGH SOUTHERN AUSTRIA.

BY J. MARVEL.

HINZELMANN.—CILLI.—A NIGHT SCENE.—GRATZ.—AN AUSTRIAN RAILWAY.

A BRAVE good spirit was Hinzelmänn, who once habited an old castle of the Illyrian country. It lay on our road that night: the moon was shining through the crevices of the ruin. There seemed to be nothing stirring about it, but I could see the tops of the pine-trees waving in the night wind; and, brave as I boast to be, I was thankful to be in the coach, galloping on, and not under the deep shadow of the crumbling wall.

They say it is a terror to the villagers after nightfall; and it is told of a young and bold peasant, that, in a fit of drunkenness, he made a boast that he would go at midnight, and bring away a stone from the wall. He reached the *château* safely, and had plucked up his trophy, and was making his way back to his village, when he heard the paces of horse. He had but just time to conceal himself behind a clump of brushwood, when a mounted knight, clad in steel, with a lady before him, in his arms, came clattering by. But scarce had he passed the bridge below the peasant, when a packet fell from the rider into the stream.

When the horse's steps had died away, the bold peasant sought the packet; but scarce had he found it, and mounted the bank of the stream, when he heard with terror the returning paces of the mounted knight. He ran fast as his legs would carry him towards his village.

The horseman gained upon him;—he heard him tramp over the shaking bridge, and presently the ground trembled behind him. He turned a moment, and saw the armour of the knight shining, like silver in the light of the moon.

The poor man staggered on till he felt the hot breath of the strange charger, and fell to the ground half dead with fright.

The villagers sought him next morning, and found him where he had fallen. His looks were haggard, and his body bruised. The packet and the stone from the ruin were both gone. He could give no account of either, except what I have written; but they say that, for the rest of his life, he was a wiser and better man.*

Centuries ago, Hinzelmänn was the guardian spirit of the baron who inhabited the castle. A plate was always set at the table in the long hall for the invisible guest, and the second goblet of red wine was always in honour of *Le Bon Esprit*.

But the baron, upon a time, grew tired of the mischievous pranks of Hinzelmänn, who sometimes upset the goblets of his guests, and would sing, in the fullest company, this bit of *chanson*:

Maitre, ici laisse moi venir,†
Et du bonheur tu vas jouir;

* *Chateau de Blumenstein* (237, *L'Heritier*) has something in common with this story.

† *Ortgies* lässt du mich hier sein,
Glücke sollst du han;

Mais de céans si l'on me chasse,
Le malheur y prendra ma place.

So the baron, one morning at light, saddled a favourite horse, and went out from his castle unattended, hoping to reach, unbeknown to Hinzelmänn, his estate in Bohemia. As he rode down the mountain, he noticed a white plume floating in the air behind him. He finished his day's ride safely, and stopped at night at a solitary house by the way.

In the morning, when the baron rose to go, he missed his heavy gold chain, that he had worn upon his neck. The host was grieved, and called up his household to question them; none knew anything of it. When the servitors had withdrawn, the baron heard the voice of Hinzelmänn, telling him to look for his chain under his pillow.

The baron was enraged that he could not rid himself of his invisible attendant. Hinzelmänn laughed—not a satyr's laugh, nor yet that of a bacchante, but a Gothic man's laugh—and told the baron it was needless to try to escape him, that he had floated behind him in the shape of a white plume, and could follow wherever he went.

The baron, like a good philosopher, went back to his castle.

Honours were duly drunk, month after month, to the good spirit, and he served the baron many a good office. He teased his troublesome guests, spilled their wine, pinched their elbows, and was invaluable for keeping off such visitors as annoyed the baron.

A *curé* of the neighbourhood offered to exorcise the spirit, and the master of the castle suffered him to try his conjurations. Hinzelmänn forgave the baron, but ducked the *curé* in the ditch.

A knight proposed to drive away the spirit with sword, or slay him. He shut the great hall of the castle, even to the latch-hole, and hewed the air in every corner. Hinzelmänn laughed when he had exhausted himself, and told the knight he would meet him at Magdebourg. The knight went away trembling, and a month after was slain at the siege of Magdebourg: and they say that a white plume floated over him, as the sword fell upon his head.

Hinzelmänn was angry with the baron for this breach of confidence; that night he chanted in the hall this bit of the old *chanson*,—

Si l'on me chasse,
Le malheur y prendra ma place.

The next day it was found that a packet in which were the family jewels was gone. The baron's vassals dropped off one by one, and the cattle died. Nothing was known now of Hinzelmänn at the *château*: nothing had been known for a month,—when one night a loud scream was heard from the apartment occupied by the two daughters of the baron.

They ran with torches to the chamber, and found that Anna, which was the name of one of the sisters, had fallen from the window into the

Wultu mick aver verdrieven
Unglück warst du kriegén.

From Grimm's Hinzelmänn,—*Le Multiforme Hinzelmänn—Histoire Merveilleuse d'un Esprit, écrite par le Curé Feldmann*. The curious reader will perceive that the old history has been only suggestive of the present—little being left of it but the name and the *chanson*.

moat. They could see her struggling in the water. But before they could unbar the castle gates, to go to her rescue, a man-at-arms upon the wall reported that a knight in full armour had snatched her from the fosse, and put her upon his horse, and rode away into the forest.

For weeks after, the baron's vassals scoured the country;—they saw a strange hoof-mark on the turf, but never caught sight of the stranger knight.

The baron was maddened with sorrow and rage. It had long been his custom to make a feast on his birth-night, and when the night came, and he was preparing himself in his chamber, at the first coming on of darkness, it happened that he saw a white figure, and heard a rustling in the corner of his apartment. The baron was a bold man, but trembled at sight of the apparition,—and trembled more and more when he heard the words, slowly pronounced, as it seemed, in a familiar tone, "Let the second goblet to-night be drained in honour of Hinzelmänn." And what was the horror of the old baron, when, fixing his eyes intently on the spectre, he seemed to recognize the face of his own lost Anna!

A moment more, and with a gentle sigh—such a sigh as the fir-trees make now about the ruin—the figure had vanished.

The old knight went down pale to his feast, and the guests noticed that his hand shook at the lifting of the first goblet.

At the second, he tried to rise, but trembled in his place. A young guest at the bottom of the table, who had been a favoured suitor of the lost Anna, proposed defiance to the knight who had stolen the baron's daughter. There was a clatter on the stair, and the hall-door burst open, and the stranger knight in glittering armour, strode straight up to the daring guest, and threw down his gauntlet, and whispered in his ear a place of meeting.

The baron could give no order for his terror. The stranger went to the old place of Hinzelmänn, and filled a goblet with red wine, and drained it in honour of the good spirit, then strode haughtily from the hall. The men-at-arms stood back, and the porter had seen nothing, he said, but a white plume floating over the wicket. The young guest was brave, and went to meet the stranger knight, but came not again to the castle.

The baron grew silent and moody; and, by his next birth-night, the hairs had whitened on his forehead. He was in his chamber, the evening of the feast, when he was startled by a rustling in the corner, and the spectre of the year before met his eyes as he turned. The same slow sepulchral tones issued from the shadowy figure, conjuring him to pledge, in the second goblet, the good spirit, Hinzelmänn. This time there was entreaty in the voice, that made the old man forget his terror; and mindful only of his lost daughter, he sprang forward to clasp her;—a cold breath of air—a gentle sigh,—and the vision fled from his touch.

At the hour of the opening of the feast, the seneschal announced that a stranger knight, with a lady veiled in white, asked admission to the hospitalities of the chateau.

The baron placed them—one on his right, the other on his left. There was a fearful whisper among the guests, that the knight was like the haughty challenger of the year before; and the host trembled, for he thought the voice of the veiled lady was like the voice in his chamber.

At the filling of the first goblet, the knight put up his visor, and the lady drew aside her veil. The company started to their feet in horror; for within the helmet of the stranger was a white skull, and under the veil of the lady were the death-white features of the lost daughter of the baron. He took her hand, but it was like ice, and he heard the slow voice of the chamber in his ear,—“Remember!”

He filled the second goblet, and pledged *Le Bon Esprit*.

The skull turned to dust, and the armour fell clanging to the floor; the death-face of the virgin bloomed with life, and she threw her arms—warm now—round the neck of her old father; and the door burst open, and in strode the valiant young knight who had fought the strange challenger, and he clasped his Anna once more;—and the laugh of Hinzelmänn was heard, and his voice chanting the old song—

Maitre, ici laisse-moi venir,
Et du bonheur tu vas jouir.

It was a gay night at the castle; the baron's youth came back, and flagon after flagon of the best red wine was drained, and it was morning when the feast was ended.

The baron lived to a good old age; the young knight and the daughter were united, and by and by a new baron was born, and the old baron died. Hinzelmänn was held still in honour, and for three generations kept place at the hall-board. Then there came a vicious and wrong-headed baron, who hated Hinzelmänn because he was honest, and chid him for his wickedness.

Hinzelmänn chanted louder and louder the last couplet of the old *chanson*, but the knight heeded it not. His vassals dropped away one by one—his deer died in the valleys. Finally the old turrets began to crumble and fall. The baron fell one night, half-drunken, into the *oubliette* of the castle, and was lost. The servitors were frightened away from the ruined walls by spectres. Some said they saw a tall horseman in armour, with a virgin in white; others said they saw a white plume floating over the ruins, and heard a voice chanting—

Mais de céans ci l'on me chasse,
Le malheur y prendra ma place.

Few of the peasantry wander there now after nightfall. If it had been the day-time, I thought I would have liked to have gone up, and rambled over the ruin, and brought away a flower or two; but as it was—dark, with only a little cold moonlight—I was very glad to be in the coach, with Cameron and the count, who both fell fast asleep before we got to Cilli.

We drove into a dim archway at midnight, after crashing half through the paved streets of a town. We had eaten nothing from the time we had left Laibach in the morning. The only two persons who were stirring either could not, or would not, understand anything of the language and gestures we used, to convey our wishes for something to eat. We had learned their dinner terms; but it is not very surprising, I have since thought, that they did not understand their purport under Scotch, French, and American accentuation—all uttered together, by three half-starved foreigners, at twelve at night.

The stupid fellows stared at us with an occasional half smile, as if of pity for such ignorant dogs, and were not disposed to shew the least attention to the *Sacre* and *Diable* of the Count, or the unexceptionable

English oaths of Cameron. At length, when in despair we had determined to find our way to the kitchen in a body, a person put his night-capped head out of the top window of the inn, and said, in as good English as you would hear in the court of the "Ship" at Dover,—'Be there directly, gentlemen.'

Had the voice come from heaven, we would scarce have been more surprised. It proved to be a castaway valet of an English traveller, who was serving for the time as head waiter of the inn.

We managed to procure a cold supper, and a bottle or two of tolerable wine; and on that, fell to dreaming of sweet English voices.

Our waiter called us at eight; he should have called us at six. It gave occasion for a sharp quarrel, which, being in English, was quite a luxury to all of us, but chiefly to Cameron, who conducted it very effectively on the part of the Count and myself.

The result was—a sorry breakfast—an extravagant bill, and a shower of Hungarian oaths, as we dashed out of the inn court; and in ten minutes we were in the wild scenery of Styria.

Though it was hardly mid-May, the women in their picturesque hats,—which were no more than broad brims, with a round knot in the middle,—were at hay-making, through all the grass-fields. Immense teams, of from fifteen to twenty horses each, passed us on the way. The cottages had an exceedingly neat air. There were occasional beggars, but they had not the winning ways of the little fellow in the southern country.

The posts were long, and the rain threatening, and thirty to forty wearisome leagues lay between us and Gratz. We had hoped to reach it the same night. At four, we took a miserable dinner in the dirty town of Marburg; and it was near six when we set off in a driving rain. In a half hour more it was dark. Fifteen leagues lay yet between us and Gratz.

At Marburg they had told us there was an inn at the second post.

We discussed long, and at the first angrily, the question, whether we should hold on our way spite of rain and darkness to the Styrian capital, or should stop the night out at the inn of the second post. At length our empty stomachs and our fatigue, added to a little fear of the wild country, and a crazy-headed driver, decided us on the earliest practicable stop.

The next point was—no unimportant one—to make the postmen and stupid postilions understand our new disposition. We determined to try our vocabulary of language at the first post station,—hoping, if the intelligence could be in any way communicated to any human tenant of the house, it might be transmitted by the postilion.

Unfortunately, nobody appeared but an old woman, in a nightcap.

We complimented her in French;—*nein*, said the old woman.

We explained ourselves in Italian;—*nichts*, said the old woman.

We entreated her in our phrase-book German;—*nichts*, said the old woman.

Cameron asked her in good Scotch, what the d—l she meant?—*nein*, said the old woman, and slammed the door in our face. And a postilion in oil-skin jumped upon the box, and we rattled away.

A church clock struck ten.

The rain increased, and an occasional burst of lightning blazed over the steep fir-covered sides of mountains that stretched beside us; and at

intervals a brighter gleam would shine along the black surface of a raging stream, that for the last half-hour we had heard below us. The dim light of the lanterns glimmered, now upon the dripping branches of fir-trees that hung half over the road, now broke strongly upon a gray cliff, as if we were riding in some monster cavern; then it would glimmer out in feeble rays into the deep darkness, lighting nothing but the scuds of rain; and the roar of the waters below told us we were on the edge of a precipice.

Most anxiously we looked out for some tokens of a town; still the lightning broke over nothing but tall forests or savage dells below us.

The postilion drove like a madman; and his wild Styrian oaths, added to the rattle of the coach, to the clattering of the horses' hoofs, and the rolling of the thunder among the hills, made us up a concert as wild as it was fearful.

At every glimpse of smooth land which the lightning opened to view, we uttered a fervent hope—the Count, Cameron, and myself—that the ride was nearly ended; nor did we remember for a moment that the same difficulties of interpretation might occur at the coming post station as at the last.

Finally, when we were half exhausted, the postilion blew a shrill blast on his bugle. It sounded strangely mingled with the mutterings of the thunder.

He drew up to the door of the post station; it was all dark and closed. He blew again, and again. Finally, a light appeared at one of the windows; a bell tinkled in an out-building, and presently a fat old Styrian, half-dressed, appeared at the door, and a new postilion with a fresh pair of horses.

We addressed the old Styrian as we had addressed the woman of the back station. The old fellow stared, rubbed his eyes, as if he thought he was not thoroughly awake, and was again all attention.

We played him a perfect pantomime by the light of the lanterns. The old man gave a grim smile, and turned to chat with our postilion. The result of his inquiries seemed to be a determination to get rid of us as soon as possible.

Meantime the postilion was fast removing the panting horses, and the fresh relay was waiting.

Un hôtel, said the Count, emphasizing with a vengeance; *est ce qu'il y a un hôtel ici ?*

Yah, yah, said the fat old Styrian, at the same time hitching up his breeches.

Eh bien,—(like a flash)—*nous voulons nous y arrêter*.

Yah, said the postman; and the postilion had taken away his horses, and the others were nearly on.

Vogliamo trovar una locanda, signor—subito.

Yah, yah, yah, said the half-dressed Styrian. The new postilion was nearly ready.

Ein gasthof, yelled Cameron.

Yah, yah, said the old fellow, and gave his breeches another hitch.

The postilion jumped on the box.

"D—n it, we want to stop," shouted Cameron.

Yah, said the fat old rascal, and shut the door; and the coach started.

It may seem very simple in us that we did not get out of our carriage;

but the truth was, we should have been no nearer the hotel out of the carriage than in, beside the inconvenience of being pelted by the rain. We knew merely from our informant at Marburg that we should find a hotel shortly before reaching the second post station.

And whatever difference of opinion had previously existed among us in regard to stopping or going on to Gratz, there was now a manifest coincidence upon the former course; and our three opinions formed an aggregate of determination which we thought it would be difficult for either postman or postilion to resist.

We restrained for a moment or two the *furor* of our resolve, hoping the coach might yet turn back. It was a vain hope. At a desperate speed we rattled along the brink of the river, on whose tumbling surface an occasional gleam of the lantern shone dimly.

The Count screamed a volley of imprecations at the postilion, who at length stopped his headlong pace, though muttering as angrily in reply.

The Count put his head out of the window; it was an odd scene, a mad Frenchman be-rating an impudent knave of a postilion in a merciless rain at midnight, and neither understanding a word that the other said. The Count gesticulated furiously—*Que diable !—un hôtel—une auberge, nous disons !*

The postilion swore—the Count drew in his head. The knave hesitated a moment, muttered something, evidently intended for our ignorant ears, and drove on at the same mad pace.

The Count shouted again; the postilion muttered louder, and gave his horses a new thwack.

We all screamed together, and broke open the coach-door. The postilion swore again, and drew up his team.

Cameron jumped out into the rain, and ran to the horses' heads. The Count surveyed from one window, and I from the other. Cameron talked very impressive Scotch, and his pantomime would have done honour to the witches in Macbeth. Uncomfortable as was our position, we could not resist breaking into a roar of laughter.

This disturbed the poor postilion more and more. With a madman before and two crazy fellows inside, as it must have seemed to him, he was sorely perplexed. He expostulated, he entreated, he explained,—I dare say in very good Styrian dialect. Cameron instructed, confuted, threatened, in equally good English. We attempted to assist matters by throwing in a little French and Italian denunciation.

The postilion in despair uttered what seemed a round oath, and put the whip to his horses; Cameron caught them by the bit—they started back. There was no room for any fancy evolutions there, on the brink of the river. The postilion jumped from his seat, and ran to his horses' heads. Cameron caught him by the collar, and pointed back; and whether it was the gripe or the expression of his eye, I do not know, but the knave became convinced that there was no going further that night.

We found our way back to the post station, the grumbling old Styrian was roused again; we left him grumbling and hitching up his breeches, and drove to the inn.

Two or three half-dressed servants received us; we were in no humour for long interpretations. We made our way to the kitchen, and took possession of a large dish of milk and a loaf of bread, and slept the night out quietly on sheets fringed with lace, just over the banks of the wild Styrian river.

Next day by noon we were in the old town of Gratz ; thence a railway goes to Vienna, so we dismissed our post coach and spent the afternoon rambling about the town. There was a good hotel, and people with Christian tongues to serve one.

It was the old Styrian capital ; it lies on a spur of mountains that lie like a long blue cloud-bank on the horizon, hours before you reach them. A fortress is on a rock in the middle of the city, and there is a mouldy old cathedral, into which I wandered, and saw the women praying at noon before the altar. The streets are broad, and on the hill the grass grows between the paving-stones ; the houses are ancient, and gray, and strong, and the townspeople stare one in the face prodigiously ; and this is all I know about them ; for in the evening the Count, and Cameron, and I, counted it better spending of time to talk about the events of the post ride, over some ices ordered up from the *restaurant*, than to be wandering over the gloomy old city.

It was as if I was in America again when I got, next morning, into a rail-carriage of American fashion, and found myself drawn—I could hardly believe my eyes—by one of Norris's Philadelphia engines. You do not know, unless you have experienced the same thing, how some such accident of travel, linking the distant and the home-known, by a sudden slip-knot, to the strange and beguiling present of foreign scene, you do not know, I say, how it bewilders ; and how your thought, that has flowed in one steady current of quiet admiration, is all at once stirred into a thousand eddies, and a multitude of memories come crowding on your soul that play the deuce with all your searching and traveller-like observation.

I could, however, see that the Austrians have yet much to learn in the way of engineering ; for, though every thing is arranged with the greatest attention to safety, there is little scientific grading. The precautions taken to prevent collision, or, indeed, accident of any kind, are almost numberless ; and I felt as safe going through the rugged defiles of middle Austria, some twenty-five miles in the hour, as here in my elbow-chair.

We entered at once into scenery of exceeding beauty. The road went up the valley of a mountain river, winding among hills covered with the richest vegetation. It reminded me strongly of Switzerland. There were the same wild forms of firs sweeping down whole sides of mountains. There were the same green slopes of hills, sunny and soft, and blossoming with tillage far up along the heights. Sometimes, too, they broke into cliffs of bald gray limestone, rough and jagged, and tumbled out into the valley, and piled aloft like Gothic-wrought sphinxes, to awe the weak prattler of a stream that gurgled below.

Nor was this all to make the scenery picturesque ; for, again and again, Cameron from one side of the coach, and I from the other, called attention to some old remnant of a castle seated upon the tops of the hills ;—the blue sky, or a bit of black cloud—for clouds were scudding thick and fast—would break through the ruined loop-holes with magical effect. Sometimes the ruin sat proud and scornful upon a peak of rock ; at other times, upon a green eminence, with trees half hiding it, and ivy hanging tresses over the stones. Once, too, we saw in the very face of the cliff, a little cavern where a hermit had placed his home ; the smoke was oozing from one of its small windows as we passed.

The road is not continuous to Vienna ; for a chain of mountains

stretches right athwart the route. We took carriages to cross over. It grew wild as we approached the top;—and there, amid pine-trees that climb up on either side, a cloud of snow came over us. But between the scattered flakes we could see out over an immense country; first low hills, that sloped away gradually to plain, on which, in broad, bright spots of grain-fields, and of grass, the sun was playing, as in summer—while we were shivering in the winter of a mountain spring.

The Danube would have added to the picture, but, unfortunately, it lay too far away; and Vienna, with all its spires, did not even glimmer on the horizon. Grain-fields ran away to mist and sky, except where the low-lying and driving snow-clouds came down to cover them up.

Down two leagues of zig-zag descent we went like the wind. The pine-trees hemmed us in, though not so closely, but that we could see gems of valleys in the sides of the mountains, with their groups of gray-thatched houses, and flocks of goats, and bridges leaping frightful chasms below us, and the same, by and by, hanging fearfully above our heads.

Away we went, sailing again over the carelessly cultivated plain-land that stretches on toward the capital. We passed villages, and broad market towns lying in the flat; and we passed the baths of Baden, on a lip of the hills, that there come curling into the plain;—and, presently, glimmering on the level, were the house-tops of a great and crowded city. From the midst of them rose a lofty and beautiful spire;—heavily crusted with Gothic sculpture, it rose above the houses,—solid, and fair in its proportions it rose, and bore up griffin, and angel, and turret, and golden saint,—high over the city.

The spire was the spire of St. Stephen's, in the middle of the city of Vienna.

You know, I believe, what it is when a boy—long time away from home, at school—first comes in sight again of the remembered place;—the letters he has received have been carefully read, and re-read; the warm expressions of affection he regards little—he *knows* all that: but he bears in his topmost thought the new things he will see;—he longs to see Ben's new rocking-horse, and the little boat—Tom's birth-day gift;—and to have a ride upon the pony that has been bought for sister Kate;—and he remembers—for they have written him—that the trees which he left bare at Christmas will be all tufted with foliage, and will sweep down upon the walks; and that the old yard will have become a leafy paradise;—and he fancies himself rambling over the wooded hill-side,—building up the stone fort on a ledge of the cliffs, and looking around to see if the chestnut-trees be promising a store of nuts.—You know, I say, how these fancies throng on him, as he comes in sight of the tree-tops, and yet how he half trembles to think—it is all so near—and that the dream is almost ended. Just so, as I sat in the carriage before Vienna, with my thoughts full of what had been heard, and read, and fancied of its stately streets, its princely mansions, its palaces, its great Congress, its entry of Napoleon, its crown of Charlemagne, its splendid cabinets, its stores of art, its glorious music, its luxurious gardens,—I half trembled that it was all so near, and that that very night I should compose myself to sleep within the wall-encircled city of the august monarch of the ancient house of Hapsburg.

CAPTAIN SPIKE;

OR, THE ISLETS OF THE GULF.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PILOT," "RED ROVER," ETC.

She 's in a scene of nature's war,
The winds and waters are at strife;
And both with her contending for
The brittle thread of human life.

MISS GOULD.

CHAPTER XIV.

SPIKE was sleeping hard in his berth, quite early on the following morning, before the return of light, indeed, when he suddenly started up, rubbed his eyes, and sprang upon deck like a man alarmed. He had heard, or fancied he had heard a cry. A voice, once well known and listened to, seemed to call him in the very portals of his ear. At first he had listened to its words in wonder, entranced like the bird by the snake, the tones recalling scenes and persons that had once possessed a strong control over his rude feelings. Presently the voice became harsher in its utterance, and it said,

"Stephen Spike, awake! The hour is getting late, and you have enemies nearer to you than you imagine. Awake, Stephen, awake!"

When the captain was on his feet, and had plunged his head into a basin of water that stood ready for him in the state-room, he could not have told, for his life, whether he had been dreaming or waking, whether what he had heard was the result of a feverish imagination, or of the laws of nature. The call haunted him all that morning, or until events of importance so pressed upon him as to draw his undivided attention to them alone.

It was not yet day. The men were still in heavy sleep, lying about the decks, for they avoided the small and crowded fore-castle in that warm climate, and the night was apparently at its deepest hour. Spike walked forward to look for the man charged with the anchor-watch. It proved to be Jack Tier, who was standing near the galley, his arms folded as usual, apparently watching the few signs of approaching day that were beginning to be apparent in the western sky. The captain was in none of the best humours with the steward's assistant; but Jack had unaccountably got an ascendancy over his commander, which it was certainly very unusual for any subordinate in the Swash to obtain. Spike had deferred more to Mulford than to any mate he had ever before employed; but this was the deference due to superior information, manners, and origin. It was common-place, if not vulgar; whereas, the ascendancy obtained by little Jack Tier was, even to its subject, entirely inexplicable. He was unwilling to admit it to himself in the most secret manner, though he had begun to feel it on all occasions which brought them in contact, and to submit to it as a thing not to be averted.

"Jack Tier," demanded the captain, now that he found himself once more alone with the other, desirous of obtaining his opinion on a point that harassed him, though he knew not why; "Jack Tier,

answer me one thing. Do you believe that we saw the form of a dead or of a living man at the foot of the lighthouse?"

"The dead are never seen leaning against walls in that manner, Stephen Spike," answered Jack, coolly, not even taking the trouble to uncoil his arms. "What you saw was a living man; and you would do well to be on your guard against him. Harry Mulford is not your friend—and there is reason for it."

"Harry Mulford, and living! How can that be, Jack? You know the port in which he chose to run."

"I know the rock on which you chose to abandon him, Captain Spike."

"If so, how could he be living and at the Dry Tortugas? The thing is impossible!"

"The thing is so. You saw Harry Mulford, living and well, and ready to hunt you to the gallows. Beware of him, then; and beware of his handsome wife!"

"Wife! the fellow has no wife—he has always professed to be a single man!"

"The man is married—and I bid you beware of his handsome wife. She, too, will be a witness ag'in you."

"This will be news, then, for Rose Budd. I shall delight in telling it to *her*, at least."

"Twill be *no* news to Rose Budd. She was present at the wedding, and will not be taken by surprise. Rose loves Harry too well to let him marry, and she not present at the wedding."

"Jack, you talk strangely! What is the meaning of all this? I am captain of this craft, and will not be trifled with—tell me at once your meaning, fellow."

"My meaning is simple enough, and easily told. Rose Budd is the wife of Harry Mulford."

"You're dreaming, fellow, or are wishing to trifle with me!"

"It may be a dream, but it is one that will turn out to be true. If they have found the Poughkeepsie sloop-of-war, as I make no doubt they have by this time, Mulford and Rose are man and wife."

"Fool! you know not what you say! Rose is at this moment in her berth, sick at heart on account of the young gentleman who preferred to live on the Florida Reef rather than to sail in the Molly!"

"Rose is *not* in her berth, sick or well; neither is she on board this brig at all. She went off in the light-house boat to deliver her lover from the naked rock—and well did she succeed in so doing. God was of her side, Stephen Spike; and a body seldom fails with such a friend to support one."

Spike was astounded at these words, and not less so at the cool and confident manner with which they were pronounced. Jack spoke in a certain dogmatical, oracular manner, it is true, one that might have lessened his authority with a person over whom he had less influence; but this in no degree diminished its effect on Spike. On the contrary, it even disposed the captain to yield an implicit faith to what he heard, and all so much the more because the facts he was told appeared of themselves to be nearly impossible. It was half a minute before he had sufficiently recovered from his surprise to continue the discourse.

"The lighthouse boat!" Spike then slowly repeated. "Why,

fellow, you told me the lighthouse boat went adrift from your own hands !”

“ So it did,” answered Jack, coolly, “ since I cast off the painter—and what is more, went in it.”

“ You ! This is impossible. You are telling me a fabricated lie. If you had gone away in that boat, how could you now be here. No, no—it is a miserable lie, and Rose is below !”

“ Go and look into her state-room, and satisfy yourself with your own eyes.”

Spike did as was suggested. He went below, took a lamp that was always suspended, lighted, in the main cabin, and, without ceremony, proceeded to Rose's state-room, where he soon found that the bird had really flown. A direful execration followed this discovery, one so loud as to awaken Mrs. Budd and Biddy. Determined not to do things by halves, he broke open the door of the widow's state-room, and ascertained that the person he sought was not there. A fierce explosion of oaths and denunciations followed, which produced an answer in the customary screams. In the midst of this violent scene, however, questions were put, and answers obtained, that not only served to let the captain know that Jack had told him nothing but truth, but to put an end to everything like amicable relations between himself and the relict of his old commander. Until this explosion, appearances had been observed between them ; but, from that moment, there must necessarily be an end of all professions of even civility. Spike was never particularly refined in his intercourse with females, but he now threw aside even its pretension. His rage was so great that he totally forgot his manhood, and lavished on both Mrs. Budd and Biddy epithets that were altogether inexcusable, and many of which it will not do to repeat. Weak and silly as was the widow, she was not without spirit ; and on this occasion she was indisposed to submit to all this unmerited abuse in silence. Biddy, as usual, took her cue from her mistress, and between the two, their part of the wordy conflict was kept up with a very respectable degree of animation.

“ I know you—I know you, now !” screamed the widow, at the top of her voice ; “ and you can no longer deceive me, unworthy son of Neptune as you are ! You are unfit to be a lubber, and would be log-booked for an or'nary by every gentleman on board ship. You, a full-jiggered seaman ! No, you are not even half-jiggered, sir ; and I tell you so to your face.”

“ Yes, and it isn't half that might be tould the likes of yees !” put in Biddy, as her mistress stopped to breathe. “ And it's Miss Rose you'd have for a wife, when Biddy Noon would be too good for ye ! We knows ye, and all about ye, and can give yer history as complete from the day ye was born down to the present moment, and not find a good word to say in yer favour in all that time—and a pretty time it is, too, for a gentleman that would marry prettly, *young Miss Rose* ! Och ! I scorn to look ye, ye'r so ugly !”

“ And trying to persuade me you were a friend of my poor, dear Mr. Budd, whose shoe you are unworthy to touch, and who had the heart and soul for the noble profession you disgrace,” cut in the widow, the moment Biddy gave her a chance, by pausing to make a wry face as she pronounced the word “ ugly.” “ I now believe you

capasided them poor Mexicans, in order to get their money; and the moment we cast anchor in a road side, I'll go ashore, and complain of you for murder, I will."

"Do, missus dear, and I'll be your bail, will I, and swear to all that happened, and more too. Och! ye'r a wretch, to wish to be the husband of Miss Rose, and she so young and pretthy, and you so ould and ugly."

"Come away — come away, Stephen Spike! and do not stand wrangling with women, when you and your brig, and all that belongs to you are in danger," called out Jack Tier from the companion-way. "Day is come; and what is much worse for you, your most dangerous enemy is coming with it."

Spike was almost livid with rage, and ready to burst out in awful maledictions; but at this summons he sprang to the ladder, and was on deck in a moment. At first, he felt a strong disposition to wreak his vengeance on Tier, but, fortunately for the latter, as the captain's foot touched the quarter-deck, his eye fell on the Poughkeepsie, then within half a league of the Swash, standing in toward the reef, though fully half a mile to leeward. This spectre drove all other subjects from his mind, leaving the captain of the Swash in the only character in which he could be said to be respectable, or that of a seaman. Almost instinctively he called all hands, then he gave one brief minute to a survey of his situation.

It was, indeed, time for the Swash to be moving. There she lay, with three anchors down, including that of the schooner, all she had, in fact, with the exception of her best bower, and one kedje, with the purchases aloft, in readiness for hooking on to the wreck, and all the extra securities up that had been given to the masts. As for the sloop-of-war, she was under the very same canvas as that with which she had come out from the Dry Tortugas, or her three top-sails, spanker, and jib; but most of her other sails were loose, even to her royals and flying jibs, though closely gathered into their spars by means of the running gear. In a word, every sailor would know, at a glance, that the ship was merely waiting for the proper moment to spread her wings, when she would be flying through the water at the top of her speed. The weather looked dirty, and the wind was gradually increasing, threatening to blow heavily as the day advanced.

"Unshackle, unshackle!" shouted Spike to the boatswain, who was the first man that appeared on deck. "The sloop-of-war is upon us, and there is not a moment to lose. We must get the brig clear of the ground in the shortest way we can, and abandon everything. Unshackle, and cast off for-ard and aft, men."

A few minutes of almost desperate exertion succeeded. No men work like sailors, when the last are in a hurry, their efforts being directed to counteracting squalls, and avoiding emergencies of the most pressing character. Thus was it now with the crew of the Swash. The clanking of chains lasted but a minute, when the parts attached to the anchors were thrust through the hawse-holes, or were dropped into the water from other parts of the brig. This at once released the vessel, though a great deal remained to be done to clear her for working, and to put her in her best trim.

"Away with this outhauler!" again shouted Spike, casting loose the main-brails as he did so; "loose the jibs!"

All went on at once, and the Swash moved away from the grave of the poor carpenter with the ease and facility of motion that marked all her evolutions. Then the top-sail was let fall, and presently all the upper square-sails were sheeted home, and hoisted, and the fore-tack was hauled aboard. The Molly was soon alive, and jumping into the seas that met her with more power than was common, as she drew out from under the shelter of the reef into rough water. From the time when Spike gave his first order, to that when all his canvas was spread, was just seven minutes.

The Poughkeepsie, with her vastly superior crew, was not idle the while. Although the watch below was not disturbed, she tacked beautifully, and stood off the reef, in a line parallel to the course of the brig, and distant from her about half a mile. Then sail was made, her tacks having been boarded in stays. Spike knew the play of his craft was short legs, for she was so nimble in her movements that he believed she could go about in half the time that would be required for a vessel of the Poughkeepsie's length. "Ready about!" was his cry, therefore, when less than a mile distant from the reef; "ready about, and let her go round." Round the Molly did go, like a top, being full on the other tack in just fifty-six seconds. The movement of the corvette was more stately, and somewhat more deliberate. Still, she stayed beautifully, and both Spike and the boatswain shook their heads as they saw her coming into the wind with her sails all lifting and the sheets flowing.

"That fellow will fore-reach a cable's length before he gets about!" exclaimed Spike. "He will prove too much for us at this sport. Keep her away, my man—keep the brig away for the passage. We must run through the reef, instead of trusting ourselves to our heels in open water."

The brig was kept away accordingly, and sheets were eased off and braces just touched to meet the new line of sailing. As the wind stood, it was possible to lay through the passage on an easy bowline, though the breeze, which was getting to be fresher than Spike wished it to be, promised to haul more to the southward of east as the day advanced. Nevertheless, this was the Swash's best point of sailing, and all on board of her had strong hopes of her being too much for her pursuer, could she maintain it. Until this feeling began to diffuse itself in the brig, not a countenance was to be seen on her decks that did not betray intense anxiety; but now, something like grim smiles passed among the crew, as their craft seemed rather to fly than force her way through the water toward the entrance of the passage so often adverted to in this narrative.

On the other hand, the Poughkeepsie was admirably sailed and handled. Everybody was now on deck, and the first lieutenant had taken the trumpet. Captain Mull was a man of method, and a thorough man-of-war's man: whatever he did was done according to rule, and with great system. Just as the Swash was about to enter the passage, the drum of the Poughkeepsie beat to quarters. No sooner were the men mustered in the leeward or starboard batteries, than orders were sent to cast loose the guns, and to get them ready for service. Owing to the more leeward position of his vessel, and to the fact that she always head-reached so much in stays, Captain Mull knew that she

would not lose much by luffing into the wind or by making half-boards, while he might gain everything by one well-directed shot.

The strife commenced by the sloop-of-war firing her weather-bow gun, single shotted, at the Swash. No damage was done, though the fore-yard of the brig had a very narrow escape. This experiment was repeated three times, without even a rope-yarn being carried away, though the gun was pointed by Wallace himself, and well pointed too. But it is possible for a shot to come very near its object, and still to do no injury. Such was the fact on this occasion, though the "ship's gentleman" was a good deal mortified by the result. Men look so much at success as the test of merit, that few pause to inquire into the reasons of failures, though it frequently happens that adventurers prosper by means of their very blunders. Captain Mull now determined on a half-board, for his ship was more to leeward than he desired. Directions were given to the officers in the batteries to be deliberate, and the helm was put down. As the ship shot into the wind, each gun was fired as it could be brought to bear, until the last of them all was discharged. Then the course of the vessel was changed, the helm being righted before the ship had lost her way, and the sloop-of-war fell off again to her course.

All this was done in such a short period of time as scarcely to cause the Poughkeepsie to lose anything, while it did the Swash the most serious injury. The guns had been directed at the brig's spars and sails, Captain Mull desiring no more than to capture his chase; and the destruction they produced aloft was such as to induce Spike and his men at first to imagine that the whole hamper above their heads was about to come clattering down on deck. One shot carried away all the weather fore-topmast rigging of the brig, and would no doubt have brought about the loss of the mast, if another that almost instantly succeeded it had not cut the spar itself in two, bringing down, as a matter of course, everything above it. Nearly half of the mainmast was gouged out of that spar, and the gaff was taken fairly out of its jaws; the fore-yard was cut in the slings, and various important ropes were carried away in different parts of the vessel.

Flight under such circumstances was impossible, unless some extraordinary external assistance was to be obtained. This Spike saw at once, and he had recourse to the only expedient that remained which might possibly yet save him. The guns were still belching forth their smoke and flames, when he shouted out the order to put the helm hard up. The width of the passage in which the vessels were was not so great but that he might hope to pass across it, and to enter a channel among the rocks which was favourably placed for such a purpose, ere the sloop of war could overtake him. Whither that channel led, what water it possessed, or whether it were not a shallow *cul-de-sac*, were all facts of which Spike was ignorant; the circumstances, however, would not admit of an alternative.

Happily for the execution of Spike's present design, nothing from aloft had fallen into the water to impede the brig's way. Forward, in particular, she seemed all wreck; her foreyard having come down altogether, so as to encumber the fore-castle, while her topmast, with its dependent spars and gear, was suspended but a short distance above. Still, nothing had gone over the side so as actually to touch the water, and the craft obeyed her helm as usual. Away she went, then, for

the lateral opening in the reef just mentioned, driven ahead by the pressure of a strong breeze on her sails, which still offered large surfaces to the wind, at a rapid rate. Instead of keeping away to follow, the Poughkeepsie maintained her luff, and just as the Swash entered the unknown passage, into which she was blindly plunging, the sloop-of-war was about a quarter of a mile to windward, and standing directly across her stern. Nothing would have been easier now than for Captain Mull to destroy his chase; but humanity prevented his firing. He knew that her career must be short, and he fully expected to see her anchor; when it would be easy for him to take possession with his boats. With this expectation, indeed, he shortened sail, furling topgallant-sails, and hauling up his courses. By this time the wind had so much freshened as to induce him to think of putting in a reef, and the step now taken had a double object in view.

To the surprise of all on board the man-of-war, the brig continued on, until she was fully a mile distant, finding her way deeper and deeper among the mazes of the reef without meeting with any impediment! This fact induced Captain Mull to order his Paixhans to throw their shells beyond her, by way of a hint to anchor. While the guns were getting ready Spike stood on boldly, knowing it was neck or nothing, and beginning to feel a faint revival of hope as he found himself getting further and further from his pursuers, and the rocks not fetching him up. Even the men, who had begun to murmur at what seemed to them to be risking too much, partook, in a slight degree, of the same feeling, and began to execute the order they had received to try to get the launch into the water, with some appearance of an intention to succeed. Previously, the work could scarcely be said to go on at all; but two or three of the older seamen now bestirred themselves, and suggestions were made and attended to, that promised results. But it was no easy thing to get the launch out of a half-rigged brig, that had lost her fore-yard, and which carried nothing square abaft. A derrick was used in common, to lift the stern of the boat; but a derrick would now be useless aft, without an assistant forward. While these things were in discussion, under the superintendence of the boatswain, and Spike was standing between the knight-heads, conning the craft, the sloop-of-war let fly the first of her hollow shot. Down came the hurtling mass upon the Swash, keeping every head elevated, and all eyes looking for the dark object as it went booming through the air above their heads. The shot passed fully a mile to leeward, where it exploded. This great range had been given to the first shot with a view to admonish the captain how long he must continue under the guns of the ship, and as advice to come to. The second gun followed immediately. Its shot was seen to ricochet directly in a line with the brig, making leaps of about half a mile in length. It struck the water about fifty yards astern of the vessel, bounded directly over her decks, passing through the mainsail and some of the fallen hamper forward, and exploded about a hundred yards ahead. As usually happens with such projectiles, most of the fragments were either scattered laterally, or went on, impelled by the original momentum.

The effect of this last gun on the crew of the Swash was instantaneous and deep. The faint gleamings of hope vanished at once, and a

lively consciousness of the desperate nature of their condition succeeded in every mind. The launch was forgotten, and, after conferring together for a moment, the men went in a body, with the boatswain at their head, to the fore-castle, and offered a remonstrance to their commander on the subject of holding out any longer under circumstances so very hazardous, and which menaced their lives in so many different ways. Spike listened to them with eyes that fairly glared with fury. He ordered them back to their duty in a voice of thunder, tapping the breast of his jacket, where he was known to carry revolvers, with a significance that could convey but one meaning.

It is wonderful the ascendancy that men sometimes obtain over their fellows by means of character, the habits of command, and obedience, and intimidation. Spike was a stern disciplinarian, relying on that and ample pay for the unlimited control he often found it necessary to exercise over his crew. On the present occasion his people were profoundly alarmed, but habitual deference and submission to their leader counteracted the feeling, and held them in suspense. They were fully aware of the nature of the position they occupied in a legal sense, and were deeply reluctant to increase the appearances of crime; but most of them had been extricated from so many grave difficulties in former instances, by the coolness, nerve, and readiness of the captain, that a latent ray of hope was perhaps dimly shining in the rude breast of every old sea-dog among them. As a consequence of these several causes they abandoned their remonstrance, for the moment at least, and made a show of returning to their duty; though it was in a sullen and moody manner.

It was easier, however, to make a show of hoisting out the launch than to effect the object. This was soon made apparent on trial, and Spike himself gave the matter up. He ordered the yawl to be lowered, got alongside, and to be prepared for the reception of the crew, by putting into it a small provision of food and water. All this time the brig was rushing madly to leeward, among rocks and breakers, without any other guide than that which the visible dangers afforded. Spike knew no more where he was going than the meanest man in his vessel. His sole aim was to get away from his pursuers, and to save his neck from the rope. He magnified the danger of punishment that he really ran, for he best knew the extent and nature of his crimes, of which the few that have been laid before the reader, while they might have been amongst the most prominent, as viewed through the statutes and international law, were far from the gravest he had committed in the eyes of morals.

About this time the Señor Montefalderon went forward to confer with Spike. The calmness of this gentleman's demeanour, the simplicity and coolness of his movements, denoted a conscience that saw no particular ground for alarm. He wished to escape captivity, that he might continue to serve his country; but no other apprehension troubled him.

"Do you intend to trust yourself in the yawl, Don Estaban?" demanded the Mexican quietly. "If so, is she not too small to contain so many as we shall make altogether?"

Spike's answer was given in a low voice; and it evidently came from a very husky throat.

"Speak lower, Don Wan," he said. "The boat would be greatly

overloaded with all hands in it, especially among the breakers, and blowing as it does; but we may leave some of the party behind."

"The brig *must* go on the rocks sooner or later, Don Estaban; when she does she will go to pieces in an hour."

"I expect to hear her strike every minute, señor; the moment she does we must be off. I have had my eye on that ship for some time, expecting to see her lower her cutters and gigs to board us. *You* will not be out of the way, Don Wan; but there is no need of being talkative on the subject of our escape."

Spike now turned his back on the Mexican, looking anxiously ahead, with the desire to get as far into the reef as possible with his brig, which he coned with great skill and coolness. The Señor Montfalderson left him. With the chivalry and consideration of a man and a gentleman, he went in quest of Mrs. Budd and Biddy. A hint sufficed for them; and, gathering together a few necessities, they were in the yawl in the next three minutes. This movement was unseen by Spike, or he might have prevented it. His eyes were now riveted on the channel ahead. It had been fully his original intention to make off in the boat the instant the brig struck, abandoning not only Don Juan, with Mrs. Budd and Biddy, to their fates; but most of the crew. A private order had been given to the boatswain, and three of the ablest-bodied among the seamen, each and all of whom kept the secret with religious fidelity, as it was believed their own personal safety might be connected with the success of this plan.

Nothing is so contagious as alarm. It requires not only great natural steadiness of nerve, but much acquired firmness, to remain unmoved when sudden terror has seized on the minds of those around us. Habitual respect had prevented the crew from interfering with the movements of the Mexican, who not only descended into the boat with his female companions uninterrupted, but also took with him the little bag of doubloons which fell to his share from the first raising of the schooner. Josh and Jack Tier assisted in getting Mrs. Budd and Biddy over the side, and both took their own places in the yawl as soon as this pious duty was discharged. This served as a hint to others near at hand; and man after man left his work to steal into the yawl, until every living being had disappeared from the deck of the Swash, Spike himself excepted. The man at the wheel had been the last to desert his post, nor would he have done so then, but for a signal from the boatswain, with whom he was a favourite.

It is certain there was a secret desire among the people of the Swash, who were now crowded into a boat not large enough to contain more than half their number with safety, to push off from the brig's side, and abandon her commander and owner to his fate. All had passed so soon, however, and events succeeded each other with so much rapidity, that little time was given for consultation. Habit kept them in their places, though the appearances around them were strong motives for taking care of themselves.

Notwithstanding the time necessary to relate the foregoing events, a quarter of an hour had not elapsed from the moment when the Swash entered this unknown channel among the rocks, ere she struck. No sooner was her helm deserted than she broached-to, and Spike was in the act of denouncing the steerage, ignorant of its cause, when the brig was thrown broadside-to on a sharp angular bed of rocks. It was

fortunate for the boat, and all in it, that it was brought to leeward by the broaching-to of the vessel, and that the water was still sufficiently deep around them to prevent the waves from breaking. Breakers there were, however, in thousands, on every side; and the seamen understood that their situation was almost desperately perilous, without shipwreck coming to increase the danger.

The storm itself was scarcely more noisy and boisterous than was Spike when he ascertained the manner in which his people had behaved. At first he believed it was their plan to abandon him to his fate; but, on rushing to the lee-gangway, Don Juan Montefalderon assured him that no such intention existed, and that he would not allow the boat to be cast off until the captain was received on board. This brief respite gave Spike a moment to care for his portion of the doubloons; and he rushed to his state-room to secure them, together with his quadrant.

The grinding of the brig's bottom on the coral announced a speedy breaking up of the craft, while her commander was thus employed. So violent were some of the shocks with which she came down on the hard bed in which she was now cradled, that Spike expected to see her burst asunder while he was yet on her decks. The cracking of timbers told him that all was over with the Swash; nor had he got back as far as the gangway with his prize, before he saw plainly that the vessel had broken her back, as it is termed, and that her plank-sheer was opening in a way that threatened to permit a separation of the craft into two sections, one forward and the other aft. Notwithstanding all these portentous proofs that the minutes of the Molly were numbered, and the danger that existed of his being abandoned by his crew, Spike paused a moment ere he went over the vessel's side to take a hasty survey of the reef. His object was to get a general idea of the position of the breakers, with a view to avoid them. As much of the interest of that which is to succeed is connected with these particular dangers, it may be well to explain their character, along with a few other points of a similar bearing.

The brig had gone ashore fully two miles within the passage she had entered, and which, indeed, terminated at the very spot where she had struck. The Poughkeepsie was standing off and on in the main channel, with her boats in the water, evidently preparing to carry the brig in that mode. As for the breakers, they whitened the surface of the ocean in all directions around the wreck, far as the eye could reach, but in two. The passage in which the Poughkeepsie was standing to and fro was clear of them, of course; and about a mile and a half to the northward Spike saw that he should be in open water, or altogether on the northern side of the reef, could he only get there. The gravest dangers would exist in the passage, which led among breakers on all sides, and very possibly among rocks so near the surface as to absolutely obstruct their way. In one sense, however, the breakers were useful. By avoiding them as much as possible, and by keeping in the unbroken water, the boat would be running in the channels of the reef, and consequently would be the safer. The result of the survey, short as it was, and it did not last a minute, was to give Spike something like a plan; and when he went over the side, and got into the boat, it was with a determination to work his way out of the reef to its northern edge as soon as possible, and then to skirt it as near as he could in his flight toward the Dry Tortugas.

ALBERT THORVALDSEN ;
A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH,
BY H. C. ANDERSEN.*



INTERIOR OF THE THORVALDSEN MUSEUM.

THORVALDSEN, in 1838, had attained universal fame. The frigate *Rota* was despatched to bring a cargo of his works to Copenhagen, and he was to arrive at the same time, perhaps to remain, in Denmark.

For many years we had not seen such beautiful northern lights as in the autumn of this year. Red and blue flames were seen whirling in the horizon ; Iceland's light glimmering nights had come down to our green islands : it was as if Thorvaldsen's forefathers, wrapped in the lustre of the aurora borealis, hovered around us to greet their youngest scion. The frigate *Rota*, with the artist on board, approached the summer-green coasts of Denmark.

The Danish flag was to be hoisted from the tower of St. Nicholas, as soon as the vessel could be descried on its way from Elsinore ; but it was a foggy day, and the frigate was close by the city before it was observed. Every one was in busy motion, people flocked through the streets towards the custom-house.

What a picture ! The sun bursts forth suddenly between the clouds ; there lies the proud ship ; a magnificent rainbow spans the

* Translated, under the superintendence of the author, by C. Beckwith ; excluded from page 428.

heavens.* The cannons thunder, all the vessels hoist their flags; the sea is covered with boats gaily trimmed as for a festival; emblematical flags wave and tell us that in one boat are painters, in others sculptors, poets, and students; here come young well-dressed ladies, yet the eye only rests for a moment on them; it turns and fixes itself on the great boat which, with rapid strokes, steers from the ship; for there sits Thorvaldsen, his long white hair hanging over his blue cloak, and the song of welcome sounds from the shore.

The whole shore is filled with spectators; hats and handkerchiefs wave, repeated hurrahs rend the air: it is a people's festival, enthusiasm's festival. The people take the horses from his carriage, and draw him to his dwelling at Charlottenborg, where the *atelier* is ornamented with flowers and garlands. The evening is that of a festival; torches glare in the garden, and artists serenade him.

Thorvaldsen is the people's heart,—the people's thoughts;—feast follows feast. We will mention but two of these *fêtes* as the most important. The one was a sort of poetical-musical academia, where poems for the occasion were read by the authors themselves,† or, set to music, were sung by *dilettanti*. The large saloon, every little room was filled; every one would partake in the feast, which ended with a supper and a dance led off by Thorvaldsen. The other *fête* was arranged by the united students, when he was made honorary member of the union. At the banquet on this occasion, at which a song by H. P. Holst apostrophized the future museum, the background of the saloon was opened, and the museum appeared as it would do when completed.

However much this enthusiasm and homage may have gratified Thorvaldsen, it at length became tiresome; festivals and admiration belonged to his daily existence, and yet he thought so little of it. When he was drawn by the populace to his dwelling, he was ignorant of it, and said, "We drive fast;" and as he returned one evening from the cathedral in Roeskilde, the houses being illuminated for him, he exclaimed, "There must be a wedding here to-night!"‡

Close to Presto Bay, surrounded by wood-grown banks, lies Nysø, the principal seat of the barony of Stampenborg,—a place which, through Thorvaldsen, has become remarkable in Denmark. The open strand, the beautiful beech woods, even the little town seen through the orchards, at some few hundred paces from the mansion, make the place worthy of a visit on account of its truly Danish scenery. Here Thorvaldsen found his best home in Denmark; here he seemed to increase his fame, and here a series of his last beautiful bas-reliefs were produced.

Baron Stampe is one of nature's noblest-minded men; his hospitality, and his lady's daughterly affection for Thorvaldsen, opened a home for him here, a comfortable and good one. A great energetic

* By many it was regarded as a bright omen, which formed the subject of more than one picture at the Academy, that just as Thorvaldsen was about to leave the frigate, the sun, which had been obscured throughout the day, suddenly broke forth, and a beautiful rainbow extended itself over the vessel, as it was seen from the shore.

† The authors who recited their poems themselves were Oehlenschläger, Grundtvig, H. P. Holst and H. C. Andersen; the words of the songs were written by Heiberg, Hertz, Winther, and Overskou, the introductory speech by Professor Clausen.

‡ It is the custom in Denmark for the friends of newly-married persons to illuminate the windows of their houses on the evening of the marriage day.

power in the baroness incited his activity; she attended him with a daughter's care, elicited from him every little wish, and executed it. Directly after his first visit to Nysö, a short tour to Moen's chalk cliffs was arranged, and during the few days that were passed there, a little *atelier* was erected in the garden at Nysö, close to the canal which half encircles the principal building: here, and in a corner room of the mansion, on the first floor facing the sea, most of Thorvaldsen's works, during the last years of his life, were executed: "Christ bearing the Cross," "the Entry into Jerusalem," "Rebecca at the Well," his own portrait-statue, Oehlenschläger's and Holberg's busts, &c. Baroness Stampe was in faithful attendance on him, lent him a helping hand, and read aloud for him from Holberg. Driving abroad, weekly concerts, and in the evenings his fondest play, "The Lottery," were what most easily excited him, and on these occasions he would say many amusing things. He has represented the Stampe family in two bas-reliefs: in the one representing the mother, the two daughters, and the youngest son, is the artist himself; the other exhibits the father and the two eldest sons.

All circles sought to attract Thorvaldsen; he was at every great festival, in every great society, and every evening in the theatre by the side of Oehlenschläger. As a young man, he had not that imposing beauty of feature which he had in after-life.

" — That noble figure
Sat plastic, as his own gods' statues.
Hast thou observed that wheresoe'er he came
'Mongst numbers forth, the crowd made silent way,
As by a holy cloud unconscious sway'd."*

His greatness was allied to a mildness, a straightforwardness, that in the highest degree fascinated the stranger who approached him for the first time. His *atelier* in Copenhagen was visited daily; he therefore felt himself more comfortable and undisturbed at Nysö. Baron Stampe and his family accompanied him to Italy in 1841, when he again visited that country. The whole journey, which was by way of Berlin, Dresden, Frankfort, the Rhine towns, and Munich, was a continued triumphal procession. The winter was passed in Rome, and the Danes there had a home in which they found a welcome.

The following year, Thorvaldsen was again in Denmark, and at his favourite place, Nysö. On Christmas eve, he here formed his beautiful bas-relief, "Christmas Joys in Heaven," which Oehlenschläger consecrated with a poem. The last birthday of his life was celebrated here; the performance of one of Holberg's vaudevilles was arranged, and strangers invited; yet the morning of that day was the homeliest, when only the family and the author of this memoir, who had written a merry song for the occasion, which was still wet on the paper, placed themselves outside the artist's door, each with a pair of tongs, a gong, or a bottle on which they rubbed a cork as an accompaniment, and sung the song as a morning greeting. Thorvaldsen, in his morning gown, opened the door, laughing; he twirled his black Raphael's-cap, took a pair of tongs himself, and accompanied us, whilst he danced round and joined the others in the loud "hurra!"

* Heiberg, in his elegy, "Thorvaldsen."

A charming bas-relief, "the Genius of Poetry," was just completed: it was the same that Thorvaldsen, on the last day of his life, bequeathed to Oehlenschläger, and said, "It may serve as a medal for you."

On Sunday, the 24th of March, 1844, a small party of friends was assembled at the residence of Baron Stampe in Copenhagen. Thorvaldsen was there, and was unusually lively; told stories, and spoke of a journey that he intended to make to Italy in the course of the summer. Hahn's tragedy of "*Giseldis*" was to be performed for the first time that evening at the theatre. Tragedy was not his favorite subject, but comedy, and particularly the comedies of Holberg; but it was something new that he was to see, and it had become a sort of habit with him to pass the evening in the theatre. About six o'clock, therefore, he went to the theatre alone. The overture had begun; on entering, he shook hands with a few of his friends, took his usual seat, stood up again to allow one to pass him, sat down again, bent his head, and was no more! The music continued. Those nearest to him thought that he was only in a swoon, and he was borne out; but he was numbered with the dead.

The news flew through the city like an electric shock: his chambers at Charlottenborg were filled with anxious inquirers; amongst those who were most deeply affected was the Baroness Stampe, who, but a few days before, had lost a dear sister, and now, with a daughter's heart, she wept for the great artist.*

On dissecting the body, it was found that death was caused by an organic disease of the heart which would have produced *dropsy* in the chest. Amongst hundreds of persons there are scarcely two so lucky as to be saved from pain by a sudden death. In the lottery of life, Thorvaldsen drew Death's number, and was also fortunate in that. His face retained its usual expression when in the coffin. The great artist lay there in the long white clothes, and with a fresh laurel-wreath around his brow, like a handsome and imposing bust.

"Sorrow over the great master's passing knell,
Was bound up with our church's solemn festival."†

His death occurred just in the beginning of Lent.—He lay in the open coffin in the great figure saloon of the academy, surrounded by burning tapers, just in that place, where he, fifty years before, on the day previous, had received the academy's medal. The funeral oration was delivered by Professor Clausen, and the artists bade farewell to their great master:

"—— With heavy, heavy tears
We now bear Denmark's pride to the grave."‡

* His will, dated the 5th December, 1838, states that he gives to his native town Copenhagen all the objects of art belonging to him at the time of his death; that the museum shall bear his name, and that he had previously set aside 25,000 rix-dollars towards its erection. The executors named in the will were Councillor Collin, Professors Thiele, Clausen, Schouw, and Bissen, together with a member of the Copenhagen magistracy. The will further directs that the completion of his works should be committed to Professor Bissen, he being paid for the same from the funds of the museum, and that he should likewise have the special artistic inspection of the museum.

† Heiberg.

‡ A poem by H. P. Holst.

The Crown-prince of Denmark, as president of the academy, followed nearest the coffin: it stopt once more in the courtyard, a *miserere* in the Italian language was sung by the opera company then in Copenhagen, and the procession began.*

It is a dull gray day, there is not a sunbeam to be seen. The citizens, all with crape round their hats, have placed themselves in rows, arm-in arm, and where the line ends on that long road, there stand the poorer classes—even ragged boys hold each other by the hand, and form a chain, a chain of peace; the rows of students began nearest to Frue Kirke. All the windows, walls, trees, and many roofs, are filled with spectators. What a stillness! See, they uncover their heads as the coffin approaches; it is ornamented with flowers and palm branches above, with Thorvalden's statue leaning on Hope: amongst the many wreaths on the lid, there are two that are particularly worthy of notice, the one is bound by the queen herself with the finest flowers that the seasons afford,—the other is of silver, the children in several of the schools of the town have each given their mite towards it. See, at all the windows are females dressed in mourning! Flowers are showered down, large bouquets fall on the coffin, all the bells of the churches toll. It is a festal procession, the people accompany the artist-king!—that moment will never be forgotten.

When the coffin was at the church door, the last part of the procession left the house of mourning. The orchestra poured forth a deep and affecting funeral march, as if the dead joined in the procession, led on by the tones of the organ and trumpet. The king of the land met the coffin, and joined the ranks of the mourners at the door of the church,† which was hung with black cloth, where Christ and the Apostles in marble stood in the faint light. The cantata now sounded from tuneful lips and pealing organ; the last chorus was heard, then followed an oration by Dean Tryde, and the mournful ceremony concluded with a "Sleep well!" from the students, who had formed a circle round the coffin.

Thus ended Albert Thorvaldsen's glorious life's triumph. Fortune and Victory favoured him; no artist's life has been richer in fortune's sunshine than his. The nobly born felt himself proud of having in his circle the order-decorated, the great man whom princes delight to honour and pay homage to, the world's far-famed sculptor;—the common man knew that he was born in his class, sprung from his strong race; he looked up to him, regarded his honour and fortune as a part of his own, and saw in him the chosen of God. Yes, even in death Thorvaldsen seemed to cast sparks of fortune on the indigent many. In Nyboder,‡ where they knew Thorvaldsen well, and

* At half-past one A. M., the procession left the house of mourning and reached the church (Frue Kirke) at a quarter before three. It was led by two artists, at the head of an immense number of seamen, then came about eight hundred students, after them came the Icelanders resident in the town, then artists of all classes, and then the body borne by artists. The Crown-Prince followed, with the members of the Academy, the university, the officers of the navy and army, civil officers, citizens, &c. The streets through which the procession passed were swept, and strewn with sand and evergreens.

† The Queen, the Crown-princess, and several ladies of the royal house had taken their seats in a pew, on the floor of the church, near the coffin.

‡ A quarter of Copenhagen, where the seamen live, built for them by Christian the Fourth.

knew that his father had been one of them, and worked in the dock-yard, the sailors had taken the number of his age, his birth-day, and the day of his death, namely, 74, 22, 24, in the number lottery,* and as these numbers were actually drawn, it was to them not a little proof of his greatness.

The mournful intelligence of his death soon spread through the country, and through all lands; funeral dirges were sung and funeral festivals were arranged in Berlin and Rome; in the Danish theatre, whence his soul took its flight to God, there was a festival; the place where he had sat was decorated with crape, and laurel wreaths, and a poem by Heiberg was recited, in which his greatness and his death were alluded to.

The day before Thorvaldsen's death the interior of his tomb was finished, for it was his wish that his remains might rest in the centre of the court-yard of the museum; it was then walled round, and he begged that there might be a marble edge around it, and a few rose-trees and flowers planted on it as his monument. The whole building, with the rich treasures which he presented to his fatherland, will be his monument: his works are to be placed in the rooms of the square building that surrounds the open court-yard, and which, both internally and externally, are painted in the Pompeian style. His arrival in the roads of Copenhagen, and landing at the custom-house, forms the subject depicted in the compartments under the windows of one side of the museum. Through centuries to come will nations wander to Denmark; not allured by our charming green islands, with their fresh beech woods alone, no, but to see these works and this tomb.

There is, however, one place more that the stranger will visit, the little spot at Nysø where his *atelier* stands, and where the tree bends its branches over the canal to the solitary swan which he fed. The name of Thorvaldsen will be remembered in England, by his statues of Jason and Byron; in Switzerland by his "recumbent lion;" in Roeskilde by his figure of Christian the Fourth,—it will live in every breast in which a love of art is enkindled.

* In this lottery ninety numbers are placed in the wheel, out of which five are drawn.

MEMOIRS OF MR. BROOKE, GOVERNOR OF LABUAN,
AND RAJAH OF SARAWAK.

BY JAMES AUGUSTUS ST. JOHN,

AUTHOR OF "THE MANNERS, ETC., OF ANCIENT GREECE."

UNTIL very recently comparatively little was known of Mr. Brooke, or of the Indian Archipelago itself, the scene of his labours and success. The Dutch, no doubt, had long been established in various parts of it, and numerous European navigators, from the period of Magellan's voyage in 1520, had traversed its narrow seas in all directions, and given descriptions, more or less interesting, of its infinitely varied groups. During the latter half of the eighteenth century, the East India Company obtained a transient footing on a small island to the north of Borneo, from which its servants were expelled by the Sulus, and driven to take temporary refuge in Labuan. Afterwards, in the course of our last great struggle with France, we became masters of all the Dutch possessions in the East, Sumatra, Java, the southern extremities of Pulo Kalamantan, the Moluccas, and the few points they possessed in Celebes.

At that period an enterprising gentleman in the service of the East India Company, Sir Stamford Raffles, began to comprehend the importance of that insular division of Asia, and endeavoured, by his writings and representations to government, to give a proper direction to the policy of this country. His exertions may, upon the whole, be said to have been almost rendered fruitless by the ignorance or apathy of the ministers, who understood neither the political nor the commercial value of the Archipelago. By laying, however, the foundation of Singapore, which he did without orders and at his peril, this able and judicious man, linked us involuntarily to the Archipelago, made it at once our duty and interest to acquaint ourselves with its condition, and obtain at least a share of that immense commerce which it has been the constant aim of Holland, ever since we restored her colonies, to check rather than to develop. The rapid growth of Singapore may be said to have disclosed to the world the secret of that part of Asia, which only requires the touch of European policy and commerce to be quickened into active life.

Of course there has always been a certain amount of trade between the various islands, because it is impossible to maintain even that degree of civilisation which they possess without the interchange of commodities, not only among themselves, but with the neighbouring countries on the continent. But, up to this hour, the trade may be said to exist in its simplest rudiments. It is only lately that square-rigged vessels have been engaged in it, in very small numbers, the far greater portion of the traffic being still carried on in native prahus of a few tons' burden. Nevertheless it has been fully ascertained, that no part of the earth produces richer or more abundant materials for commerce, consisting of gold and precious stones, odoriferous gums, edible birds'-nests, rice, cotton, coffee, and coals, together with a multitude of other articles, the enumeration of which would be beside my present purpose.

Some time after the disappearance of Sir Stamford Raffles from

the scene, another gentleman, who had likewise been in the service of the East India Company, conceived the design of directing public attention to the Archipelago. This was Mr. Brooke, a slight sketch of whose career may not, at the present moment, be uninteresting to the world, since he has probably laid the foundation of one of the most lucrative trades and valuable settlements possessed, or to be possessed, by Great Britain in the East. It is very rarely that men who acquire distinction by their daring spirit of enterprise have time to render themselves masters of those acquisitions which would place them on a level with statesmen and politicians at home. Living perpetually in the midst of danger, exposed to the machination of savages, and habituated to strife and contention, they themselves naturally grow fierce and impetuous, and instinctively acquire a contempt for the arts and manners of civilised life. Relying on their courage and their energy, they set no value on the cultivation of the mind, or any of those accomplishments which constitute the charm of social intercourse. Mr. Brooke belongs in no sense to this class of men, except in possessing like them great intrepidity, and the prudence by which it should be guided to useful ends. In his original profession, which was that of a soldier, he would probably have attained high rank, and, had he made literature his profession, he would in that way have risen to eminence in more than one of its most popular departments.

Mr. Brooke, descended by both parents from ancient families, was born on the 29th of April, 1803, at Coombe Grove, his father's seat in the neighbourhood of Bath. It is an observation which has often been made, that most men who render themselves remarkable in life by the development of their moral or intellectual qualities discover the first germs of their success in the early instruction of their mothers. Mrs. Brooke was a woman of great strength and delicacy of mind, who was not only mistress of the knowledge usually possessed by ladies, but of that vivifying sympathy which, when it operates on a proper object, is sure to kindle a laudable ambition. Fond as a mother should be of all her children, she would yet appear to have conceived peculiar hopes of this son, whom she lived to see Rajah of Sarawak, though the happiness was not permitted her of greeting him with a mother's blessing on his recent return to England.

Intended for the military service of the East India Company, Mr. Brooke received an education suitable to his rank and expectations and went out at a very early period to Bengal, in which presidency he spent the first years of his youth. On the breaking out of the Burmese war, he accompanied his regiment to Assam, where in the vicinity of Rungpoor, the ancient capital of the province, he was shot through the lungs while attacking a stockade, and hovered for some time between life and death. The tranquillity of home, and the benefit of his native air having been judged necessary for his recovery, he returned to Europe, where, as soon as his improved health would permit, he resumed the studies of his boyhood, and rendered himself master of several modern languages, which he still speaks with fluency. He travelled also through France, Switzerland, and Italy, and in the last-named classic land acquired a strong taste for antiquarian researches which, up to the present hour, have occupied a portion of his leisure. It was at this time, also, that he became acquainted with the poetry and romantic literature of Italy,

and translated passages from Tasso, which, for fidelity and elegance, have not, perhaps, been surpassed.

Having remained in Europe the full time allowed by his leave of absence, he prepared to return to India and pursue the military profession. The ship, however, in which he embarked, was wrecked on the Isle of Wight, and he had therefore to undergo the trial of a second separation from his family. The *Castle Huntley*, the next ship in which he sailed, was more fortunate; there were numerous passengers on board, many of them well educated and talented; and, to beguile the tedium of the voyage, it was proposed to publish a weekly periodical, of which, by universal consent, Mr. Brooke was made editor. This task he undertook upon one condition, namely, that all the contributions should be in verse, and that no one should indulge in personalities. The publication was called the "*Nautilus*," and it came out at first on Friday, but afterwards the day of its appearance was changed to Saturday. The "*Nautilus*" always commenced with a contribution from the editor, who usually wrote under the formidable signature of "*Cholera Morbus*." Of these short poems some are light and satirical, originating in fugitive circumstances, and designed solely to promote the amusement of the hour; others, on the contrary, are so serious and full of thought, so elevated in sentiment, so pervaded by the power of imagination, and so conformable in their structure to the strictest rules of art, that they would have done no discredit to Lord Byron himself, whom the youthful poet regarded with high admiration. I have the "*Nautilus*" now before me; it bears every mark of being the record of an agreeable voyage. All the contributors seem to have tasked their powers to the utmost to have amused their fellow-passengers; and, whatever may be the defect of some of the pieces, it is impossible to peruse the whole without forming a highly favourable conception of the entire party. In some we find the idea of home mixing itself up with all their thoughts, and tinging them with melancholy; in others the wishes bound forward to the termination of the voyage, and revel in all the enjoyments afforded or promised by Indian life. To high poetical excellence few endeavoured to attain, but there is a profusion of imagery, sometimes original, with much fertility and freshness of fancy.

On arriving at Madras Mr. Brooke found that his period of furlough had expired, and that, in order to reinstate himself in the position he had thus lost, a protracted and wearisome correspondence with the authorities at home would probably be necessary; he therefore resigned the service at once, and determined on proceeding with the ship all the way to China. This step was, perhaps, the most important of his life, as it conducted him to the field of his future labours. It was now, in fact, that he saw for the first time the islands of the Indian Archipelago, with their natural riches and incomparable beauty. By degrees, the idea of visiting and exploring them suggested itself to his mind, though it was not suddenly brought to maturity. On his arrival at Canton he enjoyed some opportunities of studying the Chinese character, and, in the multiplied imports of that city, of forming some faint conception of the value and variety of the products of the Archipelago. Returning to Europe, still full of the design he had formed, he, in conjunction with another gentleman, fitted out a ship of large burden in order to make the experi-

ment he had so much at heart, and proceeded once more into the China seas, where numerous circumstances concurred to defeat his purposes. The plan of acting in conjunction with another was abandoned, and he once more revisited Europe, his views continually acquiring greater maturity and development.

Mr. Brooke now, by the death of his father, succeeded to a considerable fortune; and, after the lapse of some time, his project for opening up the Indian Archipelago to British commerce and enterprise was resumed. After much thought and investigation, he resolved upon making the attempt on a scale of great magnificence for a private individual, purchased a large and handsome yacht, and, having manned it with a choice crew, left England on an experimental voyage up the Mediterranean; experimental, I mean in this sense, that he wished to test the soundness and sailing qualities of his yacht, the "Royalist," and the docility, courage, and attachment of his men. It would protract this notice to far too great a length to enter into a minute account of that voyage, in the course of which he landed in Spain, and traversed a large portion of its southern provinces. Among the things he saw was the Alhambra, his description of which I shall here lay before the reader, both as a specimen of the vigorous and picturesque style in which Mr. Brooke was accustomed to keep his journal, and as revealing in some degree his character and cast of thought.

"The Moorish antiquities interest me more than anything else in Spain, for when we look back on their history we cannot but feel how nearly we might have been connected with them. The victory of Charles Martel saved the Christian world from the deluge which threatened its freedom and religion, and gave the first check to conquerors who had carried their conquests to, and their creed from, the deserts of Arabia to the fertile lands of Spain. Though the Moors from that period ceased to extend their territories, they consolidated and enriched what they had acquired. In agriculture they stood unrivalled; science advanced amongst them. In astronomy, physic, botany, &c. they far outstripped the barbarians of chivalry, and their manufactures flourished in the numerous cities which owned their sway. Their architecture, so original, so light, yet so rich, is still to be seen within the walls of the Alhambra; and all who visit this palace must admit that it bears witness of a people who had reached a high point of enlightened taste and civilised luxury. It appears, too, as if the genial clime of Spain tended to soften the race who had become its possessors; for whilst their brethren extirpated the religion of the eastern empire, they caught no trace of the civilisation of Greece or of Rome, and the same tribes which from time to time recruited the kingdom of Grenada gradually reduced Africa to a state of barbarism, and obliterated every mark of the most subtle and disputatious Christian Church.

"Far different was it with the Moors of Spain, for the very history and traditions of their enemies, corrupted by all the malice of religious hate, ascribe to them a degree of enlightenment they would willingly, if possible, have denied.

"But although the Moors were so superior to their Christian contemporaries, though they advanced in arts and sciences, and improved the soil they had gained, their position was nevertheless one which gradually tended to decay. They were an exotic plant, and the dis-

ference of creed armed the fierce bigotry of Europe against them. The wily policy of Ferdinand and the fiery zeal of Isabella—the union of Arragon and Castile, hastened the downfall which their own internal dissensions had already commenced. Yet as people defending their kingdom with more bravery or more obstinacy year after year, they resisted the advance of powerful and cautious enemies. Town after town was besieged and fell. Betrayed and encompassed they oftentimes, for a brief space, changed the fortunes of war, and at length threw themselves into the fortress of Grenada, the last and dearest of their possessions. A defence of twelve months procrastinated what it could not avert—Grenada fell; the Alhambra surrendered, and El Checo marched from the gate which still bears his name, and wept as he gazed on the fair kingdom he had lost.

"It is a glorious scene standing on the watch-tower to gaze over the Vega de Grenada; the fertile plain is enclosed by its amphitheatre of mountains, the rugged Sierra de Nevada rises behind the city, the city itself lies a panorama at your feet, and each gentle undulation is crowned with Christian convent or Moorish palace. All combines to render it a most charming spot, and which must have been doubly dear to a people who had exchanged the heats of Africa for the fertile soil of this their terrestrial paradise. Just above Grenada are the remains of the palace and fortress of the Alhambra, originally covering the entire hill, but now, alas! level with the ground, excepting the summer apartments and a few detached towers and gateways. A huge unfinished and misplaced building, commenced by Charles V., occupies a considerable portion of the site, and leaves us to regret the winter palace, which was removed to make place for this monument of bad taste. Nothing can exceed the plainness of the exterior of what remains. A low door admits into a court, and the transition is to another sphere. There is the indescribable sensation of something shadowy and unreal,—the depth of perspective, rich tracery, Arabic inscriptions, cool marble, clear water, and green myrtles. An arch to the right leads into the court of Sirus, the most beautiful and most perfect portion of the building; within it is adorned with shrubs and flowers, and in the centre stands the fountain whence it takes its name. A portico, the most light and elegant possible, surrounds the court, and at the two extremes forms a pavilion supported on clusters of slight marble pillars. The portico opens into various halls, wrought in a style so rich, so fantastic, yet so beautiful, that the effect is magical; the perfect proportion of every part, the varied decorations which adorn the walls, the deep recesses inlaid with tile in the most varied and elaborate patterns, the gold and enamel covering the roofs; the roofs and cornices themselves, now of carved wood, now rising in a dome, dropping with stalactites, the light marble pillars upholding arches equally light, the fretwork delicate as icicles, the marble floors, trickling fountains, the masses of light and shade, the Arabic characters, all combine to cheat one into the belief of the Thousand and One Nights. Haroun Alraschid and his vizier might appear in the scene without startling the Christian occupant; the shades of the Moorish monarchs or the gallant Abencerrage ought to rise to perfect the delusion, yet it is complete without them.

"A land of drowsy head it is,
Where visions float before the half-closed eye."

"A man may sit amid such a scene and dream of the future as well as the past. I recalled not only the history of traditions of the extraordinary race who erected this unrivalled palace, but filled up the darkness of ages with the deeds and characters of many an unknown actor. Away with dreaming! the Moors of Spain are no more, their palace knows them no longer, vague tradition and lying history fill the place of truth, and their works alone afford a fair estimate of a brave and unfortunate race.

"I am well repaid the fatigue and discomfort of four days' riding, the remains of the posadas, the oil of the cookery, the rough roads, the burning sun, and sour wine. The two hundred miles of Spain which I passed gave me the impression of a dreary wild country heaped with a confusion of hills: though the grapes and the olive, the aloe and the pomegranate, the citron and the orange flourish in the valleys it would give a very false estimate of the general character of the scenery to prate of these choice productions. On the hills round Tangier exotics abound and grow wild. I did not observe the same in Spain; the hill sides are barren and sterile.

"Much might be written of Grenada and its sights, Moorish and Christian. I care not for any of them after the Alhambra. To have seen it is an event—to remember it is delightful."

From the coast of Spain the "Royalist" pursued her way up the Mediterranean, passing by Malta and Crete, and between the numerous islands of the Egean, until she reached the mouth of the Dardanelles, for the purpose of paying a visit to Constantinople. It unfortunately happened, however, that the plague was then raging in the Turkish capital, mowing down the population and diffusing terror and alarm on all sides. Mr. Brooke judged it prudent therefore to face about in the Dardanelles, and, instead of proceeding up the Sea of Marmora, to land in the road, near the scene of Homer's battles, on the Simois and Scamander, and thence to drop down leisurely along the shores of Asia Minor, explore the ruins of the ancient cities of Ionia and the adjacent islands, Teos, Erythra, Smyrna, Ephesus, and Rhodes. On this occasion he displayed all the qualities of a classical traveller examining the sites of cities, the ruins of temples and theatres, copying inscriptions, measuring columns, architraves, and cornices, excavating tombs, and entering into laborious researches for the purpose of throwing light on points of ancient geography. This I mention chiefly to shew the versatility of his mind, and the classical tendency of his taste, and to enable the reader to contrast the pursuits of his early life with those which have now raised him to political eminence and distinction. As the journal of the Mediterranean voyage may possibly never see the light, I shall extract from it two or three passages, both as being interesting in themselves and serving at the same time to illustrate the writer's habitual frame of mind. His remarks on the degeneracy of the Turks, and the impracticability of resuscitating virtue in a fallen people are deserving of the utmost attention, especially from all those who believe in the progressive tendencies of mankind and the perfectibility of human society.

"Of the policy of Turkey, and her present position, I speak with great diffidence. It is true that the Turkish empire, taken as a whole, possesses more resources than any other in the world, and embraces the choicest portion of the globe. But with all these natural advan-

tages it has been a spectacle of despotism and corruption for many centuries. When the impetus of religious zeal ceased to act, when the Turks ceased to conquer, they ceased to be powerful. A miserable people and neglected soil everywhere proclaim the evil consequences of a most barbarous system. Lands on which nature has showered her choicest blessings now lie and have lain uncultivated; districts once teeming with human life are now deserted and tenantless. This is the historical picture of Turkey as she has existed for some centuries, applicable to Asia Minor, Greece, Syria, Egypt, and Turkey in Europe. Whatever country owned her baneful sway fell into the depths of misery and degradation. Their comparative happiness depended on the personal character of the local ruler, and that ruler a Turk! Mehemet Ali, Ali Pasha, and Dzerzir are different degrees of the same hideous monster called into life and being by the infamous intrigues of the Porte. This is as it was; now let us look at it as it is. The present sultan destroyed the janissaries, and with them he destroyed the only efficient defence of his empire. Yet on the whole he did right; for the government existed before on the will and caprice of these licentious soldiers. The sultan has likewise troops disciplined to the European tactics, he builds ships, tries to cast cannon, introduces manufactures, wears the European dress, orders every Turk to carry his own pipe, in short struggles to rouse their energies, and attacks their prejudices. The game is dangerous, but the situation of the country requires exertion and hazard. I would not by any means be understood as underrating or undervaluing the improvements already effected, but all is not gold that glitters, and many of those acts which claim our admiration are but continued acts of despotic oppression. The armies, formed after the fashion of Europe, are recruited by force. Boys fill the ranks, who have been torn from their country and their homes. The same with the marine. Poor little wild-looking Koords are sent to every ship; seven thousand have been thus distributed, and as many more as can be found will in all probability be seized. What good can reasonably be expected from such troops and such seamen? People of a country fight for something that is dear to them, their homes, their brethren, their fields, their families. These men have no ties; they are, from their birth to their death, the slaves of a despot. If they fight and conquer, they will feel their own power, and become as dangerous as the janissaries. If, which is more probable, they meet with a single defeat, it will be the signal for disorganisation. No country can be defended whose people will not voluntarily come forward in her cause. Hired soldiers become hired tyrants. All efforts of the sultan as yet (as far as I know) have been confined to the formation of this army and navy, and it cannot avail whilst the country remains in its present state. The pashas, the beys, and the agas, are as corrupt and oppressive as ever, the people are miserable and oppressed. The mass of Jews, Greeks, Armenians, and others curse the government under which they live, and would willingly exchange it. The land lies fallow, the people starve and diminish, the taxes and imposts increase and flourish. Every man clothed in a little brief authority preys on his fellow men, the great are licentious, the poor liars by necessity. Crimes and violence abound; murders, rapine, and lust are the undisguised attributes of the great. In short, no country is more wretched, or more oppressed, or more degraded. This

is the real weakness of the Turkish empire, and, uncorrected, will render unavailing any efforts which may be made to foster an army and marine. Let life and property be protected, impost reduced, let the ryah enjoy the produce of his labour. Let this be done, and Turkey may yet be a barrier between the northern barbarian and Southern Europe. But who, knowing the Turks, expects such a result, except Mr. —, or some similar dreamer. Who can see any symptoms of regeneration in the bigotry which will not be taught, and the idleness which will not learn.

"The Turkish territory will surely become a battle-field for the rest of Europe, but the Turk will be but the passive instrument in the hands of the neighbouring countries. As a nation I look upon them as having already ceased to exist. If not protected, they fall a prey to Russia; and I for one can entertain no expectation of effectual resistance from a people to whom any change would be a blessing. Nor indeed can I respect the Turkish empire, or wish it upheld, when I look upon the mischief and misery which flow from its polluted source. The evils which might accrue to Europe by the accession of territory to Russia are, I conceive, magnified, and might probably be prevented. It is not territory alone that can make Russia powerful; she has enough to do at home to correct abuses and ameliorate the condition of *her subjects*, and abroad her loose and disjointed conquests hang about her like an ill-fitted garment, and constantly call for great and expensive exertions. The hordes of the north are not so easily moved as of yore, and if the Hellespont and the Bosphorus own their sway, and ingress is denied to other nations, nothing is easier than to deny egress to the Muscovite. If they become masters of the ocean, then and not till then need Great Britain fear them. France, Austria, and Prussia can maintain their interests by land, which in this point are identical. India is far away and already defended by three or four hundred thousand men. Desert countries, wide rivers, and high mountains, must be crossed, hostile tribes encountered, climate braved, artillery conveyed over lands that never knew the impress of wheels; and when these difficulties were surmounted, a fresh and powerful army posted behind the Indus is to be encountered, an army consisting of an artillery equal to any in Europe, and a cavalry fresh in the field, and acting in a country admirably suited for their manœuvres, besides fifty or sixty thousand British bayonets and the native infantry of India, which must be known to be appreciated, to the amount of two hundred thousand men. All these difficulties render such a conquest physically impossible; for England does not hold India as the sultan holds Turkey. There life and property are secure, and generally speaking the vast mass of the vast population attached to their rulers. The soldiers likewise are *not* slaves, they enter the service voluntarily, and look forward to a period of their labours, and a comfortable pension.

"A good deal might be written on this topic, but in short I should pronounce the Turkish empire to exist merely from the forbearance of Russia or *her fear* of the rest of Europe. The glory of the empire has long passed away, and no greater blessing could be conferred on a large portion of the human race than the total dissolution of the Turkish sway. The Greeks are a handsome race, and distinguished by intelligence and vivacity. They are liars, thieves, and rogues, so says all the world; but if they be, whom have they to blame?

They have been slaves and oppressed, and where did the slave ever wear his chains and retain his virtues? The same with the Armenian here, and the Jew all over the world; but it is not the fault of the race, but of those who oppress them. The first step towards corrupting an individual or a nation is by impressing on them the sense of moral degradation and inferiority. And how has the Greek felt this? Let England be a province of Turkey, and Englishmen slaves, let the name of Englishman be a reproach and a by-word, let their lives be subject to the will of a despot, the honour of their wives and children dependent on his lusts, their hard-earned gains wrenched from them by the hand of power, let them be degraded and despised from generation to generation, and see what the Englishman would become. Just what the Greek is now. I speak, of course, but of the portion of the nation yet subject to Turkey that has fallen under my observations; and it is the misfortune of casual travellers that they see but the worst specimens of an unhappy people. And on these specimens they judge. As well might they judge, as Lord Byron says, of the manners of St. James's by the sight of Wapping.

"The Turks I have seen are not a handsome people, certainly inferior to the Greeks. Their national costume is now confined to the interior, the higher orders all dress after the European style, and, ye gods, what a dress! Coats that would throw Stultz into fits, and trowsers the like of which never were seen in civilized countries. Then to see the heavy-backed waddling Turk move in these vile habiliments finishes the picture of reform without improvement.

"I have seen three or four thousand of the sultan's troops; they are a small, dark, ugly, miscellaneous crew. Never was anything so bad both in material and equipment ever drilled into regiments. The troops of the native princes in India are splendid compared with them. Falstaff himself would have refused downright to 'march through Coventry' with such a pack. Yet they are called troops, and make an *impression* in England.

"I hate the cant of Turkish regeneration. I doubt whether a nation can become powerful after it is once demoralised, or virtuous after it is once vicious, or brave after it is luxurious. It is expecting an old man to grow young. I do not remember a single nation that ever rose after it had once fallen, or a single nation whose fall was succeeded by luxury and vice. Poland forms a half exception.

"I have heard of old men and women having new teeth and hair, but they never, I presume, regained the vigour of youth. In fact, there is a vast deal of cant dealt out on this subject. The old age of a nation is similar to the childishness of age, their guardianship devolves on some more powerful and vigorous; but it should be marked by ease and repose. Such Greece ought, and, I trust, will be; such is the greater portion of Italy. The few who receive their ideas of freedom from education, who contrast the past with the present, who view and taste liberty on a foreign soil find no response in the minds of the multitude, and become victims of a noble but unreal chimera. I will only add that, from my present impression, Turkey is a falling nation, and her fall is not only sure but near."

I am tempted to make two extracts more from Mr. Brooke's manuscript, describing a view from a point in Asia Minor, looking

towards the Archipelago, and a journey through the interior of Rhodes:—

"In a walk I took along the walls," he says, "and up to the highest summit above them, the view was as lovely as it was unbounded. The gulfs of Kos and Symi lay on each hand, and the islands whence they take their respective names. The town of Boudroun was to be plainly seen on the right, with the range of mountains which runs into the bay. Rhodes lay on the left, and, forming a circle, was an uninterrupted succession of islands, some nearer, some further, some so distant as to appear but as a blue spot on the extended horizon. Rhodes, Karki, Scaporto, Vilo, Nisura, Galli, Kos, Storpolis, Madera, St. John, Levita, &c. formed a galaxy, if I may so say, of islands. Then to see the sun sink in his wavy bed over the isles of Greece.

"This walk was on the 18th of January; the climate was like English summer. The narcissus bloomed in a profusion I never before witnessed, the gum and rose cistus, the wild almond, a small description of purple crocus (new to me,) were likewise in full flower, along with many others. Among these was a small plant, colour greenish, numerous greenish-yellow flowers on a small stalk, similar in shape to the *cotyledon umbilicus*, and a bulbous root. The scent of the flower was delicious, and somewhat like the hyacinth, to which tribe it may possibly belong."

"We warped out of the small harbour, and beat up the bay, intending to put into Symi, in order to make a boat excursion to the narrow neck of land which the Candians intended to cut through. The weather, however, falling calm, and not being able to reach the harbour before nightfall, I determined at once to proceed to Rhodes. The following morning we were off the harbours. The one to the left of the light-house has a narrow, crooked entrance between piers, with only eleven feet water. Once inside, the water deepens to a quarter less three fathoms. At the mouth of this harbour, across its piers, is the place usually assigned to the famous Colossus. It is the only probable place now existing where he could have stood; but time, and earthquakes, and plunder, have done so much to obliterate every vestige of antiquity, that it must remain a mere conjecture. I hesitate even in pronouncing these piers as ancient, for only a few blocks are amongst the rest of the work, and these evidently not in their original place. Probably, however, this was the ancient harbour, and possibly the Colossus strode across its entrance. But, on the other hand, it is possible that other harbours might have existed. A larger pier, or breakwater, protects the entrance of the inner one, and a similar pier might have run from the light-house point. All, however, is wrapt in the mists of obscurity and doubt. It is curious to observe that, whilst the height of the Colossus is given by ancient authors, the breadth of his stride, which is by far the most important circumstance, is in all of them omitted; nor is it possible to calculate one from the other. His height was one hundred and five feet, and a man could not clasp round his thumb with his arms, so his thumb must have been hugely out of proportion. If the ancient accounts be true, that the coast of Egypt could be seen from the top of the statue, it must follow that it was erected on the opposite side of the island from where Rhodes now stands, and the glasses hung about his neck must have been better

than any we now possess. Moreover, this statue being upset by an earthquake must have tumbled into the water, and filled up the harbour; for the thumb alone sticking up would have done so, to say nothing of the depth of the huge bulk. In short, all the ancient accounts are as vague, confused, and fabulous, as the situation is now uncertain. The second harbour of Rhodes is a gloomy basin, surrounded by fortifications, and entirely open from N. to N. E. There is not above three fathom water inside, and the space is so confined, that one vessel breaking from her moorings, must wreck every other moored in the same side. Two wrecked vessels bore melancholy testimony of this truth as they lay sunk and full of water on the rocks, one, a Turk, had broken adrift and driven the other ashore. Being unable to enter the first harbour, and disliking the second, I sent the "Royalist" over to Marmarica, and our party disembarked and took up our quarters in a Catholic convent,—a convent with one monk and a lay-brother. We occupied a row of cells, cold, comfortless, pigeon-holes, looking out on a swamp behind Windmill Point. The impression of the town of Rhodes is gloomy in the extreme, and the associations attached to it are of a nature as melancholy as its aspect is deserted. Dark Gothic buildings, decayed and tenantless, recall the remembrance of its former occupants, and the numberless coats of arms in the walls record the families of the knights who lived and died in defence of this last bulwark of Christianity. Some of these memorials bear date but a few years before the siege, and ornament the fronts of the houses once possessed by the knights who bore the arms, vain mementos of chivalry and personal vanity! on which the stranger gazes in ignorance of the names, the rank, or the family, of the individual knight. All around bears the gloomy impress of Gothic architecture, more gloomy and more desolate, because still inhabited by a thin and meagre population of Turks, who creep and crawl amid the frowning piles, like the sullen demons of madness in a powerful intellect. The Church of St. John's is a wretched mosque; the grand master's palace roofless and deserted, the fortress crazy and ruinous, and the entire city presents an aspect of decay and ruin, with little of change or violence. There are but few bosoms but warm with interest on thinking of the Knights of St. John—the devoted band who fought and who perished in defence of their religion, who were so long the bulwarks of Europe, so long the chivalric body opposed to the might and flood of Mohammedan conquest. All the evils of their constitution and their deeds have been washed away with their blood, and we only remember the better portion of their history. We only think on the glorious defence of Rhodes, where they perished almost to a man.

"The dark towers, the gloomy streets, the frowning walls, mixed with the Turkish minarets, and the feathery palm-tree shooting up by its side, present a scene which may repay the voyager, and compensate for every other defect which his high wrought imagination has not taught him to look for. Having surveyed the city, we started for an excursion into the interior. Seven hours and a half along the coast brought us to the village of Archangelo, situated in a valley amid high limestone mountains. Above it is a ruined castle, with some armorial bearings of the knights. The village is remarkable for its cleanliness; the flat-roofed houses within and without are kept in the neatest state of whitewash. The interior of our lodging gave the idea of a substantial and thriving

peasantry, — neatness characterised everything, — nice carpets, clean linen; plenty of pillows spoke of ease and comfort. The white-washed walls displayed neat two-handed plates hung up by way of ornament; and our old hostess was pleased and proud to add an English blue plate to her already large collection. The habit of collecting china is common to all the villages, almost, I may say, to all the island; and it is amusing to observe the same rage pervading the humble peasants of Rhodes and the fine body of England. From Archangelo we proceeded to Lindo, one great object of our excursion. The ancient Lindus is situated in the bleakest and most dreary country. The scenery is not only wild, it is absolutely savage. Ridges and fragments of limestone rock cover the ground; the same rocky, barren, and treeless aspect extends as far as the eye can reach without verdure and without grandeur. On a rocky promontory stands the castle of the knights, and the narrow valley which joins it to the main contains the town. The hill was doubtless the ancient Acropolis, and the ancient town situated as at present. On the verge of the town, on the hill-side, is a huge tomb, with a Doric portico, cut out of the solid rock. It answers exactly to Dr. Clarke's account of the tomb of Telmissus; and, if any further proof were wanting, it is found in four round monumental marbles, one of which occupies its original position above the portico, similar to those found amid the tombs of Cindus. This tomb is vulgarly called the Temple of Minerva, though with no single point to lead us to suppose it was ever a place of worship. In the lower part of the town is a fine remain of an Hellenic terrace, and several inscriptions near it. The ground is now occupied by a small chapel and churchyard. Not far from the huge Doric tomb are several other burial-places simply excavated in the rock, and this short catalogue comprises all the remains of antiquity to be found at Lindus, except faint traces of a theatre, unless there be some within the fortress, which we were assured there were not.

“Our host, Signor Fele Poetre, having furnished us with some account of a place called Camiro, which he identified with the ancient Camiros, we resolved on retracing our steps in order to visit it. It is situated on the sea-shore north of Lindus, and possesses a noble acropolis. Lindus is visible from it over a neck of land. The summit of the hill is an extensive table-land, (now occupied by a ruined fortress,) nearly inaccessible on three sides; on the eastward a promontory of lower ground stretches into the sea. A large mountain torrent discharges itself just to the southward of the hill, and between the hill and torrent is the site of an ancient city. The distinct remains of Cyclopean walls are traceable along the promontory above-mentioned, and the foundations of ancient buildings are to be seen on the low ground. A few columns, capitals, bases, pavement, and two inscriptions were likewise found. One of these inscriptions was so obliterated as to defy our efforts to decypher it, but the second we preserved. The top of the hill where the fortress stands presents no ancient remains; but on the opposite low ground to the north-west are vast numbers of tanks cut in the rock. The Hellenic walls would alone decide this to be the site of an ancient city, and the name of Camiro seems to point out what the city was. I believe, however, placing Camirus on this side of the island is contrary to ancient authority, as Strabo mentions that on the south-east coast the first town is Lindus. But this authority is impugned, at all

events, by the existence of a city situated in a most commodious situation on the sea-shore. The best reasons for supposing this to be the ancient Camirus are the following. First and foremost its white limestone cliffs, (chalk there is none on the island :) secondly, its similarity of situation with Lindus and Talyssus, each being situated on a detached hill, with a table-land at the summit. Thirdly, Its name among the natives, though by Cramer's account another Camiro likewise exists. Whether these reasons are sufficient I know not, but there can be no doubt of the existence of an ancient city on the site ; and the site is so remarkable that when at a great distance on our journey to Lindus, I remarked to Hamilton that it was a noble situation for an ancient acropolis. We were then too far to observe the ruins of the knightly fortress. From the survey of this place, we returned to Mullona, a village we passed through on our outward bound journey. It is similar to Archangelo, clean and neat, and the houses decorated with plates. The village was full of mirth and festivity, on account of a marriage, and the dance and song continued the live-long night. The dancers crossed hands in line, and moved in a circle, now slowly and stately to the music of a kind of violin ; now more briskly to the notes of a bagpipe. The dance, however, was chiefly supported by the three or four first persons of the string, who lifted their legs, swayed their bodies, and roared a chorus to the music. The other dancers, to the number of thirty or forty, moved only with a slight shuffling of their feet. The dresses were not becoming, and the women not handsome. Nothing, however, could exceed their politeness ; we were seated in the midst of the circle, and the dance revolved around us ; we had to pledge the new married pair in some wine. Bah !

"Leaving Mullona on the morning of the 30th of January, we plunged into a deep forest of pine, which lasted nearly the whole way to Appolina. Appolina is a wretched poor village in the hills, but, like the rest, possessed the remains of a castle. From thence we continued our journey to Embona, amid fine scenery. The craggy mountains of Atiero, anciently Atyberius, before us, and vast forests stretching at its foot. Embona, where we arrived in the evening, is a poor village, situated on the side of Mount Atiero. The night we passed there in the house of the parish priest, was a wretched one. After a day of fatigue the misery of being kept awake by vermin is dreadful. We arose, having no inducement to laziness, and ascended the mountain. On the summit are the remains of an ancient building, once apparently placed on a terrace with steps leading up to it. Jupiter, to whom this mountain was sacred, and who derived his name from it, most probably had a temple at its summit. Its situation leads us to conclude so, for it is not calculated for any ordinary edifice. I had hoped to gain a view from the top, but masses of clouds rolling into the valleys beneath entirely shut out our prospect. It was not without interest, standing on the summit comparatively clear of mist, to see the sea of white rolling and heaving beneath. The ascent is fatiguing ; and altogether, going and returning, took us upwards of four hours. In the evening we reached Calamite, or Calavada, in the plain on the north-west part of the island. The village was cleanly, and our sleep undisturbed. The next day we reached Rhodes, paying by the way a visit to the ancient Talyssus. There are no remains of antiquity. The mountain is bold, with a table-land at the summit, and with the walls of a ruined fortress and some

other building of the same time upon it. One convent afforded us refuge for a day, when the "Royalist" arriving we embarked directly, and stood away from Symi.

"The scenery of Rhodes somewhat disappointed me, for I had been led to expect a highly rich and fertile country, whereas its general character is that of sterility. The entire eastern coast from Rhodes to Lindo is a dreary track without beauty, and with a starved and hungry soil. The interior of the island abounds in pine forests, and presents some charming views of craggy and wooded scenery. Between Embona and Calavada some of the views are fine. A noble cliff clothed with firs, and abounding at its foot with various species of arbutus, stretches for several miles of the road. The north-west shore of the island is richer in its soil, but presenting very little picturesque beauty. The geological formation of the island is simple. The central portion consists of limestone mountains, whilst near the sea on each side are sandstone hills, with beds of pebbles and shells imbedded. The climate of the island perhaps constitutes its great charm, for the few days I passed there nothing could exceed its brilliancy. It is, from the consul's account, mild in winter, and not offensively hot in the summer season. The inhabitants in the interior are almost all Greeks, and I never saw a more lusty able-bodied set of men. The women are plain, and wear the most unbecoming dress in the world; a loose jacket, a huge white petticoat, a pair of drawers, and jack boots. When walking and tending their flocks in the hills, they tuck up the petticoat, and present themselves in the long full trousers and boots. Their constant employment is spinning cotton; whatever the employment the spindle is seldom out of the hand. We found their villages in general clean and neat, and bearing all the marks of a well used and thriving peasantry. But alas! their prosperity is the work of an individual, and the Pasha leaving them may reduce them to the same state as the mass of their countrymen under the sway of a Turk.

"I must, before leaving Rhodes, express my surprise at the very slight vestiges of antiquity which are preserved. From report, I did the knights of Rhodes the injustice to say that they had robbed Cnidos; but I find, on the contrary, no proof that they used any ancient materials in constructing the numerous fortresses on the island. The reason may be, that none existed in their time, but such is the fact. Very few vestiges of antiquity are to be found, and their works very, very few anywhere on the island. Cnidos plundered for centuries, and possessing a port to facilitate plunder, still preserves much to admire and wonder at; but Lindo, situated on a wild and dangerous coast, scarcely preserves sufficient to declare that a city once stood there. Talyssus is desolate and without a vestige. Rhodes has here and there traces of walls of sandstone, which time may have destroyed, but where are its temples, and columns, and terraces? The walls of the city I have called Camirus, are more perfect than any other remains I saw, and these are by no means perfect, as at any of the other places we have visited. The antiquarian will find nothing to repay him in Rhodes, except in ascertaining its exact geography, ancient and modern. On the whole, though by no means regretting my visit—almost sorry, indeed, I had not more time to devote to it, yet I find Rhodes has repaid me less than any other place we have been at during our excursion."

I now turn from the preliminary undertakings to the great

achievement of his life, the depositing of the first seeds of Anglo-Saxon civilisation in Borneo. Having ascertained the seaworthiness of his craft and the excellent quality of his crew, Mr. Brooke left Europe and turned his face eastward. It often happens that the best concerted schemes are frustrated by an adverse combination of circumstances; it was altogether otherwise in Mr. Brooke's case. As nothing could be better planned, so nothing could possibly have been better timed than his enterprise. After a prosperous and agreeable voyage Mr. Brooke arrived in the Sarawak river, on the north-west coast of Borneo, at a time when there existed a civil war between the Malay Rajah and his subjects. This chief, who has since become known to Europe under the name of Muda Hassim, immediately understood the extraordinary advantages he might derive from the arrival of his European guest; on the other hand, Mr. Brooke also perceived at once how useful the actual posture of affairs might prove in the furtherance of his own designs. He, therefore, listened to the overtures made him by Muda Hassim, and consented to lend his assistance in putting down the rebellion, provided that such of the insurgent chiefs and their followers as might be reduced to obedience by his aid should be treated with justice and humanity. Into the details of this extraordinary campaign it is unnecessary to enter, since the whole history of it has been given to the public in Mr. Brooke's own language.

The insurrection was suppressed, and shortly afterwards the Malay chief, on proceeding to the capital to take upon himself the duties of minister to the sultan, relinquished the government of the province, with the title of Rajah, to Mr. Brooke. We now behold him, therefore, raised by a course of circumstance, by which he knew how to profit, to the rank of a prince, the extent of whose territories it was not easy to define; for although the length of Sarawak on the sea-coast be limited, it depends entirely on Mr. Brooke's own moderation what frontier to assign to it inland. We must not, however, suffer ourselves to be dazzled by appearances, and fancy our countryman to be the most fortunate of the human race, because he thus became lord of Sarawak. Mr. Brooke himself perfectly well understood the value of his acquisition. He saw himself placed in possession of an extensive jungle, thinly sprinkled with human habitations, and those rude and imperfect clearances which may be denominated Dyak farms. It would depend entirely on himself whether the population of his dominions increased or diminished. If he proved capricious and unjust the wild inhabitants would take to flight, retreat into the interior, and reduce his sovereignty to a shadow by leaving him nothing over which to rule save one dreary forest; on the other hand, should his administration be upright and conciliatory, his subjects, from being very few, would become many, would increase in prosperity and contentment, and every day become more obedient and attached to his person. His path, however was beset on all sides with difficulties. He had to overawe the Malays by an incessant display of those virtues best calculated to command their respect, extreme courage, contempt of danger, and that reckless spirit of adventure which leads men into undertakings the very rashness of which is the best guarantee of their success. To the Dyaks he had to recommend himself by a course wholly different. They had been oppressed—he was to emancipate them; they had been

reduced to the lowest depths of poverty—he was to teach them how to create property and surround themselves with comforts; they had been degraded through a long series of ages, corrupted in their manners and depressed in their minds by ignorance, servitude, and superstition—he had to raise them out of this Slough of Despond, to instruct them in the first principles of justice, to restrain them from cruelty, and to reconcile them to honest labour.

To consider this enterprise coolly from a distance will enable few to comprehend all its difficulties; they only who have had to deal with savages, who have had to win their infantine affections, to curb their childish passions, to enlighten them on the subject of their duties, and to make them love the very hand that chastises them, will be able properly to estimate the task which Mr. Brooke set himself, or to appreciate his success.

The Dyaks had been accustomed, from time immemorial, to carry on petty wars, not only of nation against nation and tribe against tribe, but of every petty clan and village against its neighbours, and in this warfare the chief object of ambition was to cut off as many heads as possible, and bear them home in triumph. These bloody trophies, after having been well smoked, were suspended in a sort of temple, where their importance in a public point of view may be estimated from the prevalent belief that the ripening of their corn-fields and fruit depended on the preservation of them; while, in their individual capacity, each Dyak was held in honour or contempt according to the number of enemies he had killed, and of the heads he had brought home to his village. Head-hunting, therefore, became a frantic pursuit which constantly betrayed people into the worst of crimes, that they might possess themselves of those marks of honour which served him in lieu of the pomp of heraldry and titles of nobility. The Sultan of Constantinople prides himself on the name of “the blood-drinker,” and the Dyak would be delighted by nothing so much as to be denominated, *par excellence*, “the cutter off of human heads.”

Now so long as this propensity should continue among them unchecked, all progress in civilisation would be impossible. Mr. Brooke, therefore, declared head-hunting to be a capital crime, and caused it to be made known throughout the province that whoever took a head—the euphemism for committing murder—should be punished with death. This decree, solemnly promulgated and strictly acted upon, speedily brought the Dyaks of Sarawak to their senses. When the rule became head for head, the old national amusement assumed a new aspect; people who set very little value on their neighbours' crania were found to entertain considerable respect for their own, so that Mr. Brooke's subjects perceived that it would no longer do to lie in wait for each other as they had been accustomed for the *spolia opima*, according to the theory of honour prevalent in Borneo.

But if this barbarous custom fell speedily into disuse in Sarawak, not so in the neighbouring provinces; there heads continued to be taken as before, or rather, the subjects of the native rajahs more actively indulged their destructive propensities in order to illustrate the superiority of indigenous rule over the government of a stranger from the west. They thought it a very great hardship not to be allowed to cut off the head of any person whom they could take at

disadvantage; and, to shew their contempt for the Sarawakians and their new governor, an adventurous hero from Sambas undertook a decapitating expedition into Mr. Brooke's territories. Fitting out a small prahu, and creeping up along the coast under pretence of trade he entered the Sarawak river, and passed Mr. Brooke's house. He then made his way to a considerable distance up the country, where the people might be supposed to be most secure from attack. He, accompanied by a single friend, now left the boat, and making his way towards the village, met and inveigled a woman into the forest. There, in presence of his companion and against his advice, he cut off her head, covered the body with leaves, and, with his bleeding trophy under his arm, hastened towards the banks of the stream. He got safely into his prahu, descended the river, passed Mr. Brooke's house some hours after midnight, and returned into Sambas without being discovered, boasted of his achievement, and was probably regarded by his countrymen as one of the bravest of the brave. Sambas, however, was not at war with Sarawak; and therefore, when the circumstance came to Mr. Brooke's knowledge, he sent an envoy to the native rajah, demanding that the murderer should be given up that he might be tried, and, if found guilty, put to death according to the laws of Sarawak. Whatever other faults native chiefs may have, they are generally not wanting in politeness; a number of excuses were made; it was said that the offender could not be found, but that diligent search should be made after him, and if it proved successful he should, without hesitation, be delivered over to punishment. As time passed on, and the malefactor did not make his appearance, a second envoy was sent, threatening this time that the Rajah of Sarawak, if his request were not complied with, would carry fire and sword into the territories of the unjust prince, and would not desist from hostilities till the murderer should be delivered to him. To this message also a civil answer was returned, but nothing more; it was hoped that the white rajah would, by degrees, forget the circumstance, or grow weary of prosecuting an unprofitable affair. This, however, turned out not to be the case; Mr. Brooke sent message after message and threat after threat, and at length one of the two men engaged in the crime came to Sarawak and delivered himself up to justice. He declared, however, with the utmost earnestness and solemnity, that he was no further accessory to the murder than being present at it, and said that he had counselled his companion to desist; but that, being a young and impetuous man, he despised his advice. He was informed, that, under the circumstances, nothing would be done to him, that he must return to his village, explain the matter to his countrymen, and convince them of the necessity of delivering up the guilty person to be punished with death. These representations at length produced the desired effect. The murderer, no longer able to endure the constant importunities of his neighbours, who now apparently began to attach some idea of criminality to head-hunting, at length crossed the borders, and came, in company with his former companion, to Sarawak. There the whole affair was investigated, and the murder proved to have taken place under the most aggravated circumstances. The criminal did not deny his guilt. Mr. Brooke, who sat in judgment, demanded of him why he killed the woman; he replied, boldly, "because it was his pleasure." The case was now closed; there could be no

doubt of the man's guilt, but the lingering sentiment of humanity, stronger sometimes than the sense of justice, inclined the judge to relent at the eleventh hour. He crossed the river, called about him a council of elders, and consulted with them as to what was to be done. Having considered the matter, the principal among them replied, "If this criminal be pardoned, the practice of head-hunting, which has now happily fallen into disuse, will revive throughout Sarawak, and the second suppression of it will be far more difficult than the first." This speech put an end to the rajah's hesitation, the sentence of the law was carried into execution, and the worst feature of Dyak barbarism may be said to have been finally extinguished in Sarawak on that day.

The termination of this extraordinary affair may possibly excite in the reader's mind a desire to know something of the manner in which Mr. Brooke lives among his wild subjects. He usually rises moderately early, crosses from his private residence to the opposite bank of the river, where he holds what in India would be denominated his Durbar, receives deputations, hears and determines causes, and is accessible to every man, high and low, throughout the whole extent of his territories. The hall of audience at Sarawak is lofty and spacious, and its appearance when thronged in the morning is highly characteristic and picturesque. In one part of it Mr. Brooke is engaged, perhaps, in conducting a trial for life and death, surrounded by the impetuous natives, with their swarthy countenances and flashing eyes, habited in almost theatrical costumes, and armed every one of them with a formidable kris or dagger. Even criminals of rank are suffered to wear these weapons till sentence of death has been pronounced, when they quietly deliver them up, and suffer themselves to be led to the place appointed for their execution, where, in the presence of their friends and relatives, and all others who take any interest, they are dispatched by a single blow of the kris, when affairs of less moment are transacting, the natives, separated into groups, disperse themselves through the apartment, and discuss public or private affairs, according to their taste. People meanwhile, are entering and quitting the hall, some with merry faces because their wishes have been complied with, others, perhaps, looking sullen or dejected because they have encountered disappointment.

The assembly breaks up at twelve, and Mr. Brooke, returning to his house, spends several hours in his library, where he keeps up his acquaintance with the sciences and literature of Europe, or studies the laws and customs of the various populations of the Archipelago. He then dines with the members of the small European society which he has collected around him, and spends the evening in their company. Towards midnight he retires, and again devotes an hour or two to study. This course of life, regularly pursued, will account to those who know him for the variety of his acquirements and the extent of his knowledge, which they otherwise perhaps may be unable to comprehend. It should be added, that unless when in his library, he is at all times accessible to anybody, native or stranger; and that even during meals groups of Malays and Dyaks are constantly to be seen in his house, the doors of which are open from morning till night. It is easy after this to understand the attach-

ment of the people to their ruler, whose character and manners contrasts so strikingly with those of the native chiefs.

Into all the peculiarities of Mr. Brooke's position it would, in this place, be impossible to enter. For some years he stood exposed to the most imminent peril, as well from the ill-regulated passions of his Malay and Dyak subjects, as from the ferocity and cupidity of piratical hordes, who subsist on the plunder of trade and the kidnapping of prisoners. He could, in fact, be said to have no safety at all, till the policy of the British Government granted him, under certain limitations, the protection of the squadron stationed in the China seas. Until then he had to rely entirely on his own courage and intellectual resources. Yet, under these disadvantages, he succeeded in implanting the first seeds of civilisation among the Dyaks, taught them some of the most obvious benefits of order and subordination, and, by the mildness of his sway, caused himself to be beloved, though in many respects exercising despotic authority. Of course, his great aim has been to concentrate in his territory an industrious population, to give an impetus to agriculture, to invest commerce with respect, and to excite in the Dyaks those wants which constitute the first impulse to all human improvement. The rude people have been taught the value of intercommunication, have been incited to construct bridges, and lay down primitive roads for their own use, which they do by felling trees, and forming with them a pathway through the jungle, or over swamps and morasses, and to clear fresh farms for the planting of corn, cotton, or other useful products. One of the most profitable occupations to which the Dyaks have been induced to apply themselves by Mr. Brooke, is the planting of cocoa-tree groves, which has recently afforded employment to great numbers of that active and docile race. The jungle is cut down or burned, the land cleared and prepared, and the young plants, furnished by the rajah, are laid skilfully in the soil; then, with a power of vegetation unknown elsewhere, perhaps in the world, the young grove shoots up, and in a short time will produce its owner the most ample returns.

Sarawak, the capital of the province, is springing rapidly into importance; new houses are constantly erected, new gardens and plantations laid out, while fresh accessions to the population are made from the country. This fact may very well serve to illustrate the force of the impression made upon the native mind, but there remains another to be noticed infinitely more remarkable. Whatever authority their white rajah might have acquired over them, it was scarcely, judging from analogy, to be expected that, when he should have himself departed, and delegated his authority to others, the same obedience would still be paid to them. Yet, during an absence of months, all has continued quiet at Sarawak, the Dyaks have gone on cheerfully in their improvements, planting, building, trading, and carrying on all the multiplied offices of life, without the slightest interruption. One striking proof of their confidence in their new ruler is deserving of particular notice. From time immemorial it had been customary among the Dyaks of Sarawak to erect their villages in the most inaccessible places, on the peaks of conical hills, in the depths of forests, on the crests of ridges, that they might thus, if possible, be safe from the sudden attack of enemies. They are now gradually leaving these fastnesses and building their dwell-

ings in the open plain, conceiving the power and authority of their rajah a better protection than scarped cliffs or dense masses of jungle.

This, properly considered, constitutes one of the most extraordinary pictures which modern experience has supplied. I purposely abstain from entering into the intricacy of the political questions connected with our appearance in the Indian Archipelago, and the measures which must necessarily arise out of it. These well deserve a separate consideration. All I have said above is strictly connected with Mr. Brooke's personal career: I have merely stated facts, leaving it to others to draw from them what inferences they please. I have pronounced no eulogium on Mr. Brooke; I have even abstained from dilating upon very many of his claims to public consideration. His actions speak for themselves; but I may nevertheless be permitted to observe, that if the remainder of his career be answerable to the beginning,—if he persevere, as there is no reason to doubt he will, in the course upon which he has entered,—if he justify the high expectation which the whole civilised world has formed of him, he will earn for himself a place in the history of his country which great conquerors and generals might envy. To destroy the enemies of the state is a melancholy though necessary duty; but to mould men to the yoke of civilisation, to substitute truth for error in their minds, to wean them from cruelty and bloodshed, and make them prefer the peaceful gains of industry to the produce of rapine and slaughter,—to do this, I say, is to accomplish something nobler than conquest, something in which it is impossible not to rejoice, since it is a triumph which costs humanity no tear.

THE FIVE SENSES.

I SLEPT; methought my form around
A fairy circle rich and bright
Seem'd cast, which by its magic bound
Each separate sense in mute delight.

A beauteous scene before me spread,
Arabia's odours filled the air,
And heaven-born music seem'd to shed
Its softest notes upon mine ear.

Something more soft than India's web,
With silken touch stream'd o'er my
cheek,
And nectar'd cups were at my lips
That kings might leave their thrones
to seek,

I woke,—and found the vision real,
For *thou* wert bending o'er me there;
That silken touch was not ideal,
For o'er me wav'd thy glossy hair.

More than Arabia's spices choice
Thybreath sweet perfume shed around,
And in the whispers of thy voice
I heard prolonged that music's sound.

The nectar'd cup,—the zone of light—
Well might I deem them both divine,
Thine arms had formed that circle
bright,
Thy lips were gently pressed to mine.

J. I. H.

THE FESTIVAL OF THE NOROZ AT SHIRAZ, AND A VISIT TO THE RUINS OF PERSEPOLIS.

BY THE HON. CHARLES STUART SAVILE.

MARCH 7th.—We had just entered Shiraz by the Ispahan gate, when a soldier came up, and having made us an European military salute, informed us that the Grand Vizier, having heard of our approach, had sent him to conduct us to his palace. We accordingly proceeded to the abode of the minister, whom we found at dinner, surrounded by his chief officers and retinue. He received us most graciously, and, pointing to a vacant place next to himself, invited us to partake of the repast; which, though evidently a usual daily meal, was of the most sumptuous and luxurious kind,—excellent cabobs pilloules, lambs stuffed with pistachio nuts, game, venison, preserved sweetmeats, with sherbets of the finest quality, were spread out on the floor; the dishes amounted to nearly a hundred.

At the conclusion of the banquet the vizier bade an attendant conduct us to the house of one Mirza Ali Acmah, a person who was in the receipt of an annual salary from the East India Company, and whose duty was to forward letters, and procure lodgings for European travellers. On our way to the Mirza's house we were met by an Englishman, dressed in the uniform of a Persian general officer. He had lately entered the service of the prince-governor of Shiraz, and had been appointed commander-in-chief of his forces. Mr. Littlejohn, for that was his name, accompanied us to Mirza Ali Acmah, who received us most hospitably, and commanded his best rooms to be prepared for us. These apartments were most splendid, being covered all over with carved work, and ornamented with gilding. On the walls were painted in fresco the portraits of a quantity of women, the faces of whom were beautiful, although some of the figures were rather out of proportion. The windows looked upon a garden full of orange-trees, covered with fruit and blossoms.

The following morning we naturally adjourned to the hummum, where the operation of shampooing, joint-knitting, and flesh-rubbing completely removed all the bad effects caused by the fatigue and privations we had undergone during our journey from Ispahan. Thus renovated in *spiritu et corpore*, we proceeded to the house of Mr. Littlejohn, who had just received a visit from a very illustrious personage. This was the elkanee, or hereditary chief of the Eliauts. He was an old man, of a very *distingué* appearance, and seemed born to command. He asked us many questions about England, and expressed a great desire for an English wife. Above all things, however, his ambition was to become a freemason; and he begged of us to make him one, if it were possible, as, according to his idea, all Europeans were freemasons, and that was the reason of their being so superior to Asiatics in science and the art of war. "We have all the materials," such were his expressions, "in this country for making good soldiers; we are brave, we are hardy, we are strong, we ride well, we shoot well, and yet I have heard that a handful of English soldiers could put a whole army of Persians to flight; although God forbid that such an event should ever occur."

Having understood that it was our wish to visit Persepolis, the eelkhanee was kind enough to offer to send some of his mounted attendants to conduct us thither, with orders to see that every possible attention should be paid to our comfort. He gave it, however, as his opinion, that for the present it would be almost impossible to make the journey, as the late rains had inundated the country far and wide, and broken down several bridges, over which we should have to pass.

We were returning to our quarters, when, on arriving at the chief maidân, or square, we perceived a large crowd congregated, and on our making our way through it found that preparations were being made for inflicting the bastinado on two criminals. As we came up the punishment of one began, and dreadfully severe it was; the unhappy man was lying on his back, while his feet were inserted in a noose fixed to the centre of a long pole, either end of which was held up in the air by a ferash* in such a manner that the soles were upwards, and upon these suffering members two other ferashes alternately struck with thick poplar sticks, taking a fresh one at every blow, for at every blow the stick broke; the torture must have been dreadful,—much worse than any flogging inflicted upon the back by a cat-o'-nine-tails. During the continuance of the punishment, the other criminal looked piteously on; his mental agony must have been great, for he knew that in a few minutes his turn would come, and that he would be then rolling on the ground, screeching and gnashing his teeth, like the wretched object before him. On went the punishment without intermission for about twenty minutes, when the criminal, having received about seven hundred blows, was released from the felek,† and his comrade took his unenviable place, and underwent the same punishment. Their tortures, however, did not end here; for, to my horror and disgust, the right hand of each was cut off, and the tendon Achillis of the left foot divided by the large knives of the ferashes who had inflicted the bastinado. On my inquiring what crime the unhappy wretches had committed to render them liable to such a terrible infliction, I discovered that on the previous evening they had violated a young girl belonging to the household of a khan, and then attempted to murder her; but the cries of the unfortunate creature having brought some persons to the spot, the culprits were arrested before they had perpetrated the second part of their horrible crime.

In the evening we had a message from the prince governor, who, having heard of our intention to visit Persepolis, sent us word that he would order a gholâm, and as many attendants as we might wish for, to accompany us thither.

On the 10th we started before daybreak, escorted by the attendants of the prince and the eelkhanee, and having stopped for the night at the village of Zergoon, the next morning we came upon a marsh, which was one sheet of water. We managed, however, to ford it, contrary to the expectation of our guides. Our progress, however, was at length stopped by a branch of the river Bendameer, which, the bridge being broken down, we made many and re-

* A ferash is an attendant whose duty it is to beat carpets, and inflict the bastinado and other sentences.

† The felek is the pole to which the feet of the criminal who receives the bastinado are fastened.

peated attempts to cross, but in vain, the depth and rapidity of the stream completely frustrating our efforts, and preventing our horses from reaching the opposite bank.

After having long sought for a fordable spot, but without success, we were forced to turn our horses' heads towards Shiraz, where we arrived in a most disconsolate mood.

The next day a peasant came to our house, and offered to guide us by a circuitous path, which *he had some hopes* would be passable; but at the same time he candidly confessed that he was not sure of succeeding in the attempt. As, however, we were determined to visit Persepolis at all hazards, we determined to avail ourselves of his offer, and promised to reward him well should his efforts be crowned with success, which all our friends at Shiraz seemed very much to doubt. Mr. Littlejohn was very desirous to accompany us; but he was engaged in reviewing the troops for the festival of the Noroz, which was close at hand.

On the 13th we again set out, and after a very tedious journey over the mountains we descended upon a different part of the marsh to what we had seen before, and arrived late at night at a miserable and dirty village, about six fursuks (twenty-two miles) distant from Shiraz, and whose site was the most unhealthy I ever beheld. It was full of slime and mud, the effluvia from which was perfectly intolerable. All the inhabitants seemed to be in the last stage of a galloping consumption; their squalid and pale countenances, their bloodshot eyes, deep sunk in their foreheads, and their tottering limbs, were sufficient to have excited the commiseration of all beholders. We procured a most filthy lodging; in which, there being no fire-place, we were obliged to light a fire in the centre of the apartment, and the door being the only place for the smoke to find egress, we were nearly suffocated.

On resuming our route, we presently found ourselves at the side of an immense sheet of water, the effects of the rains, and about three miles in width; after immense toiling, however, we managed to cross this bar to our progress. The water repeatedly reached up to the necks of the horses; and it was almost a miracle we escaped drowning. Having at length gained the opposite extremity, we rode on for ten miles, when we arrived at another sheet of water of about eight miles in breadth. On beholding it, our guide uttered an exclamation of surprise, and seemed utterly confounded. At length he observed, that during the whole course of his life he had never seen the plain so completely inundated. On inquiring of some of the inhabitants of the marsh, who were passing by at the time, they informed us that the waters had inundated the country to a much greater extent than its oldest inhabitant could remember. Our guide, however, who was a brave and daring fellow, determined upon making an attempt to cross, and we plunged in; but, before we had proceeded many hundred yards our horses got out of their depths, and that of our guide having turned over, the man was thrown into the water, and being unable to swim, was on the point of being drowned, when I quitted my saddle, and swam towards him. He grappled with me as I came up, and we were nearly both perishing. I was fortunate enough, however, to disentangle myself from his grasp, and, catching hold of his hinder locks (the only part of the head an Asiatic leaves unshaved), I swam with him till I gained footing, and we at length,

though almost exhausted, reached the dry land. The re-crossing of the sheet of water we had forded in the morning was one of the most tedious exploits I ever performed, wet I was to the skin, and benumbed with cold.

On the 17th we once more arrived at Shiraz, where we learned that four European travellers had arrived from the south. These gentlemen had come from Bushire, where they had landed from India, and had, when within two days' journey of Shiraz, been attacked by a band of robbers, whom they had beaten off, with the loss of the bandit chief. They were still at Shiraz on our return, with the exception of one, a doctor, who, being very anxious to visit Persepolis, and being pressed for time, had set out on the journey in a different direction from the one we had taken.

On the evening of the 18th we were all invited to dine with the vizier, who gave us a most sumptuous banquet, and we did not separate till a very late hour. The vizier was exceedingly amused at our account of our unsuccessful journey, and kept continually exclaiming, "Aub beseor, sahbi, kheilee aub, sahbi,"—(a great deal of water, gentlemen, a very great deal of water.) This seemed a most excellent joke to the Persian portion of the guests.

The vizier was originally a mollah, and by his extraordinary talents, combined with his skill in managing affairs, was promoted to the high station of grand vizier to the government of Shiraz; in which office, after a few years, he managed to amass an immense fortune, which, coming to the ears of the shah, he sent to demand a large sum of money from the vizier, who returned for answer that he was a poor man, and unable to collect such an amount as the sum demanded. The shah upon this immediately commanded him to be brought to Teheran; when on putting the question himself, he received the same answer as before. He accordingly called for his ferashes, and commanded them to "turn up" the vizier, or, in other words, to put his feet into the felek, and to prepare the sticks. This was done; and when the vizier was laid on his back, with his feet bared, ready to receive the bastinado, the shah said to him,

"You must either pay the money, or receive a thousand sticks."

"A thousand sticks, then," cried the prostrate minister; "you cannot extract water from a stone, nor gold from a poor man."

"Proceed!" said the shah to his ferashes, and down came a torrent of blows upon the feet of the vizier, who, covering his face with his mantle, received a thousand sticks without uttering a groan, although his feet were beaten to a jelly, and every single nail knocked off. The shah, on beholding the result of the bastinado, exclaimed,

"Let him go; I see he either has no money, or that, if he has, no beating will ever get it out of him. Give him a kalaat (dress of honour) and let him go."

The vizier was accordingly reinstated in his office, with every possible appearance of enjoying it in security. He has never perfectly recovered from the effects of the bastinado, but is afflicted with a slight lameness, and cannot walk any great distance; which last circumstance, however, is of no great consequence to him, as no Persian of rank ever goes on foot except when compelled, and Asiatics imagine Europeans to be mad when they see them walking about for exercise.

On the twentieth we paid a visit to the prince governor. On our

way to the palace we stopped at the vizier's house, where we breakfasted, and at noon were ushered into the presence of Hussein Meerza, the Farmoon Farmah, or prince governor of the province of Fars. His royal highness was a most affable, distinguished-looking personage, resembling in a most striking degree the shah, his father. On our entrance he did us the honour of desiring us to be seated, and ordering kaliauns to be offered us. After some conversation, mostly on Indian affairs, he invited us to be present at the festival of the Noroz, which was to take place on the following day.

On the twenty-first was the great festival of the Noroz, which is the commencement of the Mussulman new year. Early in the morning we all received Cashmere shawls, which were sent to us by the prince as a kalaat, and which were thrown round us as scarfs. I must, however, observe that the shawls originally sent were of much finer quality than those that we received; the change took place on the way, as we afterwards heard, and the substitution was made by royal servants.

Having proceeded to the prince's palace we found the Farmoon Farmah most superbly dressed and literally covered with jewels. He was seated at an open window, overlooking a large square, in which were assembled his troops, which were being reviewed by Mr. Littlejohn. After our reception, which was most gracious, some of the young princes came forward and invited us to accompany them to another apartment where we could see all that was going on to great advantage.

The troops went through their exercise in a manner that did the greatest credit to Mr. Littlejohn who, during the short time he had been at Shiraz, had managed, by his great skill in military tactics and his unceasing efforts, to drill the soldiers of Fars, who previously had not the slightest notion of discipline, to perform the movements of well-trained European troops. All the regiments went through their exercises with the greatest precision. The artillery managed their guns in the most orderly manner, and the musketry practice was very good, and so delighted the prince that at the conclusion of the review he called to Mr. Littlejohn, and publicly thanked him for the excellent manner in which he had drilled the troops in so short a space of time, after which he presented him with a superb kalaat and a magnificent bazubend (armlet), set in jewels.

The amusements of the day now began, such as wrestling, rope-dancing, running, leaping, and tumbling. The greatest feat in the wrestling was for one of the combatants to throw his adversary headlong into a pool of water, which stood in front of the palace windows. Whenever this last circumstance took place the air resounded with laughter, and the successful wrestler was thrown a golden toman from the hand of the prince. The rope-dancing was most extraordinary, and the ropes were such a height from the ground that had the performer stumbled he must have broken his neck. In the meanwhile the tribute-money came in from the neighbouring towns and villages in the form of presents. Firstly, arrived a long string of mules loaded with shawls and other goods, following them came a row of men each bearing a bag of gold and silver money. Among a variety of other presents that arrived was one most characteristic of the East, consisting of six tachteravans, litters, in each of which I was informed was a beautiful Georgian

slave-girl destined for the harem of the Farmoon Farmah. All these passed in procession before the prince, and were then admitted within the palace.

The games and amusements having continued for some time, the prince clapped his hands as a signal for them to cease, and retired to another part of the palace. The young princes then conducted us to the gardens, where they were joined by several of their elder brothers who had up to that time been engaged on the parade-ground on their respective commands. They were dressed magnificently; one of them had a pair of epaulets consisting entirely of jewels set in gold, and all of them wore poniards, the handles of which were covered with precious stones, in their girdles, which consisted of handsome Cashmere shawls. They seemed very much struck with our English swords, and could not conceive how such thin blades could cut, but deemed them of no use save in the way of ornament.

We were now informed that the Farmoon Farmah again required our presence. We found him in another apartment, seated at a window overlooking the garden. He called us to him one after the other, and bidding us hold out our hands, he filled them with small gold and silver coins, newly struck. This is a custom which takes place at the Noroz, when the shah or a prince-royal wishes to particularly distinguish and honour any one present. It is usual to distribute the coins among one's servants.

On the twenty-second we again determined to make an attempt to visit Persepolis. We accordingly set out, and in the evening arrived at Zergoon, where the inhabitants informed us that a Sahib Faringee had just arrived; we discovered him to be the doctor who, after innumerable hardships and several vain attempts, had managed to reach Persepolis, and was on his way back to Shiraz. He informed us that he had found the undertaking most difficult and dangerous, that at the edge of one pool of water he was about to cross, he had seen the body of a man lying dead, having been either drowned in attempting to pass, or, overcome by exhaustion, or benumbed by the cold, had fallen dead on reaching the firm ground. The body was half eaten by the wolves and jackals; this, as may be imagined, was sufficient to deter almost any one from attempting the passage, and it was not without some hesitation that the doctor had continued his route, when he fortunately found the pool fordable.

On the twenty-third we arrived at the banks of the river Bendameer, the bridge was still impassable, but on either side were some Eliauts, who had constructed a raft of rushes, to each side of which was affixed a long rope, one end of which was held by the people on the northern and the other by those on the southern bank. The raft was large enough to hold one person only at a time, and the manner in which it crossed the following:—When the person who wished to pass had got upon the raft, the party on the opposite bank pulled it across by the rope, while the people on the other bank pulled the raft back again, after the passenger had landed. We crossed over in this manner and took our saddles with us. We were nearly losing our horses here, for having to swim by themselves, and the stream being very rapid, they were carried about half a mile down, and reached the bank with the greatest difficulty—this was Moore's "calm Bendemeer."

We at length all got across and proceeded in the direction of Persepolis, and, having crossed several pools, we arrived at the spot where was lying the dead body mentioned by the doctor, and which was nearly all devoured by wild beasts excepting the face, which was left untouched. I could not bear to leave the corpse of a fellow-creature lying in that state, so I scooped out a grave with my dagger and buried the poor man in the best manner I could.

After having journeyed on through floods innumerable, we were at length gladdened by beholding the lofty pillars of Persepolis, or, as it is called by the Persians, Chayhelminar, Istakhar, and Tackt-o-Jemsheed, and we felt ourselves amply repaid for all our labour and pains when we found ourselves standing in the midst of those noble ruins. The lofty pillars, the immense statues, and the beautiful sculptures, prove what Persia must once have been, and how it has fallen from its ancient grandeur. The appearance of Persepolis is peculiarly striking: what must have been the power of those mortals who, without the aid of steam-engine or machinery, raised up those tremendous pillars, and placed upon them those beautifully-carved capitals. The ruins lie at the foot of some very high mountains at the extremity of a wide extensive plain. They are built upon an elevated terrace, which is ascended by means of a flight of marble steps. Upon the surrounding rocks are sculptures innumerable, representing combats, processions, religious ceremonies, &c., an excellent description of which may be obtained in Morier's "First Journey to Persia," and also in the first volume of that delightful work "Sketches of Persia." Having remained the whole of the day and the following morning in visiting the ruins we quitted Persepolis, the pride, or what ought to be the pride, of Farsistan, and returned to Shiraz.

On the twenty-fifth we were invited to an entertainment given by the eldest son of the Farmoon Farmah, at a beautiful summer residence, situated about three miles from the city. On our arrival we were conducted to a magnificent apartment where was spread out a most sumptuous banquet, and, in addition to sherbet, we were supplied with some exquisite Shiraz wine. A band of musicians were seated in a corner of the room playing and singing. Although the party consisted almost entirely of Musselmans, there was not the slightest scruple evinced about drinking wine, on the contrary, many of them swallowed it in tumblers, and before long most of the company present were in a very jovial state. We could every now and then see some bright eyes, belonging to several of the prince's women, peeping through the trellis-work of the interior windows of the apartments, and the beauteous owners of those sparkling gems were evidently criticising us most minutely, judging from the frequent titters proceeding from that quarter.

After the banquet kaliauns were brought in and we were seated round the room placidly smoking, in expectation of witnessing the performance of some dancing-girls which the prince our host had promised to show us, when suddenly a grave old mollah (priest) stalked into the room, and having whispered something in the ear of the prince, retired as solemnly as he had entered. Soon after came the dancers, but to our disappointment they proved to be by no means the beautiful houris we were expecting, but some beardless men dressed up in women's clothes. It was evident that the old

mollah was the cause of this unwelcome substitution, and that he had forbidden the introduction of female dancers before Franks.

A quantity of invitations to entertainments from all quarters succeeded to this party, the most splendid of which was given by a noble Persian, Meerza Mahomed Ali Naawob, in his *anderân* or women's apartments, the usual inhabitants, however, were of course absent "for that night only." The rooms were magnificent, the walls and ceiling being covered with carving and gilding and portraits of women. The banquet was not after the Persian fashion, but, in honour of us, was in imitation of European manners, as we had chairs to sit down upon, knives and forks to eat with, and a table to eat on. Our host had no fear of mollahs in his heart, for, after the banquet was finished, some dancing-girls of the most ravishing beauty performed before us. Their attitudes were most lascivious, and, in imitation of love scenes, some of the performers seemed at times to be quite carried away by the ardour of their feelings, and acted as passionately as though they were in earnest.

Before our departure from Shiraz we were informed that it would be absolute madness to think of travelling to Bushire by the same road as that by which the doctor and his companions had come to Shiraz; as news had been received that a large party of banditti, having collected together, was lying in wait among the mountains, with the determination of avenging the death of their chief (who had been killed during the late encounter) upon the heads of the first Franks who might fall into their clutches, and having heard of our intended journey, the bandits were lying in wait among the rocks along which we should have to pass, in order to shoot us with their rifles, for

"Blood for blood, and life for life,
Whether ta'en in equal strife,
Or by foul assassin's knife,
Or by warrior in the field
Of battle, armed with sword and shield,—
Blow for blow, and meed for meed,
Ever was the Persian's creed."

We were accordingly advised to go by a circuitous road, through the town of Fironsabad, which, though much longer, lies through a most interesting country, almost completely unknown to and unfrequented by European travellers.

An account of the above-mentioned affray with the banditti, and its consequences, will be found in the Keepsake of 1844, written by the author of the present paper.

The hospitality and kindness we met with at Shiraz will ever cause me to remember with pleasure that beautiful city and its chiefs; I cannot, too, let this opportunity pass of expressing my grateful remembrance of the attention we received from Mr. Littlejohn. That talented officer was afterwards murdered, as it is conjectured, by order of the Farmoon Farmah, for refusing to lead the army of that prince against the present Mahomed Shah, his nephew, upon the accession of the latter to the throne of Persia. The reason of Mr. Littlejohn's refusal was, that he would have had to fight against officers of his own country, who had been sent out by the English government to drill the troops of the King of Persia.

MR. STRAGGLES HAS A DAY WITH THE HARRIERS, AND RENOUNCES SPORTING LIFE.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

THE residence of Mr. Tollit, to which Mr. Straggles returned with great joy after his respectability had been ascertained, and he had been released from the coal-hole by the gentleman who had seized upon him as a poacher, was an old country farm-house.

The parlour was kept, like the bright poker in the grate, more for show than use, as generally the family resided in the large kitchen; and the front door had as idle a time of it as the great one of St. Paul's that faces Ludgate Hill, which appears only to have been made to be kept shut. On high holidays both were thrown open, but these came but seldom; and the usual ingress to the house was through the back door from the farm-yard.

Mr. Tollit and his son were regarded by Mr. Straggles in the light of that class of relationship now in its decadence, known as country cousins. We say in its decadence, since it has been ordained that everything in the world should become extinct after a certain time, whether animated or inorganic. In the remains of the vestiges of creation, which frighten the holiday people at the British Museum, we find the *ichthyosaurus*, the *ammonite*, the mammoth, and a vast crowd of monsters terrible to behold, upon the total disappearance of which we have every reason to congratulate ourselves. In later times, amongst things which were, but are believed in no longer, are executions, high-art, five-act plays, stage-coachmen, great actors, and Dutch weather houses. Young ladies declare that offers are getting everyday more scarce; so are old English gentlemen, prize-fights, and fair horse races. And country cousins are now passing away as well.

When Mr. Straggles first recollected his old-world friends, the Tollits, things were differently constituted. They had always lived at Bramblesly, but then the journey was an undertaking. An anomalous gig, something between a private cab and a dog-cart, had to start at some irregular hour—elaborate to remember—and meet the coach in the dim morning twilight, traversing a route that was along a track of ruts crossing a common, on either side of which the fog hung heavily upon the gossamers that sway in grey festoons from heath to furze-bush. There were various motives, too, for this journey. It might be love, or law, or physic; it might be an ambition to talk of town and seize the fashions; sometimes it oscillated between politeness and dividends. But travelling was then a matter of toil and importance, and a real motive was always put forward by the Tollits, as an excuse for their visit. They never came to town upon a mere whim.

It then happened that Mr. Straggles used to take beds for them at an hotel. Their common resort, with many others of the same class, was the Sussex Hotel, an establishment bounded on the west by Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, and on the east by the Bolt-in-Tun coach-office. There were inns much nearer to Mr. Straggles' chambers, but the Tollits always went there, because the coach that came

from their part of the world went there too. The distance between them was that uncomfortable one which would have been an eighteen-penny fare if it could, but couldn't, and so the journey was always enlivened by an argument with the coachman—cabs were not patronized then—who invariably got the best of it, until the Tollits bought a little "book of fares," which they carried about with them in preference to their watches, and which was distinguished in always having the fares between all places but those which they wanted.

The Bolt-in-Tun is much changed now: quiet country gentlemen, who knew it when they were obliged to sleep in town, but never do so now in consequence of the quick transit, would hardly recognise it. Then there were galleries running round it which made strangers imagine they were going to bed out of doors; and at certain hours of the day the visitors would appear from the sleeping-rooms that looked down into the yard, awaiting the arrival of the stage-coach to learn the local news. And there were plenty of coaches then in the yard of the Bolt-in-Tun—heavy, florid vehicles, like so many apoplectic elephants, snoozing under the sheds until the ostlers dragged them forth to be washed and dressed. All night long they rattled in and out, teaching country-folks, by the noise, that they were in London; and in the intervals of their clatter, restless horses stamped and snorted, and shook their harness in adjacent stables, at which they arrived by going up and down inclined planes like the approaches to the steamboat piers, or the platform at Astley's, along which the "Untamed Horse of the Tartar Horde of Circassia" bears the rightful prince from his enemies, or brings him to succour female suffering innocence just in the nick of time. But now the coaches have all gone—no one can tell for a certainty where to—the rickety, fore-shortened railway omnibus that shuffles up to the door of the booking-office, and is generally off again before any one knows that it has arrived, but ill makes up for the deficiency.

In those old times Mr. Straggles was proud to go about town with the Tollits, since whatever was the exciting cause of the visit it always had the same results—seeing sights and spending money—and he used to feel that he was, as it were, their Mentor. They began to buy things immediately upon their arrival. The Jews, who haunted the front of the "Elephant and Castle," found amongst them the readiest customers for their wares, from the Annual with the worn-out plates, to the pewter pencil case with the flawed glass seal at the top. And there appeared to be resorts especially appropriated to them, which Mr. Straggles seemed to know little about, although he would not confess it. Exeter Change and Miss Linwood's were in high favour. Cranbourne Alley was alone thought trustworthy with respect to bonnets, and the corner of St. Paul's as regarded books. Alack! Exeter Change is changed altogether; its cutlery has cut itself, and its beasts have become denizens of another district; they have avoided the desert of the modern Exeter Arcadia. Miss Linwood is no more, and her cause has yielded to that of more distressed needlewomen, the fast-shuffling quietude of Cranbourne Alley no longer exists; and the female touters at the doors of the shops appear to shrink from the bustle of the new thoroughfare. The "Scenes in Europe" have retired from the corner of St. Paul's Churchyard before Mr. Grant's works of high pressure, forty-Peter-

Parley power; and the spirit of philosophy has been diluted into negus to suit juvenile palates.

We laugh at a yokel in London, but a cockney in the country is a far more contemptible person, and this Mr. Straggles began to feel. For the changes pervading everything did not allow him to assume that mental superiority over the Tollits which he once did. Formerly they were delighted to go anywhere and see anything: all the singers at the opera were equally unknown to them, and sometimes they proffered a quiet petition for a play-bill. But what the newspapers called "facility of communication," had made them almost as sharp as what Mr. Straggles conceived himself to be. Illustrated newspapers, rapidly brought down to their home, gave them an idea of the theatres and exhibitions, fashions and lions, as soon as himself—nay sooner, for it is proverbial that those living in town are the last to see anything in it. Periodicals of every kind—funny ones with cuts and sober ones without—put them up to that horological knowledge popularly known as "the time of day:" and London lecturers, whisked down to their literary institutions, left no fresh points of scientific discovery a novelty. In fact, a visit to town had almost become "a little go," to which the Tollits came up as knowing as Mr. Straggles himself: in fact more so, being as perfectly crammed in one way as collegians in another. So he was much puzzled how to keep up his character. He found they knew everything, from Jenny Lind to Gutta Percha, but he was innately deficient in sporting and agricultural matters. And, therefore, he determined to assume a knowledge of everything as far as he was able.

"Strags," observed Mr. Tollit, junior, as they sat in the kitchen before the huge fire, at which two fowls were roasting before wood-embers, to the great astonishment of the gentleman addressed, "Strags! what are you like outside a horse?"

It was a home question. With less uneasiness the member of a respectable pious country family might have been asked, "What was his opinion of Carlotta Grisi compared with Ellsler?" So Mr. Straggles after a moment's incertitude, replied:—

"Oh—all right."

"I'm glad of that," said Joe, "because Jack Rasper's harriers are coming over here to-morrow, and we are going to mount you, just by way of a change. The governor said he was sure you'd take a fence."

"Take offence," observed Mr. Straggles: "what at?"

"At?" replied Joe: "anything: a double ditch with a quick-set in the middle—an oxrail—a row of hurdles—or a light park paling. We'll put you on something that will take you over them, if you can stick on."

Stick on! it had a terrible sound. It spoke of that impressive sort of horsemanship—that clinging ride of terror and incertitude which characterized the equestrianism of a monkey. And yet Mr. Straggles did not like to confess his feeble-mindedness on this point to his "country cousins." He found that they could criticise Albion, and speak of the Nassau balloon, as readily as he could himself, and therefore, determined not to appear behind them, he accepted the proffered steed.

Not without many misgivings, though: for his practice in riding had hitherto been very limited. He had, it is true, gone on donkeys

to Pegwell Bay, and the place near Gravesend, where the water-cresses grow: and had once ventured into the Park upon a hack-horse, where he had contrived to keep his seat, albeit the many salutations he received from ill-conditioned boys, on his journey thither, had well nigh abashed him. But he would not confess his fears: and he thanked Mr. Tollit as coolly as though he had been accustomed to take stone walls and five-barred gates every day of his life.

"Old Jack will be just the thing for you," said Joe, "because he knows the country. He's rather high-actioned, but that's a fault on the right side; because he won't come down like your daisy-clippers that shuffle a penny piece from a turnpike road. I don't think you have any top-boots—have you?"

Mr. Straggles had not—in fact, he might just as well have been asked for a pair of *epaulettes*, or a turban from his wardrobe.

"Ah—never mind," said Joe: "we'll fit you out in proper style. You can have those if you like."

Mr. Tollit pointed to a pair that were lying up in a corner, and were of that kind which John Bull is always accustomed to wear, according to popular pictorial authority. They were heavy and large, with brown tops and round toes: and looked as if they could have done duty upon emergency for the celebrated seven league boots of the legend.

"Why—I could get into them altogether," said Mr. Straggles, as he looked, first at them and then at his own ten-and-sixpenny Alberts. "And if I wore them I could never lift my legs."

"Oh yes, you could," said Joe. "Besides, if they are so heavy, what of that—they'll steady you, you know, when you're once up, with their weight on each side."

And to prove the truth of this assertion, by a model, Mr. Tollit stuck two forks in a cork, which he afterwards elevated on a pin, and then made the entire apparatus revolve, and oscillate on the foot of an inverted wine glass.

"There—don't you see?" he went on. "You can't knock it over. You're the cork, you know, and the forks are your legs and boots. They'll be regular ballast to you: you'll never get lop-sided if you wear them."

The night that Mr. Straggles passed, after the hour of bed-time arrived, was indeed a fearful one. Half-dozing, he was haunted by vivid pictures of all the equestrian mischances that had ever occurred. John Gilpin kept flying round his bed, as he had seen him pictured, wigless and scared, with the two broken bottles hanging against his hips. The unfortunate Mr. Button, whose fearful ride to Brentford was only equalled by that of Burger's Leonora in horror, appeared going through all those rapid acts of horsemanship that have become matters of history—riding now on the neck and now on the extreme verge of the crupper, with his face to the tail, or across the horse like a sack, with all the other remarkable positions which that devoted tailor was made to assume. Then he called to mind the story of the nobleman, who, staying at a friend's house, after a day with the hounds, upon being called to go to cover the next morning, cried, with an air of haggard mistrust, "What! do people ever go hunting twice!" And, lastly, he recollected an uncomfortable book upon the Epping Hunt, with pictures of dilemmas more perilous than any one man could have been supposed to have survived: as well as

a set of coloured prints of some Great Steeple Chase, where, from the start to the come-in the view had always been taken just as a gentleman rider had pitched upon his head, or been left behind a "double;" or plumped into a brook; or gone over altogether with his horse, as if upon an invisible centrifugal railway. And these desperate scenes, merging into his sleeping visions, kept him starting from his slumbers all night, with the impression that he was falling from the roof of a house, fashioned like a saddle on a mighty horse.

Bright chanticleer proclaimed the day at last, according to his custom on hunting mornings, and Mr. Straggles awoke from his unrefreshing sleep. Nothing, however, is ever in reality so terrible as we fancy it in the dead of night; and the sunlight re-assured him; so much so, indeed, that, as he was dressing, he began to sing "The Standard Bearer," and from this he went into various appropriate melodies connected with southerly winds and cloudy skies; and harked forward more than once as he was shaving, and said "Tantivy." But he used this latter word in a reckless manner, not exactly knowing what it meant, or at what especial time it ought to be spoken,—whether it applied to particular positions in the chase, or whether it was merely an expression of joy which might be indulged in at any period, as Scotch gentlemen are wont to shout "Hoo!" in a reel.

Still Mr. Straggles was not perfectly at ease: his gaiety was of that forced reflection-drowning kind which Mr. Punch indulges in when he sings on the very eve of his execution. He did not make a good breakfast, in spite of Mr. Tollit's urgent recommendation to him, "to lay in a good foundation," in which country folks imagine the whole secret of health and longevity is comprised. However, he contrived to get into the boots, rather than put them on; and as they were large enough for him to tuck his trouser legs into, he did not require knee-breeches. His terror now increased: he heard the sounds of gathering men and horses in the homestall; and, as the clock struck ten, Mr. Tollit told him all the preparations were completed, put a whip in his hand, and then the melancholy procession—so to speak—started.

There were a great many people in the farm-yard, and the owner of the pack, to whom Mr. Tollit had given his permission to come, was carrying on an animated conversation with the dogs.

"Law!" observed Mr. Straggles, as he saw them; "I thought they would be greyhounds. Don't greyhounds hunt hares? I've got a picture of some doing it."

"That's coursing," said Mr. Tollit: "all very well, but slow fun to what we are going at. No,—these are the right sort,—crosses between the heavy old harriers and the little fox beagles: all bone and nose. Too good almost for thistle-whippers."

"Slow fun to what we are going at," repeated Mr. Straggles to himself. Why, in the pictures he alluded to, the horses were going at a splitting gallop as it was; what could he be expected to do more. He was so struck by this idea, that he lost Mr. Tollit's remarks, and was only recalled by that gentleman's observing,—
"Now, —here comes Old Jack: come Strags: now's your time."

The horse was brought,—a tall, bony, Irish animal, that looked as if it could have taken a barn on an emergency.

"Stop a minute," said Joe; "you can't reach the stirrup. Here, Oakes, give Mr. Straggles a leg up."

To shew his alacrity, Mr. Straggles gave a lively spring, and the man hoisted him up at the same time, but with such power, that he shot him clean over, and he came down upon the other side.

"Never mind, Strags," cried Joe, laughing; "you'll soon be used to it. Now—up!—that's it. How are the stirrups?"

"Oh, they're all right," replied Mr. Straggles, who was sitting with the leathers so short that his knees almost met over the pommel.

"No, that won't do; you must let them out five holes at least," continued Joe. "There! that's better; isn't it? Now you are—"

"Quite jolly," replied Mr. Straggles. But the air of comfort was but put on. He spoke it, as the boy who first gets into cold water when bathing, gasps out, "B-b-b-beautiful!" to his fellows on the bank, in reply to their questions concerning the temperature.

"That's all right," said Mr. Tollit. "Now keep by me, and I promise you we shall be up well with the dogs. My Galloway has beaten many a thoroughbred; but then I know all the fences."

"I don't care particularly, to be up with the dogs," suggested Mr. Straggles, mildly.

"Oh, but I do. Keep your knees firm to the saddle, and your toes straight forward, or you'll be nicely caught by a gate-post, if two or three go through at once."

Mr. Straggles did immediately as he was directed. In fact, if he could have tied his legs in a double knot under the horse's girths he would have done it.

They rode about the fields for a little time, opening gates and shifting hurdles all very pleasantly, and Mr. Straggles said he liked it very much. But before long a hare was found; the dogs gave tongue, and off they started.

Away they went—through the copse and over the turnip-field, down the lane and across the water—splash—like a whirl of leaves blown along by the autumn-wind, and at last they came to a large meadow which the dogs crossed diagonally.

"I—say—Joe!" exclaimed Mr. Straggles, convulsively, as he wanted four hands, to hold the reins, his hat, his whip, and the pommel of the saddle all at once; "I—say—Joe—how—are—we—to—get—out—of—here?"

"Over the ditch," replied his friend: "there, see where those fellows are taking it."

Mr. Straggles with difficulty looked ahead and saw various mounted forms rising up on the horizon of the field, and then going off and away again. "Oh dear!" he said to himself, "here it comes!"

"Now hold fast, Strags," cried Joe; "I'll go ahead!"

The dreaded spot seemed advancing towards him rather than he nearing it. As it approached, he pushed his hat on tight, clutched the reins, and shut his eyes. There was a violent jolt; he felt himself doing dreadful things in the air that the Bedouin Arabs would have failed in, and the next instant, with an intense shock, he was sitting on some ploughed ground on the other side of the fence, the horse remaining on the bank he had just quitted.

"Why, Strags! man alive!" cried Mr. Tollit, who had gone over like a bird, "how the devil did you come there?"

"Ah! I wish I knew," answered his friend, completely bewildered. "Which side am I?"

"Oh! all right; you shouldn't have checked the rein just as you were going to leap. Look out! Old Jack's a coming."

And the horse who knew his business pretty well, cleared the ditch and Mr. Straggles too, as Joe caught him by the bridle.

"There, never mind," cried Mr. Tollit; "jump up."

"I can't," replied Mr. Straggles, who was not yet quite satisfied whether he was a mass of broken bones or no.

"Pshaw! wait a minute. Now then—up! there you are again."

Mr. Tollit had got off his horse, and given a second "leg up" to Mr. Straggles, who acquitted himself this time rather better.

Once more they were off, Joe trying to make up lost ground as he flew on, over the furrows, like the wind. But now Mr. Straggles was not so ardent. He held back behind his friend who, eager to join the others, did not see what he was about until he had got far ahead of him. And when they had all cleared away, round a shaw, he pulled up to breathe and recover himself.

Whilst thus occupied, as he gazed into the next field he fancied he saw the hare running in an opposite direction to that in which she had just been going; in fact, puss had made a sharp double and followed it up, and Mr. Straggles's knowledge of sporting matters went just so far as to assure him that such had been the case.

"Ha! ha!" he said; "now I think I *can* astonish them a little."

As he turned back he saw the hounds scrambling over the bank at the top of the next field; and determined to be even with them, he made a dash at the small ditch that separated them, and in an instant was amongst them. In vain the huntsman shouted: Mr. Straggles elate with his position kept tearing on, thinking that now or never was the time to retrieve his character, and soon, beneath Old Jack's hoofs, the dogs were being sent about in all directions. At last, seeing an uncomfortable row of hurdles ahead he pulled up, and the next moment the owner of the pack was at his side.

"What the (*something*) are you about, you infernal scoundrel!" he cried. "Take that, you (*something else*) tailoring snob!"

And as he spoke he made the lash of his heavy hunting-whip wind round Mr. Straggles's shoulders each time with stinging force.

"Leave me alone!" screamed our hapless friend; "I couldn't help it!—oh dear! Hi! Joe—Joe Tollit! Leave me alone!"

Again was the arm raised for punishment, when Mr. Tollit fortunately came up; and poor Straggles, who had not that insensibility to "the horrors of the lash" which is only enjoyed by the clowns of the ring, appealed to him in writhing and piteous accents for an explanation. This was given, and all amends made immediately, with the ready heartiness of an English sportsman.

Mr. Straggles hunted no more that day, nor indeed, did he ever again: the next morning he packed up his things and returned to town, still sore with his chastisement as regarded his shoulders, and not less uncomfortable generally from his unwonted hosemanship. He has returned to his profession, and made a holy vow never to plunge into sporting life again, but in future to confine his fishing to that for crabs from the end of the Chain Pier: his shooting to after dinner, eighteen-penny worth at the gallery in Leicester Square, or for nuts with percussion caps at Greenwich fair; and his riding to that tranquil domestic exercise, which Gravesend and Thanet, or the more contiguous expanse of the mild Blackheath can afford, without risk of neck-breaking or horse-whipping.



НИКОЛАЪ I.

EMPEROR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS.

London: Richard Bentley: 1854

THE INSURRECTION IN ST. PETERSBURG IN 1825, WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE CONSPIRATORS.

BY CHARLES WHITEHEAD.

WITH A PORTRAIT OF THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS.

ON the first of December, 1826, Alexander I., Emperor of all the Russias, died at Taganrog, a small town situated on the sea of Azof, and opposite the town of that name, whither he had taken the Empress for the benefit of her health. The news of that event did not reach St. Petersburg till the 9th, for Taganrog is four hundred and seventy-five leagues from the metropolis. Nicholas Paulovitch was the only one of the Grand-Dukes then in the city, and to him the despatch announcing the mournful tidings was conveyed. The whole court had been called together on that very morning to offer up thanks to the Almighty for preserving the father of his country; such having been the tenor of an immediately preceding bulletin. On the receipt of this later intelligence, Nicholas lost no time in imparting it to the officiating Archimandrid, who, at the request of the Grand-Duke, communicated it to the Empress-Mother. The unhappy parent having partially recovered from the sudden shock, held a short consultation with her son. What passed between them none knew; but the Empress, it would seem, did not divulge an important fact of which she was cognizant; for when Nicholas left her, he proceeded at once to the Senate to take the oath of fidelity to his brother Constantine, then Viceroy of Poland, and residing at Warsaw. Before receiving the oath of the Grand-Duke, the assembled council of the Empire, felt that it was its first duty to examine the contents of a certain packet, sealed with the imperial seal, which had been some time before committed to its charge by the Emperor Alexander, and which it had been commanded to open at his death. In this deposit was found the important fact at which we have hinted, which was a formal renunciation of the crown by the Grand-Duke Constantine.

This document, whatever surprise its perusal might have caused, was, however, so formal and explicit, that it left no doubt as to the course which ought to be pursued. The council, accordingly, waited upon the Grand-Duke, laid before him the deeds forming the will of the deceased sovereign, declared him Emperor, and proffered to pay him homage. Nicholas would not receive its submission. "I am not Emperor," he said, "and wish not to become so to the detriment of my elder brother. If, maintaining his renunciation, the Grand-Duke Constantine persists in making this sacrifice of his rights, then, and then only, will I exercise mine by an acceptance of the throne."

The council, usually so acquiescent, now evinced a laudable obstinacy; but unable to overcome the scruples of Nicholas, it at length yielded, and recognized and proclaimed Constantine Emperor. The oath was immediately enforced in his name,—in such haste indeed—that the usual proclamation in such cases being dispensed with,

the death of Alexander was scarcely known. Many among the regiments of the guards, imagined they were going once more to swear fealty to Alexander, and despite their habit of passive obedience, were observed to hesitate, when, instead of Alexander, the name of Constantine was heard. In other battalions, when the soldiers were ordered to swear fidelity to their "new master," a few of the subalterns cried, "who is our new master?" "The Cæsarevitch Constantine," was the reply. He was better known, and notwithstanding his uncouth and brutal manners, less unpopular among them than the other Grand-Dukes. The reply appeased the soldiers. "Glory to God" was echoed along the ranks, the men devoutly making the sign of the cross. The whole empire swore fidelity to Constantine.

Notwithstanding these solemn proceedings, the Viceroy of Poland was not only content, but resolved to abide by his formal renunciation of the throne, committed to writing; and entrusted to the late Emperor and the Empress-Mother; and after what may be called an interregnum of three weeks, Nicholas accepted the sceptre, the manifests of his accession being signed on the 24th December.

We have nothing to do in this place with the motives of Constantine in renouncing the throne, or with the views which determined Nicholas to decline its acceptance till that renunciation had been openly confirmed. These have been admirably set forth by Mr. Schnitzler in his recently published "Secret History." But certain it is, that the delay in settling the succession, arising out of this "contest of generosity between two brothers," was highly favourable to the designs of certain conspirators who had entered into a confederacy to remove the reigning family, if not to exterminate the house of Romanoff.

At the time of Alexander's death, there were, and for some time previously had been, two formidable and highly organized conspiracies against the throne, deriving their support from certain secret societies, for a detailed and deeply interesting account of which, we must refer the reader to the valuable work of Schnitzler. One of these associations was of the south, the other of the north, and it is of the latter, and of its proceedings, we are about to speak. This society had for its chief agents Sergius, Prince Troubetskoi; Eugene, Prince Obolenski, and Conrad Ryleïeff. Of these, Troubetskoi was the most important, on account of his connections; Obolenski the most impassioned and fiery, and Ryleïeff the most firm and prudent. These three men, so different in character, seemed, in their combination, to form a perfect whole, and an entire agreement subsisted between them. They were the life and soul of the association of the north.

Prince Troubetskoi belonged to an ancient family, one of whose members, having in former times delivered his country from the Polish yoke, had ventured to raise his eyes even to the throne of the czars. Troubetskoi had long struggled with necessity, but having married a daughter of Count Laval, he had become brother-in-law of Count Levenstern, the Austrian minister at the Russian court; he stood likewise in the same relation to Count Sergius Potemkin. A prosperous career expanded before him. Colonel of the staff-major, attached to the fourth corps of the army, he had been recently appointed military

governor of Kief. Some time before he had been enabled to make a prolonged stay at Paris at the imperial expense, for the benefit of his education. His temper was gentle, his heart good, and his nature disinterested; he had an addiction to letters, and he was generally beloved; but he wanted the qualities of firmness and elevated principle, qualities which are rare indeed in Russia.

Prince Obolenski was no less nobly born than Troubetskoi. His ancestors were the princes of Tchernigoff; but the title of prince, though imposing, must not be taken to indicate the possession of fortune, for in Russia this title passes from a father to all his children. A lieutenant in the imperial guards, and aide-de-camp to General Bistrom, Obolenski was as poor as Troubetskoi had been before his marriage. Like him he was young, polished, and distinguished. An intimacy had for some time subsisted between the emperor and Obolenski.

Ryleïeff, the mainspring of the association, was neither high-born nor wealthy: a simple noble, he had left the corps of cadets with a slender stock of knowledge, but with most resolved principles of action. He had now quitted the army in which he had held merely the rank of sub-lieutenant, and had accepted the unsalaried secretaryship to the criminal tribunal of St. Petersburg. Next he had become secretary to the American company, a great chartered commercial association, a post he held at the time of the revolt.

We must quote Schnitzler here, for his description of this man is a fair specimen of his style. "Ryleïeff possessed superior intellect, in conjunction with some excellent qualities of heart. Moved by principles rather than by passions, he acted only on reflection, devoted to theories,—abstract indeed, but disinterested,—he acted, in short, from a sense of duty. By inclination a democrat and a great admirer of the constitution of the United States, he nevertheless well understood that such a constitution supposes citizens, but does not form them; and therefore that it was inapplicable to Russia, whose population he beheld divided into masters and slaves. He admitted that monarchy in such a state of society can be the only ark of refuge, but he was indignant to see it absolute and unlimited; shocked that despotism should exist upon the throne and slavery in the cabinet, and grieved at the absence of that which constitutes the strength of a state, namely, a quick sense of honour in the higher classes, and of moral dignity in all. He saw with mortification that his country could not stand a comparison with any other: he hoped to limit the absolute power of the monarch, and to transform the autocrat into a constitutional sovereign."

Ryleïeff was gentle and humane by nature, but could act or decide, when occasion required, with astonishing firmness, a quality of mind which is seldom granted to poets, and Ryleïeff was one, having done things to make him one of the hopes of the Russian Parnassus.

These three principal conspirators had many active auxiliaries, some of whom must be briefly mentioned. Lieutenant-Colonel Batenkoff was a man of some spirit, enterprising and ambitious. Mortified pride made him a patriot, for he had been disappointed of preferment. Resentment of disgrace converted Captain Iakoubovitch into a conspirator. He had been expelled from the imperial guard for having taken part in a duel which terminated fatally. Peter

Kakhofski, a retired lieutenant, was equally bloodthirsty with Iakoubovitch. He derided the scruples of his coadjutors whom he called *the philanthropists*. But the four brothers Bestoujeff were very different men. They were amiable and generally beloved, and one of them (Alexander), the devoted friend of Ryleïeff, had acquired literary reputation. Colonel Boulatoff, commander of the 6th regiment of chasseurs, was a man who possessed some fine qualities, and was beloved by his regiment, but he was of the light and frivolous character so observable amongst the Russians.

When the news of Alexander's death first reached St. Petersburg, the conspirators built great hopes on the fault of the deceased monarch in not having, by a public act during his lifetime, announced his successor. The matter-of-course transmission of the crown to the ferocious Constantine surprised them; but they had men amongst them who were not to be startled by any proposed crime, and the new emperor might be murdered with less remorse than his mild and benevolent predecessor. Still no immediate attempt was made. Conference succeeded conference, but nothing was done, and the supposed favourable opportunity passed away. They now talked of dissolving the association, but this proposition unhappily fell to the ground.

But when the tidings of Constantine's renunciation became known to them, their confidence revived. They saw, or thought they saw, the great advantage they might derive from the present position of affairs. In the absence of all public knowledge of events and circumstances, and with a young inexperienced prince who was by no means popular with the army, they might cause it to be believed that the report of Constantine's renunciation was a lie, or they might insist that the oath of fidelity taken by Nicholas, was a virtual abdication on his part.

It was now time to act, and to this end a dictator was chosen. This distinction was conferred on Prince Troubetskoï, one of whose ancestors had aspired to the throne. The prince was ill-fitted for the office, and knew it; but his name was the thing wanted. "Have we not chosen an admirable chief?" asked Ryleïeff. "Yes," replied Jacoubovitch, with a sardonic smile, "in stature." But Ryleïeff was an energetic director of the tool, whose orders were passively obeyed by the members of the association. The "Official Report" says, "they were as docile in obedience to an unknown and unauthorized power, as they were violent in their resistance to legitimate authority."

Not a moment now was to be lost. Conferences were held, and project after project was proposed. Still, nothing was decided. However, on the 24th and 25th December, the members of the plot repaired in great numbers, but separately, to the house of Ryleïeff. Among these were many military officers, each of whom answered for his regiment. The marine guards especially were secure, being deeply infected with the spirit of revolt. Great excitement prevailed at their meetings. Captain Alexander Bestoujeff, the poet, exclaimed, "I pass the Rubicon, and will force my onward way with the sabre;" and when Ryleïeff avowed his suspicion that they had been betrayed, but that their strength was quite sufficient, a voice cried in reply, "the scabbards are broken, we can no longer hide our sabres." Ryleïeff had been moderate before, but it appears certain that he now began to fear that their enterprise would fail, or lead

to a civil war, unless it were consummated by regicide. Kakhofski appeared to him to be the man best fitted for such a deed. Embracing him in the presence of many conspirators, he said, "Dear friend! you alone amongst us are solitary upon earth," (he himself, Troubetskoi, and many others were surrounded with family ties,) "You ought to sacrifice yourself for the society; rid us then of the Emperor."

In the evening of the 25th, the conspirators once more assembled at the house of Ryleïeff. At the morning meeting, they had despatched instructions to the association of the south, ignorant that at the very moment it was being deprived of its chiefs, in consequence of orders received from Taganrog. At the present convocation, they were fully assured by an officer just arrived from the south, that one hundred thousand men in the second army, were ready to declare for them. They likewise received the true intelligence that the council of the empire would meet at seven o'clock on the following morning to take the oath to Nicholas. Final measures were now adopted, and his post was assigned to each.*

The general intention of the conspirators does not appear to have been to act on the offensive, but to make a demonstration which might haply frighten the government into granting a constitution, a provisional government to be chosen from the chiefs of the movement. But Iakoubovitch was for no such tame proceedings. He proposed to break into the spirit-shops and taverns, and to ply the soldiery and populace with brandy, their favourite beverage; to license general pillage, to carry off the banners from the churches where they were deposited, and to hound the mob upon the Winter Palace. This proposition not finding a seconder, he suggested the burning of St. Petersburg in case of failure in their attempt, but this project also was not entertained.

During the night, the officers of the guard involved in the plot, went among their regiments infusing disquietude, shaking the confidence of the men in the government, and persuading them to refuse the oath. An illegal oath, it was said, was about to be exacted from the troops, who would perjure themselves by taking it: the *cæsarevitch* Constantine had not refused the throne, but was advancing to St. Petersburg with the first army and that of Poland to exterminate the traitors who should swear allegiance to any other than himself, and that he had already reached Narva.

Early in the morning of the 26th, while the Senate, the Holy Synod, and the lesser authorities were taking the oath, two of the brothers Bestoujeff, Captain Prince Chtchépine-Rostofski, and two other officers, passed through several companies of the regiment of Moscow, everywhere conjuring the soldiers to reject the oath. They had a different story to tell. "We are deceived," said they, "the Grand-Duke Constantine has not refused the oath. He is in irons, as also the Grand-Duke Michael, our colonel." Alexander Bestoujeff avowed that he had just arrived from Warsaw to oppose this act of

* It is said that the police were cognizant of this meeting, and gave information of it to Count Miloradovitch, Governor-General of St. Petersburg. The general only laughed, observing, "Bah! it is a set of dunces met to read bad verses." His life was the payment of his incredulity.

treachery, and his brother Michael cried, "The Emperor Constantine loves our regiment and will increase its pay. Down with all those who are unfaithful to him."

The soldiers were impressed and excited by the eloquence of those young men. It was the ordinary custom of the army at that time, instead of flints, to carry small blocks of wood in their guns. Responding to the address of their officers, they cried, "Away with the wooden blocks," and hastened to furnish themselves out of the stores of the regiment with flints and cartouches.

They had just regained their ranks, when an adjutant, the bearer of an order from Major-General Frederichs, the commander of the regiment, summoned all the officers to his presence.

"I no longer recognize the general," cried Chtchépine, ordering the companies to load. He then incited them to tear the colours from the grenadiers, and on the approach of the general, fell upon him sword in hand, whilst his brother discharged a pistol at him. Frederichs fell senseless to the ground, and Major-General Chénichine hastened to his assistance, when Chtchépine fell instantly upon him also with his sabre, and stretched him bleeding at his feet. Maddened with excitement, he no longer knew what he did. He hewed away at all who opposed him; seized upon the colours, and withdrew his company from the barracks. Before they left the outer enclosure, they gained over a regiment and some portions of others, with whom they rushed tumultuously towards the open space before the Senate, to the astonishment of the population of that quarter. On their way several officers had joined them, and they now ranged themselves behind the statue of Peter the Great, awaiting reinforcements. After a long suspense, a battalion of marines, and some companies of grenadiers appeared, and made common cause with them, and many discontented people, and a large portion of the populace assembled about them, looked upon this demonstration with complacency, intending to take part with the insurgents the instant it might be done with safety.

Meanwhile, the emperor, having exercised his first act of sovereignty, in promulgating his manifesto of accession, awaited in the Winter Palace the tidings of the administration and acceptance of the oath. He was full of deep anxiety, for he could not count upon his guard. However, General Voinoff, commander-in-chief of the guard, at last came to announce to him that the formality had been completed in a great number of the regiments. It was added, if he could not receive the same tidings of the grenadiers and the marines, it was because of the distance of their barracks.

But before long, evil news arrived. Four officers of horse-artillery had been put under arrest, and it had been necessary to confine the whole regiment to its quarters. Further, the open revolt of the regiment of Moscow, and of many other companies ranged at no great distance from his palace, was now made known to him. Nicholas lost not a moment. The regiment of Semenoff was ordered to go and repress the rebellion; the horse-guard to hold itself in readiness to obey the first requisition. He felt, too, that it was necessary he should shew himself, and embracing the empress, he took the young grand-duke, a boy of eight years of age, by the hand, and led him to the principal body-guard of the palace, whom he ordered to load their

guns and guard every avenue. Presenting his son to them, he said, "I confide him to you—to you I trust for his defence." The Finnish chasseurs were moved to tears by this mark of confidence. They took the child in their arms, lavished upon the terrified boy a thousand caresses, swore that their bodies should be ramparts before him, and absolutely refused to surrender him even to his governor, when he came to claim him.

"God knows the intention of all," they said, "but we will only surrender up the son of our father to our father himself."

Count Alexis Orloff was the first to put himself at the head of some squadrons of horse for the defence of his master. They were drawn up in the vast square extending before the Winter Palace, which was covered with snow, and the horse looked a small troop in the midst of the wide white space. Nicholas, looking towards the statue of Peter the Great, could see the crowd pressing around the insurgents, which now numbered from two to three thousand men; and he could hear the incessant cry of "Long live the Emperor Constantine!" It was time to act.

Placing himself at the head of a battalion, he marched to meet the rebels. On his way he met a detachment *en route* to join them. He saluted them according to an old Russian custom; "Good day, my children!" Instead of the usual reply, the soldiers answered, "Hurrah for Constantine!" Nicholas pointed to the extremity of the open ground; "You have mistaken your way," he said; "your place is there with the traitors!" Another detachment, confused, and perhaps undecided, made no reply to his salutation. With admirable presence of mind, he saw the advantage, crying with his powerful and sonorous voice, "To the right! march!" They obeyed mechanically.

Meanwhile, Lieutenant Panoff, an intrepid rebel, succeeded in regaining over several companies of grenadiers, with which he joined the insurgents before the Senate-house; on his way thither he made an ineffectual attempt upon the fortress and the Winter Palace. Almost the whole of the marine guard was also added to the ranks of the rebels. Seeing the horse-guards under Orloff approach, the cry arose, "Form against the cavalry!" and the combat began.

But scarcely had it commenced, before the revolted troops found themselves without leaders. Of the three who were to have commanded them, Iakoubovitch alone was at his post. Obolenski indeed was there, but no particular duty had been assigned him. Troubetskoi and Boulatoff had neither of them appeared. Ryleïeff, who maintained his firmness throughout, had rejoined his friend Alexander Bestouïeff, but went to seek Troubetskoi, lost much time, and was not again seen.

The emperor was now surrounded by troops and generals upon whom he could place reliance. Vainly urged to retire, "in that awful and critical moment," says Schnitzler, "he wished to prove himself worthy of the throne, not only by his courage, which never wavered, but by the greater quality of forbearance."

It cannot be denied that in this instance he is entitled to that praise. Anxious to spare the blood of his subjects, he requested that the governor-general, Count Miloradovitch, would address the rebels, and once more endeavour to recall them to their duty. The veteran

rode forward unhesitatingly, confident of the attachment of the soldiers. He had begun by expressing his astonishment at seeing warriors, so long faithful, in arms against their sovereign; but his voice was soon drowned in cries of "Long live Constantine!" Obolenski aimed a blow at him with his bayonet, which had no other effect than that of frightening his horse; but Lieutenant Kakhofski fired upon him at close quarters, and he fell mortally wounded. And now the mob became more and more excited, pressing around the armed rebels, and every moment more decidedly taking part with them.

The death-wound of Miloradovitch—the Russian Murat, as he has been called,—deeply affected the Emperor; but he still hesitated, reluctant to shed the blood of his subjects. Again he would try persuasion, and once more the insurgents were called upon to submit. They would not listen. Nicholas then called upon the metropolitan to stand forth and speak to the misguided men with the voice of religious authority.

The feeble old man, surrounded by a large body of the clergy, willingly obeyed. They would not hear or heed him. His voice was drowned in the roll of the drums; his hoary head was struck at, and he was asked "How he presumed to meddle in such a case?" Now, at length, the emperor, pale of aspect and grieved at heart, saw that forbearance had had its limit, and he ordered the cavalry to charge. The rebels made a desperate resistance. Prince Chitchépine Rostofski gave the first order to fire on the side of the insurgents. Kakhofski, the murderer of Miloradovitch, shot Colonel Sturler, and an officer named Küchelbecker attacked the Grand-Duke Michael with such resolution, that, had he not been covered by some marines of the guard, he would have been killed. The ferocious Iakoubovitch, —no mere declamatory conspirator,—sabre in hand, made great efforts to reach the emperor, but could not succeed in doing so.

By this time, the day was drawing in, yet the rebels still maintained their ground. It was necessary to summon the cannon. Once more, before the mouths of these pieces, were they called upon to surrender. They refused: in vain the lighted matches were waved in the air. One discharge, purposely pointed to do little damage, was fired. It drew jeers and derision from the revolted troops. No further delay. The guns now did their terrible duty. There were but ten discharges, and it is said the rebels dispersed on the second. They were pursued, and 500 were at once made prisoners. On the whole, about 800 were taken and thrown into prison, and 200 were killed.

Ryleieff had returned to his home, accompanied by Alexander Bestoujeff, Batenkoff, and others. Prince Troubetskoi was not amongst them. Where was that notable conspirator? He had boasted in the morning, "It will be seen to-day that Russia can produce a Brutus and a Riego." He afterwards confessed that he knew nothing of these heroes except their names. He took good care that posterity should not class him with them. No sooner had hard blows commenced, than the "dictator" hurried to the military office, and took the oath to Nicholas. Abject terror kept him there for some time, and then he hastened to the house of his mother-in-law, the Countess of Laval, a woman of spirit, who viewed his pusillanimity with scorn. Thence he fled to his brother-in-law, the Count of Lebzeltern, hoping to be secure in the mansion of the representative of Austria. But such

was his terror, he forgot that he had left in his own house all his secret papers, which must assuredly fall into the hands of the government agents. These papers were seized, and during the night, Count Nesselrode paid him a visit, caused him to surrender his sword, and sent the trembling wretch, under the conduct of an aide-de-camp, to the emperor.

Here he denied all connexion with the plot, and affected ignorance of the conspiracy; but the proofs of the contrary, under his own hand, were so various and so many, that he found all protestation useless. He fell at the emperor's feet, craving mercy, and praying for his life.

"It is granted," said the emperor. "Sit down and write to the princess: I will dictate the letter." Troubetskoi obeyed. Under the emperor's dictation, he wrote,—"I am well—and my life will be spared." He hesitated, as though expecting some words of further lenity. "Direct and seal," cried the emperor, sternly, adding, when he had done so, "If you have courage to support a life dishonoured and devoted to remorse, I grant it you; but it is all that I promise." So saying, he turned from him in disgust.

There never was a conspiracy without its Troubetskoi; but Ryleïeff, the Bestoujeffs, and the rest were men of sterner stuff. Troubetskoi was exiled to Siberia for life, and Ryleïeff, Lieutenant Kakhofski, with Paul Pestel, Bestoujeff-Rumine, and Mouravieff-Apostol were hanged. These three last had been engaged in a revolt in the South, and had been arrested on the very day of the insurrection in St. Petersburg. The platform was withdrawn before its time, and the noose slid over the head of Ryleïeff and two others, precipitating them into the hole beneath the scaffold. When they were once more brought under the gibbet, Ryleïeff, the brave, the high-souled, whom it is impossible not to admire, exclaimed: "Accursed country! where they know neither how to plot, to judge, or to hang!"

On the whole, Nicholas acted with clemency, mitigating, in most instances, the sentence of the judges. In two cases, however, he aggravated the punishment, shewing that he was utterly ignorant of the true meaning of the word *law*, and that the papers he had seized and read, and which treated of the rights of man, had not taught him how to interpret the word *constitution*.

BRIAN O'LINN;

OR, LUCK IS EVERYTHING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WILD SPORTS OF THE WEST."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

So much had I been engrossed with the disastrous termination of my father's first appearance alone in the streets of London, that I had not heard the door open, nor was I aware that the company had received an addition, until the well-known voice of Archy apprized me, that he too was within the bills of mortality.

"Aweel, leddies, I saw the sight mysel'—an' it's awfu' to behold.

There's twa shameless jades standing on ane tae, and the other cockit in the air, higher than their elbow. Their paws were sticked fu' of flowers, and they had na claihs upon them but a cuttie kilt. Och! dinna gang near the place, madam, or ye will be shockit," and here the chief-butler addressed his mistress. "The next time I pass the way I'll jist keek at the boord upon the corner, and tell ye the name o' the street, that ye may a' avoid it."

In the mean time, while Archy was expressing his disapprobation of ladies standing upon one toe, and adopting scanty draperies, Brian repeated to me his determination of proceeding to Holmesdale after dinner.

"If I cannot obtain your uncle's concurrence, 'I winna thraw him,' as Archy says, but quietly steal a march."

"Of which movement he will be apprized before you 're clear of Newman's yard," I answered.

"No doubt," said Brian with a sigh. "The past, the present, and the future, he reads as I would an advertisement in the 'Times.' But let him be dwarf or devil, I'll see my beloved Susan for all that. Speak of him, and he comes,"—for the door opened, and the little man rejoined the company.

When the honest Borderer, by making a clean breast, expected thereby to conceal his morning act of disobedience, and the unhappy consequences which ensued, from the personage whom he most dreaded, he had fatally deceived himself. While giving orders for dinner to the waiter, it turned out that he was the person who had liberated my father from his confinement in the cab, and as a common-place occurrence, he mentioned the matter to my uncle. Consequently, for the unconscious Borderer, there was what is figuratively termed, "a rod in pickle," and faith! the little gentleman did not allow the same to remain long without employment. An opportunity was not long wanted; and a casual remark on the fineness of the morning proved sufficient.

"Ay," said the Dwarf; "no doubt you found the streets full enough. Sunshine in London has the same effect on fools that it has upon an ant-hill; for, after a warm blink, out swarm the whole community."

My father affected to look innocent.

"And now, Mr. John Elliott," continued the Borderer's tormentor, "is it creditable, let me ask, for a man at your time of life to spend the morning among swell-mob-men and impures at a picture-dealer's plate-glass window, to determine whether a dancing-girl or a pugilist, in scarcity of clothing, had the advantage?"

"I only stopped to look at the prize ox," responded my father, in as subdued a voice as a schoolboy's, who knows that he deserves the birch.

"Prize ox? Come, come, Jack—no cock and bull stories will pass current upon me. I expect to hear in a day or two, that you are taking lessons in the art of self-defence; but I trust however that nothing would induce you to set up a town establishment, with a *dansense* as its housekeeper."

The picture the Dwarf sketched of my father becoming a fighting man in his old age, was sufficiently ridiculous; but the warning against the fascinations of the *corps de ballet* was too much for human gravity to stand, and we all burst into a laugh, in which my lady

mother heartily united. The Borderer, "good easy man," really did not understand the Dwarf's *badinage*, and he asked me "what a *danseuse* was?"

"I cannot give you a better definition than honest Archy's. It's a shameless jade with her head stuck full of flowers, a cuttie kilt, and a leg elevated in the air higher than her elbow."

"But, Jack," pursued the Dwarf, "when men drop into bad company, they seldom come off scot-free. Pocket picked? Eh?"

"Well, Dick, I must not tell a lie; and I think also, that it would be an idle attempt to deceive you;" and the Borderer confessed the whole.

"What do ye think of this, Brian?" I whispered; "you see nothing can escape him."

"You know," replied the young Irishman, that I would say nothing to offend you, Frank; but, were he your uncle twice over, if he's not the devil, he's a next door neighbour of his. But I'll break my trip to him at once," and approaching the Dwarf, Brian communicated his intention of leaving the metropolis that evening.

"I won't hear of it," said the little gentleman, with a decisive wave of his hand.

"Excuse me, sir," was the rejoinder; "but I have already made up my mind to do so."

"And I," returned the Dwarf, taking a long and most decisive pinch of high-toast, "publicly and formally protest against the expedition."

"I will go," said Brian.

"You shall not," returned the Dwarf.

"I will, by—"

"Stop—you need not swear. Wilful shall have his way; for as that old lout, Archy, would say, 'he who will to Cupar maun to Cupar.' Pray, step into the back drawing-room, as I wish to have a short conversation with you before your departure, and I'll join you in five minutes."

We were so accustomed to obey the orders of the Dwarf, without even presuming to enquire why they were issued, that Brian quitted the room instantly. The little gentleman seated himself beside my mother, with whom he conversed for a few minutes privately, when they both rose, and leaning on the Dwarf, the lady left the room.

"Now," exclaimed my father, "what the devil's in the wind next? and what can Dick want with your mother, Frank?"

"That, sir, could only be answered by himself, or the other personage you mentioned. But there is not the slightest grounds for uneasiness on your part. My mother's prudence is, I think, a sufficient guarantee; and the Dwarf too near a relative, and too much the gentleman, to meditate aught against your domestic felicity. Had it been Mary whom he cajoled away, I should certainly have recommended Maxwell to look sharp; for, if you remember, he dropped a hint when he first honoured us with a visit that he was in search of a wife and heir, and I thought my fair sister listened with some interest. But here they come."

On this occasion, Archy enacted master of ceremonies. "This way, leddies!" he exclaimed, as he opened the door, and headed the procession. Again was there subject for surprise—for my mother

re-entered the drawing-room, with a beautiful young woman leaning on her arm. A hale, hearty-looking old man—the *ci-devant* Mr. O'Linn—and the little gentleman, in whose hands the whole of the *dramatis personæ* appeared mere puppets, forming the rear rank. The strangers were Susan Edwards and her father.

I looked at the bride *de facto*, and also at the brides elect: and the wide circle of the metropolis could not have turned out three that were more unlike, or more interesting. Susan was decidedly the finest woman of the three; and were Britain searched, I question whether a more splendid specimen of English beauty could be found.

"The tocsin of the soul—the dinner bell" did not sound, but the waiter announced in plain English, that it was already on the table; and in two or three minutes, a happier party were never grouped round a festal board. All the guests had cause for self-gratulation, save one; and the host himself, as he sat in his place of pride, with my honoured mother at one side, and his elected daughter on the other, seemed to enjoy the fulness of his triumph in having brought such complicated matters, as all and every appeared to be a week ago, to the successful conclusion that he had. Nothing could have been devised in better taste or executed in better style, than the entertainment; and after the cloth had been removed, the little gentleman drank health and happiness to "brides that were, and brides that were to be," bumper deep, and with a smothered scream, which he was pleased to designate a cheer. Archy, who had remained as was his wont, to observe and overhear anything he considered interesting, was directed to withdraw and send Cupid to the presence—and in a few minutes, the disabled valet hobbled in, and placed a small paper parcel at his master's elbow. The negro, after his ministry was ended, shuffled out; and the little man proceeded to untie his parcel, and extracted sundry leathern cases and a parchment deed.

"And now," he said, "let me get rid of two or three trifles. My dear niece, the holy estate into which you have just entered being reputed honourable, you obtain precedence of your fair friends. Come hither, child." My sister rose and obeyed him. "You were in such a hurry to commit matrimony, that I had not time to send my mite to furnish your *trousseau*."

"Oh, no, sir—you are wrong indeed; it was his fault entirely," and she archly pointed to her husband.

"Well—there's a small memento from your uncle, with heart-felt wishes for your happiness. May heaven make your union a happy one!"

As Julia took the case, she stooped down and kissed the little man affectionately, and then tripped back to the table with her present.

"I require," said the Dwarf, filling his glass and passing the decanters round—"I require a high bumper;" and turning to where Susan sat beside me, he requested her to come to him. He addressed her with kindness and good taste, complimented her on her beauty, placed a souvenir in her hand, pressed it to his lips, and with a warmth which might have been supposed alien to his cold and stoic character, he wished her and Brian *toutes sortes de prospérité*.

A slight episode followed: the Dwarf popped a very pretty ring upon my mother's finger, opining that the only sensible act his

brother had done, was committed on the day he married. The grand scena, however, was yet to come; and for that the little gentleman judiciously reserved his powers.

A jewel-case and the folded parchment still remained before him, and although the disposition of the one might be guessed readily enough, the purpose for which the other had been introduced, was not even conjecturable. As usual, the Dwarf alone could dispel the mystery.

After he had refreshed himself with a glass of claret, he proceeded to end his presentations.

"The last, and not the least pleasurable of my duties, remains now to be performed," he said. "My adopted child sits beside me: in another clime, and under other circumstances, I kissed her 'a sleeping infant in her nurse's arms;' and ere many suns shall set, I shall again breathe a blessing on her lips in those of her natural protector's—a father and a husband. Nay, Colonel,"—for the old soldier, touched by the Dwarf's allusion to the past, became a little womanish—"we'll have nothing lachrymose introduced at this high festival. 'The Soldier's Tear' heads a namby-pamby ballad very prettily; but it is altogether inadmissible at a joyous meeting like the present. And now, dear Julia, I kissed thee when a baby—I kiss thee now a girl—and, please God! I'll kiss thee as a wife ere the week passes."

The little gentleman suited the action to the word, and then handed her the morocco case that contained his *souvenir*. Of the Dwarf's presents it will be enough to say, that his gift to Susan was very elegant; that to my sister was more costly; but to the lady of my love, the offering was indeed superb.

"And now, Dick, that ye have distributed your presents, and made your speeches to the girls, put that cursed parchment aside, and send the claret round," said my father.

Alas! the storm that was fore-gathered for the unhappy Borderer burst at this infelicitous request.

"One thing more remains," said the Dwarf with marked solemnity; "and as it was purely personal, it was properly left to be the last. Mr. John Elliott," and he turned to my father, who looked alarmed, "do you admit, in the presence of this goodly company, that for seven-and-twenty years you have held the inheritance of another?"

"It is not to be denied, Dick," was the reply.

"And are you prepared to yield up peaceable possession of the same, and refund the product of the property for more than the quarter of a century?"

"I am ready to turn out," said my father, "at reasonable notice; but as to seven-and-twenty years' rent, I'm afraid you must take it by instalments, Dick."

The Dwarf smiled, and placed the parchment in Miss Harley's hands.

"Go, my adopted daughter, and let your first offering to your second father, be a discharge for the past, and a free gift for the future."

She rose—put the deed in the Borderer's hand—and that honest gentleman threatened to become sentimental. But the Dwarf effectually put an end to the pathetic.

"Don't trust him with the document. Put it up yourself, Julia, or throw it in your dressing-case. That old gawk to-morrow will go glowering after dancing girls, and would have it picked from his pocket, as his purse was this morning at the picture-shop. But stay—in the hurry of preparing that deed, I omitted a material reservation; and although it's not regularly in black and white, I trust to its being honourably fulfilled. Whenever I may choose to honour the Border with my company, the large chamber, commonly called in my time, 'Black George's bed-room;' one of the gentlemen, Jack, that—" and he made a significant application of his thumb to the left jugular,—“that the said chamber shall be allotted for my sole and separate use, service, and accommodation—the bed being kept free from damp, and the crows ejected from the chimney.”

"By the Lord!" returned the honest Borderer, "you may throw the house out of the windows, if you please it, Dick."

"And I will answer, my dear brother," said my lady mother, "for your chamber being carefully aired in your absences, which I sincerely trust, will be short and far between."

"And if a jackdaw even presume to look at your chimney-pot, he's a defunct bird, if there be faith in Purday and a patent cartridge," I added; and the Dwarf bowed his thanks in return to the dame and me.

"And now, ladies, I perceive you are about to leave us. To my honoured sister I have conveyed a request, to which I trust a favourable answer will be speedily returned."

He rose, ceremoniously escorted my mother to the door, bowed the young ladies out, and then resumed his place at the head of the table. "And now that we are left to ourselves, I would suggest—unless these gentlemen," and he bowed to the Colonel and the father of Susan, "see cause for holding a different opinion—that idle ceremonial shall be dispensed with, and the double marriage of our young friends be forthwith celebrated. In Brian's case I hold it particularly desirable—as before many hours elapse, he may be called on to formally reclaim his rights, and take possession of his father's hall—and when Susan re-enters Holmesdale it shall be—if I be permitted to play counsellor—as *lady of the manor*."

I looked at Brian: the blood rose to his brows; it was, indeed, the flush of honest pride, and not a selfish thought engrossed his mind. The heiress Susan had clung faithfully in her hour of unexpected opulence to him, on whom, in humbler circumstances she had first bestowed her heart; and now, the heir of Holmesdale Priory and the broad lands of Hunsgate could prove his gratitude in return, and place in a lordly hall her with whom he had hoped only to have shared a cottage.

A small note was handed by Archy to the little gentleman, and its contents were comprised in the single word "Thursday."

"I am happy to inform you," he said, "that on the ladies' part neither let nor impediment has been offered. To-morrow you may repair to Doctors' Commons, obtain the usual licence, and on the day following visit the Church of St. Paul. I see you have passed the decanters twice without diminishing their contents, and you may retire to the ladies, while we seniors talk over some matters for half an hour."

Never was a happier evening passed—and the chimes of midnight

sounded from the neighbouring steeple, before "good night" was spoken—for, indeed, the Dwarf played the host bravely to the last. At breakfast next morning, a sly allegation made by my mother, that her liege lord, on the preceding night, could not have been mistaken for a disciple of the temperance apostle, brought Archy to the rescue—

"The maister was only comfortable, as he ought to be, considerin' the occasion. The wee drap hot toddy after the broiled bone might jist have showed itself. He was not till say fou; but, conscience! he was na fastin'."

CONCLUSION.

"So, with decorum all things carried;
Miss smiled, and blush'd, and then was—married."

GOLDSMITH.

"SHORT introductions are best," as a lamented friend of mine, not long since deceased, said to the —th regiment, when he joined it, for the first time, at Waterloo, at three o'clock in the evening, and assumed the command; and, on the part of authors, I believe a brief farewell after "a tale that has been told," is equally judicious.

The episcopal authority for our being joined in holy wedlock was obtained, and on the appointed morning we crossed the market to St. Paul's. The hymeneal staff was furnished, at short notice, by a family of Macdonalds from the Highlands, and sundry relations of Maxwell from Dumfriesshire, who were come up for the season to town, and, faith! a group of prettier girls than the bridesmaids, could not have been found within the parish. I cannot tell what west-end artist furnished the bridal dresses, but, that many an assistant of the *marchande de modes* had reason to curse the rapidity of the Dwarf's operations—they, to the number of a dozen, having been obliged to dispense with "soft repose" and ply the needle until cock-crow. Covent Garden supplied the *bouquets*, and the "Hummums" a union of breakfast and dinner, politely called a *déjeuner*. In church, the conduct of all concerned was exemplary, and neither smelling salts nor sal volatile were required, although "some natural tears were shed," but they were not shed in sorrow. As to the little man, nothing could exceed his gallantry; for after the ceremony, he not only kissed the brides, but made his a general osculation, in which my mother and the bridesmaids were included.

After breakfast we started on our respective routes. Julia and I for Brighton; Brian and his lady for Tunbridge-Wells—having arranged that, on an early day, we should meet at St. Leonards, and return to the metropolis together.

Before we had started from London, the only obstacle to the restoration of Brian to his rights had been removed—for Reginald Hunsgate was no more. The "Times" had apprized him of the fate of his truculent agent, and intimated that startling disclosures might be expected. Of course, these threatening revelations could apply to none but him; and he felt assured that exposure was at hand, and ruin was impending. But confirmation of his worst fears came, when, on the succeeding morning, two strangers, who would not be refused an audience, although told that Hunsgate was seriously indisposed, forced past the attendant and went from room to room until they found the wretched criminal in his study. The moment the servant had retired, they announced that they had

been despatched from London to arrest him, and produced the necessary warrant for his apprehension. Beside the chair where Mr. Hunsgate sat, there was a small closet, which he himself had caused to be erected—for what purpose none could tell, as nine apartments out of ten which the Priory contained were never entered. With feigned indifference Mr. Hunsgate listened to the officer, and proposing that they should have some refreshment while he dressed, he pointed to the bell, and requested the stranger who stood between him and the closed door, to ring for an attendant—and while the officer was thus employed, the wretched man seized the opportunity, sprang into the closet, and slammed to the door which fastened with a spring-lock. While the officers were endeavouring to force an entrance, a heavy fall was heard inside,—assistance was obtained—the door after some delay was broken in, and Mr. Hunsgate found dead upon the carpet, with a phial of Prussic acid in his grasp. Whether intended for defence or self-destruction, lethal weapons were found in the closet in abundance; but the discovery of several deadly poisons, beside that with which he had committed *felo de se*, would rather lead to a belief that for a long time, from stings of conscience or dread of detection, the unhappy wretch had contemplated suicide; and by building the closet adjoining the room he always occupied, had thus secured himself the means of effecting it without the risk of being interrupted. It may be as well to remark, *en passant*, that, on taking possession of the Priory, Brian pulled down a building which only disfigured the mansion, and could serve no purpose but to perpetuate the memory of a man and a crime equally to be detested.

In investigating the private papers of the deceased, a private drawer in his bureau was accidentally discovered, which contained documents and a correspondence running over a term of one-and-twenty years, perfectly sufficient, had further proof been required, to have established Brian's lineage, and implicate the suicide in the abduction of the mother and child, and the murder of Henry Devereux. Letters written by the proud and guilty lady of the Priory, had also been most imprudently preserved: and their tone and language were terribly descriptive of what that imperious woman had suffered, when it was too late to remedy the wretchedness she had occasioned. Remorse and agony of spirit appeared in every line—and, indeed, many passages indicated a partial insanity. The gist of them all was to recover her grandchild—no labour was to be spared—no pecuniary consideration to be thought of—her mind, she said, was hell, and her brain at times seemed to be literally on fire. One note, scrawled with a feeble hand, in all probability had accelerated her death—and by foul means, as Doctor Faunce had more than hinted.

It was an order that the neighbouring vicar should be sent for, as she wished to see him to deliver a private document into his hands. A fiendish note was endorsed on the back: "All is made safe, and the paper reduced to ashes."

Having brought one guilty career to its guilty close, we may, in a few lines, conclude the history of the blackguard *employé*. Brian was fortunately saved all trouble in respect of Mr. Huggins—the Leg Lane Pet being convicted of the sailor's murder. He was executed at the Old Bailey; and, to the mortification of the fancy,

died such a regular cur, that he was obliged to be carried to the gallows. His lady, to oblige the Recorder, emigrated to Australia for seven years; but whether she picks oakum, or presides at another "Fortune of War," we cannot tell.

With a brief notice of another, more sinned against than sinning, we end these passing notices—and that was the lost one, poor Mary Hargrave. She was removed from the den of murder and of infamy to an hospital, where for a time it was doubtful whether she could survive the effects of the poisonous narcotic she had been drugged with. She did recover; and by Brian's order was instantly removed to Holmesdale. There Mrs. Hunsgate had her carefully nursed—and she was ultimately restored to health, but in beauty was but the wreck of what she once had been. In the village her story was unknown; and as her conduct was most exemplary, Susan placed her in her father's cottage, and to the old man she became a second daughter. No persuasion could induce the old gamekeeper to accept a domicile in the Priory; and affluent beyond anything he either wished or wanted, the winter of his days wore smoothly through. More than one matrimonial offer was made to Mary Hargrave by young farmers, but these she respectfully rejected; and never was there a "lovely woman who stooped to folly," a more sincere and a more steady penitent than herself.

Of the higher class of the *dramatis personæ* introduced in this pleasant biography, I shall content myself by saying, that none ever bore an unexpected elevation with more good taste and good discretion, than Brian and his pretty Susan. As the village girl, she had been admired, envied, and praised; but when the lady of the manor opened a field for the display of her natural qualities, then only were her virtues developed to their full extent. The artless smile which returned the obeisance of some old acquaintance, showed that fortune was altered, but that the heart had remained unchanged. To all who needed it, her purse was open as melting charity—and in duty, the humblest might have taken a lesson from the lady of the hall; for whether it were sun or storm, Susan paid her daily visit to the old man's cottage. One circumstance alone indicated that fortune had elevated his child. His garden was placed under the charge of the Priory gardeners—his vegetables gave place to flowers—and his bee-hives were increased. Nightly he took his accustomed seat in the parlour of the "Lion;" and a disabled soldier had his pension doubled by his exemplary daughter, for attending her parent in safety to his cottage.

To speak of my friend Brian would be useless; for if the reader cannot estimate his character from the pleasant memoir I am just concluding, anything I could add to it would not dispel his dullness. Brian was one of the few who never could have remained in permanent obscurity. The ore was in him, and, sooner or later, out it must have come. Like a charged mine, which for a time lies dormant beneath the surface, a flint-spark is only required to bring it into play; and whatever destination, save the just one decreed by Providence, might have been his, Brian would have cut his road to fame. What nature made him, fortune and position enabled him now to develop, and Brian Hunsgate is—a gentleman. Run honorary distinctions through, where will you find its parallel?

One trifling circumstance for a few months occasioned the Lord

of Holmesdale and his lady some annoyance. As is the case within thirty or forty miles round the metropolis, properties belonging to those whose names might still be found upon the Rag-Roll, have passed into the possession of those who, probably never could lay claim to a grandfather, except by the natural induction that they must have had such a relative. Now, of this class, there were several in the neighbourhood—and while they dared not pretend to question Brian's lineage and marked superiority, the elevation of a girl who had nothing but worth and beauty to recommend her, was a stumbling-block which lay sorely in their way. But before a few moons had waned, her unassuming virtues secured for her the only popularity which is lasting. Were charity the theme? the fair consort of Mr. Hunsgate would be named. Were filial duty mentioned? Susan would be quoted as a bright example. Did men descant upon that trial which tests the human heart more severely than adversity—the unexpected acquisition of wealth, and power, and position—then was the lady of the Priory adduced, as a rare instance of one who passed the ordeal unscathed; and in time, from all—and even the most reluctant—Susan won the golden opinions she merited so well.

A year has followed those which have preceded it—*heu! fugaces*—and all allied to, or connected with the roof-tree of the Elliotts, thank God! have prospered—and a more anti-Malthusian clique could not be found. To the houses of Dillon and Maxwell, my sisters have presented a contribution; and the last post brought me a short letter from Brian, to say that Holmesdale had got an heir, and that the lady was “well as could be expected”—while by a singular coincidence, a despatch from me, announcing the birth of a young Borderer, crossed the epistle of my friend.

The little gentleman has, in reality, taken up his abode under the old roof-tree—but he goes nominally from us for a month, and under some excuse, returns within the fortnight. The temperature happily preserved in his chamber as seasons change, has more than once elicited his approbation; and, by the assistance of Purday, the most adventurous jackdaw dare not approach a chimney tabooed against all the race.

My father and the Dwarf—who, by the way, in their respective vocations, admire each other prodigiously—have occasional passages of arms, in which the unhappy occurrence at the print-shop window gives the little gentleman an advantage he never throws away. Still “that devil Dick” is necessary to my father's happiness; and if—which heaven forbid!—ought should remove the “bull-headed Borderer,” I verily believe that the Dwarf would be beyond consolation. Reader, farewell!

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PRINTED BY S. & J. BENTLEY, WILSON, AND
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